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FROM A PAINTING IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,

BY LUIGI GREGORI.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Truth and Love.

BY THE RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

TO follow after truth and love teach me,
O Christ, who art the Teacher of us all,
By whatsoever name ourselves we call,
Whether we seek, or whether from Thee flee.
The truth, Thou sayst, alone can make us free,
From sin and selfishness us disenthrall;
And truth must lead to love, our all in all,
Our dream, our yearning, our infinity.

Not wealth, not pleasure, not long life or fame,
Not anything save truth and love, I crave:
They are life's end, they are its highest aim,
More worth than all the laurels of the brave,
Than all that beauty, birth or place may claim;
They are God's being which the soul doth lave.

Columbus's Devotion to Our Lady.

BY HENRY F. BROWNSON, LL. D.



MEN can judge of the character of Columbus by his own words as well as by his deeds, and are not dependent on statements of historians or opinions of contemporaries. His letters and testaments, with the scant extracts which Las Casas has preserved of his journal, bear unmistakable evidence of his sincerity and truthfulness. With these original documents in our hands, we see clearly all his thoughts, plans, and acts; his frailties and weaknesses, as well as his greatness of heart and his patient endurance of suffering and persecution.

In these documents nothing is clearer than that the uppermost idea in Columbus's mind was zeal for God's glory and the extension of His kingdom on earth. It was for this he persisted in his great enterprise of reaching unknown lands by sailing to the West,—that countless millions of their inhabitants might be brought to the knowledge of salvation, and the wealth derived from traffic with them might serve to hire warriors to free from infidel rule the soil made sacred by the footsteps of our Blessed Redeemer. For this he sought gold, gold, everywhere, that it might accumulate in St. George's Bank at Genoa until sufficient to equip and pay an army capable of delivering the Holy Sepulchre. And this, he declares in his will, was his intention when he first set out for the Indies; and in his journal he says he announced it openly to the Spanish sovereigns before he started. In a letter to Alexander VI. he says he had undertaken these discoveries with the intention of dedicating the proceeds to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; and that this thought had given him strength to risk dangers, fatigue, and death. He made a solemn promise to raise 50,000 foot and 5,000 horse in seven years, and an equal

number in five years thereafter, for a crusade against the Saracens; hoping by the destruction of their power not only to free Christ's sepulchre, but also to open the way for the Gospel of Salvation to the heathen. In his will he further directs his heir to lay his person, his property, and his influence at the feet of the Supreme Pontiff for the protection of the unity, privileges, or property of the Church in case of schism; and to spare no trouble or expense for the conversion of the Indians.

As early as our information begins, we are assured that Columbus attended Mass every day, when it was possible for him to do so; and when he was coasting along the islands and continent of America, mention is often made of his landing for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. On one occasion he left the name of Rio de la Misa, to designate the river on the banks of which Mass had been celebrated. It has been said that he was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. At any rate, his greatest devotion was to St. Francis, after God and our Blessed Lady; and the curate of Los Palacios relates having seen him wearing a habit like the Franciscan. In his fasts and the recitation of the Divine Office he was as strict as any professed religious.

On his first voyage, after devoutly partaking of the Sacraments of the Church, he gives the command to "proceed in the name of Christ"; and on his last voyage he says: "I return again to the Indies in the name of the Most Holy Trinity." These were not empty words, but were so fixed in his heart that the first land he discovered he named Holy Saviour, and the first discovered on his third voyage he called Trinity. He had made a vow before he sailed to give this last name to the first land he should discover; and what was his surprise and his comfort to find the first land an island mountain with three peaks! His devotion furnished him promptly with names for islands, rivers, harbors, capes, and forts; and they are generally such as Holy Saviour, Christmas, Mount of Christ, Holy Glory, Bethlehem, Hope, Thanks be to God, Our Lady's Sea, St. Ann's Bay, St. James, St. Dominic, St. Clara, St. Catharine, Assumption, Conception, etc.

His thoughts were constantly fixed on God, and the mission God had given him to enlarge His kingdom; opening his mind for that purpose with a hand that could be felt, and imparting the skill and understanding required for carrying out that mission. As an inspired "ambassador of the Most High," he tells the sovereigns of Spain of the millions of souls, now in darkness, ignorant of the true faith, that may be won for God, if the light of the Gospel can be carried to them,—"such a work as had not been seen within the memory of man."

When the sea is calm, he thanks God for coming to his aid; and when shipwrecked, he regards the disaster as providential; and he sees in a sudden tempest a miracle such as had not been known since Moses crossed the Red Sea. Old and infirm, surrounded by treason, and despairing even of his life, his thoughts turn to God; and he is comforted by a voice within him, telling him that God is with him. Again, when most of his men are in open revolt, the Indians hostile, the Governor of San Domingo refuses succor, and there seems no possible means of leaving the island where his last vessel is a wreck, he says: "Hope in my Creator sustains me. His help has been ever at hand." Yet, while comforted on one hand by his confidence that God would not suffer a work of such great exaltation of the Church to fail; on the other hand, reflecting on his sins, he thought that perhaps God, to punish him, would deprive him of the glory of the work.

How often he assures the Spanish sovereigns that, when instructed, the Indians would all become Christians; and that his sole object in undertaking his voyages was to aid in the propagation and glory of the

Christian religion! "Let all Christendom," he exclaims, "return thanks. Let them make processions, celebrate solemn festivals, and decorate the temples with flowers and with palms, and let Christ exult with joy on earth as in heaven, at the prospect of salvation for so many nations." In every land he discovered he raised the sign of Redemption, to show that possession had been taken in the name of Christ.

True devotion to Our Lord is inseparable from devotion to His Mother. As no one can worthily love and venerate the Mother of God without referring that love and veneration to the Son, through whom and for whom she was raised to her exalted dignity, so it is impossible to worship properly the sacred humanity of the Son without loving and venerating her from whom He derived that human nature. So was it with Columbus. If we find the first place in his thoughts consecrated to our Saviour, next to it we find the remembrance of His Mother.

If Columbus was born about 1435—as Tarducci, relying on the authority of the curate of Los Palacios, thinks most probable,—he came into the world just at the time when the Council of Basel was defining the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.* The fifteenth century was especially remarkable for devotion to the Immaculate Conception. The attempt in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries of some Doctors to oppose it had raised up advocates in its favor, who not only convinced the learned of its truth, but carried the popular heart of Christendom with them. In 1489, while Columbus was with the army in front of Grenada, Pope Innocent VIII. approved the congregation of nuns of the Immaculate Conception, founded the same year by Beatriz da Silva, who transformed into a convent of her nuns the extensive palace bestowed on her by Queen Isabella for that purpose.

Columbus has left a record of his devotion to the Immaculate Conception. As he gave the name of San Salvador to the first island which he discovered, he named the second Santa Maria de la Concepcion. On discovering the island of Hispaniola, he called the bay, in which he found shelter for a week from a violent storm, Port Conception. He further gave the name of Conception to the most important of the defences constructed in Hispaniola, and to which more than to any other he owed his safety when in danger from savages and rebels. To two small islands seen on his third voyage he gave the names of Conception and Assumption. Finally, in his will he requires his heir to build a church on the island of Hispaniola, to be called St. Mary's of the Conception, with a hospital annexed to it, and a chapel where Mass should be celebrated forever for the repose of his soul and the souls of his family.

On his first voyage, when Columbus hoisted on the Gallego his admiral's flag with the image of Christ crucified, he changed his flag-ship's name to Santa Maria; and on his second voyage he named his flag-ship Maria Galante (Gracious Mary), and gave the same name to the first island on which he landed. The next he came to he called Guadalupe, after the famous sanctuary of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Spain; the next after that, Montserrat, from another well-known sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin; then Santa Maria la Redonda; and then the next was Santa Maria la Antigua. He gave to Guacanagari a medal of Our Lady; and when the cacique, disgusted with the licentiousness of the Spanish colonists, contemned it, Columbus taught him to reverence it.

Returning from his first voyage, when it

* Owing to the schism into which the Council had fallen, the decree was not confirmed by the Supreme Pontiff; but the question had been properly brought before the Council with the authorization of the Papal legate, and was in accordance with the universal faith and desire of Christendom, with the exception of the Dominicans. John of Segovia relates that the plague ceased at Basel on the day this decree was promulgated.

seemed that nothing but a miracle could save his ship from destruction, Columbus caused all on board to draw lots to decide which of them should make a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and offer a wax-candle of five pounds' weight in the name of all. The lot fell on Columbus, who, when he fulfilled his vow, promised the friars in charge of the shrine to give that name to some land in the New World; and he did so when he called the great island of the cannibals Guadalupe. When, in the same storm, Columbus proposed a second lot, to choose one to make a pilgrimage to Loreto, and the lot fell upon a common sailor, Columbus promised to supply him with the money needed for the journey. And it was, doubtless, at the suggestion of Columbus that all the crew made a solemn vow that at the first land they should reach, they would all go in procession to the nearest church dedicated to Our Lady. The first land they came to afterward was St. Mary's Island of the Azores, where Castanheda was providentially foiled in his attempt to seize Columbus in the chapel of Our Lady, and when that failed, to capture him on board of his caravel.

On leaving St. Mary's Roads, when in peril of their life from a worse tempest than any they had been in before, they again drew lots who should make a pilgrimage in his shirt and barefoot to Our Lady of the Cincture at Huelva, and again the lot fell upon Columbus; and they all vowed to fast in honor of the Blessed Virgin the first Saturday after coming into port.

It is recorded of Columbus that on the 18th of December, 1492, he decorated his caravels, and fired volleys of musketry in honor of the Blessed Virgin; that being the Feast of Our Lady of the O, under which title there is a greatly venerated shrine on a high mountain near Segovia, where the oval arrangement of the rocks surrounding the church forms an O, and gives a name to the sanctuary.

Every evening at sea Columbus invited his men to chant the *Salve Regina*, the most beautiful of the hymns to the Blessed Virgin. All his letters began with Jesus and Mary, and his signature was a salutation to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

It is impossible to read the account of Columbus's last days, when in his poverty, deserted by all but two or three friends, he expires in a poor lodging-house, on a cot purchased by money he begged; without indignation at the ingratitude and malice of those whose glory it should have been to make his end honorable. But the pious Catholic, who reflects on the manner of the death of the Son of Mary, sees in another light that passage of Columbus from pain to glory. In the eyes of the Blessed Mother of our Redeemer, there can be no more glorious death than her Son's; and the most valuable favor she can render those who honor her is to make their last end like His. So died the holy martyrs, in physical suffering, and, as the world judges, in ignominy; and numerous confessors of our holy faith have had themselves laid on dirt or ashes, that their last moments might be a protest against love of luxury and comfort.

In the eyes of faith, the end of Columbus was consistent with his life, and with his great devotion to Jesus and Mary. After a life devoted to extending the empire of Christ, Columbus devoutly asked for the Sacraments of the Church; and, purified by patient endurance and sacramental grace, he expired on the beautiful feast of Our Lord's Ascension, praying, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!"

THE Apostles who lived with Our Lord continually, and who were imbued with His spirit, are recorded to have asked only two spiritual things of Him—prayer and faith. "Increase our faith," and "Teach us to pray." How much is implied in this!—*Faber*.

The Glitter of Gold.*

I.

"DEAREST Schönfeld, life is an awful bore!" With these words the speaker, a young and handsome blonde, threw down the book of poems whose pages she had been listlessly turning over, leaned back in her rocking-chair, and closed her eyes.

"What a strange idea, my dearest Princess!" answered the elder woman, who sat opposite embroidering, letting her needle rest for a moment. "How can your Highness speak so, whose life is so well provided for, who are so blessed with all good things!"

The young girl straightened herself up from her lolling position, and glanced around the wide room. The walls were hung with rich tapestry; the pictures were costly, though somewhat faded; the sideboard was adorned with silver ware; and the furniture was of ancient carved oak, with the exception of the rocking-chair, which appeared amongst the other articles like a bold street Arab at a meeting of aldermen. Then she continued, with a sigh:

"I would like to know what I shall do with these highly praised treasures? They are fit only for an old curiosity shop."

"How unjust you are, Princess Hella!" said the duenna, reproachfully, plying her needle with renewed zeal. "Is it not solely by your own choice that you live here in this solitary Westberg, with no other company but that of your faithful servants? Has not the Prince repeatedly offered to send some one in place of the sickly Lord of Reuschlin?"

"So far as I care, the chamberlain may hang on to his gout as long as he lives. His presence serves only to make the old castle still more wearisome and intolerable."

"Why, then, does your ladyship choose to stay here in Westberg? Has not Prince Hermann urged you to spend the summer in the Castle of Altdorf, where many distinguished personages would visit you? Did not Countess Aldringen try almost by force to carry your ladyship off to Vienna and Grätz? And Count Burgsdorf lately proposed that you should reside in Trouville or Torquay. But you would not listen to these proposals. If you wish, we might set out to-morrow."

"No, most decidedly no! I will not go to Trouville, nor do I wish to see Vienna; and as for Altdorf, the very name is hateful to me," answered the Princess, shaking her head. Then she continued, in an irritated tone: "Schönfeld, for heaven's sake give your needle a rest; you almost drive me mad sitting there with your stitch, stitch, stitch, as if on purpose to vex me!"

"I thought that your Highness complained of weariness," said the lady of honor, somewhat pointedly, letting her needle drop.

It was not often that the gentle, timid Baroness von Schönfeld uttered an angry word; but there were times when the humors of Princess Hella, only child of the late Waldemar von Hohenstein-Bedburg, were hard to bear. Her position with the rich, talented, and, when she chose, amiable Princess, was much envied; and yet it cost Fräulein von Schönfeld, who had been brought up in the strictest principles, many a hearty sigh. On this day in particular the spoiled child was dissatisfied with everything. In the morning, while yet the dew sparkled on the green lawn and a gentle breeze came from the woods, it was too cold for her to take a walk. Later, in the sweltering heat of noon, she snatched up her hat and parasol; and when Mme. Schönfeld gently reminded her that it was too hot, she replied, scornfully: "It suits me exactly. If you have any fears for your complexion, stay in the house." And, without troubling herself at the gentle sigh of the lady, she went out

* From the German of Antonia Jüngst, by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. *Deutscher Hausschatz.*

in the burning sun. In the afternoon she ordered the horses; and after the two splendid animals had been led up and down for a full hour in the courtyard, she sent them back to the stables.

"Fresh and jolly, Princess Hella! fresh and jolly!" screamed a discordant voice.

"Schönfeld, how often must I repeat that I do not want that hateful bird here!" cried the Princess, throwing a paperweight at the parrot, which was climbing up and down his cage in a window niche. The missile did not reach its aim, but struck the window and broke it with a crash.

"Your ladyship yourself ordered—"

The Princess put her hands to her ears. "Schönfeld, don't you know very well that I hate to be reminded of what I have said or left unsaid?"

Instead of answering, Fräulein von Schönfeld pressed the button of the electrical bell and summoned a servant to remove the broken glass. Deep silence followed. The lady of honor resumed her place on her stiff chair; and Princess Hella leaned back and rocked herself gently, watching her companion out of her half-closed eyes.

A more striking contrast than that offered by the two ladies it would be hard to find. Princess Hella, on the threshold of life, with her delicate and supple frame and her charming countenance, in which her varying moods were painted like sunshine and rain following in quick succession; Princess Hella, whose blue eyes could shoot lightning from beneath their long, dark lashes, which same eyes, when the heart of the Princess was touched, could look so inexpressibly gentle and sympathetic; Princess Hella, with her little pugnacious nose and her blonde locks, every individual hair of which curled audaciously, as if possessed by a diminutive spirit of rebellion; Princess Hella, who, in her light and airy gown of cream-colored muslin, seemed more like a visitant from fairy-land than a mortal daughter of Adam; —and the good-natured, stiff Baroness von Schönfeld, ever anxious about form, in each wrinkle of whose countenance could be read the stamp of anxious submissiveness; the Baroness von Schönfeld, with her hair brushed down flat and always parted with scrupulous exactness; her straight and unbending figure, which summer and winter was always clad in the same sombre dress of grey silk—the poor Fräulein had been engaged to be married, and since the death of her intended, who was accidentally killed whilst hunting, she had worn her elegant half mourning;—the Baroness von Schönfeld, of the ever quiet, even movements and the never-ceasing embroidery. Between these two what a contrast!

"I am going to travel, Schönfeld," at last broke in the Princess.

"Your ladyship need only say the word."

"And I will," said the Princess, nodding her head and darting an inquiring look at the lady of honor. "When was I twenty-one years of age?"

"On May 15, your ladyship."

"Right, on May 15. Therefore I am no longer a minor, but am free, free. Schönfeld, do you know what it is to be free? I mean to enjoy my liberty."

"I do not quite understand, my gracious lady. You want to travel, and so it will be best to inform Count von Burgsdorf, your ladyship's guardian, of your intention."

"My dearest Schönfeld, either you do not or you will not understand me. Have I not just said that I am free and mean to enjoy my liberty?"

"Yes, but—"

"No 'buts,' Schönfeld. I am tired of this everlasting guardianship, and will begin at last to regulate my life after my own fashion. As long as I can remember," and the Princess leaned back in a pensive attitude, looking out on the bright park which was lighted by the evening sun,—"as long as I can remember, I have done or left undone, I have gone and stayed, at the beck of others. Had my parents lived"—here the voice of the hairbrained girl shook a

little,—"had my mother lived to guard and educate me, it would have been perhaps outwardly just as it is, but in reality so different. O Schönfeld, how often have I envied the children of the gate-keeper, the flaxen-headed daughters of the gardener, when sometimes by stealth I peeped through the low windows and saw parents and children sitting so cheerfully around the steaming pot! How often have I sat in that niche yonder and wept bitter tears because I was a princess, and not a poor and happy peasant's daughter! I have been passed from hand to hand, from governess to governess, from French *bonne* to English teacher; but no one had a true heart, no one had sympathy for the orphan Princess. My grandmother—you knew the proud, stiff dame, Schönfeld?—was only too glad to leave me to the care of hirelings. Wild and thoughtless creature as I was, I was unwelcome to her; and when I had made my obligatory morning visit, and kissed the *chère grandemère's* hand, I must no more approach her ladyship's chambers. My uncle and guardian, Count Burgsdorf, did no more than manage my property, and from time to time inform himself of my well-being; and our most illustrious cousin, Prince Hermann, thought that he had done more than enough when once in the year, on occasion of a hunt in the neighboring Dornegg, he paid his respects to grandmother and wondered that the *charmante petite* had grown two inches taller. After grandma's death I was sent to Blumenthal; and, whether you believe it or not, Schönfeld, those years were the happiest of my life, although the Ladies of the Sacred Heart sometimes had their hands full in taking care of me. Up to that time I was only taught, not educated. After the boarding-school, again that wearying monotony: a couple of the winter months in that odious Altdorf, with its strict etiquette, under the eyes of the Princess, whose look alone kills all enjoyment of life; a summer visit to my guardian, to the high-born cousin, to the noble aunt; everywhere tutored and admonished like a little child. But now I am of age, and I will be myself. My plans are made, dear Schönfeld: we shall go to the Tyrol."

"As far as I know, Count Burgsdorf wishes your ladyship to take sea-baths; do you not think that such a change—"

"Who is talking about Count Burgsdorf? Uncle Fritz may travel wherever he likes, but not with me. We two, you and I, shall go to the Tyrol, without spy or master, and without even a maid."

"But I beseech you, dearest Princess!" cried the terrified duenna. "You and I alone, without becoming attendance, without servants, *quelle horreur!* That would be entirely unbecoming."

"Again that fatal word, Schönfeld, which I never want to hear! It shall and must be becoming, my dearest; and you are to come along. You will have pity on your poor little Princess, who is far worse off in this hateful old castle than was the Sleeping Beauty. The happy princess of the fairy tale could sleep away her hundred years whilst waiting for the champion, her deliverer; whilst I must keep awake all the wearisome, endless days, from early morning till late at night; to-day, and yesterday, and then again to-morrow."

The Princess, who had been quietly rocking herself during this discourse, now jumped up suddenly and ran to the ancient maiden.

"Best and dearest Schönfeld," she said, coaxingly—and when Princess Hella coaxed she was irresistible,—"only for this one time do as I request you, and I promise that next winter I shall sit still as a mouse; shall not utter a sound whilst his Highness is telling his most impossible hunting stories; shall not yawn when her Highness relates to me for the hundred and ninety-ninth time the history of her colds, and finds me and all the rest of the world 'shocking.' O Schönfeld! I do not know what I shall do of I love and

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gratitude; but I know this: that even the strictest censor shall not find the least flaw in me."

Mme. von Schönfeld smiled in spite of herself, and by this first weak sign of yielding placed herself completely at the mercy of her tormentor. Princess Hella threw herself into the nearest arm-chair, and began to unfold the plan which, in the lonesomeness of her country life, had been forming in her foolish young head.

"Tell me yourself, O most patient of sacrificial lambs, who cares much about my doings and omissions? Might I not die and rot before my noble relatives would have a suspicion of it? Why not, then, run around the country for a couple of weeks, shake off the dreary weight of princedom, and for once be merely Hella Hohenstein? Oh, be not afraid, best Schönfeld!" she quickly added, as she saw the lady of honor about to open her lips with some new objection. "I will not do anything that will in any way compromise us. I have carefully thought over and weighed everything. We shall accept the invitation of Countess Aldringen, write a couple of lines to Uncle Fritz that he need not look for us at Trouville, bid good-bye according to all the requirements of etiquette at Altdorf; and, in the absence of Herr von Reuschlin, set out with the majordomo and a maid. Weller is devoted to me heart and soul, and will never let a whisper drop. We shall leave the good old man in Munich or Salzburg; and, instead of going directly to Countess Aldringen in Grätz, we two shall go off amongst the mountains. A few weeks of liberty, a few weeks of the air and odors of the Alps, and after that I will submit patiently to the whim of the Countess. And now I ask you, dear Schönfeld, whether any plan could be better conceived or more easily carried out? Yes, if our dear Herr von Reuschlin were well and could accompany us, then it would be a little harder; but, under present circumstances, I know of nothing to make us uneasy."

"My gracious Princess forgets that Prince Hermann will charge another chamberlain to conduct your ladyship to her destination."

"Without doubt, prisoners are always escorted," answered the Princess dryly, plucking at the tassels of her chair. "But I shall not give up my plan on that account. If the worst comes, I shall shake off the unwelcome travelling companion."

"Your ladyship does not reflect what strange pranks chance sometimes plays with people: how a thoughtless word, an unintentional act, might betray all, and expose your Highness in a mortifying way. I dare not and will not have a hand in such a reckless undertaking," concluded Fräulein von Schönfeld, picking up her work, which had dropped in her first surprise. "It will not do,—it really will not do, Princess Hella!"

"Oh, woe! if you begin your embroidery again it is all over; and then, poor child, I may leave all hope aside!" cried the Princess, in pathetic terror. "But you will do me the favor all the same, Schönfeld," she continued, nodding at the alarmed lady with a friendly smile. "You wish only to make some opposition at the start, and that is but right and proper. If I had charge of a little self-willed princess, I suppose I should do the very same. Meanwhile you know, *ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut;* or, in plain English, what Princess Hella has once taken in her head, she will carry out, come what may."

(To be continued.)

If all the prayers of loving hearts from the beginning of the world, combined with the seraphic worship of the Thrones and Principalities in heaven, and intensified by the surpassing excellence of Mary's devotion, were offered in one universal and harmonious act of praise and adoration, they would not even approach in efficacy the infinite worth of a single Mass.—*Anon.*

The Fisherman's Song.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.D.

I.

OVER the crested waves,
Sun sinking low,
Gliding by Ocean's caves,
Rapid our prow;
Grey grow the deepening skies,
Purpling the sea,
Softly our songs arise,
Mother, to thee.

II.

Advocate thou art sure,
Undefiled Dove,
Mother of God, all pure,
Thee let us love.
Plead for us, pray for us:
Trackless the way;
Kindly words say for us
Day after day.

III.

Darker the looming sky,
Stormier the sea;
Pilgrims, we look on high,
Mother, to thee:
Waiting, in faith and love,
Pure hearts to bring;
Long we to greet above
Jesus, our King.

IV.

He is thy Son, and thou
Gavest Him birth;
He is thy God, and now
Rules o'er the earth.
He as the Son of Man
Needed thy care,
Yet as thy God He can
Answer thy prayer.

V.

O'er the wild waters now,
Darkening and dun,
Swift glides our vessel's prow,
Long sunk the sun;
Night is around us black,
Dangers increase,
One Star points out our track
Homeward to peace.

VI.

Lead us then, guard us aye
Over Life's sea,
Unto the perfect day
Where thou wilt be:
Songs here are poor and short,
Comfort nor balm,
Guide us safe into port—
Heavenly calm.

VII.

Lily of Eden, hail!
Black grows the night;
Faith, hope nor patience fail
Waiting the light:
Plead for us, pray for us,
Mother divine;
Kindly words say for us,—
Jesus is thine.

VIII.

Lights flash around His throne,
Chants ever ring
Praising our God alone,
Saviour and King;
Saints and the ransomed stand,
Mother, near thee,
Angels in mystic band—
Nevermore sea.

IX.

Gleam the strange lamps of fire,
Angelic throngs
Make up the heavenly choir
Chanting their songs;
Perfect the peace, and joy
Never can pall,
Pleasures without alloy—
God all in all.

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE,
Lambeth.

O LET not the soul that suffers dare to look Nature in the face, when she sits majestically aloft in the solitude of the mountains! For her face is hard and stern, and turns not in compassion upon her weak and erring child. It is the countenance of an accusing archangel, who summons us to judgment. In the valley she wears the countenance of a Virgin Mother, looking at us with tearful eyes, and a face of pity and love.—*Longfellow.*

Traces of Travel.

The Green Isle.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—Dublin the Handsome.

O BAY of Dublin! girded about with low, green hills, whose tops are swathed in mist, and whose gentle slopes ooze perpetually. How eagerly I watched for your undiscovered shores to shape themselves out of the great cloud that lay upon the face of the waters! How impatiently I waited that dreary day in the Irish Channel, while the wind and the rain and the sleet beat upon us and drove us within the dingy cabin, where for four mortal hours we tossed giddily 'twixt Holyhead and Kingstown, until we touched land at last, drenched and discomfited!

The eaves of everything gushed and gurgled. The gutters were at high-tide —but the roar of the sea was well out of our ears, and there was some comfort in that. Had I but a tithe of the philosophy of Carlyle—who was one of the most unhappy of tourists,—I might have found much of interest in the ship that brought me over. *He* did. Turn to his "Irish Notes," and see how he told himself the tales of his fellow-travellers. He had a tender corner in his crusty heart—had Carlyle; and his companions in misery could awaken his sympathy when no one else could.

Well, there was nothing to rest the eye during the brief run by rail from Kingstown to Dublin; nothing but a broadside of big raindrops lashing the shut windows. So I stared about at the tired faces of my unknown neighbors, and not one of us but was leaking at the elbows, and had a limp hat-brim wilting over his eyes. I have somewhere read that it rains in Ireland, and so it does—God love it! But Ireland is justly proud of her green mantle; and but for the prodigal rains, how would it keep its color?

As for Dublin, the not too flattering Thackeray has said of it: "A handsomer town it is impossible to see on a summer's day." O best-beloved of novelists! Moreover, it is summer now, and I have seen Dublin town in rain and shine, and I joyfully repeat—a handsomer town is not within the range of summer possibilities.

I have measured the length and breadth of Sackville Street, "pronounced by competent judges the finest thoroughfare in Europe." I have stood on Carlisle Bridge, with its three arches spanning the Liffey, and seen the quays and the great buildings, the monuments and the columns, and with all my heart pronounce them good. I have threaded the numerous tramways, running in almost every direction. Have dropped down upon suburban Donnybrook, of frolicsome memory, and found it the most peaceful of nooks, with a spruce village air, and never the shadow of a shillalah to gladden the eyes of me, and assure me that the dear old Ireland of my dreams is not all a dream. There are grassy fields there, where the sheep feed in peace and plenty; and a highly respectable chapel or two—but no fair for me to behold with these longing and questioning eyes; for it is not the fair-season, and Donnybrook is as quiet as the grave.

Glasnevin, on the other hand, has its Botanical Garden, and that is always in bloom. It was once a private park, the property of the great Tickell; and here no doubt he composed his best work, the ballad of "Colin and Lucy." Parnell, the author of "The Hermit"; Brinsley Sheridan, Swift, and even Swift's poor "Stella," frequented its pleasant paths; and one of the latter is known to this day as "Addison's Walk," for it was the one the author of the "Spectator" loved best of all.

I tried to find their footprints, to picture them as they loitered under the oaks—out of the rain,—chatting gaily with one

another. Ah! what rare chaffing there must have been in those days when there is so much of its palatable flavor left even to these times! My search was vain: I found only trim walks, under the sharp eyes of a half-score of officials, and a peremptory order to refrain from smoking on the premises.

Close at hand is the cemetery; there lies the dust of Curran and O'Connell. A narrow path worn through the thick sod leads to the former; but O'Connell's body, in its oaken casket, reposes under a high, grey tower, that looks not unlike a decapitated lighthouse. When the guard of the mausoleum showed me into the inner chamber, I thrust my hand through the screen that encloses the casket of the great agitator, and touched it reverently; saying the while the prayer that is ever on the lips when one visits the City of the Dead.

Above the door of the mausoleum are inscribed O'Connell's last words: "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, my soul to God." And so it came to pass that his body lies under the monumental tower, up and down whose hollow chamber our voices went wailing like lost spirits, as we stood by the sarcophagus, the guard and I, reading that inscription aloud. His heart is deposited in the Irish College at Rome; his soul, I trust, has long since found that haven it aspired to.

As at a military funeral the band, which has played a solemn dirge on its way to the grave, breaks forth into a lively quick-step when returning, so I left the cemetery with a smile. I had chanced to read the inscription on a stone erected to the memory of an estimable lady, whose daughter and son-in-law bore testimony to her virtues in couplets signed with their names in full. In the office, at the cemetery gate, is a register at the service of those who delight in displaying their signatures to the public gaze. Many and various are the comments one reads in that interesting volume, and among them I found the name of the gentleman who had but recently interred his mother-in-law. His comments were brief, but no doubt heartfelt; he wrote: "I am entirely satisfied with everything in this place!"

Trinity College—ah, yes! That was what kept me in Dublin, when I was longing to get out into the bogs and discover for myself a "wild Irishman," with knee-breeches and a scarlet waistcoat, and stumpy pipe stuck in his hatband. Trinity College is large, stately and colorless; with bare quadrangles, and a general air of nakedness that would make it an eyesore were it in Oxford or Cambridge. Trinity might have been founded in 1311, but it was not. Pope Clement V. granted a bull to the Archbishop of Dublin, which was not acted upon. But the College sprang into existence under his successor, Pope John XXII. Henry VIII. suppressed it; Queen Elizabeth reopened it under the title of the "College of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity near Dublin."

Here Burke and Curran spoke their first pieces; Swift, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Moore, wrote their first compositions, worthy of the name; and here many, who afterward became famous orators, first wrangled in debate.

At the door you meet Burke and Goldsmith in enduring bronze, and I am free to confess that my ardent desire was to be shown the rooms where poor "Noll" used to entertain his friends when he had made a few shillings by the sale of a ballad to a shopman down the street. What nights they were, in Goldsmith's youthful days, when the old quadrangle rang with shouts of laughter! And, oh, what a night that was when the fun grew fast and furious, and at last, all on a sudden, in came an irate tutor, and floored poor "Noll" before his astonished guests! Of course he ran away after that, did "Nolly" Goldsmith; and nearly starved to death, as was his wont. But there he stands now, the very head and front of Old Trinity; and not a

tutor in the land—nay, nor rector either—but may uncover as he passes.

In the refectory at Trinity are portraits of distinguished Irishmen, each subject painted in the very attitude in which he distinguished himself—at least so it would appear. The beautiful library is ornamented with busts of poets, sages, and philosophers, who silently file down the long narrow hall, between walls that are lined with more than two hundred thousand volumes—their straight backs turned scornfully upon the world.

What was it that pleased me most in that fine library? What was it that awakened reverent interest? It was the famous Book of Kells—a Latin copy of the Gospels attributed to St. Columba, who lived in the sixth century. Trinity College library is entitled by law to a copy of every work published in Great Britain—I wonder what the most ancient and venerable Book of Kells thinks of the mob of modern upstart authors crowding in upon it day by day? Really, there is nothing in all Dublin more delightful than this great hall of learning, filled with a kind of hallowed light, wherein the best youth of Ireland have browsed in their hungry and hopeful days.

Michael Angelo Titmarsh didn't reverence the College museum; it must be acknowledged that the gigantic but gentle Thackeray did but scant justice to the Green Isle. He was English, you know, to the backbone, and he had an unholy horror of Holy Church. Peace to his prejudices, now that they have come to an end!

I could not quit the place without a search for the chambers of Charlie O'Malley, of rollicking memory. Poor Lever! Read the preface to "Lord Killgobbin," and see how sad an Irishman may be when he is laid away, as it were, in a Florentine palace, his youth gone, his health broken, his heart burdened with grief. What a world of difference between the frolicsome Fellows of Trinity, with boisterous mirth chasing the fleeting hours, and the exiles of Erin who go into sunnier lands seeking health, and succeeding only in prolonging their misery!

Would you believe it?—St. Patrick's Well, the very well wherein he baptized the first royal convert, is hidden under the pavement of a Protestant cathedral! It still flows, and pilgrims flock thither to drink of it, and to fee the good old soul who dips up a cupful of water and pockets her coppers with a blessing on her lips that is worth treble the money.

The cathedral has its story, of course,—its story of marvellous vicissitudes; what ancient edifice in the old country has not? Originally founded in A. D. 448, it gave place to the present structure in the year 1190. Then began its season of trial. In 1546, and for eighteen years following, it was used as a court of law. During Cromwell's invasion of Ireland the horses of his troopers were stalled therein. James II. made of it a barracks; William III., after the Battle of the Boyne, rode to it in state, and publicly gave thanks within the choir. But the final blow was struck when the old cathedral was thoroughly restored and hopelessly modernized at a cost of £140,000. Here rest the ashes of Dean Swift and Hester Johnston, whom the world knows as the Dean's "Stella."

Of course one casts a sentimental glance at the house where Dean Swift used to live, and the early home of Tommy Moore. There was a grocery on the ground-floor of the house in Tom's day, and Tom's father used to keep it. It was a good place for a young poet, whose imagination bloomed in Oriental splendor,—a good place to get out of. I was quite willing to follow his example, and turned to Phœnix Park in joyful expectation.

Was there ever an Irish novelist but flew to the Park as the bee to the clover? There is room enough for all of them among its 1,750 acres of meadow and lawn, of hill and dale, of grass-land and leafy hollow and tangled copse. It is as wild as

nature, and much wilder than the deer that roam over it, feeding like sheep in flocks of a hundred or two together. You come upon small lakes as you wander, and now and again upon a stream nearly hidden in the dense brush. You lose sight of everybody in deep groves where the shadows gather; and you pass from one enchanting pastoral landscape to another, continually encountering herds of deer, that merely lift their heads a moment to look at you with large, dark eyes, and then drop their soft glances to the moist, sweet sward again, and take no further notice of you.

The "fifteen acres" in one corner of this Arcadia, now reserved for frequent military reviews, was formerly the favorite resort of duelists. It was here that O'Connell fought D'Esterre with such earnestness that the great agitator, in a spirit of contrition, resolved never again to fire a shot—*before breakfast!*

The Phœnix Park leads on into the open country, and from its farther edge you drop into a rustic ravine, through which you enter the pretty little village of the Strawberry Beds. This ravine is literally choked with garrulous beggars. They assail you the moment you alight from your carriage, and, in fact, long before; for their heads are thrust in at the windows—queer old heads, done up in clumsy, weather-stained hoods, with queer old faces buried two inches deep in ruffles. When you descend you are embraced by half a score of "poor widdies," who burden you with Lord's blessings, and long life, and the top o'the morning, until you are hopelessly in their debt. Fortunately, a single sixpence effects a settlement. It would be well enough if this were the end of all, but it isn't: they send you on your journey with smiles and tears and courtesies and good wishes enough to swamp any single gentleman; and these, I suspect, are not wholly *gratis*, but merely on account.

A long lane, winding under the steep slope of a hill and by the margin of a stream, is the sole thoroughfare of the famous Strawberry Beds. One-story stone cottages, whitewashed without and within, and having the small square windows full of geraniums and nasturtiums, line each side of the road. All the land that lies open to the sunshine—and how little there is of the latter in this country!—is covered with strawberry vines. Old grannies are on the slopes, screaming and throwing stones at the thievish crows. The plucked fruit is for sale at every door—a large leaf full of luscious berries for sixpence, and as much cream as you please for nothing.

Fine young Irish girls, as pure as the snow, beguile you with berries and ginger-beer; little tow-headed youngsters sell you "posies" for your buttonhole; and there is a drop of the "critter" just over the way. The village is an idyl with a flavor of whisky and fruit in it; but it has its shady side—what village has not? The crows gather and brood over it in armies; and all day the cries of the watching women are heard upon the hillside, varied at intervals by the whiz of flying missiles. Ah, but they are the bad shots! And not a crow of the lot but knows it well. "Do they trouble you, granny?" said I to one of the relief guard just going out on duty. "Faix, and they do!" said she. "And it's not one of thim berries they'll be after ating but just the biggest and ripest, bad luck to 'em!" "Amen!" I added below my breath, and started for the carriage at the top of the hill; for the rain was coming down the glen with a sound as of many waters.

As for Dublin, it is a fine city, and a handsome one too. It is wide-awake, prosperous, rather clean, and very cheerful in fair weather. I asked a companion—one of your spontaneous Irish wits such as the island is full of—for an item, and he whispered: "The best whisky in all Ireland is down at Mears', on Wellington Quay; there is a chap there with prawns that will give

you a week's thirst into the bargain." A little later I was assured by a Fellow of Trinity that the best English in the world is spoken in Dublin; and the brogue that rolled from his tongue at that moment you could have buttered your bread with, and it was sweeter than honey in the honeycomb,—God bless him!

(To be continued.)

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

I.—A Romance of Real Life.

IT was my custom at one time to pay a weekly visit to the Home for the Aged in charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor; and in this manner I became very well acquainted with many of the inmates, both male and female. As a rule, these children of poverty are garrulous in their old age, and not indisposed to reveal their histories to a sympathetic soul. Many of them have very sad stories to tell; one often wonders how they have been able to survive their misfortunes. And the responsive heart, thrilled to the core by these recitals of misery and privation, offers a prayer of thankfulness to God, who has mercifully provided for them a quiet haven, where they may spend at least the few remaining days of life in peace.

One day, while passing through the infirmary, I observed a new face on one of the pillows. It was a sweet, pathetic face, framed in bands of yellowish white hair, that must have been a light golden blonde in youth. A pair of soft brown eyes looked up at me, as I paused at the bedside. "Come, do not stop now," whispered the Sister who accompanied me. "Later I will tell you about her. At present she is too feeble to speak." I followed obediently; and the incident soon passed from my mind, as the Sister had no time to explain further, being summoned elsewhere.

A few weeks afterward I saw the same old woman sitting on the steps of the chapel, her rosary in her hand. She wore no cap; a red handkerchief was tied loosely under her chin, and another of the same gay pattern was crossed over the bosom of her blue and white cotton frock.

"Good-morning!" I said, pausing for a moment. "Are you enjoying the sunshine?"

"*Guten Morgen!*" she replied, pleasantly. "*Ich spreche nicht Englisch.*"

Then, finding that I understood a little of her native tongue, she made room for me on the step beside her, and began to babble, in a sweet, low voice, on the beauty of the sunlight and the healthfulness of fresh air. I gave her a rose from the bouquet I had gathered for St. Joseph. She kissed it and laid it tenderly on her lap.

Just then the Sister with whom I had visited the infirmary on the day of my first meeting with the old woman came briskly across the yard, carrying a faded cotton umbrella in her hand.

"See what I have found, Frau Weisman!" she said gaily, in German. "If you will sit in the sun all day long, you must at least have some shelter for your head in the hottest hours. So saying she raised the umbrella, which the old woman took, with many thanks.

"Poor thing!" said the kind nun, after we had left her. "She was so long shut out from the sun and light that she never can get enough of it, now that she is free."

"Free!" I exclaimed. "Surely that kind-faced, lovely old woman was never in prison?"

"Yes," replied my companion, setting her lips hard together—"in prison and underground, chained too, for nearly seven years. Ah, it is a terrible story! You have observed the unnatural pallor of her countenance. That accounts for it."

"Might a stranger know her story?" I asked. "What you say seems scarcely credible."

"So you will think when you have heard

it all," said the Sister. "Indeed, the whole world ought to know the story, and it is not from me that the edict of silence shall go forth. Come, sit with me in my little mending room; we shall be alone, and I have still half an hour before dinner."

When I had placed my flowers in water before a statue of St. Joseph, the busy little creature drew a rocking-chair to the open window and bade me be seated; then, while vigorously plying her needle in and out of a sorely dilapidated stocking, she told me the following story:

"Our good Mother was in Europe in the spring, as you know; and to me, though all unworthy, was deputed the task of acting in her place. She never makes mistakes; I often do, being so impulsive, and not meek enough, owing to my impetuosity, for a true Little Sister of the Poor. But on this occasion I doubt if even her course would have been different from mine.

"One morning I was called to the visitors' room to meet a stout, kind-looking Irish girl, who, with tears in her voice and on her cheeks, told me that if I went at once to a certain town about fifty miles from X——, I would find, in a dark, underground room of a fine dwelling-house, the mother of the owner, chained to an iron ring in the wall.

"'But this can not be!' I exclaimed. 'I know something of these people. While the gentleman is a Catholic in name only, they are of some prominence in D——, and they could not be guilty of such a monstrous crime.'

"'How many of them are guilty I can't say,' was the reply; 'but the man himself is. I saw him going down there with a light, and that is how I found it out.'

"Questioning her, I learned that the family had for a long time been unable to keep servants, because of a story having gone abroad that the house was haunted. Strange noises had been heard from time to time. The master and mistress grew angry when the rumors were spoken of; and the coachman, who had been in the family many years, said that, owing to some peculiar construction of the cellar, the wind passing through the ventilators was the source of these strange noises.

"Our Bridget was both brave and curious. One night, having occasion to go into the storeroom, she heard something like a moan from the cellar beneath; her next move was to take measures to learn the cause. Keeping her own counsel, she took a candle and went downstairs. Having located the place, she found under the storeroom what seemed to be a large closet, partitioned off from the coal cellar. It was locked, and resisted all her efforts to open it. Finally, after returning upstairs, she went around to the other side of the house, and marked, from without, what she supposed to be the ventilators corresponding to the locality of the closet.

"'Had you any suspicions?' I inquired of her.

"'I had, Sister,' she replied. 'Twice of a night I saw the master going down the outside way, with a candle in his hand, and something that looked like a dish. I was at the window, in the dark, saying my prayers. Both mornings after I missed some potatoes and corn-bread that I left in the safe the night before. It wasn't the first time I heard moaning and groaning; and I suspicioned that maybe he had some poor idiot of a brother or other relation down there that he was loth to put into an asylum. At any rate, I had no notion of meddling with what was none of my business, till the night I told you of. I thought I'd stay my month out, and then leave. I didn't like the people overmuch, any way.

"'The next morning,' she continued, 'I was up with the day, and went straight to the little windows under the storeroom. I lit a couple of matches and peeped in. And, as sure as I'm a living creature, I saw an old woman, with her hair streaming down her shoulders, walking up and down, up and down, and chains clanking

after her as she went. She saw me too; for she slapped her hands together and looked at me like one in a terrible daze of fright. I went upstairs again, got the breakfast, hurriedly washed the dishes, and packed up my clothes, ready to go. The folks—man and wife and their two little daughters—went to town that morning; the coachman with them, of course. When they were well started I scoured the house for keys, and found about fifty. At the fortieth trial I opened the door, and I'll never tell you till you see it for yourself what I saw. Filth and rags and misery, and a nice, darling old German woman chained to the wall—the damp, slimy wall. She couldn't understand me, nor I her; but I could just make out, "*Mutter, Mutter,*" and I made sure she was the master's poor old mother. I made signs to her that I'd try to help her out of that hole; and, after fastening her in again, I put on my bonnet, took my duds, and made straight for the town. I went to the priest—a kind German Father he is,—and told my story. At first he thought I was crazy; but pretty soon he believed me, and gave me this letter for you, Sister.'

"Here she produced a note from her pocket, and I read:

"'Come at once to my house.

"'FRIEDMAN.'"

"'Will you come with me, Bridget?' I asked.—'I'd like nothing better, Sister,' was her answer.

"We started as soon as possible, arriving at the house of the priest about sundown. He met us at the door. I found that he was convinced of the truth of Bridget's story. Mr. Weisman had married a woman of doubtful reputation some years before, on whose account a man had been mysteriously murdered. Mr. Weisman, who lived alone with his mother, had been suspected, but never openly accused. He had made some lucky speculations and had suddenly become rich. But after his marriage, which she opposed to the best of her power, the old woman was missing. He gave out that she had returned to Germany; but a person living in the neighborhood, who had visited there, could find no trace of her. Then it came to be an accepted fact that he had placed her in some institution for the old and the infirm. It was well known that his wife had some mysterious power over him; and as she had never been able to endure the old woman's presence in the house, Father Friedman supposed she had been instrumental in incarcerating her in the dungeon where Bridget had discovered her.

"'We must go slowly,' said the priest, 'or they may circumvent us. There is a Catholic family here with whom you may lodge for the night, and to-morrow—' 'Not an hour shall I wait, Father!' I exclaimed, in my indignation. 'I will beard the monster in his den at once.'—'But you must be very careful,' said the priest.—'They will not dare touch me!' I answered. 'Mother or not, there is some poor creature concealed in that cellar; and I will brave the worst, taking the consequences.' I felt like one inspired.

(To be continued.)

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE YOKE OF SOCIETY.

SOCIETY nowadays is tolerant, liberal, amiable. Society shows us that it is incumbent upon every decent man that he shall give up most of his time to the providing of certain luxuries for his family. His daughters must dress as well as their neighbors, even if the money that ought to go for their education is used up in this way. His boys must indulge in all the popular amusements of their "station,"—as if anybody in this country had any "station" forced on him. They must be

"socially" the equal of anybody else, as a political fiction makes them legally the equal of anybody else. And to make them "socially" the equal of anybody else, we must be careful to send them to a school where they will meet the "right sort of people,"—who are generally, in the light of God's sun, the wrong sort of people. But who can think of that, when the electric lights flash up and the sun becomes "old-fashioned"?

Society to-day is not specially stringent on the subject of marriage. It denies that matrimony is a sacrament, and almost holds that it is a contract that may be ended when the party of the first part is weary of the party of the second part, and *vice versâ*. Your son Tom, for instance, who had to go to a fashionable college, because it might give him social *prestige;* Tom, who behaved like an angel twenty-three years ago, when the waters of Baptism made him a child of God and the centre of your hopes,—begins to think that, after all, the Church is too strict. There is Clara Flamboyante—in the best society—can have as many diamonds as she chooses; and, of course, she must be "all right." Clara's husband was impossible, and so she left him; and shall the poor thing remain alone in the world just because she married the wrong man first? Is the "outworn creed" of a cruel Church to stand between her and happiness? Tom, whose knowledge of his religion is what remains of his study of the Little Catechism, swears No, by all his gods,—and at a fashionable college a young man adopts almost as many gods as the Romans of a later day. And so it happens that Tom makes a matrimonial contract with the persecuted Clara.

By and by you yourself, perverted by the artificial light, will reflect with a certain satisfaction that Clara has plenty of money; and the name of Tom's wife was in the list of the "nicest people" at the smartest assembly in town. You remember, without regret, your earlier, stricter ideas; and contrast Tom's brown-stone front with the sort of house you began life in, when God's laws seemed immutable, and the Church the only interpreter of His laws. You are blinded by the flash of false lights,—brilliant, beautiful lights they seem, but they are not the sun. They color the poisonous fruit with the ruddiness that the real sun gives to the peach. Satan probably tried their effect on the apple he gave to Eve. But Eve had to walk out into the sun—and a pitiless sun it was!—after all the promises of the charming serpent; and so shall we all. The angels may bring no halo to our death-bed, to comfort us in that critical hour; there may not be the light there that makes all lesser lights dull; but there we shall have to face the awesome light of truth.

You, Madame, who rejoice in Tom's splendor and luxury, can not hide the wrinkles and spots in your soul with any cosmetics that fashion has taught you to use; nor answer, "Am I my son's keeper?" with any chance of getting back one of those polite answers that one always expects to a civil question. There comes to us all a time when the false lights fail; when all the tapestries from London or the cut glass from France, or the sumptuous dinner service, which have been earned by casting aside the axioms of a high creed we were taught in the old frugal days, can not avail us. The thought of this, and the thought of the wrecked lives of our children, whose keepers we are, no matter what false lights of "the almighty force of circumstances" and "heredity," may flash in our eyes. The yoke of society is a galling one in the end.

THE old Persian proverb amplified by Saadi illustrates the power of example. "Let the monarch eat but one apple from a peasant's orchard, and his guards or slaves will pull up the tree by its root."

Notes and Remarks.

We cordially renew our thanks to the friends of THE "AVE MARIA" everywhere for the support they have afforded us during the past year, and trust that they will continue that support during the year just begun. We shall try to deserve it more fully than ever before. Not every one realizes how much depends on general co-operation in works of this kind, or how necessary individual support is in order that they be maintained. We urge our friends to greater exertions in behalf of THE "AVE MARIA." We do so confidently. Its cause is theirs as well as ours. Let each reader try to secure others, by bringing the magazine under the notice of friends and neighbors. As we have enlarged THE "AVE MARIA," and intend to make other improvements as soon as may be, we bespeak for it more generous support. At the same time we wish all our readers and colaborers

A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The Sisters of Charity have established an admirable institution at Ridgewood, N. J., to be called the House of Divine Providence. The property known as the England Mansion has been purchased and turned into a hospital for helpless incurables. The only qualification for admission is that the applicant should be suffering from an incurable malady, and would not be welcome or received elsewhere. The first patient for whom application was made is a friendless old lady, nearly one hundred years of age, a native of Troy, N.Y. She tells of having seen Washington and Lafayette in her early girlhood.

The annual report of the condition of the Apostolic Vicariate of Northern Japan sets forth the blessed results attending the zealous labors of Mgr. Osouf and his devoted missionaries during the year ending August 15. But how extensive the field, may be judged from the fact that the provinces forming the Vicariate contain a population of 13, 800,000 pagans and 9,660 Catholics. Among these the work of religion and education is carried on by the Bishop, 27 priests, 34 catechists, and 56 religious. There are 44 churches or chapels, 1 seminary, 1 college, 3 academies for girls, 20 schools, 4 asylums, 7 manual labor schools, and 3 hospitals. During the past year there were 923 adults and 323 pagan children baptized, besides sixteen conversions of heretics, and 145 baptisms of children of Christian parents. Since the publication of the report the Sovereign Pontiff has established the hierarchy in Japan with four episcopal sees, of which Tokio, the see of Mgr. Osouf, has been made an archbishopric.

The so-called "dark ages" are being better understood, and we may hope soon to see that insulting epithet replaced by the proper phrase by which to qualify the Middle Ages—viz., the "Ages of Faith." An English Congregationalist, Prof. Bryce, M. P., lately declared that "the elements of labor and culture were, four centuries ago, in far closer touch than to-day, linked together by the old industrial organizations; and the medieval Church, if it was in one sense a despotic hierarchy, was in another an institution magnificently democratic in its spirit."

A colossal statue of Our Lady of Mercy is to be placed on the summit of Brizeux Rock, facing the sea, on the coast of Brittany. M. Caravanniez, the artist charged with the work, has completed his model. It represents the Blessed Virgin with arms outstretched, and eyes fixed imploringly on the heavens, as if asking the God of the elements to pity the tempest-tossed mariners. The statue will be nearly forty feet in height.

Among the innumerable commendatory criticisms of Leo XIII.'s famous Encyclical "On the Condition of Labor," an especially noteworthy one is that contributed to the *Economic Review* by Canon Scott Holland, a dignitary of the Church of England. There is so little generous appreciation of the Papacy emanating from such a source, that the following paragraph occasions agreeable surprise:

"The voice that speaks is that of the spiritual chief of the great Roman Communion, who is looking out from his high watch-tower, charged with immense responsibilities over the fortunes of that world which he surveys. He is venerable in years, venerable

in character. His own private life, within that huge and splendid palace of his, is plain and simple as a child's; and his industry is incessant, and his intellectual faculties are keen, and his heart is tender, and his will is strong, and his sincerity is unsuspected, and his faith is firm, and his authority is high; and his tone is generous, and dignified, and finely strung; and his appeal is made to the noblest motives, that work under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit and the sanction of Jesus Christ. Everything is worthy and consistent that accompanies the appearance of this letter."

St. Cecilia's Church in Chicago, lately dedicated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, and of which the Rev. Edward Kelly is rector, is spoken of as one of the grandest churches in the City of Zephyrs. The edifice was begun in the autumn of 1889, and has cost $70,000. It is of brick and Michigan limestone, octagon in shape, and has a dome thirty-six feet in diameter, with no visible support on the inside. Considering that St. Cecilia's parish was founded as late as 1885, and then numbered only twenty families, the erection of such a beautiful church, large enough to accommodate the two hundred families now included in the congregation, is a marvel, and speaks volumes for the devotedness of pastor and flock.

The first colored man to be elevated to the priesthood in the United States is the Rev. Charles R. Uncles, a student of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, whose ordination took place last week in the Cathedral of Baltimore, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons officiating. There is another colored priest in this country, but he was ordained in Rome. The Rev. Father Uncles is a native of Baltimore. He celebrated his first Mass on Christmas Day, in St. Xavier's Church, New York, where he made his First Communion.

Mr. John Morley made a good point for the Liberal party in England the other day. He is reported to have said, speaking at Oldham: "You may think that the day has gone past for the imposition of any social or political disability attaching to religion. Don't forget that this very Session, when Mr. Gladstone made one of the noblest speeches he ever made in his life in favor of removing certain restrictions which excluded Catholics from two high offices of the realm, for which Jews, Mahomedans, Buddhists, Agnostics, and Atheists are eligible, he was resisted, and successfully resisted, by this admirable party of social unity and equality —the Conservatives."

We are indebted to a correspondent in London for this excellent and seasonable paragraph, by an unknown writer. The festivals of Christmastide are revelations of the dignity and power of the Virgin Mother:

"We may think of our Blessed Lady as the Gate of Heaven in two senses: she is the Gate through which we receive Him who is our salvation, of whom it is said that He has opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Mary is also the Gate of Heaven in that it has pleased God to make her the channel of His graces to us, so that Mary is the sure way to Jesus. Seek, as has been truly said, the flower upon its stem,—seek Jesus with Mary. Does not Holy Writ say of the first worshippers of our Infant Lord, 'They found the Child with Mary His Mother'? Jesus comes to us through Mary; Mary can not come to us without bringing Jesus to us,—without bringing to us benediction and sanctification."

The Rev. John J. Gray, the first recipient of the Sacrament of Holy Orders at the hands of the venerable Archbishop Williams, of Boston, has just celebrated his Silver Jubilee. For the past twenty-three years Father Gray has been rector of St. James' Church, Salem, Mass.; and has done effective work in that historic town. Enlightened zeal in God's service has marked his whole career; and we cordially join with his parishioners and many friends in wishing him length of days and all good gifts.

Since the Italian Government took possession of Rome twenty-eight churches and chapels have been torn down, and twenty others converted to secular purposes. During the same period no less than thirty churches have been destroyed in Palermo. And yet there are Catholics who think the Pope has nothing to complain of!

The *Weekly Register* quotes a fresh and frank pronouncement by Mgr. Isoard, Bishop of Annecy, in favor of the Republic, and on the cessation of the old implicit obligation to bind religion to monarchism. His Lordship

said that the declaration of Cardinal Lavigerie came to destroy this bond; and added: "Hereditary monarchy, I hold, is henceforth impossible in France. The possibility of the restoration of the monarchy is an illusion."

It is a notable sign of the prosperity of the Church in England, that the Benedictines are about to establish at Dulwich a house which will be the centre of the literary activity of the Order in Great Britain. The historical and antiquarian researches of the Benedictines have long entitled them to the gratitude of all scholars, and we hail this new establishment as the forerunner of still greater things to come.

A little girl, seven years of age, living in New York, is to be made the subject of a strange experiment. She is blind, deaf, and dumb, and is being kept in ignorance of all religious ideas in order that it may be ascertained whether or not the idea of God is inborn. As the *Catholic Review* remarks, the experiment is both foolish and sinful.

Theosophy is a misnomer for the belief that is called by that name. The word "theosophy" means wisdom about God, and about a personal God; and the belief is practically Buddhism. Now, Max Müller declares that "Buddhism recognizes no god in the Greek sense of the word, no God in the Christian sense of the word."

Out of fifty French ladies who, since 1852, received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, twenty-six have been Sisters. Twenty-two of this number have been decorated by the Republic, which is now intent on expelling religious from the French hospitals, asylums, and kindred institutions. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

The following contributions to promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars are gratefully acknowledged:

E. T. S., $5; M. J. S., $1; Friends, $1; a Subscriber, 25 cts.; a Subscriber, $1.10; M. A. M., 35 cts.; Friends, Lowell, Mass., $2; F. F. B., $2; a Subscriber, Dayton, Ohio, $1; Mrs. M. O'B., $1; N. P., $1; Friends, San Francisco, Cal., $8; J. C., Mondamin, Iowa, $1; Mrs. J. A. D., $1.

New Publications.

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA AND THE EARLY JESUITS. By Stewart Rose. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

One who studies intelligently the great periods of the world's history can not fail to realize that the saintly founder of the Society of Jesus was one of those men for whom in the designs of an overruling Providence a special destiny seems to have been marked out. At a period when the so-called Reformation was doing its deadly work in devastating the fold of Christ, St. Ignatius appears before the world, a man raised up by God to oppose an effective barrier against the inroads which the enemy of mankind had been making upon the hearts of the faithful. The work which he and his devoted companions accomplished forms an epoch in the history of the Church, and has left an impress, the influence of which has remained and is destined to be perpetuated through the ages. One great proof of this lies in the continued hostility of the world to the institute which he founded, and its triumphant career despite the most trying obstacles.

Were it only the fact that St. Ignatius was pre-eminently "a man of the times"—a man towering above his contemporaries by his mental greatness, one of the controlling spirits of the age in which he lived,—that alone would suffice to commend to the attentive study of the people of to-day the details of his career. But there is more than that. While to the man of the world the life of the great Saint abounds in incidents that interest and instruct, it presents to the Christian reader those perfect embodiments of religious ideals that serve as guides and aids to man in his efforts toward the attainment of his destiny. And perhaps nowhere is this truth more forcibly emphasized than in the devotion of St. Ignatius to the Mother of our Divine Redeemer. Whatever a few critics may say to the contrary, each important event of the Saint's life is marked by a special appeal to the protection of the Mother of God; and to spread and intensify devotion to her is seen to be one of the chief objects of his writings, instructions and sermons.

In the volume before us Mr. Stewart Rose

delineates with a master-hand the life and work of this great Saint. He has brought to his task the devotion and fervor of a religious heart and the talents of a gifted mind. The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the quantity of fresh material, lately brought to light, which it embodies. Its chief attraction, however, will be found in the clearer knowledge which it gives us of the wonderful personality of the Saint, founder and reformer, through his own words, which his letters and other sources enable the author to place at first hand before the English public. There are many illustrations made from drawings of scenes and subjects connected with the Life, and these add greatly to the value of the work. Apart from its intrinsic value, it forms a fitting souvenir of the fourth centenary of the birth of St. Ignatius Loyola, and reflects the greatest credit upon the taste and enterprise of the publishers under whose auspices it has been issued.

CATHOLICITY AND INFALLIBILITY — BOTH OR NEITHER. By the Rev. Daniel Lyons. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

In the publication of this work the reverend author has made a notable and effective addition to the religious literature of the day. At a time when minds outside of the Church are wavering between submission to a living, unerring authority, or following the blind guidance of reason and plunging into infidelity, the non-Catholic begins daily to realize more and more that Catholicity alone means Christianity; that for him the choice is left between embracing the Catholic religion or abandoning the profession of any religion. This forms the keynote of the volume before us. Upon the doctrine of Infallibility depends the removal of all religious controversy. An infallible authority is an essential element of the Christian religion, and without it the latter would cease to exist. The author sets forth the meaning of Infallibility, and shows that it is a reasonable doctrine, "one worthy of God, of His wisdom and goodness, and eminently suited to the needs of man—of his reason, conscience, and soul." Several chapters are devoted to the consideration of the reasons why Catholics believe in this doctrine, showing that they are forcible and convincing, and all that any unprejudiced mind could reasonably demand; and at the same time the most popular and forcible objections to Infallibility are weighed and refuted.

A NUN, HER FRIENDS AND HER ORDER. By Katharine Tynan. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Under the broad title "A Nun, Her Friends and Her Order," Miss Tynan has given to the many warm friends and admirers of the Loreto nuns, as well as to the general reading public, an interesting sketch of the life of Mother Mary Xaveria Fallon, whose devoted labors in the interests of her beloved community have given her a place among the founders of the Order. The life-story of this selfless soul is woven in with much that tells of the early struggles to which the present strength of the Order of the Loreto nuns is probably due; for strength, we know, "is made perfect in affliction." The pictures of the Irish convents; the hour life, if we may so call it, of the nuns; the foreign missions,—all are given with a lightness of touch that borders at times on the colloquial; a fault which lends a certain charm, despite the demands of style. The thousands of pupils who gratefully acknowledge allegiance to these devoted laborers in the Lord's vineyard will hail with delight Miss Tynan's book; and through its instrumentality the tender convent legends of happy school-days will be handed down to their children, thus carrying on Mother Fallon's life-work—the promotion of the interests of Jesus Christ.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Peter McArt, of Halifax, N. S., who passed away on the 24th of November.

Mrs. L. McIsaac, whose happy death took place on the same day, at Lock Haven, Pa.

Miss Mary Farrell, of Washington, D. C., who died suddenly on the 29th of November.

Mr. William Walsh, who met with a sudden death on the 15th ult., at Ottumwa, Ill.

Mr. John Meehan, Mrs. Johanna Healy, Mr. Terrence Coyle, Mrs. Mary Keegan, Mrs. Susan Brogan, William May, Mrs. Julia Dwyer, and Delia Beegan,—all of New Haven, Conn.

May they rest in peace!



New Year's in a Land of Flowers.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

HOW calm the night, how pure the air,
The crescent moon how softly fair!—
No storm winds here, no billows roar:
Brightly they laugh along the shore.

White troops of lilies outward fling
Sweet greetings, like the breath of spring;
The climbing roses all aglow—
You'd like a small bouquet, I know.

The children saunter, hand in hand;
Ah! dwellers in a colder land,
Can you believe, so far away,
To-morrow will be New Year's Day?

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

MANY persons have written the life of Columbus, and it has been written in many ways. The impulse to put into words the record of the grand and stirring events of which he was the hero proved a pleasant task for the biographer; it has often been a fruitful one, and has never failed of some measure of success.

In one of these lives of the great Admiral there is not a single word! It is painted upon the walls of the main hall of the University of Notre Dame. Some who read this have seen and studied it; doubtless many more hope to do so. It is the work of an author who tells stories with his brush, and consists of a series of pictures illustrative of the history of the great Genoese. This life of Columbus—for we surely may speak of it in that way—is the result of the loving efforts of the Roman artist Luigi Gregori, and is prominent among the monuments which genius and affection have raised to his memory in the United States.

And whose memory better deserves homage? Where is there a nobler example of singleness of purpose, purity of life, trust in God, and devotion to His Blessed Mother? He loved Our Lady. She was his guiding star, his comforter when his heart was faint, the light when his brave and unconquered soul was sick with the darkness of a prison, and shadowed by the base deceit of enemies; and his help when the hour of death drew nigh.

So in this year of our Blessed Lord, which is heralded as the fourth centenary of the discovery of America, let us review again the story, old now, yet ever new, of that devoted servant of the Blessed Virgin, who went off, in the midst of and despite such discouragement as man has seldom known, to learn the secret of the unknown seas.

I.—Pretenders.

The poem of Longfellow's called "The Skeleton in Armor" is a favorite and effective one for recitation, and probably some of our own young people have taken great delight in giving the suitable blood-curdling emphasis to that well-known line:

"Speak! speak, thou fearful guest!"

The descendants of those who inhabit the Scandinavian peninsula and its vicinity claim that this same skeleton, dug up some years ago in New England, was that of one of the men who helped Leif Ericson, a Norseman, or Northman, to discover America in the year 1000. But what does it matter to us if, as these persons claim, some of those fierce, blue-eyed sailors landed on our northern coast in that far-off time? If Ericson and his little crew did steer their strange, dragon-headed ships through the breakers which wash North America five hundred years before the good Queen Isabella helped Columbus to undertake his first voyage, what of it? Nothing ever came of Leif's voyages, if there were any. The old stone mill at Newport, supposed by some to be builded by his followers, turns out to be a comparatively modern windmill; the skeleton in armor, the remains of a doughty Englishman; the so-called Norse inscriptions on Dighton Rock, the work of our own aborigines.

Those at home in Europe who believed Leif's stories had little interest in them, and no means with which to take advantage of them. Geography was in its infancy, and little was thought of the story that there was another side to the Atlantic Ocean. And even if the compass had been invented, and sailors possessed of a guide upon the trackless deep, there were many other reasons why Europeans did not follow in the Norseman's doubtful course, the chief of them being that God's time had not yet come.

There was, surely, enough to think of at home. Many people, because 1000 years had passed since our Saviour's birth, were looking for the end of the world. In England the father of the great Canute was wresting the throne from Ethelred; France had hardly a name; Germany was in a frightful state of turbulence. The Hungarians were still a terror to all Europe, and Christian Spain had just suffered a fresh defeat at the hands of the followers of Mahomet. What did all those unhappy people care if, thousands of leagues away, across a sea full of horrible monsters, there was another world? With one continent to look after, their hands were more than full. The common people were wretched, and the rich oppressors. The learning was mostly confined to the religious houses. Of Asia, from whence came the fabrics of Eastern looms, spices, gold and precious stones, men thought much; but Europe stood, as one writer said, "with its back to the Atlantic."

As years and centuries went on, the interest in the East increased, fostered by the spirit of commerce. Men made long voyages to the far Indies; Sir John Mandeville, a great English traveller, among others, who told many marvellous stories on his return,—some true, others to be taken "with a grain of salt," as people say of tales hard to believe. And there was Marco Polo, who, too, went to what they called Cathay, and brought back, to prove his words, bags of gold and precious stones.

But in due time the old vikings were dust, and the travellers to the East slept with their fathers; and then—in the year 1435,—God's time having at last arrived, the little Christopher Columbus was born.

II.—The Little Christopher.

The honor of being the birthplace of Columbus is claimed by no less than fifteen towns, but the easiest and safest way for us is to believe just what he says of himself: that he was a native of Genoa. Of course he may have meant the Republic of Genoa, but it is safe to say that he referred to the city, or to one of its suburbs. His

father was a wool-comber; not a very high calling as we look at it now, but one must remember that in those days all handicrafts had a special honor attached to them, and it does not appear that Dominico Columbus was at all ashamed of his occupation. Some persons have tried to prove that the Genoese family belonged to a young and poor branch of a family of distinction; and after Christopher became famous, a great many claimed some sort of relationship with him,—for it was as true then as it is to-day that "the successful have many cousins." But he had then no need of grand relatives.

"Columbus" is simply one way of saying "dove," just as "Christopher" means "Christ-Bearer." On the arms of the Columbus family there were three silver doves on a blue field; and, if you have a fanciful imagination, you can make a pretty comparison by thinking of the dove which took the bit of green back to the Ark of old over the broad waste of waters. As to the name Christopher, that is still more suggestive. Our Christopher, or Christ-Bearer, bore news of Christ across the water, as the good giant St. Christopher carried the Infant Saviour over the tempestuous stream.

There were several boys in the family and one girl. We are sure that they had a good mother; although we know little about her, except that her name was Susanna Fontanarossa, which means Red Fountain. But the mother of such a son as Columbus could not have been otherwise than worthy; and, although we have no record of the fact, we need none to tell us that her little boy was dedicated by her to the Blessed Virgin. His whole life proved that. Of the father we know more. We are told that he was of a calm disposition, industrious and methodical, neither poor nor rich, owning several bits of land, proud of his son, and living to know of his great achievements.

The little Christopher was baptized at the Church of San Stefano; and we can imagine the scene as the pious parents presented their babe, all unconscious of his future, at that sacred font. He was only their eldest born, their precious little child, not the grand Admiral of the Ocean Sea, a hero of all time.

(To be continued.)

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.—The Fatal Snowball.

The brothers—there were three—were away. Jack was at sea—how queer it is that Jacks seem especially fond of the sea!—Samuel was in business in Chicago; and Arnold was giving singing lessons in Portland, Maine.

Reginald was the youngest, and the flower of the flock. His aunt often said that he was a "perfectly lovely boy." He was fifteen years of age; he had glossy black hair, which he combed down into a bang on his forehead; black eyes, a rather pale face, a straight nose, and he always wore his cap back on his head to show his bang. He never put his hands in his pockets; he never had, even when a small boy, a nail or a lump of string, nor a piece of shoemaker's wax, nor a piece of candy, nor even a dead mouse in his pockets. He had always a clean face; and, after school every day, he took his best trousers out into the kitchen and ironed the legs of them with his own hands, so that they would not bag at the knees. He changed his clothes after school, and put on old things,—on which, however, there was never a spot. He never played games in the street, because that was "rough"; and when old ladies came to visit his aunt and to drink tea and gossip, he was always permitted to sit with them; and sometimes they listened to his remarks about people, and said what a lovely boy he was, and how different he was

from his brothers, who had all been noisy.

Reginald was an orphan; he had a little money of his own, as his other brothers had refused to touch the small estate his father had left. He often spoke at school of his "money," and pitied those poor boys who had nothing at all, and who never could buy as many agates as they liked. Once he had been seen riding in an open carriage from a funeral,—in the kind of an open carriage called a "barouche." Boys in Philadelphia often went to funerals. In fact, it was looked on as a reward of merit; but few ever rode in a barouche. After this Reginald was looked on with awe and other feelings. But I hope that *you* will try to love him; for we must remember that even if a boy of fifteen wears a bang and irons out the legs of his trousers every day, he is still a human being, and worthy of all the esteem we can give him.

Mrs. Danby, Reginald's aunt, kept a shop. Shops have gone out of fashion, but when Reginald was fifteen there were many of them in the straight streets of Philadelphia. There were jars of peppermint candy—big, plaited sticks, with enough flavor in them to scent a large house; jars of lemon drops, jars of clove drops, and several gingerbread men and horses, with dots of pink and white sugar on them.

On one side of the little frame house, whose threshold was level with the street, was a coal-box, painted green. It was large enough to serve—if it were needed—as a home for four or five of the largest Newfoundland dogs one can think of. It was filled with coal every day, and Mrs. Danby sold it by the bucket. On the counter there were tin pans filled with molasses candy, brown and yellow, and clear yellow and red candy "toys." On the shelves behind the counters there were jars of buttons and tobacco and starch, and stick cinnamon, and cough drops, and pepper; and there were also canisters of tea and coffee. If you wanted onions, you could have them for so much a string. But if you had asked for cabbages or turnips, Mrs. Danby would have thought you were mad.

At New Year's she always bought a cake, with a Grecian temple upon it, and a wreath of silver leaves around it. In this Grecian temple there always stood a young lady, made of white sugar, holding a silver rose. Slices of this cake were given to Mrs. Danby's best customers; and if you were especially agreeable to her, she would ask you into the backroom, and let you sit on her haircloth sofa and have a glass of currant wine. The wine was hard to take; but if you were a boy of fine feelings, you would consider it a great honor, and hope that she would give you another piece of cake. And, besides, if you were quick, you could perhaps give Reginald a little kick —not enough to hurt him, you know—as you went out. Of course, then Reginald always told on you, and you were never asked to have cake again. During the rest of the year the Grecian temple and the white-sugar lady stood under a glass case in Mrs. Danby's best bedroom upstairs, where there was a mahogany bed, with a blue canopy over it and a "valance" about it.

Reginald often made remarks about the hidden splendors of his aunt's house, and once he even said that he had an uncle who was a policeman; but, though it was understood that Mrs. Danby could afford to give away ten cents' worth of taffy and not feel it at all, this last touch of grandeur was not believed. It was too much, and it was soon discovered that Reginald told fibs. And it was found out in this way. Reginald never threw snowballs, because he was afraid. Now, would a boy whose uncle was "on the police" be afraid? In this manner Reginald was found out; for everybody knew that if you had a friend on "the force" you would never be a slave to fear.

The truth is, that if Reginald had not occasionally brought gum drops or a chunk

of "no go" to school, he would not have been treated with any regard at all, after the fiction about the uncle was sifted. Nearly all the boys Reginald knew were honest, if they were "rough"; they knew it was wrong to tell lies, but it seemed to them that Reginald ought to go to jail for telling an untruth on such an important subject. Still, when a boy at your school lives in a candy shop, it is very hard to look at his faults impartially,—very, very hard. And, then, if you did anything to Reginald, he always told; so that Mrs. Danby would give you a very small cent's worth of lemon taffy, and perhaps refuse to "make" a cent's worth of cream cocoa-nut,—a soft, white, sticky compound that happily went out after the war.

On the whole, Reginald got on very well until Miles McGarry came to live at Mrs. Danby's. Miles' parents were dead, and he, like Reginald Danby, fell to his aunt's charge. From the moment Miles entered the house trouble came. Miles was not "lovely," like Reginald. He wore his trousers turned up; he sometimes ran into the street to "catch on" to a wagon, in a red flannel shirt and one suspender; his hair was stubborn, and refused to be combed, except on Sunday, when Mrs. Danby soaked it with castor-oil and bergamot. Then it shone; but then, too, Mrs. Danby made him wear her sunbonnet in the house, for fear that his greasy head should touch the yellow and blue wall-paper in her backroom. It was not pleasant to have to steal about in the backroom between Mass and the Catechism class, with a blue-and-white checked sunbonnet flapping about, and to be permitted to take it off only at dinner. And it was not pleasant to have Reginald sitting straight or lounging about, free to do as he pleased, and putting on airs. Miles was two years younger than his cousin, and Reginald lectured him and bossed him, and told him how very wicked it was to eat raw turnips, to go down to the Neck, and to carry various things about in his pockets.

Miles was a short boy, with the brightest blue eyes in the world, plenty of freckles; and with two chubby hands, with two large warts on the thumb of each. Mrs. Danby and the old ladies did not ask him into tea. He was not the kind of boy to ornament a tea party. In truth, the only time he was admitted he pulled the cat's tail and caused her to upset the teapot. Reginald did not like him; for he yelled out loud, and laughed at him, and he would not wait on him; and instead of asking Mrs. Danby, he put his hand into the gum drop jar and helped himself. This caused Mrs. Danby to lock the gum drops in the little glass case, and so Reginald's supply of his favorites ceased.

What Miles McGarry hated most of all was the necessity of coming home the moment school was out. There was always a stone fight going on somewhere, or one was certain of seeing a boy "arrested," or the hook-and-ladder company was out; but Reginald always hurried home to iron out his trousers, to have his aunt say what a good boy he was, and to hear her declare that Miles would live to be hanged. All this was galling to the smaller boy, who could not see why he should be hanged because his clothes would not stay clean. Still, he bore no ill-will to Reginald. He once heard his aunt speak of some unfortunate person as "afflicted." He applied the word to Reginald and pitied him.

There was a boy at school whose father kept a shoeshop, and this boy did not admire Reginald, because Reginald had seen him throwing spitballs at the ceiling, and made some gentle remarks about it to the teacher, who, however, had observed Johnny Schonbrun's actions already. Perhaps Johnny Schonbrun might have learned to love Reginald in spite of this—Mrs. Danby said that everybody loved him,—if the sweet boy had not refused to give Johnny a bite from a big apple he had brought to school one day.

Johnny lived opposite a baker shop, in the window of which round, glazed cakes studded with currants, known as Dutch cakes, and twisted loaves of bread were displayed—at Christmas-time and New Year's with one or two iced pound-cakes suggestive of great wealth and luxury, surrounded by garlands of evergreens. The baker's name was Hans Gewitz, and he might be seen almost any evening with his head peeping just above his cellar door. He always wore a white cap, his nose was generally covered with flour, and he seldom spoke. Far into the night and early morning his oven blazed away; and his bread, especially his milk loaves, were greatly in demand. He was known among the boys as "flower nose." Sometimes Johnny Schonbrun put his head within the baker's cellar door and reminded him of the fact. This occasioned a coolness between Johnny and the baker.

Miles McGarry and Johnny were devoted friends. They had much in common. Together they hunted muskrats down "in the banks" when rare opportunities occurred. Together they caught frogs and threw stones at reed-birds in that part of the suburbs called the Neck. Together they chased cats; together they tied strings to door-bells on Hallow Eve, and led the guileless walker to tangle himself in these strings, and to alarm the people.

But they were not together very often. Mrs. Danby ruled Miles McGarry with a rod of iron. On certain evenings, when the old ladies came to tea, Reginald, of course, was not permitted to "mind the shop." He had toast and tea and "smear-case"—which the vulgar modern calls cottage cheese—in the chosen circle; while Miles was made to sit on a high stool behind the counter, by the light of a smoky lamp, and wait for customers. The worst of it was that whenever the door opened a harsh bell rang, and it was hard for him to sneak out for a breath of fresh air with the warning of that bell in danger of being heard.

One night—a fatal night—the snow was on the ground, trodden hard in the middle of the sidewalk, but deep and soft on either side. Miles heard the delightful crunch of people walking on it, of boys' sleds gliding over it,—even of a ringing skate as Johnny Schonbrun passed, balancing himself, like a stork, on one leg. Then followed a peculiarly shrill whistle. Miles knew it well. It meant that Johnny would like to see him. He crept toward the door and moved it. The bell tinkled.

"Miles!" cried his aunt's voice.

"Yes'm!"

"Is there a customer in the shop?"

"N'op'm!"

"I thought I heard the bell."

Then Miles crept through the crack and was out under the sky, with the river wind blowing in his face. The lights of the butcher shop opposite (the beef and mutton and turkeys were wreathed with evergreen, for it was near Christmas) looked joyful and gay. Everything seemed to invite a boy with legs to use them. The big stool had cramped Miles; he had sat still in school nearly all day, and now he was free. There was a great turkey hanging in the shop for show, not for sale; and Mrs. Danby had made a large keg of mince-meat. The knowledge of all this filled Miles with delicious gaiety. He uttered a wild yawp. It sounded like this: "Yea! yea! yea!"

It was the war-cry of the small boys of his time. Then he knocked the hat off a boy who had his back to him, kicked over the nearest ash-barrel, and started for a run around the square. Johnny Schonbrun was ahead, near his own house, limping and gliding alternately on his one skate. Miles picked up a handful of snow, which was rather wet,—just in condition to be made into the hardest kind of snowball, called a "soaker." He let it fly. It flew. There was a crash of glass. It had flown through the baker's window, and lay among the fragments of one of those

beautiful Grecian temples which Reginald spoke of with awe, and which Miles himself had learned to reverence! He fled like a bird, not too late to see the white-capped baker dart from his cellar and seize Johnny Schonbrun.

(To be continued.)

Tasso's Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The great Italian poet Tasso was, like Dante, profoundly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and sang her praises in some of the most beautiful verses ever written. It happened that he was once journeying from Mantua to Rome; and although weary and without money, he, having made a vow to Our Lady of Loreto, turned out of his way to visit her shrine. He might have fared badly if it had not been for a friend—one of the princes of Gonzaga,—who happened to be visiting Loreto at the same time, and who ministered to the poet's simple wants, and enabled him to fulfil all the duties of his pilgrimage. That done, and body and soul refreshed, Tasso wrote an immortal canticle in honor of Our Lady, then proceeded on his way to Rome.

When the poet was about to die, he called young Rubens, son of the great painter, to his bedside.

"I once gave your father a little silver statue of the Blessed Virgin," he said, with much difficulty.

"And I have it with me now!" exclaimed Rubens.

A look of happiness came into the face of the dying man, and he held out his hand, into which the young man reverently placed the precious little statue.

"Take it back when I am dead," whispered Tasso. And then, clasping the sacred image tightly in the hands which were fast growing cold, he prayed fervently until the end came.

Young Rubens was profoundly affected by the scene; and while the body of his father's friend was being borne to its last resting-place, he, instead of occupying an honorable position in the procession of mourners which followed it, was prostrate before an altar of the Blessed Virgin in a quiet corner of St. Peter's at Rome, holding the little silver statue and praying for the soul of Tasso.

An Arab Legend.

There was once a rich merchant who was travelling with a caravan of goods over a desert country. Night was coming on, and brigands abounded; so he was in great haste, wishing to reach his destination before the light of day failed. But as he hurried his weary animals on he saw a boy sitting by the roadside. "What is the matter?" called the merchant. "I have a thorn in my foot," answered the young pilgrim, "and can go no farther." Then the merchant, forgetting the danger, stopped and extracted the thorn from the wounded foot, and gave the boy a piece of gold.

Years went on, and the merchant found himself in Paradise. "Why do I have so many roses," he asked an angel, "when others more deserving have so few?"—"Because," said the angel, "the thorn from that little pilgrim's foot grew and grew until it became a rose-tree, and the roses are yours; for one good deed done on earth is returned sevenfold in Paradise."

Columbus's Favorite Prayer.

Our young readers will notice a Latin couplet over the picture of Columbus which forms the frontispiece of the present number of THE AVE MARIA. This was the favorite prayer of the Discoverer of the New World:

Jesus cum Maria
Sit nobis in via.

Jesus and Mary, we pray
Be with us on our way.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Louis Veuillot.—A Well-Spent Life.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

"Placez à mes côtés ma plume,
Sur mon cœur le Christ, mon orgueil,
Sous mes pieds mettez ce volume,
Et clouez en paix mon cercueil.
.
J'espère en Jésus. Sur la terre,
Je n'ai pas rougi de sa foi.
Au dernier jour, devant son Père,
Il ne rougira pas de moi."

SUCH were the words of his funeral sermon, preached by Veuillot himself in his beautiful book, "Çà et Là"; and one of his biographers would add no more by way of epitaph than that involuntary homage which was rendered to the great journalist by the adversary who said that Veuillot never had other objects in view than the Pope and good grammar. The life of such an editor must necessarily furnish material for the edification of a Catholic layman, and that of Louis Veuillot especially will refresh his memory with the remembrance of some of the most stirring events of our century.

Veuillot was born at Boynes in the Gatinais, October 11, 1813. "Once upon a time," he tells us in "Rome et Lorette," "there lived, not a king and queen, but a journeyman cooper, who had nothing in the world but his tools; and who, carrying these on his back, in winter through the mud, and in summer in the heat of the sun, trudged from town to town, making and repairing barrels, tubs, and pails; pausing a while wherever he found work, and departing when there was no more; happy if he took along enough to sustain him during his new journey, but certain of leaving behind him a good name, and of receiving a welcome when he returned. He was called Francis Veuillot; he was a native of Burgundy; he could not read, and knew nothing but his trade, which he had learned by prodigious efforts of intelligence and courage, being the seventh or eighth child of a farm laborer. One day, while passing through a village of Gatinais, he saw at the honeysuckle-framed window of a humble dwelling a robust young girl, who was singing at her work; he walked more slowly, then turned toward her, and pursued his tramp no further. The maiden was as good as pleasing; she liked to work; honor shone on her brow amid the flowers of health and youth; good sense ruled her conversation; her fortune was equal to his; their hearts were soon paired; they were married."

Louis Veuillot was the first fruit of this happy union. While yet a child, his parents moved to Paris, and he was brought up almost without religion, going, of course, to Mass on Sunday, but dependent for his early training on one of the government schools. The Catechism was taught in a kind of a way in these establishments,

and finally he made his First Communion. "Happy they," he afterward wrote, "who can go through life under the protection of the souvenirs and graces of that beautiful day! Such felicity was not for me. Led to the Holy Table by hands which were ignorant or altogether impious, I approached it without knowing the holiness of the Banquet; I left it with all my stains still upon me, and I returned to it no more." When manhood had come upon him, the realization of all he had lost in his youth by having been trained in the irreligious schools of the state contributed chiefly to the zeal of his advocacy of freedom of education.

When thirteen years of age, Louis entered a lawyer's office, receiving as stipend twenty francs a month, and a crust of bread every day for breakfast. The revolution of 1830, which dethroned the elder branch of the Bourbons, excited the sympathy of the boy. "I was seventeen years old," he tells us, "when I heard the best youth of the *bourgeoisie* congratulating themselves for having demolished the throne and the altar; I was eighteen when I saw ferocious beasts pull down the cross.... Already my companions were less sympathetic, but I still applauded. All that fell excited their fears, all that fell excited my joy." Very soon the trembling *bourgeois* began to found journals in order to defend themselves from the baleful consequence of their own work, and young Veuillot was offered a position on the *Echo de Rouen*, a moderate paper founded by M. Hebert, afterward a Minister of State. Without any special preparation he became a journalist; his first duties were in connection with the theatres, but he soon launched into politics. His brother Eugene, the most reliable of his biographers, warns us not to credit readily all the stories narrated about the early commencements of the journalistic life of Louis. Much has been said concerning his innumerable duels; but the fact is that he engaged in only two, and in each case he was the challenged party. In 1832 Louis Veuillot became editor of the *Memorial de la Dordogne*, at Périgord. Hitherto he had made no classical studies; he now repaired this defect. And it was while he was editing the *Memorial* that he began to experience a change in his religious sentiments, although his full conversion did not take place until his visit to Rome in 1838. In 1837 he was called to Paris to collaborate on the *Charte de 1830*, a journal founded by Guizot; but the fall of that statesman precipitated the end of his paper, and Veuillot passed over to the *Paix*. At this time Louis Veuillot, as we gather from his fraternal biographer, had lost all sense of the just and unjust, and he was little better than one of those *condottieri* of the pen who sell their labors in any field with equal pleasure. While in the lamentable condition produced by such a life in the case of one destined by nature and grace for better things, his friend Fulgence Ollivier asked him to accompany him on a voyage; he needed the diversion, and accepted the offer. "He thought to go to Constantinople, but he went farther: he went to Rome; he went to baptism." We would refer the reader to the charming pages of "Rome et Lorette" for Veuillot's own account of his arrival in the Eternal City on March 15, 1838; of his visits to the monuments of antiquity, and then to the churches; of his hesitations and struggles; and finally, of his paternal reception by Pope Gregory XVI., who perhaps perceived in this prodigal son the future champion of the Church.

Now that he was a practical Christian, Veuillot could scarcely resume his place in the officious press of the government of July; but he accepted a position in the Ministry of the Interior, and while thus occupied he produced his "Pélerinages de Suisse," "Rome et Lorette," "Le Saint Rosaire Médité," "L'Honnête Femme," and other works. But agreeable as was the sinecure which he enjoyed, Veuillot was

impelled by both his temperament and his new faith to abandon it. Combat was his life, and again he entered the journalistic arena; but now it was Catholic journalism that he undertook to sustain. There was then in Paris but one purely Catholic journal, the *Univers Religieux*, founded in 1834 by M. Bailly, the founder of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. Since 1839 Veuillot had written for this paper; in 1843 he became its editor, renouncing for that end a sure place which furnished him double the revenue he was about to receive. It was his design to abstain from all systematic opposition to the government of Louis Philippe, but despite himself Veuillot soon found himself involved in a struggle concerning the vital question of the freedom of education. Immediately after the revolution of 1830 certain Catholics, disgusted with the sceptical, if not impious, education given by the University, and relying upon the guarantees professedly offered by the Constitution, had opened a school. Summoned before the House of Peers, one of their number, the Count de Montalembert, being a Peer of France, they were condemned. The recollections of his own experience in the government's godless schools gave great force to the zeal with which Veuillot entered into the controversy which now ensued. He wrote an introduction to an account of the trial of the Abbé Combalot, who had written a Memorial to the Bishops on the dangers of University education (as then given at Paris), and had been condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment and a fine of four thousand francs. For this introduction Veuillot was condemned to a month's imprisonment and a fine of three thousand francs. The governmental and freethinking press was dumfounded at the audacity of the Catholics daring to defend themselves. The absurdity of these despised ignoramuses presuming to pretend to a possibility of reason against such adversaries! And then, said some of the big-wigs of the University, and others of the political world—men like the Duke de Broglie and the Count Portalis, who called themselves Catholics, and had nevertheless violated the rights of the Church and of Catholic parents,—how lamentably deficient was the editor of the *Univers* in evangelical meekness! In fine, the violent course of the recent convert, who, to make matters worse, was a thorough ultramontane at a time when there were still many Gallicans among the French clergy, was presented as the cause of all the trouble between the Church and the government of July. An evident error; for the question of the freedom of education had originated in 1831, before the *Univers* existed.

The revolution of 1848 was favorably received by the *Univers*. Catholics could have few regrets for the Orleans branch of the Bourbons; and certain members of the provisional government, such as Lamartine, Arago, and Marie, were capable of inspiring confidence. On February 24, Montalembert being present, Veuillot traced the following manifesto for his journal: "The dynasty of July has succumbed. The struggle was at an end on the third day. The revolution is accomplished, and it is one of the most surprising in history. The tempest has carried everything away; new men appear on the scene; God will effect His designs by means which the world now ignores. To-day as yesterday, nothing is possible unless through liberty; to-day as yesterday, religion is the only possible base of society. Religion is the aroma which keeps liberty from corruption. It is in Jesus Christ that men are brothers; it is in Him that they are free. Real liberty can save everything. The new government has great duties toward France and toward the entire world. We trust that it may be able to fulfil them. All governments have the faculty of being able to consolidate themselves; they need only love justice, and frankly promote liberty." Two days afterward Veuillot reminded the provisional government that

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the Catholics had done their duty by the government of July, and that the new *régime* might expect the same fidelity. The *Univers*, added the writer, did not believe, "with Gallican theology, in the inamissible right of crowns; but, with Catholic theology, in the right of peoples." But the *Univers* did not long remain a partisan of that republic which it had so warmly welcomed. Alongside of Lamartine were Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc; the former distributed his fiery circulars, demanding an assembly "capable of understanding and accomplishing the work of the people"; he wanted deputies who would be "all men of the past, and not of the future"; that is, Robespierres, and not common-sense patriots. But, having little confidence in most of his allies, whose principles he regarded as little better than those of the revolutionists, Veuillot reserved complete liberty of action for his journal. When the Catholics were divided as to the candidature of General Cavaignac and Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte for the presidency of the republic, the *Univers* called for the intentions of the aspirants in regard to the Roman question. The capital of Christendom was then in the hands of the Revolution, Pius IX. having fled to Gaeta after the assassination of his Minister Rossi. "It is not the Pope," wrote Veuillot, "but the papacy that we must now defend; it is the key-stone of European civilization, the work of God, that must be preserved from a horde of wretches, whose strength is the ruin and opprobrium of the world. He who will manifest sufficient intelligence and heart to pronounce himself the enemy of these scoundrels, in order to break with them entirely, to trample on their bloody standards, to prefer their poisoned daggers to the ignominy of their praise; he who, before these atheists, will proclaim himself a man of God, and will reply to their clamors with the Sign of the Cross,—that man will deserve our suffrages." To this direct appeal Cavaignac, though courageous enough, made no answer; he had to account to his political friends. Louis Napoleon seemed more disposed to satisfy the Catholics. At this juncture Veuillot was asked to meet Louis Napoleon; but he declined, alleging that Montalembert was the head of the Catholic party. Then appeared the letter of the Prince to the papal nuncio, in which that candidate disavowed the conduct, at Rome, of his cousin, the Prince of Canino; he "regretted with his whole soul that the Prince of Canino had not realized that the temporal power of the venerable head of the Church was intimately connected with the *éclat* of Catholicism, and with the liberty and independence of Italy." Although the *Univers* did not plainly avow itself in favor of the presidency of Louis Napoleon, it was now clear that it might be ranked among his partisans; and consequently numbers of Catholic votes went to secure the majority which effected his election.

In less than two years the Second French Republic had convinced the world that its tendencies were socialistic, even though the legislative majority was monarchical. For this majority was divided into legitimists, who themselves were split into the pure and fusionist; Orleanists, or the nondescript devotees of the younger and usurping branch of the royal house; and finally, Bonapartists. Veuillot was personally inclined to a submission of the Orleans princes to the Count of Chambord, the grandson of Charles X., and, as Henry V., legitimate King of France. But when all hopes of a submission, or even of a fusion, had vanished, thanks to the influence of Thiers on the Duchess d'Orleans, what were the Catholics to expect, now that 1852, which would conclude the term of the prince-president, was at hand? During his journeys in the provinces, Louis Napoleon had arranged that he should be invited to restore the Empire; Veuillot saw that the prince was the sole obstacle to the triumph of the socialists.

So far in accord with Montalembert, who had not yet abandoned the prince-president, Veuillot acquiesced in the Coup d'Etat. He was "neither conquered, nor conqueror, nor malcontent"; France now possessed "a government and an army, a head and an arm"; the new ruler was to be supported, "that they might afterward have the right to counsel him." "Property need not now anticipate pillage; families, dishonor and destruction; religion, martyrdom. The head of the Church is no longer on the road to a new exile, a new Calvary. The foundations of society are no longer threatened by sophism, armed with poniards. Public blasphemy has ceased." Undoubtedly Veuillot was no prophet when he saw in the new Empire an anti-revolutionary government, and in Louis Napoleon the material for another Charlemagne; but we must not forget that the Coup d'Etat was followed by many reparative measures. And, according to M. de Mongeot, a judicious biographer of Veuillot, the prince-president would have suppressed the University, that receptacle of every evil doctrine, had it not been for the objections of certain bishops, who feared that they could not yet supply its place. Again, as Montalembert expressed the idea, our editor was a witness, not a guarantee, for Louis Napoleon. And he reserved the right to combat the new government, if it deviated from the right path; refusing, in order to do this with more freedom, every offer of preferment and every favor.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

THE conversion of Rome from paganism to Christianity, the substitution of the fisherman's ring for the seal, and the freedman's cap for the diadem of the Cæsars, is the grandest event in the history of the Church, and is a sure pledge of her final victory over contemporary heresy and both civilized and uncivilized infidelity.—*Dr. Brownson.*

With the New Year.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

WHEN like a little child clad all in white,
The New Year smiles upon the world that weeps
Above the grave wherein the Old Year sleeps,
How swiftly are its sorrows put to flight!
And sombre tho' may be the skies, how bright
A beauty with its gladsome coming creeps
Across the flowerless fields and frozen deeps,
Till all most dark before, now glows with light!

And, O Madonna, what a glad New Year
Dawned on the universe that blessèd morn,
When from the cradle of thy close caress
The Christ-Child sweetly smiled upon our sphere,
And bade the mournful mien the world had worn
Become a countenance of joyousness!

Footprints in the Sand.*

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD, AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WHO WAS GUILTY," ETC.

I.

HE did not notice them at first. They were such tiny footprints, and there were places where the wash of the waves had half effaced them. And he was a man distraught with trouble, his brain a maelstrom of anguish and hot anger against the one who would turn him out of his home on the morrow, and leave his children without a roof to shelter them.

Ah, that was where it hurt—his children! He was a strong man, equal to meeting the buffets of fortune, and able to make his way up again if he had to begin at the very lowest round of the ladder. He could endure privation and overwork. His wife

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was young and capable, cheerful and willing. But—the children.

He had been watching their play for the last hour,—their happy, careless play, so unconscious w re they of coming ill,—until he could endure the sight no longer, and had rushed out into the gathering night. How little they guessed that soon they were to leave their comfortable home,—the home he had toiled so hard to make, and striven so hard to save!

He had slipped into this strait so easily. That was always the way. Happiness and comfort were only to be wrested from Fate by herculean effort. Poverty and misery waited on the beck of a finger. In the beginning he had needed a little money to provide the necessary implements to cultivate his place. To whom should he so naturally apply as to his wealthy neighbor, Judge Van Alsteyne, who made a business of loaning money, and who lived on the bluff overlooking the sea? He had given a mortgage on his place as security, and how was he to know (what people hinted freely now) that the rich man had long coveted his own little strip of land which adjoined the Judge's extensive grounds? Then had come the dreadful siege of scarlet fever, which had attacked his household; and little Annie, narrowly saved from death, had been left a cripple. There was a costly surgical appliance that he had heard would draw the crippled limb back into shape; and it was then that he asked for the second loan, secured by a second mortgage, that he might take the child down to the famous city surgeon. There was a hope—nothing more than a hope—that some time the poor, shrunken little limb would be straight and strong again.

His heart softened at the thought of his crippled child, and it was this remembrance of her that stirred him to an interest in the tiny footprints that led on before him. Almost unconsciously and without purpose he began to follow them: wandering aimlessly about as they wandered, idly noting the places where they had turned aside and loitered, marked by shining heaps of shells and mounds of sand.

They were not like his Annie's, these even prints of light and nimble feet. His heart ached anew as he remembered the last time he had borne her in his arms to the beach, and the strange trail the little lame foot had made, dragging in the sand. This child had a narrow, shapely foot, and in some of the prints there was the distinct mark of a tiny French heel. Why was it that there was nowhere any sign of a larger footprint to guide the little babyish feet? Why did the little footsteps go on and on, never in any place returning? Who was there in all the town that would trust a little child to wander alone on the sands, with the tide at the turn, and night coming on? Who was there in the neighborhood with a little child the size of his Annie, who might have slipped away without the parents' knowledge, and strayed to this lonely spot, drawn by the music of the waves, the strange magic of the sea?

The answer brought a throb of awful triumph. Who but the people living in the great house on the bluff? The Judge's little Annie, the petted darling of Fortune, upon whom he had so often looked with jealous eyes, comparing her position with that of his unfortunate little one. And yet it seemed impossible that a child so carefully guarded could escape the vigilance of those whose sole duty it was to watch over her. What reason had he to go on, along the narrow strip of sand hemmed in by the bluffs, risking his own life, it might be, in a fruitless search for a child who had doubtless played there in the afternoon sunshine, and who had probably gone back along the border of the beach, which was now laved by the water? If he should turn back at this moment to the home where sat his sorrowing wife with his hapless children, what blame could attach to him if on the morrow the tidings of Judge Van Alsteyne's terrible loss should be brought

to him? How did it concern him if Fate was about to deal to this man, who had been so hard and stern, a blow more deadly than had been levelled at himself?

He looked back toward the great house. There were lights in all the rooms. Even at that distance he seemed to see figures rushing to and fro, and the signs of unusual agitation and excitement. The next instant he rued the loss of even that moment of waning daylight; and, bending low to make sure of the direction of the little footprints, ran swiftly on.

He did not stop to reason with himself that thus would he pray to be dealt with by another, should the lives of his children be imperilled. There are higher principles of action than that laid down by the Golden Rule. The instinct of humanity in him was more powerful than self-interest; and he obeyed it blindly, oblivious of every other consideration but that an innocent life was endangered, which it might be his privilege to save.

Once, twice, thrice, he knelt in the gloom and searched for the dim impressions he was following; and the last time he felt cautiously with his fingers on the cold, wet sand, to verify the testimony of his eyes, in the failing light. At length he seemed to hear a faint cry in the distance, around a rocky point. The sound lent him new strength.

A few rods beyond the point there was a run of clear water, often mistaken for an inlet of the sea. He and others familiar with the coast knew that it was a stream of fresh water, flowing down from the mountains and sinking in the marshes back of the bluffs in this locality, only to pierce the cliffs at an unknown depth, below the water level, and to bubble forth afresh where the sea laved their base. At high water stream and ocean merged into one, but at low water the stream rippled forth to join the sea. And at the place where it welled up from its underground passage there were dangerous quicksands. One mis-step and the frightened child, groping on in the night, would meet a horrible doom—swallowed up in a moment by the greedy suction of the sands.

There was a flutter of a white garment on a narrow spit of sand, bordered on one side by the rapidly advancing tide, on the other by the stream, with its treacherous, crumbling banks. He shouted to warn the child of her danger, and the waves drowned his cry. Confused, exhausted, terrified at the great breakers that rose with a thundering roar, and fell again to dash themselves over the sand in foaming sheets that lapped her feet, she stumbled in the direction of the quicksands; and it was on the edge of the crumbling banks of sand that Richard Mansfield caught her.

He was strangely happy and light-hearted as he raised the child in his arms. The saving of this human life had done more for him than any after-reward could do. What to him were the angry waves that dashed about his feet, and, hurrying before him, filled up a broad, deep channel, through which he must plunge before he could reach the solid ground beyond? What to him was the shrieking wind that bore down upon him, sounding its shrillest blasts in his ears? He tore off his coat and wrapped it around the shivering little form. What to him were the anxieties of the morrow, when life held forth to him such a glad privilege in the eleventh hour of his despair?

Absorbed in his children, with the narrow exclusion that often marks strong parental love, which hoards all for its own, Richard Mansfield had never been drawn toward other children. But as the Judge's little daughter, overcome by a babyish memory of her trials, moaned and sobbed, he bent over her with a throb of truest affection, soothed her with tender words, and kissed her tumbled hair.

There were lights moving amid the shrubbery on the Van Alsteyne place; more lights on the narrow strip of beach

below, defining timorous figures which searched the tide pools, and crouched and peered out upon the foaming waters, fearful of a burden they might bear upon their breast. Drenched through and through, chilled and stiffened, with his strength nigh spent, he passed them all, labored up the bluff, and laid his burden in the father's arms.

The Judge, distracted by the anguish he had undergone, silently received the child; and her deliverer, unrecognized, passed out into the darkness. It was as he would have asked. Strange complexity of human nature! He could meet the humiliation and defeat of the morrow with new spirit, sustained by the secret knowledge of this splendid triumph over his enemy.

II.

But Providence does not always give his own way to a man who would suffer in silence at the hands of one whom he has blessed. Late that evening Judge Van Alsteyne, watching his sleeping child in silent rejoicing, awoke to a sudden sense of obligation undischarged. He went down to the servants' quarters, where he found the men drinking the health of the household in his wine. They started up sheepishly at his entrance; for the Judge was a stern man, and somebody was sure to be blamed for the mishap that had befallen the little lady. But this time it was the Judge who was embarrassed, hesitating, almost deprecating, in his manner and speech.

"Which of you was it that brought back the child? I was so troubled—beside myself—that I did not notice. Which one among you was it?"

There was a moment's awkward silence. Then the coachman replied:

"It wasn't none of us, sir. 'Twas a man that'd been out walking on the sands. He lives close by. Dick Mansfield; him that has the crippled child."

The Judge passed out without a word. Richard Mansfield! The man whose petty debt, so long unpaid, had been a vexation to him, when his mind was engrossed with larger matters. One mortgage had been renewed. It had become due, with the second one, the middle of December; but the man had asked for more time, and he had given him until past New Year's. He did not like to use harsh measures in the holiday season; but he had told him that "business was business," and that the money must be paid at the beginning of the year, or he would be compelled to foreclose. The fellow had seemed so thriftless and down at the heel. The interest had never been promptly paid. And he had a crippled child.

The Judge was walking down his garden path, hastening toward the dim light that shone in the window of the cottage. The night was raw, and the wind still blustered and shrieked: sure indication of a brooding storm on the Pacific shore. He buttoned up his coat, and shivered as he thought that his little daughter might even now have been at the mercy of wind and wave. A queer freak for a man to be walking on the sands on such a night. He must have been distracted to choose such a place in such weather. Distracted? This was the first day of the New Year, and it was to-morrow that he had declared the mortgage should be foreclosed. And there was the crippled child!

Richard Mansfield, sitting beside his sleeping child, his head bowed in his hands, not now in despair, but in a stout effort to master the situation before him, heard something that sounded like a muffled knock at the door. He raised his head, alarmed at the late call; and the Judge entered without bidding, in a gust of wind that rocked the frail tenement and disturbed the gentle sleeper, who stirred and muttered brokenly, then slumbered again.

The Judge looked down upon the painted crib; the tiny crutch, whittled out by hand, that stood beside it; the patchwork cover-

let, and the wan face; and remembered the rounded cheeks of the little sleeper he had left pillowed on down, beneath a canopy of lace.

The man who could without emotion pronounce sentence upon a criminal, who was called the most clear-headed and hard-hearted of usurers in the conduct of his private business, experienced a queer rising in his throat when he essayed to speak. A tear fell on the faded coverlet. He reached out his hand to the man who stood beside him. Richard Mansfield's days of hopeless poverty and strife were past.

Traces of Travel.

The Green Isle.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—An Irish Eden.

THE wind blew great guns at Bray yesterday, yet the military band, in scarlet jackets, stood in the big circle on the promenade and gave the customary *matinée*. Bray is the fashionable resort for the Dublin swells; there is good bathing there, and two or three fine hotels house the bathers after their baths. There is a splendid beach, a high hill called Bray Head, a favorite retreat; there are seaside cottages, and go-carts, and donkeys, and all the delightful torments of a watering-place —but, great Jove! how the wind blows! And the sea comes in, hissing and shaking its hoary locks; and between times the rain sifts down, and the place grows dreary and dull.

From Bray, having climbed into an Irish car, you are driven over splendid roads, among groves and park lands, to the Dargle. The very moment you mount your car a talkative, witty and good-natured Con takes complete charge of you. Here he draws rein to point out a rock with a marvellous history; there he bids you turn your head and get the best view in all Wicklow; now he puts you down as if you were a child of six years, and sends you on foot through a dark ravine, goes through the minutest directions, and a caution or two as to your deportment, and promises to meet you at the farther end of it; for this is the Dargle.

It is a wild chasm in the hills, choked with a dense growth of trees and vines, through which a small river rushes to the music of its own low voice. There is just a touch of weirdness in the rustic jungle; the trees are not on their good behavior, as they are for the most part in the well-kept parks. By a narrow path, a mile long, you thread the glen; on either side tower the abrupt cliffs, vine-clad and plumed with ferns. Now you come upon a rapid, where the stream is white with foam, and the drooping boughs of the oaks are torn by winter torrents; anon you steal out upon a silent pool, within whose crystal depths the fish dart to and fro like shadows.

The Dargle is very still; it is sentimental, not to say lachrymose, like most of the more celebrated Irish haunts. One continually expects to hear a rich voice, full of tears, wailing; or a plaintive voice that has wept itself out, so to speak, breathing the melancholy refrain of one of those delicious minor ballads which have as much of the color of the country in them as has the lark's song that of the English meadow, or the nightingale's plaint the tragic beauty of a deserted Roman villa. The burden of the Dargle is sweet water and sedgy banks; rocks and driftwood and summer rest; deep shadows with gleams of sunlight stealing noiselessly between them; and now and again the whir of a bird's wing fleeing from its nest, or the sharp cry of the mate as it darts from a green spray overhead and disappears in the dusky wood.

At the top of the Dargle Con picks you up,

and you jog on to Powerscourt, a country-seat, where there are lawns and deer and well-kept hedges. King George IV. was entertained here when he visited Ireland in 1821. The waterfall, its chief attraction, being a little unreliable, was at that time thoroughly revised and enlarged; a deep tank was dug above it to insure complete success, and the whole was to be touched off, like the Crystal Palace Fountains, at the right moment; but the King, for all this trouble, did not care to visit the water-works. Had he done so, I suppose an arch would have been erected over the fall, bearing this legend: "Under the Patronage of His Majesty the King."

Trotting through County Wicklow is like exploring an inexhaustible nursery of nature. The variety of scenery—its beauty, the amazing fertility of the land, its wonderful picturesqueness—never wearies, nor does there seem any limit to it. Deep valleys, high mountains, forests, meadows, streams, are continually repeated, but ever in a new and charming light. If you would have more of the Dargle, and on a somewhat larger scale, you will get it in the Devil's Glen; but I won't trouble you with a description of it.

Let us come to Glendalough—the glen of the two lakes—at once. I looked for the Seven Churches the moment we turned into the mouth of the sombre green valley; I saw nothing but moist meadows with a dark round tower, like a factory chimney, in the centre, and on each side high mountains that were swathed in cloud and mist. It was a solemn spot; not a sound was heard in all its length; a few sheep nibbled the long grass that grew in tufts among the rocks; here and there in the meadows the lazy cattle browsed, and a squirrel ran up a tree by the roadside as we jogged on toward a small village near the lower lake. These Seven Churches are seven ruins, black with age, and some of them nearly obliterated by time and the elements. The largest is scarcely bigger than a country school-house. They are all of the rudest order of architecture; and the seven are so near together that you see them at a single glance, when your eye has grown familiar with the geography of the glen. Probably most men would pass them without suspecting them of being anything more than deserted cottages, overgrown with vines and ferns, and one or two of them nearly hidden by the branches of trees that have grown out of and over their roofless walls.

No one seems to know or care much when these churches were built; but tradition tells of a man who was born in 498, was baptized by St. Cronan, and who led a hermit life in this lonely wilderness. These churches were a part of a seat of learning he founded, and the present dilapidated condition of that seat points a moral or two. St. Kevin, the hermit above mentioned, lived to the age of one hundred and twenty, and the day of his death is yet commemorated in Glendalough. He lived a life of the strictest piety. When these queer little churches were in course of construction, the laborers took an oath to "begin with the lark and lie down with the lamb"; but many of them died from over-exertion, for your lark is an early bird. So St. Kevin—bless his soul!—prayed that the lark's song might never again be heard in Glendalough; and to this hour the lark—if there be a lark there—is voiceless in that neighborhood. I would it were not so; and I see no practical reason for the early demise of those masons, inasmuch as they were at liberty to lie down with the lamb; and, so help me, the lambs lie down a good part of the day.

St. Kevin was tormented of a lover, one Kathleen, who prayed only "to look upon his shadow; to hear not even his voice, but its echo only." She followed him to his hermit-cell in a small cave over one of the two lakes; and when he awoke from his slumbers, lo! Kathleen's eyes were upon him, and Kathleen's form filled the narrow entrance to his sanctuary. What

followed? She retreated and fell into the lake below, where she sank forever. And then the Saint's heart relented, and he prayed that no one hereafter might suffer so horrible a fate. The consequence is that you can't drown yourself there if you want to ever so much. I am assured of this; for not very long ago a foolish boy, in a fit of desperation, threw himself into the water, and floated about like a cork. It is a fact; there be those who saw him bobbing up and down in the ripples, and trying his best to dive; but he might as well have hoped to smother in an asphaltum sidewalk: in fact, his chances would have been better of a hot day. There are plenty of people who climb into St. Kevin's Bed, as this small cave is called. Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, his son-in-law, creeped into it once upon a time; Lady Morgan and a thousand others have followed the example—though it is no easy task to scale the smooth rock between the lake and the mouth of the cave.

Tom Moore is to blame for all this; he has set Ireland to music, and not a spot in her of beauty or of interest but Tom has chimed his silvery couplets so daintily that his words come to your lips the very moment the subject of his darling melodies heaves in sight:

> Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
> Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave.

That is one of them, you know; and when I followed "Irish Con," a lank lad, with the brogue dripping from his tongue, he gave recitals under every bough; and it was ever a verse of Tom's, and none other.

> "By that lake whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never *wabbles* o'er,"

said Con, though he meant "warble" with an audible *r* in it; and then Con paused close against the wall of one of the Seven Churches, in a neglected and unweeded cemetery. Suddenly he took a small rock in his hand and tossed it into a sunken grave over against the wall. "There lies the best guide ever was in Ireland!" said he. "And whom might he have been?" I asked, curiously. "Me faather," he replied, as he broke into the rear of a song with reckless bravado.

Con stretched my arms about a great stone cross, one of the historic relics of the Green Isle, and assured me that I was bound to marry within the year. He seated me on a huge rock, with a groove in it, worn by the constant friction of the native devotees; and then bade me shake my right leg thrice, which I did with a flourish. This insured me against rheumatism and kindred inconveniences. I was urged to make the circuit of the rock three times on my knees, but declined on account of the weather—the rock was like a soaked sponge,—and thereby I lost an insurance against "pearls in the eyes," glanders, etc.

But—must I confess the truth?—"Irish Con," who salutes me with "The top of the morning!" who cried "More power to your honor!" whenever I climbed a wall or sprang over a bank, or made any physical exertion whatever; who told me many things which were quite new to me and of the greatest interest—such as, for instance, "Folks as studied at the grand universities does very well, but they all comes to Ireland to complete their education; and when they gets to Galway, in the West, there is nothing else after that, sor,"—touching his hat and scraping his foot;—well, "Irish Con" met some comrades; and, as it was sheep-shearing day, refreshments were "in it"; and, lo! when we had come in from the lake, where we nearly foundered, Con and his pals deserted me.

The Vale of Avoca. Tom has sung it, and the very gale that sighs through the green solitude of the dear spot seems to echo his numbers:

> There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
> As the Vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
> Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

We paused at the "meeting of the waters," near the top of the Vale. Tom's tree is there, and the bark of it is covered with

names and initials. The bright waters meet only a few paces from it; a little point of land runs out into the dual stream, and the currents curl and eddy about it as if they were having a dance of welcome, as they murmur a still, low song of joy under the shadow of the overhanging hills. The whole Vale is the picture of peace. It turns to the right and to the left beyond the great shoulders of the heavily wooded and sombre highlands; and the rippling waters bubble and plash from one end to the other, crossed now and again by stone bridges that in nowise disturb the harmony of the scene. It is a pity that the railroad has forced its way into this secluded spot; but it has, and the rushing trains ring down the iron grooves with a roar as of distant thunder.

I put up at a wee bit of an inn hidden quite away under the hill on one side of the valley. The river was close at hand; I heard its gurgling in the night when I awoke; and a rook, very hoarse and ill-humored, screamed at intervals by the window. What could I do the while but laugh over the affairs that prefaced my first sweet sleep?

The rain had been falling all the evening. There was a piano in the sitting-room —an instrument that sounded very like a harp that has been out in bad weather,— and for amusement I struck its clammy keys, till the strings, a little flabby and very uncertain, quivered in the most extraordinary manner. There was a response from below—in fact, from the taproom; a violin, sawed by an unskilful hand, echoed my strains. Now it was "The Harp that Once through Tara's Hall," and now "Kathleen Mavourneen," or "The Last Rose of Summer"; but "Sweet Bay of Dublin" and "St. Patrick's Day" brought the festival to an untimely close—for a cornet blew up close by the window under the sitting-room, and a mob of boys howled in chorus; albeit the rain was lashing the streaming panes, and the sashes rattled in the fitful gusts that swept down the Vale. I believe I kept the whole community from slumber for two hours at least—yet the rain was still beating on the roof, and the eaves were spouting noisily.

Now it is nearly noon; the sky breaks from time to time, but before I can mount the low-back car and be off, it is storming like sixty. Goodness knows when I am to get out of this, and find a prospect more inspiring than the narrow Vale reeking with warm mists and a dim vista of fading hills, lost again and again beyond the shifting curtains of the rain.

P. S.—I closed my notes hastily in order to resume my journey; for the sun was out in the front of the house, and the landlord announced that the car was in waiting. But by the time I was ready to mount, it was pouring on the other side of the road; and I have come in to bide a little, hoping anon to make my escape between the scattering drops.

(To be continued.)

The Prayer of St. John of the Cross.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

WHEN the surges of Sorrow sweep over my heart,
And Affliction's wild tempest my bosom assails;
When the chain of Hope's anchor is riven apart,
And the last, trembling star in Love's firmament fails;
When, with desolate spirit, dejected, alone,
I mingle my tears with the billows' salt spray—
Let me pray, O my God! (though the prayer be a moan),
"*Domine, pati et contemni pro Te!*"

II.

All Thy saints have been scorn'd,—for the humble and poor,
The world hath no meed save contempt and abuse;

The wisest, the bravest, God's noble and pure,
Have foes ever found to contemn or traduce.
Dost Thou will me to walk, O my Father and Friend!
In this path of the just, in Abjection's dark way?
Give me strength to endure,—to cry out to the end:
"*Domine, pati et contemni pro Te!*"

III.

Let me suffer—for whom? Ah! my Jesus, for Thee,
Who for me, in the Khan, poor and naked, wert born!
Be despised—and for whom? Best-Belovéd, for Thee,
Who drained for my sake the dread chalice of scorn.
This earth's sweetest pleasures are frost-bitten flowers,
Foredoom'd, like its honors, to death and decay;
While heaven's true joys and true glories are ours,
"*Domine, pati et contemni pro Te!*"

The Glitter of Gold.

II.

COUNT FREDERICK BURGSDORF, uncle, and until lately guardian, of her Highness the Princess Helena von Hohenstein-Bedburg, rubbed his hands gleefully when a note from his niece reached him, wherein she informed him that she accepted the invitation of the Countess Aldringen, and that in the early part of August she would go to Grätz with a becoming retinue.

"Thank God the little one will be in safe hands for a while!" muttered the old bachelor. "Trouville is left out, and I shall go to Hinterriss. The Duke of Coburg invited me long since to go there. I can return by way of Grätz and pay my respects to the Aldringens."

"We shall be rid of the little nuisance for a while," said the Prince von Hohenstein-Bedburg confidentially to his wife. "I hope the Aldringens will keep her the whole winter. It will just suit me. One knows not how to take the capricious child; she will laugh and weep, flatter and defy you in a single breath,—a veritable *enfant terrible.*"

"She is certainly not of my style," answered the Princess, drawing her mantle closer about her angular shoulders. "It makes me quite nervous to see this impetuous child whirling through the halls. You should have married her to Prince Leopold last year, and then we should be freed entirely from the annoyance."

"Yes, if Hella would only consent to be married thus unceremoniously. The child has extravagant ideas about love and inclination, almost like *la petite bourgeoisie.* And Count Burgsdorf, her nearest relative and guardian, is so inconceivably foolish as to yield to her in this, if he does not even encourage her. The little one is hardly accountable, however; for she has inherited the obstinacy of her father. You know, my cousin Waldemar also had the most extravagant ideas of the harmony of souls and such nonsense; and had set his head on marrying a poor governess, when his father stepped in at the opportune moment and interposed an effective veto. Imagine a Prince von Hohenstein-Bedburg married to a peasant girl! *Fi donc!* But it was only after years had passed that Waldemar consented to marry the bride destined for him, Countess Burgsdorf, whose solid millions helped to restore his affairs, left in a very precarious condition by his father's reckless living. It is true, however, that he did not long enjoy his immense wealth, having died soon after the marriage."

Whilst the relatives of the orphan Princess thus rejoiced to be rid of an unpleasant charge, she herself set out with a few attendants: Major von Pantow, who was appointed in place of the sickly Herr von Reuschlin; the Baroness von Schönfeld,

and some servants. The Major, a harmless, elderly gentleman, was literally shaken off, as the Princess had announced beforehand to her lady of honor. She dismissed him very graciously at Frankfort.

"My dear Major," said Princess Hella, with her most winning smile, "you have kept us company most faithfully thus far, and have cared for our comfort at the sacrifice of your own. If you will now crown your goodness and put us aboard the train for Munich, I will dispense you from your disagreeable task and let you go home."

"Oh! but, your Highness, I know how to appreciate the honor that has been conferred upon me, and—"

But the silvery laugh of the Princess interrupted him. "My dear Major, do not try to make phrases. I unfortunately know too well what a load is imposed on you by this aimless journey, and how ardently you are longing for your wife, your cassino, and your ombre."

"Pardon me, your Highness, the commands of the Prince—"

The Princess knitted her brows. "My noble cousin is entirely too much concerned for my welfare, but Prince Hermann will not expect me to make such free use of his goodness. I prefer to telegraph to Count Burgsdorf; Uncle Fritz would gladly come to meet me at Munich."

Major von Pantow, who in his youth had served in the Prussian army, had been considered somewhat of a martinet; but whether it was that years had mellowed him, or that it was easier to manage a squad of raw recruits than a headstrong girl, the Princess succeeded in persuading the old soldier to submit to her will.

"He is disposed of," said Princess Hella gleefully to her companion, as the express began to move and carried her triumphantly past the Major, who stood on the platform bowing his adieu.

What cared she for the displeasure of the Prince at the good man, the bitterness of which was not removed until soon afterward a splendid tea service was received by his wife, "to compensate her for the absence of her lord," as the accompanying note from the Princess explained?

"Princess Helena von Hohenstein-Bedburg, Baroness Melanie von Schönfeld, and servants," appeared in the register of "The Four Seasons" in Munich; and when the noble lady, after twenty-four hours' rest, resumed her journey toward Salzburg, a Miss Stein and Miss Felden left in Rosenheim the first-class *coupé* which they had heretofore occupied, and waited for the train that would take them to Kufstein. The Vienna express dashed off after a short stop, and from one of the windows an aged man kept his head out, watching the two ladies. The younger of the two waved her hand toward him with a smile, remarking to her companion:

"Just see what a pitiful figure old Weller makes! Does he not look as if he were going to the stake? With tears in his eyes he begged me to give up my foolish enterprise, and to set out at once for Countess Aldringen's. What your prayers could not obtain, dearest Schön—excuse me, Miss Felden!—his words nearly succeeded in doing. It was not for nothing that the faithful soul came to Westberg with my mamma. But go thy ways now, old jailer! My chains are off, the walls of my prison are opening, I smell the air of morning."

The Princess raised her pert nose some degrees higher, as if she really caught a fresh breeze and enjoyed it. Fräulein von Schönfeld pressed anxiously to her side, whilst her heart beat with serious apprehension as to the possible consequences of this foolish undertaking.

"My dear," resumed the Princess, "you must accustom yourself to be treated by me henceforth with special respect. You are the elder of the two—say a friend of my mother's childhood, who have invited me to travel with her."

"But, Most Gracious—"

"Do not mention 'Most Gracious' or 'Highness,' or any of that stupid rubbish. I have shaken off the golden fetters and am free—free as the birds of the air." And she laughed gleefully. "You will look out for the tickets," she added, "and I will attend to our satchels. And then, O dear Schönfeld, it will be a glorious life, just as in a fairy tale!"

And the eyes of the young Princess, who had never taken a step in the real world—in the everyday world,—with its trials and battles, danced in anticipation of the things that were to come. She felt just as she had felt in childhood, when on Christmas Eve she waited, trembling, to hear the tinkle of the bell which would announce to her the opening of the door to all the glories of the Christmas-tree. Now it was the shriek of the engine that announced to her the new glories of her independence.

For the first time in her life the high-born Princess Helena von Hohenstein-Bedburg, with the Fräulein von Schönfeld, had to force a way for herself through the press of people; for the first time, with her plaid and satchel in her hand, she sought out a place for herself in the crowded *coupé*. Hella had insisted on travelling second class, and Fräulein von Shönfeld had yielded as usual.

"What good would it do me, dear Miss Felden," she said, "to be shut up in a first-class compartment?—not to mention the danger of meeting some acquaintance there. I propose to see life as it is, and the people and the country; and therefore I need above all things to mix with the people. You must plunge into the midst of human life, and then it becomes interesting. I have been so long sighing after something of interest, something out of the common, that now at last I mean to make a vigorous attempt at it. Do not try to destroy my pleasure."

The two ladies were carried along by the press of the crowd, and pushed from side to side. But Hella found it all charming; she was in sympathy with all, and everywhere she saw matter for amusement. Whilst Fraülein von Schönfeld followed, sighing as at a personal disgrace, the Princess hastened forward into the car, threw herself carelessly down in a seat, and began to study her fellow-travellers.

"See the girl with the enterprising pug-nose and the bountiful supply of blond hair?" whispered a young gentleman to his neighbor. "A pretty child, and yet a little country goose, who for the first time ventures a flight over the hills under mamma's wings. Happy simplicity, which can find something to enjoy, something new under the sun!"

"Hm!" answered the other, "I should not take her to be so very simple. She has a way of turning up that nose of hers and poising her head that seems to be far from indicating the innocence of the country. And I am convinced that I saw that face before, though I do not know where or under what circumstances."

"You always estimate people above their worth. Trust my knowledge of mankind. She is a country belle, and will be overwhelmed by the honor if one of us opens a conversation with her."

But the country belle so coolly and decidedly rejected the first advances of the young dandy to enter into conversation with her, looked so unembarrassed across his shoulder on the smiling landscape, that he at once abandoned his vain attempt, and moved uneasily in his seat when his friend whispered to him:

"I tell you, nowhere but in the parquette did she learn to make so light of a man of your stamp."

At Jenbach the two ladies left the *coupé*, —Fräulein von Schönfeld puffing under the weight of her baggage; the Princess light-footed as a gazelle, swinging her little satchel in her hand. The court lady, driven out of all her habits, out of the smooth rut of her previous life, would have preferred to rest in the friendly-looking town; but

her mistress, on the contrary, decided to continue the journey to the Achensee.

Hella felt a kind of solemn reverence in her young heart when the dark blue mirror of water lay before her, surrounded by the majestic hills, whose tops were bathed in the rays of the departing sun.

"O dearest Schönfeld, are you not glad, happy, to be able for once to take a peep at God's fair world, free from the trammels of etiquette, free from the artificiality of men? I feel as if I had wings and could soar up to yon lightsome places; as if scales had dropped from my eyes and I could look into the mysteries of nature, into the riddle of life, which has been hidden from me heretofore. You will see that here I shall become better and more pious."

"If you look at things in that light, Most Gracious Princess, I will resign myself cheerfully to my fate," answered the Fräulein, with a smile, looking tenderly on her young companion.

The two ladies had made a sort of compromise on the way, in virtue of which they were to be Miss Felden and Miss Stein only in public, but elsewhere their old relations to each other were to stand. The precise court lady could not exist without being able to call her mistress Highness or Ladyship; but she promised in return to drop her French in their intercourse—as far as it was in her power.

Although not without some difficulty, the travellers succeeded in finding rooms in the crowded Fürstenhaus, the inn of the Pertisan, and a quarter of an hour later they were seated at the crowded public table. Princess Hella, who never before had sat at such a table, experienced a feeling of strangeness at finding herself amongst a crowd of people gathered together by chance from all quarters of the globe, at the snatches of buzzing conversation which she caught, and at the unceremonious ways of the crowd.

"How will this plain soup taste to her pampered palate?" thought Fräulein von Schönfeld; and she cast a stolen glance at her companion. But Princess Hella nodded to her with satisfaction, and declared that she had never tasted such delicious soup. She spoke with equal enthusiasm of the plain whitewashed rooms, which, besides the beds and toilet-stands, contained two chairs as their whole furniture.

"I now begin to understand what life really is, Schönfeld," she said, curiously examining each separate article. "With what useless rubbish do we encumber ourselves, and how little is necessary for true comfort! I will devote myself to philosophical studies here, and shall perhaps come to understand Diogenes himself."

The philosophizing of the Princess, however, was destined to be cut short; for on one of the following evenings, when she returned from a boat ride, radiant with happiness and loaded with Alpine roses, Fräulein von Schönfeld hastened to her in the greatest excitement, which filled Hella with serious apprehension.

(To be continued.)

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

I.—(Concluded.)

"IN fifteen minutes," the Sister went on, "we were at the house. The family were at supper when we arrived. We entered the dining-room from the porch, unceremoniously; but my heart failed me when I saw the two children.

"'A word with you, sir,' I said. The man came out, closing the door. 'What is it, Madam?' he asked, courteously. Then, seeing Bridget, he looked disconcerted. 'Sir,' I said, 'I have come for your poor old mother, whom you have kept chained in a dark cellar for so long a time. Take me to her, or I shall call the police."

"And now for the unforeseen part of my story. He neither quailed nor blanched

before my righteous anger, much less did he deny the accusation. Opening the door, he called out to his wife: 'Laura, the Little Sisters of the Poor have come for the old woman. I told you long ago we should have sent her there.' Coolly putting his hand in his pocket, he produced a key, which he gave me. 'Irish!' he said, with a sneer, turning to Bridget. 'You are at the bottom of this. Go help the good Sister, and I wish you both joy of your bargain.' So saying he went back to the dining-room.

"We met the coachman in the yard. To my surprise, he voluntarily offered to assist us. A rude-looking fellow, there was evidently some collusion between him and his master.

"I shall not sicken you with the recital of the horrors we saw when we went below. God only knows how the poor old woman had lived in that darksome, filthy hole so long. Yet she seemed strong, welcomed us effusively; and when the coachman finally broke the rusty chains, her joy and thanks were eloquent.

"I was at a loss how to remove her. I knew that a freight-train would pass in half an hour, and was anxious to get her on that if possible; as it would excite less remark, and the freight depot is just behind our house. But where to find something wherewith to cover her? 'I know!' said Bridget,—'if it would not be stealing.' Without waiting for an answer, she disappeared, returning with an old-fashioned but large and comfortable waterproof cloak that she had seen hanging in the bath-room. It was just what we needed. Wrapping it around her, the hood covering her hair which we had twisted into some semblance of a knot, we carried her up the stairs, in a half-unconscious state: the excitement and joy of her release now reacting upon her poor tired, macerated body. 'You have a carriage,' I said to the man. 'Get it ready and drive us to the station.'

"While we waited I bethought me that the poor creature might be hungry. 'When did you have any food?' I asked. 'Last night,' she replied, feebly. I went again to the dining-room. It was empty,—not a sound through the house; the family had evidently taken themselves upstairs to await our departure. I buttered a piece of bread and poured some milk into a bowl. The old woman ate and drank eagerly.

"The carriage was soon ready. We were just in time for the train. The train-men permitted me to lay the poor creature on a row of boxes in the car. The coachman put a ten-dollar gold piece in my hand. 'Make her comfortable with it, Sister,' he said. 'I will get it out of the old man; he's afraid of me. But it won't do any good to make the thing public.'—'Thanks!' I said. 'It is not my part to make the affair public. My concern is only with this poor victim of a son's ingratitude and cruelty.'"

"Ah, Sister, what a story!" I said. "Truth is indeed far stranger than fiction."

"There is no doubt of it," she continued. "I could tell you things—ah! well. It is not necessary you should know them. But to go on; for the half-hour bell is about to ring, and I must then hurry to ladle out my soup.

"Somehow or other we—Bridget and I—got her in. We took her to the wash-house, and you should have seen—no, no! God forbid that you should ever witness what we saw! It is enough to say that we were obliged to burn every rag of clothing on her body, even the cloak in which we had wrapped her; to cut her matted hair close to her head, and to *soak* her in warm water before we could cleanse her from the dirt that encrusted her. There were sores, too, all over her, which made it extremely painful to the poor old creature; but she was so glad to be clean again that she scarcely minded the pain. She fairly revelled in the several baths in which we placed her. She is beyond comparison the most exquisitely clean old person we have ever had in the house. Fancy what those seven years must have been to her!"

"A woman of extraordinary physical and mental strength as well," I said, "to have survived such a martyrdom."

"Yes, indeed. Well, we soon learned her story. It was as the priest had said. She felt deeply the marriage of her son, and his wife, who knew this, gave him no peace night or day. Once the old woman overheard her telling him to kill the 'old Dutch thing. One blow on the head would do it.' She had resolved to go away after this, but woke next morning to find herself in the cellar. She had probably been drugged in her sleep and carried there. From what I can gather I believe she was cognizant of some dark deeds of his, or theirs perhaps; and while he feared to kill her outright, he thought it safer to put her where she could not talk, as she might have done in any institution. But he should have known her better. She hardly blames him. It was the fault of his wife, she says. Apart from a little wildness, he had been a good son to her always—until his marriage. Now you know why the poor old creature is constantly sitting in the sunshine: she can not get enough of it.

"Once I said to her: 'Frau Weisman, what did you do all the time you were in that dreadful place?'—'I prayed,' she replied, almost fiercely; '*I prayed, I prayed, I prayed!*' It was her only resource and her salvation."

"And she does not blame her inhuman son?" I asked.

"She will not speak of him. I think she tries to divert her thoughts from the memory of his atrocious conduct. Of course we respect her silence, and never mention the past."

The bell rang, and Sister Emilia hurried away to feed her "children," as the nuns call their charges. As I passed the chapel, the poor old woman was just leaving the sunny steps to go to the dining-room. She smiled pleasantly but sadly, responding to my salute. Delicately-featured, gentle, sweet-looking, she was a mother of whom any man might have been proud. Ah, Life, I thought, what horrors you conceal!

I soon became familiar with Frau Weisman, and we spent many quiet half hours together in the sunny yard. I did all the talking that was done: she had little to say. Once, as I passed her favorite seat on the chapel steps, accompanied by one of my children—a little boy,—she bent forward and kissed the child's hand; tears, reminiscent I knew they were, gathering in her soft brown eyes.

Returning in the autumn days from a summer by the sea, I missed and inquired for her.

"She has gone," said Sister Emilia.

"Gone where?" I asked, surprised.

"To heaven as surely as mortal ever went there," she replied.

"And her son—did you let him know?"

"Oh, no! She did not name or ask for him. She passed away without pain or illness; she was only tired, tired and sleepy. After the priest had left her for the last time I said: 'You bear no ill-will to any one, Frau Weisman?' She looked at me long and earnestly; and yet the look was introspective, as though searching her own soul. Reaching for my hand at last, she pressed it hard, almost to painfulness. 'No,' she said; 'I forgive all—every one. It was the woman's fault, and she knew nothing of God. She had led a sinful life, no one had ever taught her better. Ah, yes, I forgive all—every one!'

"I think these were her last connected words. After her death our good Mother thought it might be well for me to write to the son. She had never seen him, you know. I endeavored to dissuade her,—I *had* seen him. Nevertheless, I wrote. This was his answer:

"'Did I send the old woman to you? Did I ask you to come for her? Now that she is dead you write, thinking no doubt I will send you money. Not one cent.'"

"And where does this monster live?" I asked, filled with indignation.

"Not fifty miles from here," was the reply. "No doubt you have heard of him. I have seen and known of many unnatural children in my time, but never of one so hardened and ungrateful. He still lives, but death will come, and then—ah, let us pray for him, my dear! That will be best."

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There is a little sequel to my narrative. Some years later the Sisters received from the town above mentioned a package containing ten one-hundred dollar bills. Within the envelope was a slip of paper with the words: "Pray for a dying sinner."

The next week the newspapers announced the death of the son of our poor old Frau Weisman, who was buried with the highest Masonic honors. This fact convinced them of what they had suspected: that the money came from the ungrateful son, stricken with remorse in what must have been his terrible dying hours.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE LESSON OF POPULAR LITERATURE.

WE all know that theory is one thing, practice another. It must have required more force and fortitude than most of us are capable of, to cultivate literature on a "little oatmeal." Similarly, it requires an immense power of resistance not to be carried away from one's moorings by the surge of waves that gaily bear up so many barks as far from the shore as ours is. Oatmeal satisfies hunger. And you may prop up your Thomas à Kempis against your frugal sugar-bowl, and try not to notice that your neighbor is talking trivialities over his quail and chablis; but it is necessary that poor human nature be well fortified not to regret for a moment its "low living and high thinking," and long to exchange the oatmeal—which is served with skimmed milk, you may be sure—for the quail lying so temptingly in a bed of parsley that might have grown around the clear well into which young Hylas plunged.

And as our neighbor crunches his toast and talks about the theatre last night, one is likely to lend one eye to À Kempis and an ear to one's careless neighbor, whose philosophy of life is to enjoy it while he can. If one be young, the quail and the theatre gradually draw the mind away from the high thinking. And the excuse is that all the world enjoys life; epicureanism is the rule, and high thinking, as a general thing, will not buy quail or pay for theatre tickets. And the love for luxury grows and becomes a habit. Gradually we become perverted; we see the world, not by the light of God's sun, but by artificial light.

The tendency of modern life is away from all the good, old-simple things. The tendency of the popular books—the books that everybody reads—is against the cultivation of great thoughts. The good hero in the end is always rewarded with "cakes and ale," or whatever in our times answers to them. And the heroine, who has entranced us by her self-sacrifice, receives so much wealth and honor at the hands of the author that one becomes quite sure she will never be capable of any other sacrifice. Even the stories of good newsboys invariably end with a hint that their virtue is rewarded with all possible earthly luxuries.

Many of us are only too ready to forget the old days—the days of the frugal sugar-bowl, with Thomas à Kempis propped up against it,—and to run with the current. When the question of choosing a profession or trade for a boy comes up, what weight decides it? The weight of possible luxuries, of course. Will he be able to earn a brown-stone front and at some time or other have all the luxuries of the season on his board? Shall he in time "cut a dash," like your neighbor over the way?—

Not shall he be able to do God's work best and gain less money. The unspoken dogma among too many of us is that if a man earns money in great quantities, and acquires all the surroundings money can buy, he *must* come out all right in the end.

There is a frightful story told of a proud old court lady of the days of Louis XIV. She was reprimanded by an uncompromising priest for some dereliction or other. "God will think well before He damns a duchess!" she said. And doubtless the spirit of the French court in the reign of the Sun-King supported her view.

We do not think so much of duchesses now: we think more of millionaires. We have none of the personal reverence for duchesses that the eighteenth-century Europeans had for them, but we wish our nearest and dearest to be like them. And why? Not because of the good they can do; for we know that the responsibility of money is so great that its possessors have little opportunity of applying themselves to any other pursuit than the looking after it. Not because of the new opportunities for spiritual or mental culture they may acquire,—no: our desire is that they shall enjoy all the luxuries that are denied to the majority of our race.

This, alas! is the end for which we are willing to sacrifice all that is simple and pure in those near and dear to us; and this is the end to which the lessons of popular literature and the newspapers lead the young and the ardent, the old and the ambitious.

We speak with awed tenderness of our unseen Guardian Angels, but have we not all had our guiding angels, who came to us in visible form, and, recognized or unknown, kept beside us on our difficult path, until they had done for us all that they could?—*Lucy Larcom.*

To me a sermon is no sermon in which I can not hear the heart beat.—*Longfellow.*

Notes and Remarks.

The death is announced of Mgr. Janssens, the author of the famous "History of the German People," one of the most important historical works published in this century. It has caused the world to view the Reformation in a new light, and triumphantly refutes many calumnies of Protestant historians. The venerable author's devotion to his self-appointed task was admirable: he refused the highest dignities in the Church lest they might interfere with the completion of his work. The general esteem in which Dr. Janssens was held throughout Germany has been shown in many ways. During his last illness the Emperor sent repeatedly to inquire for the health of his illustrious subject; and messages of sympathy were received from universities and other learned bodies, both Catholic and Protestant, in all parts of Germany. The venerable author was engaged upon the seventh volume of his great work when he was called to his reward. *R. I. P.*

One of the new Senators of the United States whose election will prove eminently satisfactory to the Catholics of the South is E. D. White, the successor of Mr. Eustis. Mr. White is well known as a gentleman of exceptional talent and unusual eloquence even for an American speaker. His being a devout, practical Catholic is not the least of the reasons for which the Senate will be the better for his presence.

Cheering news comes from the East in regard to the progress of our holy religion in those countries. The inhabitants of Dschudeida, Maared, Suria, Scheneido, and other places, have asked to be received into the Church.

On Tuesday, the 29th ult., the Right Rev. John Loughlin, D. D., Bishop of Brooklyn, one of the most venerable figures in the hierarchy of the United States, passed peacefully to his eternal rest, after a lingering illness. The deceased prelate was in the eighty-first year of his age and the forty-eighth of his episcopal consecration. His administration

was characterized by a vast amount of good accomplished for religion. The latest statistics of the diocese—those for 1891—show that there are 121 churches and 32 chapels and stations, and 173 secular and 10 regular priests. Of the churches the city of Brooklyn has 58, and of the chapels 18; while the remaining churches, chapels and stations are scattered throughout Long Island. During Bishop Loughlin's administration there were established 1 seminary, 2 industrial schools, 11 asylums, 4 hospitals, 2 homes for the poor, 1 home for newsboys, 1 home for invalids, 2 colleges, 20 select schools, and 100 parochial schools, which are attended by 27,320 pupils. The Catholic population of the diocese is nearly 300,000. Bishop Loughlin was a tireless worker, even during the period of his illness. He was highly esteemed and loved by his clergy and people, and they never missed an opportunity of showing their affection and respect. May he rest in peace!

From the manner in which some of our exchanges speak of the political situation in the Province of Quebec, they apparently imagine that it is only necessary for Leo XIII. to intimate his desires concerning the recently deposed Premier, Count Honoré Mercier, to have those desires fulfilled. The Pope will presumably not intimate any desires, in the first place; and, in the second, the episcopacy of Quebec are by no means a unit in party politics. One thing seems clear: that the present Government, if sustained, can hardly squander more public money than did its predecessors.

The highest church in the United States, according to *St. Vincent's Journal*, is that in charge of the Rev. Father Modestus, O. S. B., at Robinson, Colo. It is over 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is appropriately named St. Mary's of the Snow.

The Catholics of Denmark generally and of Copenhagen in particular have recently been congratulating themselves on the encouraging outlook for the faith in that ancient home of Lutheranism. From the early part of the sixteenth century until 1849 the heresy of Luther alone was tolerated as the state form of religion. Twenty years ago the Catholic population of the Danish capital was scarcely four hundred; to-day it is four thousand. Monsignor von Euch, Vicar Apostolic, and the Bishop of Osnabrück as Administrator Apostolic, look after the welfare of the Danish Church. The recent occasion of congratulation was the laying the foundation stone of the second parish church in Copenhagen. The first was built only five years ago, so that the advance of Catholic doctrine and the increase in Catholic numbers are noteworthy. May both advance and increase be more and more notable as the years go on, until the whole country returns to the faith it once so sturdily avowed!

In some of the South Sea Islands, notably Wallis and Futuna, all the natives have been converted, and their general devotion is said to be most exemplary. The missionaries of the Society of Mary have excited in their converts especial love and reverence for our Blessed Lady. The Sydney *Freeman's Journal*, speaking of the daily life of these thoroughly practical Catholics, says:

"Those who are not too far from the parochial church hear Holy Mass every morning at daylight, beginning their devotions by morning prayers, and singing hymns or saying the Rosary aloud during Mass. They assemble in the church every evening, when night prayers and the third part of the Rosary are said in common. Those who live at too great a distance from the church assemble at the same hours, in a small chapel built for the purpose in every distant village, under the guidance of a chief or of a teacher. Monthly Communion is a universal practice among them; and many receive even more frequently. The churches are never closed at night, except where there are Europeans; so that long before Mass members of the congregation may be seen going round the Stations of the Cross. The various parishes average from 100 to 1,000; in one instance it reaches 2,000. It is a very common thing to hear the natives singing at home in the evening the *Ave Maris Stella*, the *Salve Regina* in Latin, and other hymns in their own language, or saying aloud an additional Rosary; and also when they are at work or at sea. They generally wear the rosary round their neck."

By the death of Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers, not only the French episcopacy, but the French Chamber of Deputies, has lost a prominent and very influential member. The Catholic cause in the French Legislature had

no more outspoken and eloquent exponent; and it is to be sincerely hoped that the successor of Mgr. Freppel may be of an intellectual calibre and a force of character to prosecute his excellent work. The deceased prelate was an author as well as an orator. Most of his works are of a controversial character, and chief among them is "A Critical Examination of Renan's Life of Jesus." Mgr. Freppel did much to promote pilgrimages, and was noted for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. *R. I. P.*

The Rev. R. Sykes, S. J., preaching recently in Liverpool on the "Drink Evil," quoted Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P. This latter gentleman, three or four years ago, spoke thus of the comparative intemperance of England and other countries:

"I have often said, and I will say it once more, that we have in the British towns—I mean the towns of the United Kingdom—the most drunken residuum of population that is to be found on the face of the earth; and the most drunken, the most degraded, and the most hopeless class of people that are to be found in any civilized country in the world. . . . There is a shameful peculiarity about English drunkenness: England stands alone, so far as I know, for the amount of its female drunkenness, which is almost unknown on the Continent of Europe. I have hardly ever heard of a drunken woman in the many journeyings I have made across the Continent."

"And this," commented Father Sykes, "is the greatest and most civilized country on the face of the earth! This is the great nation that turns up the whites of its sanctimonious eyes, and, with a lie in its mouth and a snuffle through its nose, thanks the Lord that it is not like other nations,—like priest-ridden Spain, to which it sends its superfluous Bibles. Poor, benighted Spain! It has not travelled as we have along the high-road of civilization."

Things go from bad to worse in France. The Minister of the Marine, M. Barbey, has issued an order forbidding for the present year the practice of reciting prayers, which had been retained in certain schools.

In the death of the Rev. P. Dowd, S. S., of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, Catholic Canada has lost one of its most widely known and most influential ecclesiastics. Father Dowd was seventy-eight years of age; and his Golden Jubilee, a few years ago, was the occasion of his receiving the most flattering testimonials of esteem from the general public, not of Montreal only, but of all Canada. His recent death evoked a still more general sympathy and grief. A noteworthy incident of his funeral was the presence, in the last sad procession, of the Protestant Bishop Bond, and several Anglican rectors. All classes of citizens united in testifying that the life of the venerable priest was a marked influence for good, and the vacancy caused by his death is one that will prove more than ordinarily difficult adequately to fill. *R. I. P.*

The Sisters of Nazareth at Hammersmith, England, lately received a handsome sum of money from an unknown benefactor,—'a humble tithe from the first profits on a play which he had been concerned in writing for a London theatre.' Playwrights and actors perform many graceful acts not enacted on the stage.

For the first time since the Reformation, Exeter, England, has a Catholic mayor in the person of Mr. Ware, whose election to the mayorality coincided with his silver jubilee as a Catholic; he having entered the Church just twenty-five years ago.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. William Hughes, of the Diocese of Rochester, N. Y., whose death occurred some weeks ago.

Mother Mary Ignatia, superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Joplin, Mo., who was called to the reward of her devoted life on the 23d ult.

Mr. William Ivers, of Philadelphia, Pa., who departed this life on the 13th ult.

Mr. Richard P. Furlong, whose happy death took place on the 16th ult., at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Mrs. Catherine Dietrich, of Baltimore, Md., whose life of good example and golden deeds was crowned with a happy death on the 20th ult.

Mr. J. B. Zettler, who passed away on the 10th ult., at Columbus, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

II.—The Fatal Dutch Cake.

REGINALD in the meantime had sat at the tea-table, very demurely joining in the conversation of the old ladies. They spoke of the wickedness of boys in general; and he told them stories of the horrors of which boys were capable, and did not hesitate to assert that Miles McGarry was capable of almost anything.

The night was frosty, and the old ladies had had a long walk, and so the piles of buttered toast quickly disappeared. Reginald had the warmest seat, near the stove; but this did not interfere with his appetite. Mrs. Danby, in the glow of her hospitality, suggested that perhaps some fresh Dutch cake might be "nice." And thereupon Reginald volunteered at once to procure the delicacy, which was a slightly sweetened bread, more or less permeated with currants. The old ladies took extra cups of tea, and admired Reginald.

"To think of his being so ready to go out on such a cold night just to please us!" they said; while Mrs. Danby tied his comforter carefully around his neck, and hoped he would not catch cold. Reginald smacked his lips over the thought of the Dutch cake, and wondered whether the baker might not give him some lemon drops, as it was about Christmas-time, and hurried off. He ran through the shop, never deigning to notice whether Miles was there or not.

It happened that just as the baker seized Johnny Schonbrun, Reginald reached the shop. Johnny's howls naturally attracted his attention, and indeed Johnny seemed to have reason to howl; for nothing can be more difficult than to stand upright on one skate, when a stalwart hand threatens to choke the breath out of your body.

Reginald saw the broken window, and a thrill of horror ran through him. Who had been so wicked as to do this thing,—to expose the beautiful Grecian temple, the spotless icing, and the brown Dutch cakes to the cold night air? What a new tale of terrible depravity he would have to relate to the old ladies when he should reach home!

He stood still, divided between the wreck of the baker's window and the echoing howls of Johnny Schonbrun. He believed that Johnny Schonbrun was a wicked boy, for Johnny often made faces at him across the school-room; and he was only too ready to believe that he was the villain who had worked this deadly ruin.

He now heard words that froze his blood.

"Who broke my window?" demanded the baker.

"I won't tell!"

The baker gave Johnny a series of cuffs,

each of which left a floury mark on the right side of his face.

"It was the Danby boy!" cried Johnny at last, unable to stand the struggle, which was dislocating his neck and spraining his ankle. To do him justice, he always thought of Miles McGarry as one of the Danby boys; he had no intention whatever of implicating Reginald.

These were the words that froze Reginald's blood. Here was total depravity indeed. But he did not forget the Dutch cake; he put his hand through the broken pane, took one of the cakes, left ten cents in its place—for he was a strictly honest boy,—and fled homeward.

The ladies at the tea-table were alarmed at his agitation, especially as one of them was in the act of reciting the details of some horrible occurrence which had taken place when General Howe's troops occupied Philadelphia.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Danby. "You'd think the child had seen the headless horseman! Why, what's the matter?"

Before Reginald could make a reply, a loud voice was heard in the shop, and Miles answering it.

"Your brother broke my window, and he has spoiled ten dollars' worth of cake. You will have to pay!" exclaimed the baker, addressing Miles, who sat on his high stool, under the smoky lamp, with a tattered copy of "The Seven Champions of Christendom" held upside-down in a trembling hand; his heart was like a lump of ice.

"I have no brother," said Miles.

Hereupon the baker called out loud that Miles was a "story-teller—a liar."

Upon this Mrs. Danby entered the shop in her most dignified manner.

"Did I hear conversation?" she asked, as if the baker's voice had not already attracted a crowd in front of the door.

"Your son broke my window, and I must be paid ten dollars, ma'am," said the baker, red with anger.

Mrs. Danby smiled, and said kindly, as if speaking to a person who had lost his senses:

"Poor, dear man! I have no son here."

Upon this, words seemed to coagulate in the baker's throat. Mrs. Danby was afraid that he would have apoplexy. She waited until his roarings seemed done, and then she asked:

"Are you *quite* sober, good man?"

This capped the climax. The baker became frantic.

"I—I broke the window," said Miles, feeling that if he did not confess he might be responsible for the man's death.

The baker only shook his fist at Miles, and called him "a mocker" in German. Mrs. Danby looked at her younger nephew reproachfully.

"Have all my lessons about truthfulness been thrown away?" she asked. "You are heartless, Milesius, to make fun of this poor intoxicated man."

Miles dropped his eyes on "The Seven Champions of Christendom." After all, he thought, how wrong it was to contradict one's elders! They *ought* to know.

"You have another boy in the place? You have,—you have!"

"Come forth, Reginald," said Mrs. Danby, elegantly. "I have another boy, also my nephew; and one," she added, with a reproachful glance at Miles, "incapable of falsehood."

Reginald reluctantly came out of the backroom. The baker pounced on him.

"This is the one,—this is the wicked one that broke my window! Ah, here he is! I have him at last. It was the big Danby boy. I saw him myself,—I saw him running. And he had a Dutch cake under his arm."

"Oh, no indeed!" cried Miles, earnestly. "I broke your window, but I did not steal a Dutch cake."

The baker took no notice of him.

"Didn't you run home with a Dutch cake?"

"Yes, yes!" gasped Reginald. "But you are soiling my collar, good man. You are indeed! And aunt expects me to keep it clean until Sunday."

The baker did not respond to this appeal. He shook Reginald as he had shaken Johnny Schonbrun.

"I did not break your window!" exclaimed Reginald, choking.

"I have a witness already," said the baker. "You must pay, and I will put you into jail besides for stealing the Dutch cake."

"Mr.—man," said Mrs. Danby, with great dignity, "cease this treatment of my nephew, or I shall be obliged to call the police."

"*I* will call the police!" exclaimed the baker, out of breath. "You have my Dutch cake in the house. I will have you all arrested."

"I paid for the cake. I took it out of the window, and put a ten-cent piece in its place,—indeed I did!"

The baker laughed a hollow laugh.

"Reginald is incapable of falsehood," said Mrs. Danby, putting herself between her injured nephew and the infuriated baker; "and I beg you to retire from my shop until you are sober—quite sober."

The baker gasped; perspiration made tracks down his floury face. "Do I wake or sleep?" he seemed to say. He bounded toward Reginald, but Mrs. Danby was too quick. She pushed the boy into the back-room, and locked the door.

"Come to-morrow and talk it over," she said, "when your head is clear, my good man."

"You may take me to jail, if you like," ventured Miles, in a weak voice; "but I didn't steal your cake."

The baker shook his fist at him, and left the shop, swearing vengeance on all the Danbys.

"You may go to bed now, Milesius," said his aunt, severely; "and to-morrow at breakfast you may partake of bread and water as a punishment for your persistent falsehood."

Miles opened his lips to speak; but he was prevented by a loud ring at the door. Hans Gewitz thrust his head into the shop again.

"I will come to-morrow," he said, in a voice that struck terror into the heart of Reginald; "and I will take your big boy to jail—to a Moyamensing,—that I will do!"

He shook his fist at Reginald once more and retired.

Mrs. Danby was in a state of towering indignation. She was not at all frightened by the threats of the baker. Miles was called into the backroom and cross-examined by the old ladies and his aunt. He persisted in his statement that he had broken the window, and at last one of the old ladies suddenly discovered that he was a hero.

"He is taking the blame on himself to shield dear Reginald," she remarked.

Miles opened his eyes at this. It was a new view of the matter.

"I can imagine any sacrifice made for dear Reginald," Mrs. Danby said; "but if Miles is making any such sacrifice, he is, nevertheless, telling a falsehood; and I despise *all* falsehoods. A lie, even to save Reginald, would not be justifiable."

In vain Miles protested that he had broken the window; in vain he admitted that he had run around the square "just for fun." Nobody believed, and he was sent to bed in disgrace, to reflect on the disadvantages of having a bad reputation.

Miles slept in the attic, in a little iron bedstead. He could see the stars through the dormer-window. At times the snow came in through the cracks, and the wind was such an old friend that Miles was not at all offended when tricks were played with his hair and cold slaps made at his face.

He said his prayers, and then reflected that Reginald would have a hard time in jail. He was sure that the baker would carry out his threat. He thought for a moment

how pleasant it would be to see Reginald in a real scrape; but then, like the good-hearted boy he was, he remembered that he was a Christian, and said a fervent prayer that Reginald might come out "all right."

He had been asleep only a little while when a sound near his ear made him start.

(To be continued.)

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

III.—Boyhood.

The traveller of to-day does not linger long in Genoa; but if he does condescend to bestow upon it some measure of his scanty time, he finds his trouble well repaid. It is not, like Florence or Rome, crowded with priceless works of art; but it sits enthroned upon a peerless bay, and back of it rise the purple mountains; while the city itself yields to none in quaint scenes and picturesque suggestions. The white sails of countless ships gleam in the sunshine; and above one another rise spires and domes, convents and palaces without end. Men knew what they were doing when they named Genoa "The Superb." She deserved the title, too, in those far-off days, when the little Christopher—a sober lad we are sure, for there were even then weighty matters on his mind—was growing out of his babyhood.

In Genoa was the famous Bank of St. George, at the gate of which a wonderful trophy hung; being no less than the chains of the harbor of Pisa, which was captured and destroyed by a Genoese fleet. There, too, was the Genoese griffin, holding in its claws an eagle and a fox. Little Christopher must have seen these stirring emblems often, and no doubt his heart was moved by the adventures they suggested.

And, then, there were the sailors' stories. Genoa was a city of the sea, filled with men who thought nothing of braving the ocean's perils. The air was full of the tales of countless voyages, peaceful and sometimes anything but that. That was a rude age, and violence upon the deep was not given the name which we would now apply to it. It was thought no harm to undertake a trading expedition, and sink a ship or two and kill a few men on the way, especially if they were pirates.

Columbus was studying, too, all of this time that he was breathing in the spirit of the sea. He learned to read and write, to cipher, and to draw and paint after a fashion. Much has been said of his life at the University of Pavia, although but little is known of it. His son Ferdinand says, "He studied at Pavia," and that is all. It is probable that he stayed there two years, learning all that was then taught there—which was not a great deal—of geography and astronomy, and how to make maps and charts. Strange maps those must have been. A piece of Europe, a little of Western Africa, a vague territory called India,—that was all they contained. Fancy maps of the world with the American Continent left out! The youngest one who reads these lines could draw a more complete map than the wisest professor at the great University of Pavia.

IV.—The Sailor Lad.

When about twelve years old Columbus went home again; and at fourteen, instead of sitting by his father's side and carding wool, he obeyed an uncontrollable impulse and went to sea. Of the next fifteen years we have, unfortunately, no definite record, and are obliged to piece together a bit here and there to make a continued story. Columbus himself has told us that he went to sea when very young, and spent many years as a sailor,—sailing where any one before him had sailed, and visiting every port in which anchor had been cast.

The city of Genoa was, as we have said,

a genuine maritime city; shut in from the country behind it, and facing the blue Mediterranean. Every young man calling "La Superba" home felt in duty bound to leave it for a ship as soon as any captain would have him for a sailor. The sea was the quickest path to wealth and fame; no one was so humble that he could not find a place on its broad bosom; no one so great that he disdained it.

We must think, then, of Columbus as a simple sailor lad—for at first he was nothing else: serving his time on watch in weather fair and foul; climbing the mast at an officer's surly command; dreaming in his swinging hammock of the events which were yet to come into his life; eating the coarse fare, sharing the common dangers, and saying his simple prayers with a fervent heart. No peril caused him to forget his devotions, and the life of a seafaring man in the fifteenth century was no child's play. The dangers of the deep were the least of all the perils. There were battles to be fought and deadly enemies to encounter.

In order to truly realize this we must try to imagine the difference between those turbulent days and our own. The Mediterranean was the great naval thoroughfare and battle scene. A sailor was a soldier as well. All along the coast small states were in deadly conflict with one another, and all were fighting the Turks. The blue waters of the sea were often mixed with blood, and piracy had become an art and almost an honor. Merchant vessels were hardly distinguishable in those days from men-of-war.

Some of the voyages of Columbus of which he gives us hints smack a little of this irregular seamanship. Two of the captains under whom he sailed had his own name, being known as Columbo the Elder and Columbo the Younger. Those anxious to honor Columbus more fully have claimed for him a kinship with these captains; but what can the immortal discoverer gain by such a reputed relation?

We hear of Columbus further as a captain in the service of King René, of Provence; of his visiting Iceland, the *ultima thule* of the ancients; of his escape from a burning ship, of his swimming two leagues; and finally that he was tossed, like a cork, from the sea upon the friendly shore of Portugal.

V.—Prince Henry.

There are those who doubt the story of this shipwreck, and say that it was invented by Ferdinand Columbus in order to make his father's life seem all the more wonderful. But, at all events, in Portugal he was, and there he stayed. If you look upon the map you will see afresh how Portugal, with Lisbon for its capital, is just a slice of the Spanish peninsula. Let us see what that little country had already done in the way of discovery.

The very name Portugal suggests Prince Henry, a man far in advance of his time, whose pet idea was to go around the southern end of Africa and so reach India by water. There had grown to be a large traffic with the far East; but the route over which the products of that land were brought was so dangerous that it absorbed much of the profits. Some wise people declared that Africa extended to the South Pole, and was attached to it in some mysterious manner.

"I do not believe it," said Prince Henry, sending men out every little while to find proofs that he was right. He himself went into a sort of retirement on the seashore, where he built a fine observatory for those days, and where he drew about him as many men as possible who were skilled in arts which could be of help to him. The men whom he sent out would be brave enough at first, but pretty soon they would find some formidable cape, or meet with some savage-looking rocks, when they turned their ships around and sailed back to Portugal as fast as they could.

But all this trouble could not fail of some good result, although its principal object was not gained. Many islands off the African coast were discovered and colonized, and much of the coast examined and explored.

Then wise Prince Henry died, leaving a shining example of enterprise in the record of his persevering life. And we can understand how Portugal, by following his advice, became more intent than ever upon voyages of exploration; and why Lisbon was, of all places that could have been selected, the best place for our Columbus after the shipwreck, which came so near ending his career before it had fairly begun.

(To be continued.)

Scotland's Emblem.

The reason for adopting the shamrock as the emblem of Ireland is well known. The incident which caused the Scotch to bestow a like honor upon the thistle is less familiar.

Once, a long time ago, the Scotch army was anticipating an attack from the enemy, and both sides were very wary and discreet. There had been a number of sorties, but no actual engagement. Finally the enemy determined to force a decisive battle, and an order was given to arrange a surprise for the first dark night. The soldiers were to march in bare feet, and all commands were to be given in a whisper. When the word was passed along, the advance was made; but one of the barefooted men, chancing to step upon a full-grown thistle, uttered a loud cry, which was carried to the ears of the listening Scotch sentries. In a moment the bagpipes called the sleeping camp to arms, and the enemy was effectually routed.

Thus a most offensive though modest flower was the instrument of a glorious victory, and deserves the honor it bears to-day.

A Thrifty Musician.

Rossini is called the laziest of composers, and a little story is told to prove him so; but one would think it might as well be used to prove the reverse, for certainly it could not be truthfully related of an indolent writer:

One day, fancying himself very weary, he was composing music while in bed; and dropping his manuscript to the floor, he let it lie there, thinking it easier to write another page than to pick that one up.

After a while a friend happened to enter the room.

"Have the kindness," said Rossini, "to fish that sheet of paper out from under the bed. I have written another piece, and I want you to tell me which you think the better."

The composer hummed through the parts of both, and the friend declared that the first one was by far the finer.

"Thank you," said Rossini; "I think so too. But I am not going to lose this other one. I will write another part to it, and call it a duet."

He did so; and then, delighted with his own thrift, he got up, dressed himself, and walked out to breakfast.

A Swarm of Bees Worth Hiving.

B PATIENT, B prayerful, B humble, B mild;
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;
B sure you make matter subservient to mind;
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true;
B courteous to all, B friendly with few;
B cautious in argument, pleasure and wine;
B careful of conduct, of money and time;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm;
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal and just;
B aspiring, B humble because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the Faith;
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure;
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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In Exile.

BY J. W. S. NORRIS.

LIFE has its dreams and its fairy music;
Memory its shrine where sweet incense burns;
The heart has its loves and the soul its sorrows,
And weary the wanderer home returns.

Earth has its spells and its incantations;
Creatures their charms and their tender trust;
Pleasure its votaries, false or fearless,
Crowding along to the common dust!

God of my heart! when the way seems weary,
Lighten my burden, and let my song
Flow from my soul like a river of crystal
Bearing sweet praises of Thee along!

Our Lady of Walsingham.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

PILGRIMAGES, a favorite form of devotion with our forefathers, may be divided into two classes: (1) Greater ones, to sanctuaries across the sea, or in foreign lands; (2) Lesser ones, to some sanctuary nearer home. The former were open only to those who had strength to encounter the hardships of a long journey at a time when travelling was no easy matter, and who had leisure and money at their disposal; the latter were open to all classes alike, both high and low, rich and poor. Vicarious pilgrimages, too, were not rare, when those who from infirmity or other causes were prevented from going themselves, sent a deputy to obtain by his prayers the favors they desired.

By far the most celebrated of the English places of pilgrimage was the sanctuary of Our Lady at Walsingham, in Norfolk. So great was the veneration in which it was held that it was called the Holy Land of Walsingham, as we learn from old ballads. This title is most probably due to the fact that the little chapel built there in 1061, by the widow of one Ricoldis de Faverches, was in all respects an exact imitation of the Holy House of Nazareth, now at Loreto, but at the time of which we speak one of the chief points of interest to pilgrims visiting Palestine. Tradition relates how the "noble widow, some time Lady of the town of Walsingham," was favored by the Blessed Mother of God with a vision of the Holy House at Nazareth, within whose humble precincts the Divine Word was made flesh, and was commissioned by her to build its counterpart at Walsingham, on a site hereafter to be indicated. The pious widow, not knowing where to erect her chapel, one night remained in prayer, and saw in a vision our Blessed Lady with the assistance of angels rear the chapel and place it where it stood for many centuries,

herself being the chief artificer. This tradition accounts for the extraordinary veneration in which the shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham was held.

Soon after the Norman Conquest Sir Geoffrey de Faverches, a son of the foundress of the chapel, built by the side of it a church and priory, which he endowed with lands and revenues; placing there a community of Canons Regular of St. Augustine. From the time of the foundation of this priory up to the dissolution there was an unceasing movement of pilgrims to and from Walsingham,—not only from other parts of England, but from all the countries of Europe. The chapel stood apart from the church; it contained the famous image of Our Lady which was the great attraction, and the primary object which drew thither foreigners of all nations, so that the number of the devotees of Our Lady seem to have equalled those who now visit the Holy House at Loreto. At any rate, their offerings made the priory one of the richest in the world; and the little town of Walsingham, where hostelries were provided for their accommodation, owed thereto its chief maintenance and support.

The chapel of Our Lady stood east and west on the north side of the church, which was built up to it, and communicated with it by a door. This building, called by historians the "New Work," was forty-eight feet long and thirty wide. It contained within it the small original chapel wherein was the real shrine; for it appears that, like the Holy House of Loreto, the Chapel of the Annunciation was covered in by an outer building, though no record is found giving the date when this newer building was erected. Erasmus, who visited Walsingham in 1511, describes the Ladye Chapel as being "very draughty on all sides: the windows are open and the doors are open; and not far off is the ocean, the father of winds." Whether this was on account of its unfinished state, or because of its peculiar construction, it is difficult to determine. In regard to the open doors, it is not improbable that the inner chapel had no doors,—a measure which convenience would suggest to facilitate the constant influx of pilgrims; and it is extremely likely that the principal doors of the "New Work" were left open during the day for a similar reason. But it happened that just about the time of Erasmus' visit the windows were being glazed at the expense of the King. In the royal payments of the third and fourth years of Henry VIIIth's reign there are two entries as follows:

"1–8 June, 1511, part payment for glazing Our Ladye's Chapel at Walsingham, £20. November [no date], 1512, for glazing Our Ladye's Chapel at Walsingham, £23 11s. 4d." These entries fully explain how the windows happened to be open when Erasmus was at Walsingham, and confirm his account.

It seems to be the general impression that the Chapel of Walsingham was built of wood. If this idea be correct, it will explain the words of an old ballad, composed about the year 1460, which, speaking of the foundress' perplexity as to the place where the chapel was to stand, says:

> "When it was all formed, then had she great doubte
> Where it should be sette, and in what manner of place."

The words "when it was all formed" may warrant the inference that the little chapel was built of wood, and fitted together and put up prior to its being placed where it was to stand permanently.

The inner sanctuary, called Capella Beatæ Mariæ by William of Worcester, and Conclave Divæ Virginis by Erasmus, is very briefly described by the latter: "On either side of this little chapel—which is all of wood, with an open roof—is a narrow door, through which the pilgrims are admitted to pay their devotion and make their offerings. A most delightful fragrance greets the nostrils. There is

scarcely any light, except that which is afforded by numerous burning wax tapers; but all within is bright and shining, glittering all over with gold and jewels, so that you would take it to be the abode of the saints. One of the Canons resident is constantly in attendance at the altar, to receive and take care of the offerings of the pilgrims." The actual situation of the altar is not known. Erasmus laconically remarks that "Our Ladye stood in the dark at the right side of the altar." Judging from the position of the doors of the outer building, which must have corresponded with those of the *capella*, it is most probable that the altar stood at the east end, and the image of Our Lady in the southeast angle.

This celebrated image of Our Lady was of wood. It is described as remarkable neither for size, material nor execution. Whether it was a standing or a seated figure is a question which must remain unanswered. The seal of Walsingham represents Our Lady as seated, but this can hardly be received as evidence regarding the image in the sanctuary. Nor can it be said whether it was of English workmanship, or a copy of Our Lady of Nazareth brought from the Holy Land by Geoffrey de Faverches, the son of the foundress. It was arrayed in robes of a rich material, according to the custom, almost universal in England, of robing images. Sometimes this consisted in merely attaching a mantle to the shoulders of the image, at others the whole figure was decked with drapery. To this the numerous instances on record of costly garments of some textile fabric being given or bequeathed to celebrated images, besides offerings of rings, brooches, girdles, etc., bear testimony. From the eighth century we often hear of venerated statues carved in wood being covered with a thin sheathing of gold or silver, for their better preservation. This was done in the case of the image at Glastonbury, but not in that of Our Lady of Walsingham.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries everyone who was able went on a pilgrimage to Walsingham, and many sent yearly offerings to the sanctuary. No other English shrine can boast of equal popularity; it is probable that the miraculous translation of the Holy House, of which it was a copy, from Nazareth to the shores of Italy at the close of the thirteenth century, contributed not a little to increase the veneration of our forefathers for the sanctuary of Walsingham. The principal road by which pilgrims journeyed thither from London, passing through Newmarket, Brandon, and Fakenham, is still known by the name of the Palmer's Way, or Walsingham Green Way. The pilgrim who came from the North crossed the Wash, near Long Sutton, and went through Lynn. Another great road used by travellers on pilgrimage to Walsingham led from the East, through Norwich, by Bec Hospital, where gratuitous accommodation was provided for thirteen poor pilgrims every night. At many places on the road were chapels, where the pilgrims stopped to pray. The most remarkable was Our Lady's Chapel at Lynn; it still exists. The Milky Way was also called by the common people Walsingham Way, because in their simplicity they believed that it was appointed by Providence to point out by night the particular place and residence of the Blessed Virgin. It retained the name for many years after the suppression of the shrine.

The kings of England, as well as their subjects of every class, loved to go on pilgrimage to this sanctuary; most of the native princes paid their devotions there, and visited it more than once. It is recorded of Henry III. that he went thither, and Edward I. was twice there. This monarch honored very highly Our Lady of Walsingham, to whose favor he attributed his escape on the occasion of a singular accident. Once, when a young man, he chanced to be sitting playing a game of chess with a knight in a vaulted chamber,

when he suddenly, without any apparent reason, rose up and went away. At that moment an immense stone detached itself from the groined roof and fell on the very spot where he had been sitting. Had he remained there it would infallibly have crushed him. In all dangers and adversities it was his habit to invoke Our Lady of Walsingham. Edward II., too, was a pilgrim to Walsingham in 1315; and in 1332 Isabella of France, whilst residing at Castle-Rising, made a pilgrimage thither.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Little Janko.*

WEAK and frail came he into the world. The neighbors assembled round the bedside, shook their heads over mother and child. The blacksmith's wife, the most experienced amongst them, began to comfort the sick woman after her fashion.

"You just lie quiet," she said; "and I will light a blessed candle. It's all up with you, poor dear: you must make your preparations for another world. Some one had better run for the priest to give you the last Sacraments."

"But the youngster must be baptized at once," said another. "I tell you he won't live till the priest comes, and it will be some comfort not to have an unbaptized ghost spooking about."

As she spoke she lit a blessed candle, took the baby, poured water on its head till it winked its eyes, and at the same time pronounced the words: "I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and give thee the name of Jan." Adding immediately (with a vague recollection of the form of prayer used for the dying): "And now depart, O Christian soul, out of this world, and return to the place you came from. Amen."

The Christian soul, however, had not the least intention of departing out of this world. It began, on the contrary, to kick with the legs of the body as hard as ever it could, and to cry, but in a fashion so feeble and whimpering that it sounded to the women like the mewing of a kitten.

The priest was sent for, discharged his sacred office and retired. But, instead of dying, the mother recovered, and after a week went back to work.

The life of the baby hung on a thread; he scarcely seemed to breathe. But when he was four years of age the cuckoo cried three times over the cottage roof—a good omen, according to Polish superstition,—and after that matters mended, so that he somehow attained his tenth year. To be sure, he was always thin and delicate, with a slouching body and hollow cheeks. His hay-colored hair fell over his clear, prominent eyes, that had a far-away look in them, as if he saw things hidden from others.

In winter the child crouched behind the stove and wept softly from cold, and not unfrequently from hunger if "Mammy" had nothing in the cupboard or in the pot. In summer he ran about in a little white blouse, tied round the waist with a handkerchief, and an old straw-hat on his head. His flaxen hair poked its way through the holes, and his eager glance darted hither and thither like a bird's. His mother —poor creature! who lived from hand to mouth, and lodged under a strange roof like a swallow—loved him, no doubt, after a fashion; yet she gave him many a cuff, and generally called him a changeling.

At eight years of age he began life on his own account: now driving a flock of sheep, now making his way deep into the forest to look for mushrooms when there was nothing to eat at home. He had Providence only to thank that the wolves did not devour him on one of these expeditions. He was not a particularly precocious boy; and, like all village children, had the

* From the Polish of Sienkiewicz, by C. O'C. E.

habit of sticking his finger into his mouth when addressed. The neighbors prophesied that he would not live long; or that, if he did live, he would not be much of a comfort to his mother; for he would never be strong enough for hard work.

One distinguishing characteristic he had. Who can say why the gift was bestowed in so unlikely a quarter? Music he loved, and his love was a passion. He heard music in everything. He listened to every sound; the bigger he grew, the more he thought of melody and of harmony. If he tended the cattle, or went with a playfellow to gather berries in the forest, he would return empty-handed, and lisp:

"O mammy, there was such beautiful music! It was playing like this—la, la, la!"

"I'll soon play you a different tune, you good-for-nothing!" his mother would cry, angrily, and rap him with the ladle.

The youngster might shriek, and promise not to listen to the music again; but he thought all the more of how beautiful the forest was, and how full of voices that sang and rang. Who or what sang and rang he could not well have told. The pine-trees, the beeches, the birch trees, the thrushes, —all sang; the whole forest sang, and the echo sang too. In the meadows the blades of grass sang; in the garden behind the cottage the sparrows twittered, the cherry-trees rustled and trilled. In the evening he heard all imaginable voices, such as are audible only in the country; and he thought that the whole village resounded with melody. His companions could only wonder at him; they heard none of these beautiful things. When he was set to work to toss out hay, he fancied he heard the wind playing through the prongs of his pitchfork. The overseer, who saw him standing idly, his hair thrown back from his forehead, listening intently to the wind's music on the fork, would seize a strap, and give the dreamer a few cuts to bring him to his senses; but it was of no avail. The neighbors at last nicknamed him "Janko the musician."

At night, when the frogs croaked, the corn-crakes cried across the meadows, the bitterns boomed in the marsh, and the cocks crowed behind the fences, the child could not sleep: he could but listen with delight, and Heaven only knows what harmonies he heard in all these mingled sounds. His mother dared not bring him with her to church; for when the organ murmured or pealed, the eyes of the boy grew dim and moist, or else brightened and gleamed as if the light of another world illumined them.

The watchman, who nightly patrolled the village and counted the stars, or carried on a low-toned conversation with the dogs in order to keep himself awake, more than once saw Janko's little white blouse scudding through the gloom to the alehouse. The child did not enter the tavern, but crouched close up to the wall and listened. Within couples revolved merrily to lively music, and now and then a fellow would cry: "Hooray!" One could hear the stamping of feet and the affected voices of the girls. The fiddles murmured softly; the big 'cello's deep notes thundered; the windows streamed with light; every plank in the taproom seemed to creak, to sing, to play; and Janko listened to it all. What would he not have given to have a fiddle that would give forth such sounds, a bit of board that would make such music! Alas! where was *he* to get it,—how could he make it? If they would only allow him just to take one in his hand! But no: all he could do was to listen; and so he listened till the voice of the watchman would call to him out of the darkness:

"Off to bed with you, you imp!"

Then the little bare feet would patter away to the cabin, and the voices of the violins would follow him as he ran through the night.

It was a great occasion for Janko when at harvest time or a wedding he heard the fiddlers play. On such occasions he would creep behind the stove, and for days would

not speak a single word, looking straight before him with great, glowing eyes, like those of a cat at night.

At last he made himself a fiddle out of a shingle, and strung it with horsehair; but it did not sound so beautifully as those in the alehouse. The strings tinkled softly, ever so softly; they hummed like flies or midges. All the same, he played on them from morning until night; though kicks and cuffs he got till he was black and blue. He could not help himself: it was in his nature.

The child grew thinner and thinner; his shock of hair became thicker; his eyes grew more staring and swam with tears, and his cheeks and chest became hollower. He had never resembled other children: he was more like his own poor little fiddle that one could scarcely hear. Moreover, before harvest time he was almost starving; living as he did chiefly on raw turnips, and on his longing, his intense longing, to own a violin. Alas! this desire was destined to bear evil fruit.

Up at the castle the footman had a fiddle that he sometimes played in the evening to please his pretty sweetheart and his fellow-servants. Janko often crept amongst the climbing plants to the very door of the servants' hall to hear the music, or at least to catch a glimpse of the fiddle. It generally hung on the wall, exactly opposite the door; and the youngster's whole soul was in his eyes as he gazed at it—an unattainable treasure that he was unworthy to possess, though he held it to be the most precious thing on earth. A dumb longing took possession of him to touch it just once with his very own hand; or, at any rate, to see it closer. At the thought the poor little childish heart leaped with delight.

One evening there was no one in the servants' hall. The family had for a long time lived abroad; the house was empty, and the footman, with his sweetheart, was elsewhere. Janko, hidden amongst the creepers, had already been looking for many minutes through the half-open door at the goal of his desires.

The moon, at her full, swam high in the heavens; her beams threw a shaft of light across the room, and fell on the opposite wall. Gradually they moved toward where the violin hung, and streamed full upon it. To the child in the darkness a silvery halo seemed to shine around the instrument, illumining it so brightly that Janko was almost dazzled; the strings, the neck, the sides were plainly visible; the pegs shone like glow-worms, and the bow like a silver wand. How beautiful it was—almost magical! Janko gazed with hungry eyes. Crouching amidst the ivy, his elbows supported on his little bony knees, he gazed open-mouthed and motionless at this one object. Now fear held him fast; next moment an irresistible longing urged him forward. The wind murmured, the creepers whispered softly, and to the child they seemed to say: "Go on, Janko; there is not a soul there. Go on, Janko!" By the pond in the garden a nightingale began to sing—now softly, now loudly. Her song said: "Go on; have courage: touch it." An honest raven flew softly over the child's head and croaked: "No, Janko; no." The raven flew away, but the nightingale remained; and the creepers cried more plainly than ever: "There's no one there." The fiddle still hung in the track of the moonbeams. The little crouching figure crept cautiously nearer, and the nightingale sang: "Go on—on—on! Take it!"

The white blouse glimmered nearer the doorway; soon it was no longer hidden by the dark creepers. On the threshold one could hear the quick, panting breath of the delicate child. A moment more and the little white blouse had disappeared; only one tiny bare foot still stood upon the steps. In vain the friendly raven flew by once more, and cawed: "No, no": Janko had already entered.

The frogs in the pond began suddenly to croak as if something had frightened

them, and as suddenly were silent. The nightingale ceased to sing, the climbing plants to whisper. In the interval Janko had edged nearer and nearer to his treasure, but fear seized him. In the shadow of the creepers he felt at home, like a wild creature in a thicket; now he quivered like a wild creature in a snare. His movements were hasty, his breath came short.

The pulsing summer lightning that glanced from east to west illumined the apartment for an instant, and showed poor, trembling Janko almost on his hands and knees, his head stretched out, cowering before the violin. But the lightning ceased; a cloud passed before the moon, and there was nothing to be seen nor heard.

Then, after a pause, there sounded through the darkness a low, wailing note, as if someone had accidentally touched a string, and all at once a rough, sleepy voice broke from a corner of the room, asking angrily, "Who's there?"

A match cracked against the wall. Then there was a little spurt of flame, and then —great heaven!—then were to be heard curses, blows, the crying of a child; appeals, "Oh, for God's sake!" barking of dogs; people running with lights before the windows; uproar in the whole house.

Two days later poor Janko stood before the magistrates. Should he be prosecuted as a thief? Of course. The justice and the landlord looked at the culprit as he stood in the dock, his finger in his mouth, with staring, swollen eyes; small, emaciated, dirty, afraid; unable to tell why or wherefore he found himself there. How, thought the justice, could any one try a wretched little object like that, only ten years of age, and barely able to stand on its legs? One must not be too severe with children. Would it not be well if a watchman took him and gave him a few strokes with a cane, so that he might not attempt to steal a second time, and so end the matter?

"Just so. A very good idea." Such was the verdict.

Stach, the watchman, was called.

"Take him and give him a caning as a warning."

Stach nodded his stupid bull-head, took Janko under his arm like a kitten, and carried him off to the barn.

Either the youngster did not understand what it was all about, or he was too terrified to speak; in either case he uttered not a word, and looked round him like a little frightened bird. How did he know what they wanted with him? It was only when Stach seized him, laid him on the barn floor, and, holding him fast with one hand, began to take off his little blouse, that poor Janko shrieked, "Mammy!" And after every blow he cried, "Mammy, mammy!" but lower and weaker each time; until after a certain number of strokes the child was silent, and called for his mother no more.

You cruel, wicked Stach! Who ever flogged a child in such a fashion? The little one was always thin and weakly, and scarcely had breath in his frail body.

At last the mother came and took the child with her, but she had to carry him home. Next day Janko did not rise. On the evening of the third day he breathed out his soul in peace, on the hard bed covered by the horsecloth.

As he lay dying, the swallows twittered in the cherry-tree that grew before the window; a sunbeam peered through the pane, and flooded with glory the child's rough hair and his bloodless face. The beam seemed like a track for the little fellow's soul to ascend to heaven.

Well for him was it that at least at the hour of death he mounted a broad and sunny path; for thorny would have been his road in life. The wasted chest still heaved softly, and the child seemed still conscious of the echoes of the outer world that entered through the open window. It was evening; the light-hearted peasant girls, returning from hay-making, passed by, and sang as they went; the brook murmured close at hand.

Janko listened for the last time to the musical echoes of the village. Beside him, on the horsecloth, lay the fiddle he had made from a shingle. Suddenly the dying child's face lit up, and he whispered:

"Mammy!"

"What is it, dearie?" asked the mother, her voice stifled with sobs.

"Mammy, God will give me a real fiddle in heaven?"

"Yes, darling," replied the mother. She could speak no more; for from her heart the pent-up sorrow burst suddenly forth. She only murmured, "Jesus, my Jesus!" and, laying her head on the table, wept as those weep from whom Death robs their dearest treasure.

And so it was. When she raised her head and looked at the child, the eyes of the little musician were open but fixed, the countenance was grave, solemn, and rigid. The sunbeam had disappeared.

"May you rest in peace, little Janko!"

.

Next day the baron and his family returned from Italy to the castle. The daughter of the house and her suitor were there amongst the rest.

"What a delightful country Italy is!" remarked the gentleman.

"Yes, and the people! They are a nation of artists. It is a pleasure to note and encourage their talent," answered the young lady.

.

The larches rustled over little Janko's lowly grave.

As with the pagans the worship of the impure gods of their mythologies could not fail to corrupt the worshippers, so with Christians the worship of the purity and sanctity of the Mother of God has not failed to purify and render holy those who, in sincerity, earnestness, and simplicity of heart, were careful to practise it.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Louis Veuillot.—A Well-Spent Life.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

IT was about the time of the Coup d'Etat that began the famous controversy of the classics, which was, for a while, one of the most painful contests in which Veuillot ever engaged. In 1851 the Abbé Gaume, a distinguished theological writer, had denounced the disastrous influence of the pagan classics, and had advocated the substitution of works by Christian authors. He was sustained by several prelates, among whom was Cardinal Gousset. Veuillot defended the thesis advanced by the Abbé; and Mgr. Dupanloup, in a letter to the professors of his preparatory seminary, justified the olden methods, and attacked rather vividly the partisans of the new idea. Veuillot responded with equal energy, and then the prelate of Orleans interdicted the reading of the *Univers* in his seminary. Such judges as Cardinal Gousset thought that Mgr. Dupanloup had gone too far; they held that a journal had the right to discuss an opinion emitted in an episcopal act, provided it did not blame the act in itself. Mgr. Dupanloup tried to procure a collective warning from all the French bishops to the *Univers*, but he could obtain the signatures of only a small minority. Finally, Veuillot requested his friends to terminate the dispute: "We need not defend ourselves; in fact, we have said only what we have said. Malevolent or unintelligent interpretations will fall of themselves, and useful truth will alone remain. If, on our part, any exaggerations have been committed, we trust that they may be forgotten." In her own good time Rome spoke on the matter; the Christian classics obtained more attention in the French seminaries, while the good faith and learning of the Abbé Gaume were attested

by his promotion to the Roman prelacy.

An incident of more gravity succeeded the controversy on the classics. In 1850 Veuillot had begun the publication of a collection of new works which would constitute a complete "apology" of Christianity. Among his colaborers were the Benedictines Dom Pitra and Dom Guéranger, the Abbé Martinet and Bishop Rendu. The great Spanish orator, Donoso Cortes, wrote for this collection his solid essay on "Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism," in which he contended that the second system was necessarily the precursor of the third. Against this idea arose the Abbé Gaduel, Vicar-General of Orleans, who discerned in the work of the great Spaniard a tissue of errors, and who took occasion to involve in his censures the entire religious press whenever it undertook to treat of theological matters. At this time Donoso Cortes occupied in Spain an unchallenged position as chief apostle of the truth in the world of letters; and, unknown to Gaduel, he had taken the course generally followed, *pace* Gaduel, by all prudent Catholic laymen in similar contingencies; that is, he had submitted his ideas to the judgment of authorized theologians. In reply to Gaduel, Donoso Cortes submitted his book to Rome, and he was fully justified. But Veuillot had less equanimity than his Spanish friend, and in his defence of the religious press he wielded his ready weapon of raillery very freely against his adversary. Unable to reply, the latter complained to the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Sibour. This prelate then prohibited the *Univers* to all the priests and religious communities of his diocese. This archiepiscopal act was applauded by the entire revolutionary press; but many prelates, in public letters, manifested sympathy for the condemned journal.

Louis Veuillot was then in Rome, and he appealed to the Pontiff, writing to his staff on the same day: "Judged by the Father of all the faithful, by the highest authority on earth, we shall know with certainty what we must do, and we will do it at once. We will continue our work or we will abandon it with equal security; asking pardon of God and of men for having been unable to do good, or for having done evil." Six days afterward he received from Mgr. Fioramonti, secretary for Latin letters to his Holiness, a consoling letter, which, while inviting him to moderation, augured well for the success of his appeal. And very soon the supreme authority took up the defence of the religious press. In an apostolic letter to the bishops of France, dated March 21, 1853, Pope Pius IX. said: "We must here remind you of the ardent advice which we gave, four years ago, to all the bishops of the Catholic world: that they should exert every effort to induce talented and healthily educated men to devote themselves to writings calculated to enlighten the mind and to dissipate the darkness of error now so prevalent. Again, therefore, while urging you to remove from your flocks the poison of bad books and journals, we insist that you extend every protection to the men who consecrate their energies to the production of works whereby Catholic teachings may be propagated, whereby the venerable rights of the Holy See may be fully recognized, and whereby the obscurity of error be dissipated. Your episcopal charity should excite the ardor of these Catholic writers who are animated by so good a spirit; and if, perchance, they sometimes commit some mistakes, advise them paternally and prudently."

This letter of the Pontiff was generally regarded as a justification of Veuillot, and Archbishop Sibour hastened to lift the sentence rather hastily pronounced. But the adversaries of Veuillot were not reduced to silence: in less than two years from the appearance of the above papal letter, there was issued an anonymous pamphlet, which, entitled "The *Univers*

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Judged by Itself," endeavored to show, by means of citations, that the said journal was "revolutionary, turbulent, without respect for authority, without charity, full of injuries and insults, which constantly involved itself, in the name of the Church, in contradictions." Another Catholic journal, *L'Ami de la Religion*, upheld the pamphlet; but the incriminated editor found many distinguished defenders, among whom were Mgr. Parisis, Archbishop of Arras, and the ablest journal in Italy, the *Armonia*. It was proved that most of the pamphleteer's citations were made in bad faith; that they were presented without regard to the context; that in many cases they were truncated, and even falsified. And the *Armonia* well insisted that if the *Univers* were a revolutionary journal, it would not be the object of revolutionary hatred in every land, and the Roman Pontiff would not have extended his protection to it. While the discussion was at its height, and while Veuillot was taking the first steps to vindicate himself before the tribunals, the assassination of Mgr. Sibour saddened the hearts of all Catholics, and Veuillot generously let the matter drop.

When, after the Crimean War, the Count Walewski, representative of France at the Congress of Paris, allowed the Count di Cavour, agent for Piedmont, to menace the pontifical government, Veuillot protested against this open attack on the rights of the Church. When the Italian war of 1859 opened, he asked whether Napoleon III., allying himself with the revolutionists, was not about to undo his work of '49. When the preliminaries of Villefranca were signed, he rejoiced at the end of a war "which caused a fear lest the Revolution, rather than liberty, would be the gainer." But he found in these preliminaries "no recognition of the right of revolt; Lombardy did not give herself, but was rather ceded by Francis Joseph and given by Napoleon"; he was sufficiently optimistic to trust that Piedmont would prove "one Catholic nation the more." Alas! Napoleon III. allowed Victor Emmanuel to contend for the whole of Italy, not even excepting the Papal States. Then Veuillot entered upon the combat which he had vainly tried to avoid. When the *brochure*, "The Pope and the Congress," written by La Gueronnière, but inspired by Napoleon, appeared, advocating the spoliation of the Pontiff as a political necessity, Pius IX. characterized it, in reply to an address from the Count de Goyon, commander of the French army of occupation in Rome, as "a signal monument of hypocrisy and an ignoble tissue of contradictions." The imperial authorities would have prevented the *Univers* from publishing the papal rebuke, but Veuillot knew his duty. His brother Eugene says that just as he resolved to ignore the imperial wishes, a friend asked him if he realized what he was doing. "We are dying," was the reply. The discourse of the Pontiff was published on January 11, 1860; but the government hesitated. On the 28th, however, Veuillot received the Encyclical "Nullis certe," condemning the last aggressions against the Papal States. The document was at once translated; and as he sent it to the printers, the brave editor said: "Our paper will be suppressed to-morrow." So it happened. But Veuillot had triumphed; for when the government realized that the news of the pontifical action had already transpired, it authorized the other journals to publish the Encyclical. Thus it was, as Veuillot wrote to the Pope, that an Encyclical of Pius IX., that of 1853, had given life to the *Univers*, and another one had taken that life.

Twice Veuillot asked for authorization to resume his journal, but in vain; however, in 1867, while Napoleon was effecting his tentative evolution toward liberalism, and which was to involve freedom of the press, the permission was accorded. Pius IX. sent a sum of money to further the good work; but as it did not prove necessary,

Veuillot turned it over to the Peter's Pence. The attitude of the *Univers* did not change toward the liberalized Empire. When, just previous to the plebiscite of May 7, 1870, Émile Ollivier, the new Minister, solicited its support, he was told that the imperial government would have to promise the preservation of the territories still remaining to the Pope. As this assurance was not given, our journal remained neutral, being unwilling to vote with the revolutionists against the plebiscite, and unable to support an administration which refused satisfaction to the Catholics. Meanwhile the General Council of the Vatican was celebrated, and the favorite thesis of Veuillot was solemnly promulgated. Well has it been said that in the Constitution "Pastor Æternus," "*Tout Veuillot est là, et tout Veuillot n'est q'une victoire.*" *

The revolution of September 4, 1870, did not surprise Veuillot; Sedan was a consequence of Castelfidardo. Remaining in Paris during the siege, he sustained the government of the National Defence, and continued to hope against hope. He was a constant adversary of the Commune, and the articles which he wrote against its insane leaders form his interesting book entitled "Paris pendant les Deux Siéges." When peace had returned, he seized every occasion to protest against the brutal seizure of Rome on September 20, 1870. One day the members of the right had almost interdicted the right of speech to M. de Belcastel, who wished to interpolate the government on this subject; and Veuillot severely attacked this Catholic majority for thus appearing to abandon the cause of the Head of the Church. For this action he was blamed by many persons of his own party; and even Pius IX., so partial to the *Univers*, complained of his too zealous defenders. Veuillot bowed to the rebuke, declaring himself ready to break his pen if it was deemed a danger or useless. But a few days afterward Mgr. Mermillod, then Vicar-Apostolic of Geneva, and supposed to be, in this matter, an authorized interpreter of the sentiments of the Pontiff, informed the entire staff of the journal that Pius IX. blessed their work. When Marshal MacMahon was called to the presidency, May 24, 1873, Veuillot welcomed the loyal soldier who seemed disposed to favor a monarchical restoration. We need not detail how such efforts failed, and how the Duke of Magenta showed himself pliant to the dictates of the secret societies —probably because he belonged to them. Enough here to note that this administration disliked the *Univers*. Twice the journal was suspended: once at the request of Bismarck, it was thought, for having published a letter of the Bishop of Périgueux on the religious persecutions in Germany; and again for an article which displeased the Spanish Cabinet of the day.

In this short sketch we have confined our remarks to the public life of a great soldier of the Church: his private life, "*est de l'intimé*," as Eugénie de Guérin would say. Even his brother hesitated to trench upon this privacy: "To speak of his habits would be a puerility; and as for his joys and griefs, I have shared them too entirely to display them before the indifferent." But a trace of his joys and griefs is to be found in his works. It is believed that one chapter of "Çà et Là" gives the history of his marriage; and in his masterpiece, "La Chambre Nuptiale," are depicted many of his chagrins. After the death of his beloved wife, Louis Veuillot found a faithful companion in an adored sister, Mlle. Elise Veuillot, whose portrait he outlines in "Çà et Là": "Your sweet and noble countenance is beautified in our eyes as to those of the angels, by the cares which have prematurely impressed their mark. For the love of God you refused yourself to the service of God, and for charity's sake you deprived yourself of

* Veuillot is there, and Veuillot means victory.

the joys of charity. You do not fully enjoy the peace of the cloister, nor the care of the poor, nor an apostolate in the world; and your great heart has known how to forego all that is grand and perfect like itself. A servant to your brother, a mother to his orphans, you have sunk your life in little duties. You have given away your youth, liberty, and future; you are no longer yourself, but one who is no more, a dead wife and a buried mother. You are a virgin widow, a religious without a veil, a spouse without her rights, a mother without the name. You sacrifice your days and your vigils to children who do not call you mother, and you have shed a mother's tears upon the graves of those who were not your children. And amid all this labor, this abnegation and trial, you seek and you find for repose other infirmities to succor, other weaknesses to strengthen, other wounds to heal. May you be blessed by God as you are by our hearts!" Louis Veuillot went to his reward on the 7th of April, 1883.

A profound and judicious critic, the Abbé Le Noir, comparing Veuillot, the journalist of the sovereign and infallible Papacy, with his two sole rivals in modern journalism, the Abbé de Genoude, the journalist of legitimism, and Émile de Girardin, the journalist of liberty, says: "Genoude had a doctrinal principle, but one divided against itself, which established death in life or life in death; he was rejected by the nation. Girardin had no governmental system, and he was defeated by all our governments, not one of which either understood or desired liberty. Veuillot had a fixed, clear, and simple system, which the French clergy adopted; the Papacy upheld him even against the bishops, and he ended by obtaining a complete triumph in the Catholic Church. Veuillot created a style which was adapted to the clergy of his time; he found the tone which was to touch their heart-strings; he gave them in his journal the aliment they craved, and he became omnipotent with his readers. Certain prelates tried to crush him: they merely rendered his vitality greater. In the eyes of Rome and his public he was right, and afterward the Council of the Vatican solemnly proclaimed his thesis."

Feast of the Holy Name.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REV. F. X. WENINGER, S. J., BY S. X. BLAKELY.

I.

TO Thy sweetest Name we offer
Fervent homage, praise and love;
May bright angels bear our tribute,
Jesus, to Thy throne above!
Bliss untold and holy rapture,
See, our inmost hearts inflame,
Whilst our lips entone the praises,
Jesus, of Thy blessed Name!

II.

Eden's joys were lost forever,
Men grew faint with toil and tears;
But a blessed hope and promise,
Jesus, through Thy Name appears.
Who for man will open heaven,
Who unbar those gates so wide?
Bend the knee in adoration—
Jesus will, the Crucified.

III.

Full of peril is life's pathway,
Do not falter or despair:
One sweet Name will surely save us—
Jesus! Jesus! 'tis a prayer.
O what countless precious graces,
O what solace to the heart,
In our weary strife with evil,
Jesus, does Thy Name impart!

IV.

Joyfully we hailed Thy birthday,
Then the holy Magi came;
Now we celebrate the festa,
Jesus, sacred to Thy Name.
To that Name be endless honor,
Glory, praise and ardent love;
May bright angels bear our tribute,
Jesus, to Thy throne above!

The Glitter of Gold.

III.

"FOR the love of God, your Highness," said the duenna, approaching the Princess, "we must leave here immediately! I saw the Count's huntsman and several servants dismount and take the road toward the Hinterriss. The Duke of Coburg, I have been informed, is expected there in a few days, with a great company of hunters. Only think if Count Burgsdorf were to find us here!"

"That, of course, would never do," answered Hella, knitting her brows. "It is one thing to tell my uncle hereafter of my first independent venture, and quite another to be taken by him in the act. But whither, Schönfeld?"

"I entreat you, Most Gracious Princess, to take the nearest road to Grätz. I shall have no peace until I see you safe under the roof of the Countess Aldringen."

"No, dearest Schönfeld. I have only just begun to enjoy my liberty, and am not of the mind to give it up so readily."

The Princess moved on toward the Fürstenhaus, plunged in thought, plucking to pieces the beautiful roses which she had gathered with such delight on the mountains. Drawing a deep breath, she paused on the terrace and looked around her.

With gentle caress the waves dashed upon the shore, kissing the foot of the hills, whose heads rose toward heaven. Here and there a skiff glided over the surface of the water, alive with joyous occupants. There was an almost painful contraction of Hella's heart as she listened to the clear tones of the voices harmoniously singing together in the calm evening, and as she thought of her own isolation. Were not all those that rocked themselves yonder in the frail skiff happier and richer than she, the envied Princess Helena von Hohenstein-Bedburg?

"Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath,"*

burst forth suddenly in deep tones over the tranquil lake, and all other voices were hushed. The rowers dropped their oars and listened in silence to the solemn tones.

The Princess also listened, enchanted, as she looked out at the little boat, which rested exactly in the line of the last rays of the setting sun. She recognized the singer as the dark, silent gentleman who at the dinner table had seemed to her to be the only personage of any consequence in that mixed company. When, after a while, she inquired of the lady beside her who he was, she was told:

"A professor of geology,—at least he has been for some days rambling, with his little hammer, among the rocks and ravines of the Tristenkopf and the Sonnenjoch, and has brought back the strangest things with him. Although extremely polite and attentive, Mr. Stetten is very reserved."

The melody trembled and died away in the gentle evening breeze, and the boat rapidly approached the shore.

"I have it, Schönfeld!" said Hella to her lady of honor, whose eyes were fixed anxiously on her countenance. "We shall go to the Ampezzo Valley. My opposite at the dinner table to-day was untiring in his praises of the beauty of the dolomites: it is a strange, fabulous world. And we shall thus kill two birds with one stone: O most conscientious of all duennas! we shall be on our way to Grätz. Should we by any misfortune be caught, we have simply sent the servants ahead, and have chosen the roundabout way through the Tyrol in order to avoid the wearisome journey through Vienna, which I have made at least a dozen times."

"Yes, certainly, if only—"

"No 'ifs,' please, dear Schönfeld; do not spoil this grand evening for me by any hateful 'ifs.'"

* It is decreed in the counsels of God.

"Well, then, at least a 'but,' Most Gracious Princess," answered the court lady, fully resolved to introduce a weighty matter. "Do you not think it would be proper to summon the chamber-maid? Without the help of the good, trustworthy Backer—"

"I find myself perfectly well off without her help," the Princess interrupted. "And what can you criticise in my toilet, dear Schönfeld? It was not to no purpose that I practised this art for four weeks beforehand, as some people practise languages before they set out to travel. My trunk, it is true, is a little in disorder; but the confusion amuses me, and in time I shall learn order perforce. And now enough of those unpleasant topics. Look yonder to Seespitz. How wonderfully the snow-fields of the Zillerthal Alps glow in their fiery red! How like purple roses the bright clouds are! And the church looks so peaceful in the bend of the shore, its sharp tower seeming to point straight into heaven."

The eyes of the young girl glowed, she folded her arms instinctively.

The singer had meanwhile landed and fastened his boat, and he caught the last words; he glanced up, and allowed his eyes to rest with unmistakable pleasure on the countenance of the young maiden.

"What a singular contrast," he murmured to himself, as he walked away and then turned to look back again, "between that piquant countenance, with those lines of determination about the mouth, and those enthusiastic words! But she is charming, as I already noticed at noon."

At the supper table the chief subject of conversation was the expected coming of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Some of the guests had just arrived from Munich, it was said, and another portion would come in the morning from Jenbach; huntsmen and servants had already arrived during the day with the necessary provisions.

Fräulein von Schönfeld could hardly swallow a morsel. She kept her eyes fixed on the door, expecting every moment that it would open and admit some acquaintance. Her eyes once caught those of the Princess, who seemed to await the development of events quite calmly, as she chatted and joked with her neighbor, a lively Viennese woman, and did full justice to the frugal meal. And, indeed, the high-born lady troubled herself very little as to whether her frolic were discovered or not. She would be able to extricate herself easily enough, and with a laugh or word of flattery would disarm any opponent; whereas the whole weight of princely indignation would fall on *her*, the innocent actor in this mad comedy. Such were the reflections of Fräulein von Schönfeld.

At last the martyrdom of supper was over, the immediate danger was passed. Now she could go and take refuge in the protecting solitude of her chamber. But no! To the dismay of the lady, the Princess would walk up and down the shores of the lake. Nay, more: at the invitation of a young married couple from Northern Germany, she took a row with them on the lake.

"Adieu, dearest Fräulein Felden!" she cried out, jestingly, as she set her foot in the boat. "Be not cast down if I sail away never to return."

"Fräulein Felden is your aunt, is she?" asked the young wife.

"A very dear friend. I have few, if indeed any, nearer or dearer to me."

The Princess grew sad and silent. Should the lake in reality swallow her, who would care, who would shed a tear for her? The Altdorfs would go into mourning for a month, and then would quite contentedly take possession of the rich inheritance. Uncle Fritz would feel it a little more keenly; but after a few days the old bachelor would return to his favorite dish, truffle-pie and Haut-Sauterne, with as much relish as ever. No one would miss her in the least; to no one would her going or staying, her life or death, be a matter of any importance.

A feeling of pity for herself, poor solitary creature as she was, crept over her. Hella joined her hands in silent pain as she saw how the young woman beside her gazed in quiet happiness on the countenance of her husband. What a blessed thing it is even in poverty to possess the love of one's own—whether parents, husband and wife, or children,—and to be happy in their happiness! Notwithstanding the still summer night and the gentle breath of the waves, Princess Hella felt the clanking of her chains and shuddered.

IV.

"Thank God we have happily escaped the danger!" said Fräulein von Schönfeld, as the two ladies entered one of the low mountain wagons which was to take them from Toblach to Schluderbach.

"Schönfeld, your everlasting anxiety is enough to provoke me to wish that we were discovered. It would be grand; just like the final act of a *vaudeville*, a surprising and moving tableau."

The Princess laughed her merry laugh at these words; whilst Fräulein von Schönfeld's countenance assumed a painful expression, as if she really tasted all the bitterness of such an hour.

"What great matter is it, after all," continued Hella, "if under your protection I see the world in a different light from what princely etiquette is pleased to dictate to me? You must remember that *l'état c'est moi*, in the fullest sense of the word. I am a Princess, with only my own important person to rule over; and why should I hold onto the train of any *sérénissima*, and look no farther than it reaches? No, dearest Schönfeld: I have at last happily escaped from my golden cage, and do not intend to fly back at once behind its bars. But look at those mountains! Do they not resemble the towers and roofs of some monstrous castle built by giant hands, looking down on us fiercely, and threatening to bar our way? I should not be surprised if some guardian genius were suddenly to spring from behind that grey mass of stone and challenge us with lowered lance. And truly, Schönfeld, there he is!"

A dark form separated itself from the rock,—a tall, powerful figure, with a light tourist's bag on his shoulders, a staff, and, as it seemed to Hella, a shining hammer in his hand. As the open wagon passed the stranger, he took off his hat in salutation.

"The professor from the Partisau!" said the Princess, laughing. "I wonder if he is here looking for stones."

"It is quite possible," answered Fräulein von Schönfeld, somewhat peevishly, as she looked back at the young man, who moved along the road with light, elastic step. "I hope we shall meet him no more, your Highness."

"Why so, Schönfeld? He is a proper man, with a face that tells of his deep learning. Through his bright spectacles he looks almost as learned as Professor Helmke, of happy memory, on whom I played all imaginable kinds of tricks, and who never lost patience with the wild, rattle-pated girl. I have become acquainted with people of all classes of life," continued the Princess, counting on her fingers. "There was the Prussian assessor, with his pretty little wife; there was the good Frau Meng, of Vienna; the jolly Munich woman in the Partisau; yesterday in Niederndorf I met the conceited Baron and the sedate Senator of the free Hanseatic cities; but I have not yet met any princes. Do you not think, Schönfeld, that there are disguised princes concealed under these everyday faces,—for instance, that this professor may be a nobleman in disguise?"

"As if I should not discover it on the instant if it were so!" replied the lady of honor, puckering her nose. "That indefinable air, that *je ne sais quoi* which surrounds the higher aristocracy, reveals itself at the first glance to a person of experience."

"Maybe so," said Hella; "however, I have not come out in search of princes,

but of men. O Schönfeld, what deep and mysterious solitude! How still is the green water, how ghostly the mirroring of the hills and skies! In presence of nature as it lies before us, I feel so small, so insignificant, that it seems to me a profanation in sight of these crowned giants"—she pointed with her finger to the rose-tinted glaciers of Monte Cristallo—"to speak of high-born or low-born. O my God, how beautiful is Thy world!"

The Princess became silent, and fixed her enraptured gaze on the charming picture before her, which was only too soon wrapped in the gloom of approaching night. It was nearly dark when the light wagon drew up at the Inn of Schluderbach.

"What strange doings are going on here!" whispered Hella to her companion, who recoiled, as from the partially lighted house they caught a subdued sound of voices, notes of a guitar, and the shuffling and pattering of feet.

"Almost like a picture of Rembrandt's," added the Princess, stopping, delighted, at the threshold. In the glaring light from the fire on the hearth, which was reflected on the open court, forms were seen moving back and forth, as they might be seen on the painter's canvas: powerful Tyrolese, in their rough blouses, short breeches, and coarse stockings; Italian ballad singers, peddlers, ramblers, and adventurers of all nations, who tried to make themselves understood in their various dialects.

"It is impossible to stay here, Most Gracious—"

"Silence!" commanded the Princess, turning to the slowly advancing porter. "Are the rooms ready for Miss Felden and Miss Stein, please? Yesterday we sent an order from Niederndorf to prepare rooms for us."

"They are, your Ladyship," answered the old man, taking charge of the trunk, but letting the ladies attend to their valises. "We came near having no place, but we managed finally."

Carefully gathering up her grey silk gown, Fräulein von Schönfeld hastened through the throng; whilst Hella looked around with eager eyes, and seemed as if she would never tire of wondering at the strange life and doings revealed to her. She felt all the delight of a child who has just received a new picture-book, and turns over the leaves in joyful expectation of what the next page has in store for him.

(To be continued.)

Traces of Travel.

The Green Isle.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—Cork.

SHE has been called the Capital of the South, this proud and poverty-stricken Cork. Says the historian: "Corroch, or Corcagh, the Irish name of Cork, is, like all Irish names of places, strikingly descriptive. It signifies a swamp, to which the situation of the city, on two marshy islands, fully entitles it." Nay, but has not Spenser, prince of poets, sung of

> "The spreading Lee, that like an island fair
> Encloseth Cork with his dividing flood"?

And has she not bred great men?—James Barry—one of his first great paintings was the conversion of a King of Cashel by St. Patrick, and it won him the patronage of Edmund Burke; Daniel Maclise; the witty Maginn; racy and rare "Father Prout"; Crofton Croker; and, not least of these, Sheridan Knowles.

Cork was long the home of a pagan temple. St. Fionn Bar, the anchorite from Gougane-Barra, founded a monastery on the site of it, in the beginning of the seventh century; his seminary was attended by seven hundred scholars, "who flocked in from all parts." Two centuries later the

Danes overran the kingdom. The Corkites frequently went forth and battled bravely. In 1493 the city sheltered the impostor King, Perkin Warbeck, for which act she was deprived of her charter and had her mayor duly drawn and quartered.

In 1609 King James I. restored the charter. Cork turned to the Stuarts—but in walked Cromwell with his crazy crew, and sowed desolation in his path. This Cromwell caused the church bells to be melted down and cast into ordnance. There is a theme for your poets; it is one of the most poetical passages in the life of this ruffian, and, not inappropriately, with characteristic obstinacy it begins at the wrong end. Turn church bells into ordnance! It is written that "on being remonstrated with against committing such a profanity, Cromwell replied that as a priest had been the inventor of gunpowder, he thought the best use for bells would be to cast them into cannon." A grim joke, worthy of the grimmest of jokers.

To my eye, the "spreading Lee" is not lovely when it comes within the shadow of Cork; nor is the city over-fair. There are a few handsome buildings in the suburbs, and pretty enough villas scattered all over the slopes of the neighboring hills,—the hills that enclose the valley of the Lee. The quays are famous: the arrival and departure of 5,000 ships annually serve to make them so; vessels of 600 tons burthen can float there at low water, albeit Cork is twelve miles from the Atlantic.

It is not a comely church, this St. Ann's of Shandon. It was begun in 1722. Its homely bell tower was constructed of hewn stone pilfered from the Franciscan abbey, where King James II. was wont to hear Mass. But there were not stones enough available, and so the ruins of Lord Barry's castle supplied the remainder; thus three sides of the steeple are built of limestone, and the fourth of red stone. Truly an unlovely chapel, and as plain within as it is uninviting without.

I wandered through the churchyard which surrounds St. Ann's; looked in at the prim pulpit, and the little organ set half way down the side wall. A few memorial slabs scarcely serve to break the severe plainness of the interior. An old-fashioned clock stands in the rear of the gallery—but it was stock-still when I laid eyes on it; perhaps it ticks on the seventh day only, "which is the Sabbath," and rests from its labors on the other six.

With a heavy heart I climbed into the steeple and looked in upon the bells, the echoes of whose chimes have resounded to the very ends of the earth. They were very still, those fine old bells—their shoulders covered thick with dust and cobwebs. From the top of the tower I looked down on the fairest view in Cork—the winding Lee, the green and wooded hills that gather lovingly about it, and many a league of fertile land stretching away toward the cloudy horizon.

A dash of rain drove me round the gallery onto the sheltered side of the tower; and then I heard the bells swinging just below me, and the famous chimes rolled out their plaintive and monotonous refrain. Surely I should have been happy at that moment, inasmuch as the longing of a lifetime was at last gratified. And so I was, no doubt; but I'd have been far happier could I have forgotten how all these years I've been dreaming of the Lee as of a broad and placid river fringed with rushes. Shandon was, in my dream, a village of Acadian loveliness; and in its midst towered the grey old walls of the village church, its ivy-curtained windows reflected in the silver bosom of the stream that flowed noiselessly below it. And in day-dreams the chorus of those bells swam down the tranquil air in faint and fading harmonies, divinely sweet.

O Father Prout, Father Prout! To you I am indebted for a dream and an awakening, the one joyous and the other sad. It was you who furnished the theme on

which the lively imagination of youth hung fondly, while fancy painted its enticing picture. It was you who sang:

"On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

As I stood in the belfry, below me I saw a miserable congregation of dwellings, good and bad. Across the way there was a butter-market of extraordinary dimensions. Surely thy music, O Shandon bells! pictures fairer scenes than these; and the memory of thy melody has rung in the ears of many a wanderer beyond seas, when, fortunately, the unsavory odors—the only incense that rises before thee in this latter day—have perished on the gale.

The River Lee winds between verdant banks, among diminutive islands and beside lordly castles, for ten delightful miles below the Queen City of the South; and then it flows into the broad and handsome Cove of Cork, with Queenstown seated at the junction. Every traveller is loud in his praises of the river and the Cove, and surely there is nothing in the Green Isle much finer.

Blackrock Castle, with its turrets and towers, whence William Penn, converted to Quakerism, set sail for America; villas bearing romantic names—Tivoli, Sanssouci, and the like—delight the eye as the little steamer paddles down the quiet stream. On every hand the scenery is enchanting; groves overshadow the shore; fleets of tiny craft sail to and fro, or drift idly in the gentle zephyr that blows too softly to be of much practical service to navigation; the scattering villages, the rich meadowlands, the grey, rain-filled sky,—all impart a pastoral charm that fully compensates for the disappointments one is pretty sure to encounter on a close inspection of Cork.

At Passage, a watering-place on the Cove, many a poet has turned his couplets. But it remained for Father Prout to set all the elements to music:

"Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charmin',
With sailors' garments
Hung out to dry;
And each abode is
Snug and commodious,
With pigs melodious
In their straw-built sty."

All this the tourist who, at New York, books for Liverpool direct is sure to miss. The ocean steamers lie off the Irish shore, and are visited by small tenders, the sight of which is enough to make a man lose confidence in the greatest navigation company in the world. The cabinless cockleshells that run out from Queenstown laden with qualmish passengers are the first and last drop of bitterness in the cup of joy which so many thousands go abroad in search of.

It is a pleasant and a profitable excursion, by train, to Youghal, on the Blackwater, where a steamer is in readiness to take you up the largest river in Ireland. Sir Walter Raleigh was chief magistrate of Youghal in 1588–89. Under the yew-trees at "Myrtle Grove"—his former residence—it was his wont to sit with pipe in mouth, for he loved the "nicotian weed"; and there he conned the pages of the new poem, "The Faërie Queen." The fine old Elizabethan house, with its many gables, was a worthy shelter for the "noble and valorous knight," who here introduced the cultivation of the homely and wholesome American plant, with the esculent tubers, popularly known as the Irish potato. It was his custom, between the crops, to pay frequent visits to the poet Spenser, up at Kilchoman, where they had royal times—if I interpret rightly that dainty pastoral "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." Ah, those were rare days, when the boys sat down together to pipe their tobacconals!

The wind was blowing furiously; there was a roar as of stormy seas in the groves of Blarney, and a frown on the face of the usually placid little lake. All that is left of the castle, a mere shell, stands somewhat

apart from the village and the lake, though it is near the mansion now occupied by the possessors of the estate.

I was admitted to the castle by a woman, who bade me climb the winding stair till I came to the top; nor did she omit to caution me against falling off on the way up. I climbed and climbed and climbed; three or four times on my way to the turrets I might have plunged headlong from the brink of doorless passages that open into the interior. Why? Because from turret to foundation stone there is not a solitary floor left in the building. The castle is like an enormous square chimney, pierced with a multitude of small windows. By the side of the spiral stairs that screw their way up one corner of the castle, there are chambers hardly large enough to serve as sleeping rooms, though perhaps once used for that purpose; their walls are of amazing thickness.

The top of the castle wall is quite broad enough for a footpath. The outer ruin, or parapet, is larger than the castle itself, and is held in its place by brackets, or protruding stones. Anywhere upon the dizzy path one can look down the outer side of the wall, between it and the outer parapet—could indeed easily drop through the open spaces between the brackets;—and the thought of this, quite possible, abrupt exit from the stage of life, on a windy day, when the ruin seems to fairly reel under one, is by no means exhilarating.

The Blarney Stone is clasped to the wall by strong iron bands. It is below the top of the wall, a very long distance from the ground; and in order to kiss it one must let himself down head-first, and hang by his toes, as it were. It is advisable to have the aid of a muscular assistant in performing this perilous feat; he can draw you up from below when you have accomplished your purpose.

I was alone on the walls of Blarney Castle. The wind whistled about my ears; all the grass and fern tufts that have sprouted among the decaying mortar hissed spitefully. I cautiously crept to the edge of the wall; and, while the earth seemed to swim under me, and the walls of the old castle to sway to and fro, I reached down, down, and yet farther down, clinging like a cat to the crumbling edge of the wall, and—well, never mind! I have lived to tell the tale thus far. There is a twin-stone on the ground-floor, which is more conveniently saluted; and this one is a frequent substitute for the original.

For more than four centuries this castle has been the sole feature of importance in a very pretty though rather lonely landscape. The square tower, with its machicolated battlement—all that is left of the castle,—has been visited by pilgrims from every clime; but I fear many of them have asked themselves at a later day, "Was it worth while?" The woman who holds the keys of the castle, and who talks as glibly as if she had been raised on Blarney stones, thinks it *is* worth while. The man on the lawn who sells souvenirs in bog-oak agrees with her.

But let us fly to Father Prout, and cleave to him if we would see Ireland as she was, and is, and ever shall be—a joy forever! He sings of Blarney Castle:

"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses,
Ah! he never misses
To grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament.

"A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer
To be let alone!
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From Blarney Stone."

THE artist shows his character in the choice of his subject. . . . Goethe never painted a Madonna.—*Longfellow.*

Protestants and Catholic Truth.

GOOD thoughts were expressed in a paper on "The Attitude of the Educated Protestant Mind toward Catholic Truth," read at the first session of the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press in New York, by Prof. W. C. Robinson, of Yale College. He said that since he became a Catholic, thirty years ago, he had associated with conspicuous Protestants in all walks of life, and that he found they knew comparatively nothing of the doctrines of the Church. What Protestants needed was knowledge, not argument. "Numerous instances," he said further, "lie along the path of every intelligent Catholic who comes into contact with the earnest, conscientious multitude around us, and force upon his mind the conviction that their great need is light and knowledge; and that our duty toward them in their present condition is to place before them a correct and complete statement of the Church's doctrine, in language so simple and intelligible that they can not fail to understand. The day is past when attacks on so-called 'Protestant errors' can serve any useful purpose. Any statement of Catholic truth, to be really serviceable to the people I describe, must be not only correct, but complete."

Well said! Catholics very often forget that the most forcible refutation of religious error to a sincere, inquiring non-Catholic is a full and lucid exposition of the truth. To argue is often to irritate. Surely one who has truth on his side can afford to be temperate, and should never lose sight of the fact that those whom he seeks to convince have first to be enlightened. There can be no doubt that many Protestants would embrace Catholicity if they knew and understood what the teachings of the Church really are. The "city seated on a mountain" must be pointed out to them through the mists of ignorance in which they are enveloped. Correct and complete expositions of Catholic doctrine are the only efforts in this direction at all likely to be successful. As Prof. Robinson declared, 'attacks on so-called Protestant errors can serve no useful purpose.' The bones of dead sects have been rattled long enough. The need is information, not argumentation, least of all denunciation. The man who embraces the opportunities constantly offered of placing before inquiring non-Catholics clear statements of Catholic truth, and who lives up to the faith of his profession, can do more toward the conversion of the United States than he has any idea of.

Notes and Remarks.

Some idea of the magnitude of the evil threatening the youth of this country from evil literature may be gained from the consideration of the fact that the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice has gathered up over fifty-eight tons weight of immoral books, pictures, etc. Think of the hundreds of tons weight that has not been gathered up, but has been disseminated throughout the cities and towns of the land; and then calculate the enormous harvest of crime which must surely follow such a seed-sowing!

At the meeting of the Prison Association of New York held last week the subject discussed was "The Child Criminal." No one could be better qualified to speak on it than Mr. Anthony Comstock, who declared that the chief cause of crime among children was vicious literature. Incidentally he said that the daily newspapers did not realize the harm they were doing by publishing accounts of "revolting crimes, detailing every circumstance in the most minute manner." Nor do parents seem to realize the danger to their children by receiving such journals into their homes.

M. Léon Bourgeois, Minister of Public Instruction in France, seems to be devoured with zeal for the public welfare. In his paternal solicitude for the interests of the rising

generation, he has written to the prefects of various departments forbidding the teaching of the Catechism even outside the regular school hours. What has roused his ire is the addition to the ordinary handbook of religion of two chapters entitled "Duties of Parents" and "Duties of Citizens."

The English Province of the Society of Jesus recently sustained a severe loss by the death of Brother Henry Foley. Born in 1811, he was brought up as a Church of England Protestant. His conversion occurred at the time of the Tractarian Movement. Brother Foley's labor has been principally in the field of English literature; and his most noted work, "Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus," is a veritable treasure-house for future historians of the Church in Great Britain. While the profound humility of the Brother prevented him from aspiring to the priesthood, his piety and mental powers would have adorned that or any other sphere. *R. I. P.*

The Golden Jubilee of the work for destitute children, which was established by the sainted Don Bosco, was recently celebrated with appropriate solemnity by the Salesians of England. The good accomplished by this holy priest is being perpetuated in innumerable asylums all over the world. The good that good men do lives after them, as well as the evil of the wicked.

Of the widow of Charles Kingsley, whose death, at the age of seventy-seven, recently occurred, it is remarked that she was the only person in England who believed that her husband did not come off second best in his controversy with Cardinal Newman,—a fact that tells more for her wifely devotion than for her sanity of judgment.

The Benedictine sisterhood in this country lost an old and valued member by the recent death of Mother Alexia, Prioress of St. Walburg's Convent, Covington, Ky., and superior of a flourishing boarding and day school in that city. She was a religious of most exemplary life, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of her Order, and wholly devoted to the great work in which she was engaged. Her intellectual gifts and amiable disposition caused her to be admired and loved wherever she was known. Her loss is sincerely mourned by her fellow-religious and by her pupils, who are to be found in many parts of the West. Mother Alexia has left noble monuments of her zeal and devotedness in the diocese of Covington and elsewhere—academies, schools, and asylums. Her life was one of suffering. She endured untold trials in the early days of her foundations, and her last illness was painful and prolonged. God rest her soul!

Prominent among the Catholic churches of this country, for the artistic beauty of the pictures and frescoes that adorn its interior, is St. John's Church, Orange, N. J. Among the more notable paintings we may mention a copy of Raphael's Madonna of the Chair. It is a fine old painting, which was once the property of Cardinal Pacca, and may have been the work of one of Raphael's contemporaries. The church has for some months past been in the hands of accomplished artists, and the decorations at present are admirably calculated to inspire devotional sentiments.

An open letter has been addressed to the President and Faculty of Harvard College, in the interests of morality. In reply the authorities plead that they have no jurisdiction over the morals of their students. Whereupon the *Pilot* comments:

"Inasmuch as the police appear to be equally powerless in the premises, there does not seem to be any alternative for parents except to keep their boys away from Harvard, or supply them with revolvers."

The Rt. Rev. Eugene O'Connell, whose death we noticed a few weeks ago, was throughout his life a fervent and constant child of Our Lady. The *Western Watchman* notes as a significant incident that, with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, he breathed his last during the ringing of the Angelus.

Two of the best known of the many eminent Jesuits in the United States were lately called to the reward of their devoted labors—viz., the Rev. Father Patrick Dealy and the Rev. Father Duranquet. The former in the

course of his lengthy career has occupied many responsible positions, all of which he filled with singular ability and success. During his term of office as President of St. John's College, Fordham, improvements were introduced tending greatly to the subsequent efficiency of that institution. Father Dealy was the organizer of the first American pilgrimage, and the founder of the Xavier Union, a power for good among young men.

Father Duranquet was for many years attached to St. Xavier's Church in New York, and served as chaplain of the Tombs. The most hardened criminals were softened by his influence. He often spent whole nights with those under sentence of execution. His simplicity of manner, cheerfulness, and unaffected piety won the hearts of all with whom he was brought into contact. He was one of several brothers who became Jesuits. *R. I. P.*

According to the latest official statistics of the Church in the British Empire, there are 28 archbishops and 97 episcopal sees; and 23 vicariates and 10 prefectures apostolic. Including 12 coadjutors and bishops-auxiliary, the number of archbishops and bishops now holding office in the Empire is 153. In England and Wales, 17; in Scotland, 5; in Ireland, 29; in Malta, Gozo, and Gibraltar 3; in Canada, 36; in Africa, 7; in Asia, 31; in Australasia, 25. The numbers of the clergy given in the United Kingdom are: in England 2,478; in Scotland, 352; in Ireland, 3,394.

As usual the Holy Father was the recipient of innumerable congratulations on the occasion of the New Year. The message of Emperor William was couched in these words: "I pray to God that He may preserve a life so precious to the interests of religion and the maintenance of friendly relations with this Empire." The head of the German Empire praying for the Pope!

Our readers will find it to their interest to consult from time to time the advertising pages of THE "AVE MARIA." There is hardly a person that does not need certain goods offered therein for sale. Only reputable firms are represented; and among them are some from whom, we have reason to believe, purchasers can obtain merchandise more cheaply and more expeditiously than from any other quarter. As we are constantly refusing advertisements that seem calculated to deceive the public, we are glad to have those answered to which we give place.

A writer in a new periodical, the *Beacon Magazine*, discusses the old, old question of Shakespeare's religious faith. The conclusion to which he comes is the correct one, as expressed in his own words; although the sense in which he uses the term Catholic is probably not that which we give to it. "But after all is said that can be said, there can be no reasonable doubt that William Shakespeare held the truly Catholic faith in the truly Catholic way."

The death is announced of Mgr. Florentine-Tepano Janssen, first Vicar-Apostolic of Tahiti. He was an operator of immense good among the natives, and is unaffectedly mourned by them. Bishop Janssen celebrated, in 1890, the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood.

New Publications.

WATCHWORDS FROM JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. Edited by Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Printed by Joseph George Cupples, and published by him at the Back Bay Bookstore.

Somehow, the old-fashioned, quaint arrangement of the title-page above quoted is suggestive of Beecher's description of a lover of books. "How gently he draws them down, as if they were little children!" he writes of the book-buyer. "He peers at the title-page, at the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding, the leather, the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover. He opens it and shuts it; he holds it off and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whole body with book-magnetism."

That is just what a book-lover must do when he first takes into his hands "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly"; and before many glances he will take it to his heart—or

to his library shelf of choicest books, which amounts to the same thing; for of all the holiday books, this is, as we have already taken occasion to say, one of the daintiest and best, as regards both matter and workmanship. The paper, the border-designs, the lettering,—all seem worthy the heart-words of that true poet, that Christian nobleman, who wrote: "When he succeeds in reaching men's hearts, all other successes are as nought to the poet. All other honors, emoluments, distinctions, are chips and tinsel compared with the separated and beloved light which surrounds him in the eyes and hearts of the people." Heed the title, "Watchwords,"—how significant of the man who wrote:

"O Blood of the people! changeless tide through century, creed and race!
Still one, as the sweet, salt sea is one, though tempered by sun and place.
.
One love, one hope, one duty theirs, no matter the time or ken,
There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men."

This timely and beautiful compilation is dedicated "To all to whom the words of John Boyle O'Reilly have been help and example and inspiration"—and they are legion. The tribute which Miss Conway has paid to the "selfless man and stainless gentleman" is a *consensus* of opinions, including words of appreciation from such personages as Cardinal Gibbons, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, and Wendell Phillips, entwined with her own pure flowers of praise into a garland, let us hope, of *immortelles*.

PHILIP; OR, THE MOLLIES' SECRET. By Patrick Justin McMahon. Philadelphia, Pa.: Kilner & Co.

The evils resulting from secret organizations are well set forth in this tale of the Pennsylvania coal regions. And were this the only good point, the book would be well worth perusal; but the story is full of interest, and holds the attention to the end. The hero, who has "the strength of ten, because his heart is pure," wins the reader's sympathy from the very beginning, which is quite a departure from the ordinary line of hero-painting in novels, where the darkest dyes make the strongest impression. The local coloring in "Philip" is true; and this atones in a measure for a something in the literary style of the author which suggests a straining after effect, and has a decidedly weakening tendency.

TOM PLAYFAIR; OR, MAKING A START. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. Benziger Brothers.

Boys who have read Father Finn's excellent story, "Percy Wynn," will need no pressing to peruse this latest effort of his facile pen. They will, perhaps, feel a little disappointed that the Tom Playfair of this book is a younger Tom than he who figured so prominently in the former work; but they will thoroughly enjoy his adventures, notwithstanding. St. Maure's College is the scene of most of the incidents, and the story is bright and entertaining. Father Finn, we trust, will not leave his hero now until he carries him through his course.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Dr. J. H. Mullin, who was called from this world on the 20th ult., at Phœnixville, Pa.

Mr. James Parron, of Valatie, N. Y., who passed away on the 27th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Spain, whose fervent Christian life closed peacefully on the 15th ult., at San Antonia, Fla.

Mr. Robert Beaton, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who departed this life on the 10th ult.

Mrs. M. A. Jamison, whose happy death took place at Wheeling, W. Va., on Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Mary Glenn, who breathed her last at Salem, N. J., on the 26th ult.

Mrs. Julia O'Farrell, of Kelseyville, Cal., who yielded her soul to God on the 18th ult.

Mrs. Hanora Shannahan, who died a holy death on the 28th ult., at Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Bridget McDermott, of Johnstown, Pa., whose good life was crowned with a happy death on the 23d ult.

Mr. John Harkins, Mrs. Catherine Atkins, Miss Anna O'Hare, and Mrs. Anna Cassidy,—all of Sacramento, Cal.; Miss Mary Schobert, Notre Dame, Ind.; Mr. Edward Shannahan, Castle Island, Co. Kerry, Ireland; Mrs. Ellen McConville, Charlestown, Mass.; Miss C. Redmond, Kingston, Canada; Mr. John McCarthy, Covington, Ky.; Mr. Joseph Mooney, Bangor, Me.; and Mrs. Martha Clark.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Quarrel.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

SHE said, 'I didn't.' I said, 'You did.'
An' I jammed my thumb with the sharp desk lid;
An' I pushed her, and she slapped me,—
An' that's the way it began, you see.

"Then she called me an ugly, hateful thing;
An' I said she wore an old brass ring;
An' she pulled off my long, jet beads,
An' said they were only melon seeds.

"Just then the ribbon fell off my plait,
An' she said, 'Oh, I'm glad of that!'
An' so when I tried to pick it up,
I stepped on her brand-new silver cup.

"An' she said I meant to—mamma, oh,
I'd never, never do that, you know!"
.
Round the corner a curly head
Came peeping slowly,—the eyes were red;
Half in sorrow and half in shame,
Nearer the other culprit came.

"Every word is true," said she;
"I'm just as sorry as I can be.
I'm the oldest: it was my place
To set a zample to little Grace."

"Come," said I, "to the garden shrine,
Where Mary waits with the Babe Divine."
And the tear-dimmed eyes were full of light
As they followed me down the pathway bright.

I knew the fountains of peace were stirred;
There I left them without a word,—
Only a kiss on the raven hair,
And one on the wavy ringlets fair.

There I found them when day was done,
In the last red rays of the setting sun;
Hand in hand 'mid the closing flowers,
Singing, "Mary, thy love be ours!"

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

VI.—A Quiet Household.

PORTO SANTO was one of the islands discovered by Prince Henry's men. Its finder, a gentleman of Portugal, was at once made governor-general of it; but in an excess of zeal he carried with him when he went to take possession some fine rabbits, which multiplied rapidly, and speedily ate every green thing on that once beautiful island. The governor, much disheartened, returned to Lisbon, where he would, if he had lived, have had the honor of becoming father-in-law to a future Admiral of Spain; for Columbus, meeting his daughter, straightway made her acquaintance and offered himself in marriage.

He was at this time about thirty-five years old, tall, fair, with red cheeks, and calm eyes, which were the color of the sky in his own land of Italy. His hair was already turning white. His manner was

always dignified, but genial and engaging. His temper was naturally fiery; though his good sense and strong will, together with the restraints of religion, enabled him to keep it under control. He was never known to use a word that was profane or coarse. He is said to have been fond of dress, but his good taste prevented him from indulging in that which was over-gaudy.

As regards the obligations of religion, Columbus was zealous and exact, observing the regulations of his faith with conscientious fervor, and ordering his life in strict accord with them. He recited the canonical office and kept the fasts of the Church with as much regularity as a professed religious; and every letter which he wrote began with the words:

Jesus cum Maria
Sit nobis in via.

We shall see later on many proofs of his special devotion to Our Lady and to St. Francis of Assisi.

At Lisbon he was in the habit of going to Mass every morning at the church of the Convent of All Saints. It was there he met the lady—probably a boarder or a pupil—who became his wife, and who was, as we have said, the daughter of the rabbit-routed governor of Porto Santo. The lady's Christian name was Felipa; that of her family was Perestrello, indicating her Italian descent. The young couple went to live with the mother of Felipa. She, like them, was poor, having little but a noble name, and a large quantity of manuscripts left by her husband. These she put into the hands of Columbus, who accepted them thankfully, and spent much time poring over them, hoping to find confirmation of the theories which were, more than ever now, whirling about in his busy brain.

In order to support his little family Columbus made maps and charts, which were eagerly sought after; for a fresh interest had sprung up in everything pertaining to discovery. Still, the map-drawing must have been rather an uncertain means of livelihood, and we fancy that there was much proud and patiently borne poverty in the quiet household of which our navigator was head. But there was regularly a little money spared for the old father in Genoa; and a little, too, to help toward the education of the brothers, one of whom, Bartholomew, had left the home nest, and was in Lisbon at that time.

The island home of Porto Santo needing some one to look after it, Columbus transported his family there for a season, and at Porto Santo his son Diego was born.

And now it is time to tell of what strange ideas people had of the earth in those days, and from whence Columbus gathered the knowledge which led him to a new world.

VII.—Diverse Opinions.

Columbus was by no means the only one who thought the world round instead of flat. Even before the birth of our Blessed Lord there were men who contended that if one travelled far enough, he would arrive at the place he started from. One philosopher wrote, as his opinion, that the ocean could be crossed, with a favoring wind, in a few days. Everything in the mind of Columbus went to prove this. It was not another continent, though (we must always bear this in mind), that he expected to find: it was the eastern shore of Asia. As to America, how could he have expected to reach it, since no one in Europe knew that it existed? Columbus knew of no Pacific Ocean, no great body of land between that and the Atlantic; but he did know that travellers to the East told of a country rich in everything for which men strive; and that, lying off its coast, there was a most extraordinary island named Cipango, and which we to-day call Japan. So you can readily understand how he hoped, after finding his way across the "Ocean Sea," as the Atlantic was called, to strike first that large island or little islands near it, then the mainland, ruled over, so Marco

Polo and others had told, by a potentate so rich and powerful that the sovereigns of Europe were poor and weak in comparison.

For many years there had been strange tales told by the dwellers upon the islands off the coast of Africa. They had, they declared, seen another island, fair and beautiful, lying far to the West. Some thought it the island where seven holy bishops, driven out of Spain by the Moors, had made a home and built cities. The Island of the Seven Cities some named it. Others called it the Isle of St. Brendan, saying that the Celtic Saint of that name had settled upon it in the sixth century. We know now all about that fabulous island; for we are sure that it never existed, being simply the creation of a mirage; but the map-makers went on for many years putting the Isle of St. Brendan in a conspicuous place upon their charts.

Sir John Mandeville, the English traveller, too, did his share in stimulating speculation, and told a story which was so much more wonderful than the truth itself that it will bear relating. The world must be round, he said; for a man from Norway had gone East on foot as far as man could go, and had there heard the people call their cattle with a peculiar kind of cry. On his return to Norway, his own cattle were lost; and, seeking them in the West, he heard the same call that he listened to when on his travels. Thus he found that he had gone almost around the world on foot, and had turned about and taken the journey all over again, when with another day's easy journey in the same direction he would have found himself at home! Such tales as this, absurd as they were, must have interested Columbus. And he began to hear of pieces of carved wood which had been blown across the ocean from the West; and, stranger than all, of the bodies of two men which had been washed by the waves onto the island of Flores,—men looking unlike any that had ever been seen by a European.

It was a most fortunate circumstance that the great navigator supposed the earth, and therefore the sea, to be much smaller than it is, and India much larger. If the truth had been guessed, the Western Continent might much longer have remained a mystery; but God, we can reverently believe, permitted him to be unconscious of the length of that momentous voyage he was destined to undertake. "A few days' sail with a favoring wind"—that was what he fortunately believed it.

To-day the crowded path of ocean travel is as well marked out as a village street. Great steamers plow the waters with the regularity of express trains, and with far greater chance of safety. But the listeners who shook their heads at the theories of Columbus thought of a voyage out into the Sea of Darkness, as they termed it, much as we would think to-day, in this year of Our Lord 1892, if some misguided enthusiast should undertake a voyage to the moon in a balloon!

(To be continued.)

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

III.—The Terrors of the Night.

Remorse and repentance kept Miles awake; fear and terrible forebodings disturbed Reginald. Miles went over in his mind the scene in front of Hans Gewitz's window. Why had he thrown such a hard snowball? Why had he not stayed in the shop and resisted that temptation to take the run around the square? He saw Reginald in jail—perhaps for life. For an instant a cruel feeling of pleasure ran through his mind at the thought of the good, the highly-praised Reginald locked within those gates, which it was often predicted would one day open for himself; but he rejected the thought as from the

devil. At this moment he freely forgave Reginald all the taunts, all the sneers, he had uttered,—yes, he even determined not to remember that Reginald ironed his trousers every afternoon and wore a "bang."*

Reginald said his prayers and made a hundred good resolutions. If he could only get out of this horrible scrape—worse, he believed, than had ever befallen any other boy,—he would never tell a lie or be bad again. He turned on one side and then on the other, groaned, moaned, and wept. He hoped that the night would be very long. As long as it was dark, he knew that he was safe; but in the morning would come the terrible baker, the policeman, and Moyamensing!

He shuddered and covered his head with the bedclothes. He had once been taken by his aunt for a visit to the jail. He had seen little black cars in which hard biscuits and soup were sent to the prisoners. And one prisoner, who grinned amiably at him through the iron bars, had sold him a drawing of Shakespeare for a quarter. It was downstairs on Mrs. Danby's mantelpiece. And where was the prisoner now? Perhaps the rats had eaten him; perhaps he had been hanged.

New horrors rose before Reginald. If he could be accused and taken to jail for breaking a pane of glass which he had not even touched, why could they not accuse him of murdering somebody he had never seen? The old ladies had whispered at Mrs. Danby's tea-table that the doctors sometimes wanted dead bodies, and that they were not at all particular how they got them. Suppose they should want his, after he were hanged for something he did not do? There would be no stopping them.

He thought of one of those gloomy stories in which the old ladies delighted,—the story of the maid and the magpie. And how the maid—she wore a frilled cap in the picture—had been hanged or burned in some old German city for stealing silver spoons which a magpie had hidden. Horrors piled on horrors in his mind; his tears wet the pillow. And they were all for himself: he never once thought of Mrs. Danby's anguish in case one-tenth of the disasters he imagined should come true. He was sure Miles had done the deed which had brought this misfortune on him,—sure. And to think that he was considered to be wicked; and Miles, against whom every hand was raised, exonerated from all blame! He groaned aloud. Miles heard him, and could endure it no longer; for Miles was very soft-hearted. He took a resolution and dressed himself.

Reginald was dozing, dreaming that the baker was seated on a mound of spectral Dutch cakes, and waving a great wooden shovel in the air—when he was suddenly awakened. It was morning and the officers of the law were on his track. No!—it was a relief to find that there was no light yet, and that Miles was at his elbow.

"Hush!" Miles whispered. "Put on your clothes; we must away."

Miles had read several novels, and "away" struck him as sweetly appropriate to the situation.

"We must—what?" asked Reginald, glad to be aroused from his thoughts and dreams.

"We must travel: we must not stay here, you know."

"Why?" asked Reginald; then remembrance fell on his heart like a lump of lead. "Oh, yes! But where?"

"I have got you into this scrape, Reginald," said Miles, seriously; "and I *must* get you out of it. I broke old Gewitz's window, but I didn't intend to do it; and, if he'd let me, I'd go to jail in your place. As it is, I can only help you to get away—and go with you."

"Go away?" repeated Reginald. "Go

* A critic in Philadelphia informs me that no bangs were worn in the late Sixties; but that the young "dude" plastered a half circle of hair on his forehead, and that the boys called it a "waterfall." This was what Reginald wore.

away? From the shop? From Aunt Danby? From school? From—"

"Toast and tea and the old ladies and the hot irons—"

"Oh, I can't!" said Reginald; "I can't! It's too nice here. I've always lived here; I always expected to live here. Who will knit my woollen stockings in the winter, or give me hot gruel and raisins when I am sick?"

"Oh, there's a man in the jail," began Miles, "who takes very good care of all the prisoners."

"I can't go to jail,—I *won't* go to jail!" exclaimed Reginald, sitting up in his iron bed and wringing his hands. "You ought to go and swear that you broke the window. You wouldn't mind being in jail so much, because you've never been used to the care I've had. And auntie wouldn't mind it so much, because you haven't been brought up like me. It's never been in you to suffer so much as I've suffered; I'm delicate, you know." And Reginald tried to cough.

Miles said nothing; he was used to this. He knew that his aunt would break her heart if Reginald should be sent to prison. He was grateful to his aunt; she had been kind to him in her way, and any kindness could never be forgotten by him. He had never learned to like Reginald; but he had come to the conclusion that he must sacrifice himself for Reginald's sake. He loved the old shop, the old neighborhood, all the associations; but he felt that he must give them up to save his aunt from pain and Reginald from disgrace.

He could work, and Reginald would have to learn to work. And by and by, when the broken window and the Dutch cake had been forgotten, they would return with pockets full of money, and surprise Aunt Danby.

"Dress yourself," said Miles, "and make a bundle of your other clothes. Have you any money?"

"Two and a half," said Reginald. "I intended to buy an accordion. I can't get my things ready now, for my blue-handled tooth-brush is in aunt's room."

"You'll not need a tooth-brush where we're going," replied Miles.

"I'd rather go to jail," said Reginald, crying. "Oh, why did this happen!"

"Get ready!" muttered Miles. "The dawn will break anon."

"Anon" sounded horrible to Reginald; it was a sweet morsel to his cousin.

"And can't I say good-bye to aunt?"

"Spare her the anguish of parting," said Miles. "Besides, she'd stop us, and then be sorry for it when you were past help in jail. Come,—we'll write to her from the vast forests."

Reginald, weeping silently, dressed himself, and made a careful packet of his best clothes.

(To be continued.)

A Stroke of Fortune.

The number thirteen, usually considered very unfortunate, proved to be the contrary to a poor soldier, a sentry at Windsor Castle, who had been accused of sleeping at his post. A court-martial was assembled, before which the soldier vehemently asserted his innocence; but the facts were against him, and there seemed no hope of an acquittal. Finally he made another plea. "I was awake at midnight," he declared; "I know I was."—"How do you know?" asked the judge.—"Because the church clock struck thirteen instead of twelve, as it should have done." Inquiry was made, and it was found that the man was right. At midnight on that particular occasion the clock had struck thirteen instead of twelve, as several persons testified. It had never before been subject to like vagaries, and the delighted soldier always considered the incident as nothing short of providential.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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On Finishing a Work in Mary's Honor.

BY BROTHER AZARIAS.

FAINT echoes these from out the gloom,
Unfit my Lady's worth. And so,
The lily's fragrance in its glow,
The rose's perfume in its bloom;

All holy thoughts, all deeds well done,
The sweetness of all virgin youth,
The beauty of all spoken truth,
All Virtue's flowers 'neath Love's sun;

The sum of all that's good and meet—
The sweetest songs from poet's lyre,
The noblest thoughts that bosoms fire,—
Let all as one my Lady greet:

Let all as one their voices raise
In music sweet beyond all strain
Of earthly sound, and in refrain
Sing out my Lady's love and praise.

The Espousals of the Blessed Virgin.

THERE is a general agreement among the Fathers and Doctors of the Church that St. Joseph was pointed out as the spouse of Mary by a marvellous sign from Heaven. St. Epiphanius, speaking in accordance with tradition, says that he was chosen by lot; and St. Jerome adds that the choice was ratified by an express manifestation of the divine will. He says: "All the unmarried men of the race of David, and among them Joseph, being summoned to appear, the high-priest bade each of them bring a rod with his name inscribed upon it; and whosoever's rod should be found the next day to have blossomed, he it was who should be the spouse of Mary. So it was done; and on the morrow, while the rods of all the rest had remained dry and barren, that of holy Joseph had budded and blossomed, and borne leaves and beautiful flowers. At the same time a white dove was seen to descend and light upon it." Thus, favored more than the supreme pontiff of the people of Israel, Joseph was manifestly chosen of God to fulfil, in regard to the Ark of the New Covenant, a priesthood whose dignity might well be envied by the angels of heaven. Just as when life began for man upon earth God placed one of the Cherubim at the entrance of the Garden of Eden, which enclosed the Tree of Life, so to the spouse of Mary was given the guardianship of that Virgin, typified by the terrestrial Paradise, who was to bring forth the Fruit of Life Eternal.

"In all probability," says St. Bernardine of Sienna, "St. Joseph had received a divine revelation that Mary had resolved to live a life of perpetual virginity. Assured of this, as he was himself bound by a vow of continence, he readily submitted to the custom of the country, and gave his consent to the marriage." And St.

Thomas, in his great questions on things pertaining to theology (*In Qæst. Sent.*), inquiring how it was that Mary consented to be espoused to Joseph when she had made a vow of virginity, thus replies to his own question: "The Blessed Virgin, before contracting marriage with Joseph, was assured by God Himself that he had formed a similar resolve." Many, too, are the Fathers of the Church who intimate, in their writings, that the angels of heaven, in their constant attendance upon her who was predestined to be their Queen, conveyed to Mary the glad, mysterious tidings that her chaste espousals formed part and parcel of the secret, eternal decrees of Divine Providence.

It is certain that without some such supernatural assurance Mary would not have entered into the matrimonial state. So deeply rooted in the heart of the humble Maiden was the desire of virginity, that she preferred it not merely to all the honors and distinctions the world might offer, but even to the inexpressible glory of the Divine Maternity. For when God sent one of His highest angels to make known to the humble Virgin of Nazareth her high destiny, and to declare to her that she was the one chosen to be the Mother of the Word Incarnate, she hesitated, and withheld her consent until the Angel assured her that the great mystery would be effected without danger to the treasure of her heart—her virginal purity. Thus, although bound by a solemn promise, she remained free to contract an alliance, a heavenly marriage, with the just and holy descendant of David.

According to a belief based upon tradition and the writings of the Fathers, Mary was fourteen years of age at the time of the espousals. Among the Jews maidens were reputed of marriageable age when they had reached their thirteenth year, and the custom of the country exacted that they should marry as soon as possible after that time. Divine wisdom seems to have made use of this custom in order to hasten the accomplishment of the work of infinite charity in satisfying the desires of the patriarchs, and especially of Mary, who constantly sighed and longed for the coming of the Messiah. We must remember that, although the Blessed Virgin numbered only fourteen years, she had a mind fully enlightened; prudence, in her, had not waited for mature years; and God had infused into her from her tenderest infancy all that knowledge which is ordinarily acquired by study or experience. And thus the Blessed Virgin in accepting Joseph as her spouse gave the most splendid confirmation to the high esteem in which his incomparable virtues were held. She also set the seal of her free consent to a marriage which had been decreed in the counsels of the ever-Blessed Trinity, and had formed the matter of solemn deliberation on the part of the heads of the Jewish Church. *

Between the betrothal and the marriage of Mary and Joseph a certain period, according to the custom of the Hebrew people, intervened. It is supposed in their case to have been two months: their mutual promises being interchanged in November, and the marriage itself probably taking place on the 23d of January, when the Church celebrates the Feast of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin.

We may well suppose that the beautiful customs of the people of Israel were strictly followed in the nuptials of Mary and Joseph. The ceremony took place in the Temple; and, after receiving the sacerdotal blessing, they were accompanied by their relatives and friends, walking in procession, with music and rejoicing and the waving of myrtle and palm-branches, to their abode, the house which Joachim and Anne had occupied near the Probatic Pool. Their friends then partook of the marriage-feast which had been prepared for them. An instance of this practice we see in the mar-

* "Marie Mère de Jésus." Par C. H. T. Tamar.

riage at Cana in Galilee, where the Mother of Jesus was present, to which Our Lord, as well as His disciples, was invited, and which He honored with His presence and first public miracle.

After the feast, and as the sun went down, the guests departed, leaving them alone with God and with their good angels, who, we may piously believe, were now called to witness the interchange of those secret words which revealed the vows hidden hitherto, of the existence of which, we have reason to be well persuaded, the Holy Spirit had already interiorly assured them. It was then that, according to the opinion of the Fathers of the Church, Mary and Joseph, while remaining bound together by the contract and tie of matrimony, renewed in a solemn and absolute form their respective vows of perpetual virginity. St. Francis de Sales says: "Both had made a vow to preserve virginity during their whole lives; and, behold! God wills that they should be joined in the bands of a holy marriage,—not that they might unsay their vow, or repent of it, but to confirm them in it, and that they might be a mutual support in carrying out their holy resolve; for this reason they now renewed their vow to live together as virgins for the remainder of their lives."*

It was indeed an incomparable marriage, uniting all that is sweet and pure in the two estates; so that Gerson, the devout servant of Mary and Joseph, speaking before the Council of Constance of this most pure marriage, gave expression to his ecstasy when contemplating it by exclaiming that in them virginity had espoused itself. Nothing in this marriage but what was heavenly, nothing savoring of earth.

And this suggests a thought that must be of profit to us. Mary is the example, the mirror and the model of all women, high and low, married and virgins, and especially of those who consecrate themselves to God by a perpetual vow. And what is said of Mary as respects women must in due proportion be said of Joseph in regard to men. Joseph, so perfect before God, serves as an example and a model to all men, virgins as well as married, and particularly to those who have vowed perpetual chastity. He was the first among men to make this generous and solemn vow, in order to become, as the Church styles him, the guardian of virgins and their great patriarch. In fact, the sublime example of Mary and Joseph drew numbers of saints of the New Law to follow in their steps, and oblige themselves by vow to lead a virginal life even in the state of holy matrimony, who have been held forth in ecclesiastical history as the admiration and marvel of the world.

* "Entretien," xix.

The Glitter of Gold.

IV.—(Continued.)

THE rooms to which the greybearded cicerone led the two ladies were only a portion of a corridor cut off by a lath partition. Even Princess Hella, who was such an enthusiast for country simplicity, was disenchanted; but she overcame her disappointment, and even succeeded in stilling the despairing complaints of Fräulein von Schönfeld. The servant, quite unmoved by the passionate outburst, set down the trunk, and was about to retire with the usual salutation of the country, *Behüt's Ihnen Gott*,* when the court lady detained him to inquire whether at least supper could not be brought up to them. The old man scratched his head in embarrassment and answered:

"But consider, your Ladyship, such a thing is never done here. The genteel

* Literally: "God protect it to you."

folks all take their meals downstairs; even Ely of Vienna, and he is a rich manufacturer and has his own servants."

"We shall also go down," said the Princess, thus cutting off all further protestations on the part of her companion. Meanwhile she had been trying for some moments to open her travelling-bag, but her attempts failed.

"Permit me, your Ladyship," said the servant, taking the rebellious article out of her hand. But the delicate Parisian bag was not made for the rough hands of the mountaineer: the lock yielded, but broke. The man contemplated his handiwork in dismay, and then looked at the Princess. In spite of her irritation, she could not help laughing.

"It is nothing, my friend," she said, cheerfully. "The bag was not new. Here, get yourself a glass of beer to cure you of your fright."

She handed him a silver florin; and he, staring at the bright new coin and then at the giver, drew back, making awkward bows and scrapes. At the door he stopped and whispered with a confidential air:

"If it please your Ladyship, we have better rooms up yonder. It is true they are also engaged; but whoever is in, is in. Ploner himself can not contradict that."

With this piece of philosophy he took the trunk on his shoulders again, and nodded his head to indicate to the ladies that they should follow him.

"*A la guerre comme à la guerre*,"* said the Princess, with a laugh, taking up the unfortunate bag and springing lightly downstairs. The duenna with a heavy sigh followed; but she was agreeably surprised when in the adjoining house they found two pleasant and neatly furnished rooms at their disposal. A silvered hand-squeeze rewarded the servant, and from that day Princess Hella could count on a faithful slave in the Inn of Schluderbach. Old Sepp, who was well known throughout the neighborhood for his biting answers, would have gone through fire and water for the Princess.

Fräulein von Schönfeld found it almost a relief when, on entering the glazed veranda reserved for the more distinguished guests, she saw the dark, bearded face of the Professor. In such a doubtful assemblage she felt that she must grasp at any straw, were it no more than a simple, rustic professor. The three last comers were assigned places at a little side table. At the principal table presided the rich Ely of Vienna, a successful manufacturer of shoemakers' supplies. Princess Hella sat beside the Professor. The latter arose, introduced himself as Leo Stetten, from the Prussian Rhine Province, and requested to know the names of the ladies, who seemed to him, as he said with a smile, like old acquaintances amongst all those strange faces.

"Miss Stein?" he repeated, thoughtfully. "Perhaps you are a niece of the Privy Councillor Stein, Professor of the History of Literature at Bonn?"

"I regret to say that I am not, Herr Professor," answered Hella, with a roguish smile. "There are so many stones* that you, a professor of geology, must know that they can not all be raised. Have you a position in Bonn?"

"No," he answered, dryly. "I study on my own account."

As Hella, no less than Fräulein von Schönfeld, desired to avoid giving any information as to their own home, the question was dropped, and they spoke of the Partisau.

"From the remarks of Frau Belger, the assessor's wife, I inferred that you were going to continue your researches there," the Princess resumed; "and I was therefore not a little surprised when not long since I recognized in the solitary wanderer the singer of the Achensee."

* In war we do as they do in war.

* Stein means stone.

"It was my first intention to stay there longer; but an unexpected concourse of events, which concern only myself personally"—a questioning glance of Hella's caught his eye—"caused me to hasten my departure. As I had contracted no friendship, I did not need to take leave of any one; my bundle was quickly made up, and thus two days ago I started down the Katzensteig toward Jenbach."

"How well the lords of creation fare in all things!" remarked Princess Hella, with a pout. "Whilst we had to wait for that rickety old box of a mail cart, and arrived at Jenbach worn out, you, depending only on your own strength, were at liberty to go wherever your feet would carry you."

"But I should not have gone very far thus, gracious lady. To climb the Brenner I gladly availed myself of the steam-horse. In descending, it is true, I made good use of my legs, and stopped wherever I felt so disposed. The ladies, of course, stopped in Innsbruck?"

"No," answered Hella, quickly. "Large cities do not interest me. We remained only one day in Gossensass."

The subsequent journey through Franzenfeste, the Puster Valley, and now the Ampezzo Valley, of whose wonders the late comers had only had a glimpse, afforded sufficient matter for an animated and pleasant conversation.

The young man occasionally looked in surprise at Hella, who, as a matter of course, took a principal part in the conversation, and who hardly attended to the remarks now and then hazarded by her companion. To make this to him painful want of respect less noticeable, the Professor at last directed his conversation exclusively to Fräulein von Schönfeld, and was profuse in his attentions to her. He noticed neither her anxious reserve nor the amusement of Hella when, apparently ignoring her altogether, he addressed a long dissertation on the formation of dolomites to the amiable duenna.

"Let me congratulate you, Schönfeld; you have made a conquest," said the Princess, as soon as the two ladies had returned to their rooms.

"What am I to do, your Highness? The young man looks upon me as your relative, your guardian—I know not what, —and treats me accordingly. We have changed characters, and I am enjoying the advantage of my years. I know not how to change things, unless your Ladyship allows me to inform him—"

"On no consideration, Schönfeld. I am satisfied with our change of parts, and we shall play the comedy out. It is too delicious a sensation to realize that I am a human being amongst my fellows, and to know that any day I can throw off the disguise and be once more Princess Hella von Hohenstein-Bedburg. How would the Professor look when the unmasking took place? Think you, Schönfeld, that he would be overwhelmed and struck dumb at the sound of my princely name?"

"Without doubt, Most Gracious Princess. These *roturiers*," * and the Baroness shrugged her shoulders with contempt, "shrink into their own nothingness as soon as a ray from the diadem of the fortunate ones falls on them."

Hella shook her head thoughtfully. She was far from being so confident that this man, who looked on the world with such discerning eyes, who spoke and judged so independently, would let himself be dazzled by the splendor of her princedom. And, singular to relate, the thought of the simple, learned civilian pursued Princess Hella even in her dreams.

V.

Days of the most glorious sunshine, under beautiful blue skies; nights of calm starlight, passed over the solitary vale of Ampezzo. Like a marvel fresh from the Creator's hands and still stirred by the divine breath, the Croda Rossa raised its

* Plebeians.

head, absorbing the blinding rays of the morning sun, and flinging them back on the girdle of dark pines that surrounded its breast. And when the sun turned away from the mighty wall of red stone, he bowed himself down only the more tenderly to Monte Popena and Monte Cristallo, and kindled a glory on the snowy fields of the mighty mountains.

Princess Hella felt as if she were swimming in a sea of delights. She never tired of rambling through this fairy world, of exploring the Val Popena in all directions, of indulging in day-dreams on the tranquil and ghostly Lake Missurina, and of venturing deep into the valley of the Boita. When the court lady was too tired to accompany her on these rambles, the daughter of the landlord went with her. On these strolls she often met the Professor, who, laden with rich booty, was returning from his explorations, and who joined her in unrestrained cheerfulness.

The three travellers had by a silent understanding retained their places at the table. In the constant going and coming of people it was natural that the original guests should keep their places.

"I have at last discovered what the Professor is," said the duenna one day, on returning from an excursion on which they had met that gentleman, who had persisted in keeping at the side of the older lady: "he is professor in a gymnasium. I tried cautiously, without letting him suspect my aim, to draw out of him in which university he is engaged, but he steadily avoided telling me. He was equally skilful in dodging my conversation about the larger cities of Germany. Consequently I surmise that he can be a teacher only in some small place."

"Teacher or no teacher," said Princess Hella, "he is an educated man, a man of talent, high above the level of the common. And let me confess it to you alone, Schönfeld: his studied and genteel manner of ignoring my precious self convinces me of it. How reprovingly he looked at me when on one occasion I reached out my hand to take his nosegay of wild flowers! With what chivalrous courtesy did he then select the fairest blossoms for you, leaving me to be content with what remained! Schönfeld dearest, what shall I do to you when we are back again in our solitary Westberg, and you will have nothing else to do but suffer the torment of my caprices?"

"I wish we were happily there now!" sighed the dame. "However beautiful it is here, and how readily soever I can adapt myself to the pleasures of this unrestrained life, I can not rid myself of the feeling that I stand over a volcano, and am in constant fear of being blown into the air."

"To-day I shall ascend Monte Piano," remarked Princess Hella to the Professor, as the latter met her in the garden one morning, with his tools, as he called his hammer and bag.

"I told you my opinion yesterday, and must repeat my warning, Miss Stein. The ascent from here is difficult, not to say dangerous, especially after the storm of last night."

"The very danger entices me, and the view must be grand after the rain."

The young man let his earnest gaze rest for a moment on the pert little face that was upturned to his, and then walked over to Fräulein von Schönfeld and said:

"My dear Madam, I must beg of you earnestly to prevent your niece from attempting to ascend Monte Piano under the present circumstances."

"She certainly shall not go with my consent," said the poor duenna, with a sigh. She had already exhausted all her arts of persuasion, but she began again:

"Once more let me beg and entreat you, dearest—"

Hella's eyes flashed with impatience and she stamped her foot.

"Spare your words!" she answered, imperiously. "I have resolved to go, and go I will."

The Professor said no more. With a deep bow to the older lady, and a slight one to the Princess, he went his way. When she thought him beyond hearing, Hella laughed a loud and bitter laugh. "*Qui'l est drole*, this learned Professor! The world is turned upside-down, O best Schönfeld! It is nearly time for us to resume our own characters."

Stetten was already too far away to catch the words, but the hard laugh of so charming a maiden hurt him to the quick. It kept sounding in his ears, and neither the coaxing breath of the summer air nor the mysterious rustling of the fir-trees nor the murmuring of the Rienza could drown its tones.

An hour later the Princess stepped out in front of the inn, lightly dressed in the becoming garb of a Styrian peasant girl. The short grey skirt with its green border, the closely-fitting green jacket, and the little felt-hat with its feather, set her off charmingly.

"Bless my soul," said the guide to himself, with a smirk, "the girl is as pretty as a picture!"

"The Fräulein would do better not to go up the mountain to-day," remarked the landlord from the door, looking up at the sky. "Something will turn out, I fear, before the day is over. The sun has a very treacherous look."

"Bah! what are you talking about, Basil?" answered the guide. "To-night the weather may be rough, but to-day? Not even a breath of air is stirring."

Old Sepp now came shuffling on the scene. The good man was just out of the stable, and was far from presentable. Although the Baroness, who stood behind her mistress with a woebegone countenance, could not understand the favor which the Princess showed the rough fellow, to-day she welcomed him as an ally.

"Your Ladyship had better stay down here; what do you want scrambling up the mountain? But if you are bound to go, you ought to have gone with the Prussian. Don't you think so too, Ploner?"

"Certainly," replied the landlord. "Mr. Stetten is well acquainted with the hills."

Princess Hella had just fastened the last button of her long Danish gloves. She threw back her head and said, with a scornful smile:

"I have no need of the Professor. The guide is enough for me. *Behüt's Gott*, Sepp! Adieu, dear Felden!"

Saying this she took the alpenstock from the hand of the half-stunned lady, and moved rapidly down the road toward the Val Popena. The guide followed her, shouting a loud huzza. Old Sepp looked after her with a puzzled air, and muttered to himself:

"A hard-headed girl! If only the Prussian were here!"

(To be continued.)

Our Lady of Walsingham.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(Conclusion.)

IT was not by the English alone, as we have remarked, that the shrine of Walsingham was visited: among the list of pilgrims we find the names of many distinguished foreigners, such as David Bruce, King of Scotland, who went thither in the reign of Edward II. under a safe-conduct from the English King, accompanied by twenty Scotch knights; also several French princes and nobles. In 1361 Edward III. granted out of his treasury the sum of £9, as a gift to John, Duke of Brittany, for his expenses in going on a pilgrimage to Walsingham. In the same year he also gave leave of absence from London for a month, on account of his health, to his nephew, the Duke of Anjon, who wished to visit Our Lady of Wal-

singham and St. Thomas of Canterbury.

On the insurrection of the nobles in favor of the pretender Lambert Sininel in 1487, Henry VII. made a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham, and there, offering up his vows and prayers, implored her assistance in delivering him from his enemies. After the battle of Stoke, when the rebels were overthrown, in gratitude for the success that had attended his arms, that monarch sent his banner to be hung up in the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, as a memento of the victory which he had gained by her patronage. In the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VIII., January, 1511, there is an entry of an offering at Walsingham of £1 3s. 4d. In all probability this offering was made by the King in person, as he was then on a visit to a nobleman in the neighborhood. Once before, when young, he had performed a pilgrimage to the chapel, walking barefoot from the town of Barsham; on which occasion he presented Our Lady with a necklace of great value. The last royal visit on record was that of his consort, Queen Catherine of Arragon, who went thither in 1514, while the King was in France, to return thanks for the victory gained over the Scots at Flodden Field. In her will Queen Catherine desires 'that some personage go to Our Lady of Walsingham in pilgrimage, on her behalf; and in going by the way dole out the sum of twenty nobles.'

The dukes of Norfolk are not unmentioned amongst the illustrious pilgrims to Walsingham. Casual mention is more than once made of visits made by my Lord of Norfolk; and in one letter it is said, on the report of "a Norfolk man who sold worsteds at Winchester," that both the Duke and Duchess were "on pilgrimage at Our Lady on foot." In 1513 the Lord High Admiral tells his sovereign in a quaint letter that he has given leave of absence to a certain captain of the fleet, in order that he may fulfil a vow made in a moment of extreme peril. This captain, being in "marvellous danger" of losing his ship, which in full sail had struck upon a rock, called upon Our Lady of Walsingham for help and comfort; vowing that if it pleased God by her intercession to deliver him, he would never eat flesh or fish until he had been on pilgrimage to her. In 1517 Cardinal Wolsey, after an illness which left him "vexed with fever," made a pilgrimage, in fulfilment of a vow, to Walsingham, and from thence to Our Lady of Grace at Ipswich.

The "Annals of the Chapel of Walsingham," from which the historian frequently quotes, have been destroyed. They appear to have been a register of the principal offerings and donations to Our Lady. Record, however, was made in other chronicles of gifts and bequests by individual persons, whence it may be gathered that they were both numerous and costly. Roger Ascham, who visited Cologne in 1550, makes this observation: "The Three Kings are not so rich, I believe, as was the Lady of Walsingham." Erasmus speaks of the votive statues of gold and of silver gilt which were shown to him; and says that a day would not suffice to describe the world of admirable things he saw there, or the riches of Our Lady of Walsingham.

Many of the kings and queens of England sent yearly offerings of considerable value, and the more wealthy of their subjects did the same. Sums of money for candles are frequently recorded. It is mentioned of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, that he gave to our Blessed Lady a vase with handles on which he expended 400 marks. The father of that same Henry is said to have offered at the shrine "an Angelical Salutation with precious stones." It has been suggested that this offering consisted of a valuable chaplet of beads; but no instance occurs in which the beads are described by the words *Salutatio Angelica;* moreover, it is said to be *with*, not *of*, precious stones. Hence it is probable

that it was a tablet with a representation of the Annunciation set in gold with precious stones.

Many bequests to Our Lady of Walsingham are contained in the wills of our forefathers. Of these a few examples may be given: Anthony Earl Rivers, brother-in-law to Edward IV., leaves a vestment in cloth of gold at this shrine; Isabel, Countess of Warwich, in 1439, an image of Our Lady in a glass case; her "gown of green alyz cloth of gold, with wide sleeves"; and a tabernacle of silver like to that over Our Ladye of Caversham (also given by the testator). In 1474 Lady Elizabeth Andrews wills that one of her two diamond rings should be sent to Our Lady of Walsingham. Henry VII. offered a figure of himself, kneeling, made of silver and gilt. Dame Catherine Hastings bequeaths her velvet gown to the shrine.

Other offerings were left in thanksgiving or in commemoration of special favors obtained; amongst these was a plate of copper engraven with the effigy of a knight on horseback. This was to commemorate an event that took place in the year 1314. On the north-side of the priory, leading into the close, was a very low and narrow wicket door, through which it was difficult to pass on foot, since, an old manuscript says, "it was not more than an elne [yard] high and three-quarters in breadth." And a certain Norfolk knight, armed *cap-a-pie* and on horseback, being pursued by a cruel enemy and in sore danger of being taken, made full speed for this gate; and, invoking Our Lady for deliverance, he immediately found himself and his horse within the priory close, in a safe asylum, and so evaded his enemy.

Erasmus mentions an object which he says was exhibited at Walsingham as a relic of the milk of our Blessed Lady. It was enclosed in crystal, and he describes it as "dried up, looking like pulverized chalk mixed with the white of an egg." This must have been brought by some English pilgrim from the Holy Land. Mention is made in the enumeration of relics venerated in France and elsewhere of Our Lady's milk; but it seems in the highest degree improbable that the object called by this name was ever shown as being really such. There is little doubt that the substance to which the term is applied is earth brought from a grotto on the eastern side of the hill whereon Bethlehem stands, venerated alike by Christians and Mussulmans. By the former it is called Crypta Lactea (the Grotto of Milk); by the latter, Meharet es-Sitti (the Grotto of Our Lady).

Various are the traditions as to the origin of the name, but they are all unanimous on one and the main point; which is that Our Lady spilt some drops of her milk in this grotto. Some say that she frequently retired thither; others that, alarmed by the threats of Herod, she once withdrew to this grotto for greater security. Finding that through fear her milk had dried up, and that she was consequently unable to nourish her Divine Son, she prayed to the Almighty, and forthwith her milk returned in such abundance that a few drops fell upon the ground. Hence the rock, when pulverized and mixed in water, is given to those who are nursing children to prevent a diminution of their milk. The earth is very like chalk—very white, and easily reduced to powder. It is said to be the custom for pilgrims to the Holy Places to carry away a little earth with them; and as this usage is of ancient date, the grotto, which was originally very small, has become greatly enlarged. A writer on the subject also states that in damp weather a liquid substance sometimes exudes from the sides of the cave, which is called the milk of Our Lady. There is little doubt that it was a portion of the earth scraped from the Crypta Lactea, which was called Milk of Our Lady at Walsingham.

The prior of Walsingham and twenty-one canons subscribed to the King's supremacy in 1534; and it is said that two

years later the sub-prior and sixteen others refused subscription, and were condemned and executed for treason. The venerated image of Our Lady of Walsingham, with that of Our Lady of Ipswich, was brought up to London, and, "because the people should use no more idolatry to them," burnt at Chelsea by order of the Lord Privy Seal. The church and priory were destroyed; at the present day only a part of the east end remains. There may still be seen the "fair green way" made across the fields for the convenience of pilgrims, together with the so-called wishing-wells of Walsingham; but of Our Lady's Chapel, alas! not a single stone is standing.

A Mother's Care.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"YOU are from my own land, Father?—
Sure I knew it once you spoke,
And old thoughts and dreams and fancies
In my hardened heart awoke;
And the red plains of Nevada
Faded for a time away,
And I saw the gorse bloom flaming
Once more on an Irish brae.

"And the scent of hawthorn blossoms
Came upon the morning breeze,
And I saw the old church standing
'Mid the lines of poplar trees;
And the people passing slowly
Down the narrow path from Mass,
While I lingered with my comrades
For the Catechism class.

"Ah, God knows I have forgotten
Many things once taught to me,—
Aye, the simple, homely lessons
Learned there at my mother's knee!
When one pioneers in Texas,
Or mines through Nevada clay,
Gaming, drinking, do you wonder
God Himself seems far away?

"Well, last night I somehow fancied
That my mother, robed in white,
Stood beside me, glad and radiant,
And she bore a shining light;
But her face had not the weary
Look that I have seen it wear,
And I thought she murmured something
Of a mother's granted prayer.

"She sleeps in Killoween churchyard,
With the shamrocks on her breast;
'Neath the shadows of the poplars,
Where her kin the Murphys rest.
And I heard my youngest brother
Was a priest—oh, can it be!
Am I dazed again or dreaming?—
Did you say that you are he?

"And you're Mick, a priest, and having
Charge of Calveras Mission near?
But who told you I was lying
Lone and ill and friendless here?
What! you say last eve a woman,
Bent and old, with shrouded face,
Told you of a lonely sinner
Waiting for you in this place!

"And she only stopped a moment
When she gave you that sick call?
Listen, Michael! I sent no one,—
No one for a priest at all.
Can't you see it was our mother?
There is nothing strange nor wild
In the fact that, by God's mercy,
She should come to save her child.

"And you've ridden since the midnight
To a dying sinner's aid;
And you say that God will pardon,
And I must not be afraid;
That my poor soul's stainéd garment
Gleams as white as wintry snow,—
That God's love is far, far greater
Than His justice, now I know!"

IT seems to me the preaching is of infinitely smaller account than the life which mirrors Christ. That is bound to tell,—without speech or language, like the voices of the stars. It throws out its impressions upon every side.—*Henry Drummond.*

Traces of Travel.

The Green Isle.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—Killarney.

THE O'Sullivans are a motherly lot: our hotel at Clogheen is quite primitive in its appearance, but as comfortable as possible. Old-fashioned flowers bloom in the door-yard; the house-dog makes friends with every fresh arrival—hotel dogs know their business well;—and the guides who hang around the premises treat us with fraternal familiarity. The village of Clogheen, with its dozen houses all told, is thoroughly domestic; even the old woman who sits by the gate leading into the demesne over the way smokes her clay pipe, and greets us every morning as if she, too, had a personal interest in the affairs of the place.

As soon as the rain "took up" this morning our car was at the door, and I joined a friend in the special excursion of the season. These "low-back cars" are a novelty, that one first laughs at, and then grows used to. It is more than probable that the tourist, who in Ireland is often at their mercy, ends by liking them. Yet it must be confessed that the preference for the car is an acquired taste. It is a jaunty affair; my friend pronounced it a cross between a sidesaddle and a butcher's cart. You sit on the wheel-house, facing the fences, and hang your legs over the side. Your companion sits with his back to you; and the driver, whose heels are just over the nag's tail, forms the third side of a hollow square.

When you dash up the smooth Irish road, you have an irresistible inclination to hang on to somebody or something; and the result is that before many minutes you are twisted about in the most uncomfortable attitude, jolting tremendously, and, with rigid muscles and disturbed limbs, breathlessly await a pause at the first gate. By and by you get used to the motion. Your nerves relax; you wobble about in your seat like a sack of wool; and, having learned to draw in your toes when you pass a party on the road, you are trotted on hour after hour, feeling a little as if you had had a falling out with the rest of the passengers; but are consoled, to a degree, with the idea that you have the whole off-side of the landscape to yourself. These two-wheeled affairs carry five people comfortably; but two or three extra passengers can be hung on in different parts, if necessary.

We trotted through the village of Killarney, which has but one noticeable structure—the Catholic Cathedral; it is handsome and modern. Then come the lawns and lanes of the vast estates of the Earl of Kenmare, a Catholic peer, who owns nearly three-quarters of the surrounding country; the remainder is in the possession of Mr. Herbert, a Protestant. The long drive by the lakes—two of them, the middle and lower—was varied by the richest and most extensive stretch of wood and wilderness I have ever had the opportunity of exploring. The shores of the three lakes are like one vast landscape-garden—trimmed, trained, swept clean of every trace of decay, and decorated at intervals with huge placards, wherein the Earl implores the pleasure-seekers—who have free access to his grounds—to assist him in protecting his property.

The lakes are not large: it is but eleven miles from the head of the upper to the foot of the lower, and their greatest breadth is two and a half miles. I have sometimes wondered if I really thought them worthy of their fame. They are pretty enough, as all bodies of water are bound to be; but they are never quite impressive. The shores are wooded; a multitude of rocks and islands dot the blue surface of the three; and some of the mountains that are grouped about are lofty and imposing. Yet, but for the legends, so numerous and so extrava-

gant, that are associated with almost every rock and tree in the district, I fear that many an enthusiast would greet the lakes with less enthusiasm than they merit,—as I am half inclined to; for I can no longer dream over them as their bright waters flash under the roseate skies of fancy; and their silent shores, peopled with fairy-folk, seem slumbering in the long, long twilight of perpetual summer.

Beyond and above the middle lake there is a range of mountains, through which we are to make our way by the Gap of Dunloe. As we approached it swarms of guides assailed us. Would we engage trumpeters, a score of them, to awaken the echoes in the Gap? "The echo is the very finest scenery in the Gap of Dunloe," said one of these trumpeters. We happened to be aware of the fact that the Gap is stuffed full of local performers on sundry instruments, including small cannon; and that they would each levy an assessment as we passed. Horses and foot-guides, beggars, peddlers of wooden ware for memorials, and twenty other tiresome sorts of itinerants beset our way. It began to seem like a chapter out of "Pilgrim's Progress"; and while I was growing tired of it we came to Kate Kearney's cottage,—the veritable cottage, with a new roof on it, where Kate lived when Lady Morgan sang of her fatal charms:

> "Oh, did ye ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
> She lives by the Lake of Killarney."

It was Kate's granddaughter who sold us goat's milk, with a drop of the "mountain dew" in it; and Kate's great-granddaughter who furnished photographs of the little cottage with its bright new roof.

The car left us a few rods up the Gap. We could ride over to the lake on the other side of the mountains, about six miles away, or foot it if we preferred. We footed it; for the way was wild and the beasts not very inviting,—as for myself, I have ridden enough to last me to the end of my days. From the moment we got well into the Gap we were besieged by swarms of poor creatures, who live upon the charity of the summer tourist, and who are a thousand times grateful for the mite they are thus able to lay up against the evil day. Little things, girls and boys, with uncombed heads and bare legs, beset us, shrieking at the top of their voices, "Somethin' to buy a book, sir! Somethin' to buy a book, sir!" over and over for half a mile without stopping. Then came women with jugs of milk and bottles of "mountain dew." "Take a drop of the dew, sir?" said one of them, dropping a courtesy about two feet deep. I modestly turned the subject, when she drew a photograph on me and said: "Would you buy me picture?" which I did, it was so queer and so quaint; and across the foot of it was printed: "Eily O'Connor, the Colleen Bawn."

The echoes were wakened for us, and went dashing down the wild Gap, darting from side to side and repeating themselves till they died of sheer exhaustion. We saw the small, deep, gloomy pool wherein St. Patrick banished the last serpent; some one of the hundred idlers and spongers that haunt the place said the serpent is locked in an iron chest and sunk at the bottom of the lake. At one part of the Gap the blind fiddler was fiddling and singing; everybody gave him something. And when we drew a little nearer, we found Eily O'Connor dancing a lively jig with one of the party of tourists in advance of us. From the top of the Gap we looked off into the gloomy bosom of the Black Valley—a deep chasm, with a leaden-colored stream in it, flowing down from the rocks at the top of the valley between Cavin Dhu and the purple mountains. The clouds never rise from the desolate place, and the whole land looked melancholy and deserted. The walk down the mountain side led through a small village, once partly destroyed by a cloudburst.

At the top of the upper lake a boat and two oarsmen awaited us. There was

luncheon under the seat, and good appetites to match. We drifted among the wild, rocky islands, and threaded the winding channel known as the Long Reach that connects the upper with the middle lake. Great cliffs overhung us. At Eagle's Nest —one of the most picturesque of them all— a skilful bugler blew out his music, and the horns of elfland responded in notes of ineffable sweetness. Then we shot the old Weir Bridge—it is dreadfully old,— where the lake waters, that have been so placid and so peaceful, gather themselves in a narrow channel and plunge madly through one of the two arches. Women scream, men hold their breath for a moment, the boatmen stand like statues with their oars out of water—then we are suddenly seized by the terrific current and shoved under the arch with such velocity that we seem to strike the stream a boat's length below, as if we had dropped out of the air. There is a tremendous splash: the spray dashes over us, a bucketful of water pours over the bows, and we are safe. More drifting among islands. Eily O'Connor's Cave is visited, and we think of poor Danny Mann with a shudder.

The story of the O'Donoghue of the Lakes is cheerfully related by one of the guides. Once every seven years, on a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to disperse the mist from the bosom of the lake, the O'Donoghue comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse, intent upon household affairs; fairies hover about him, and strew his path with flowers. As he approaches his ancient residence, everything returns to its former state of magnificence: his castle, his library, his prison, and his pigeon-house are reproduced as in olden times. Those who have courage to follow him over the lake may cross even the deepest part dry-shod; and ride with him into the mountains on the opposite shore, where his treasures lie concealed. The daring visitor will receive a liberal gift for the pleasure his company has afforded; but before the sun has risen the O'Donoghue recrosses the water and vanishes amidst the ruins of his castle. The O'Donoghue of the Lakes is not to be confounded with the O'Donoghue of the Glen,—who was a very different chief, and "bloody and tyrannous."

While we are half-charmed and half-amused with the legends, one boatman says to the other, a lad: "Raise it now; let the lady hear you sing it." Then we both insist; and after the boy has colored to the roots of his hair, and looked all round the horizon, he slackens his oar a little and sings, with a voice plaintive as a lark's and quivering with emotion, "The Wearing of the Green." Just fancy hearing that from the lips of an Irish boy, in the middle of Killarney Lakes! He said he sang it for an Englishman not long before, and came near getting ducked for his impudence. He was safe enough with us, and might live a hundred years, as they do hereabouts. There is a tombstone over by the Abbey bearing the name of one who died in his hundred and fourteenth year; in fact, the boatman himself told us his own father was a hundred or so, and could eat for three.

I was thinking of Thackeray and his "Irish Sketch Book," and this passage came to me as we were in the midst of the Middle Lake: "What is to be said about Torc (Middle or Muckross) Lake? When there we agreed that it was more beautiful than the large lake, of which it is not one-fourth the size; then, when we came back, we said: 'No: the large lake is the most beautiful.' And so at every point we stopped at we determined that that particular spot was the prettiest in the whole lake. The fact is—and I don't care to own it,—they are too handsome. As for a man coming from his desk in London or Dublin and seeing 'the whole lakes in a day,' he is an ass for his pains. A child, doing a sum in addition, might as well read the whole multiplication table, and

fancy he had it by heart." True, O genial satirist! but that is what most tourists do when they come to the Lakes of Killarney.

Now we drew up by a bridge, overgrown with vines, that spanned a pond full of lily-pads. There we found a path leading through the meadows to Muckross Abbey. Glorious ruin, I salute thee! The monks have been at rest these hundred years; the roof has fallen to decay; in the open nave the grass has spread like a carpet under foot, and the ferns hang like ragged tapestries from the chinks in the wall. I doubt if there is any ruin more charming than this. It is not extensive: it is simply complete and satisfying.

That dim cloister at Muckross, how it haunts me! There is a yew-tree growing out of the heart of it, and covering the whole with a green roof of leaves. The light that steals into this cloister is so soft and *sentimental*—shall I use the word?—that one easily imagines the rooks to be the ghosts of the old monks, complaining at the sacrilegious trespassing of mere sight-seers—such as myself for instance. The various tenantless, and now untenable, chambers are pointed out by the civil custodian; but he hurries you from ruin to ruin, so that you get but a glimpse of the clustered crosses in the yard where the dead lie; and the rooks scold at you with hoarse voices for your worldly and careless intrusion.

Muckross Abbey is like a petrified sigh. It is the sweetest and the sombrest and the most heartrending ruin imaginable. It is like a torn volume of sacred history, or a broken statue of a saint. There is not enough of it left to console you in the loss of that which is gone forever; there is too much of it remaining to permit you to forget the magnitude of your loss. The flutter and the fall of leaves in gusts of warm south wind; a cloister full of shadows; a chapel crowded with weeds breast-high; a refectory haunted of bees and blossoms; a crumbling tower, with the ivy folded about it like a mantle, and a cloud of rooks clamoring overhead—such is the Abbey as I remember it after hours and hours of wholesome lounging, that made me familiar with almost every stone in it.

The "Annals of Innisfallen" record that seven centuries ago all the gold and silver and richest goods of the land were treasured in that island; and that Medwin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue, plundered the Abbey and slew many in the cemetery adjoining. There was no peace even among the graves of the holy dead. I have seen it; but, alas! shall see it no more,—

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well!"

A verdant island with the ruins of a monastery scattered over it; winding paths skirt the irregular shores. Every tree grows here, and every charm of nature is reproduced in little somewhere within its wave-washed borders. There have been battles here and monks massacred, but how long ago it seems! Now there can not be found a more peaceful retreat. And with the lap of its waves in my ears, and the pathos of its myriad fluttering leaves, and the rustle of the hoofs of the sheep that feed here, I think of the day, more than twelve hundred years ago, when St. Finian founded his Abbey. I wonder if he realized then that he was building for the moment, as it were?

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well!
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine.

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When last I saw thy fairy isle."

That is Tom again. Forgive me! I sleep with the "Melodies" under my pillow these nights. Perhaps I do like Killarney better than I at first thought I did; but I am sure that I would love it were it not so solemn. Oh, Ireland is the saddest, the most tearful, the sweetest, and the lonesomest land on the face of the waters!—at least I am beginning to think so.

(To be continued.)

Two Remarkable Conversions.

BY THE REV. FATHER EDMUND, C.P.

I HAVE just read, in a Spanish paper (*La Esperanza*), a striking instance of conversion to the Faith, under the singular title of "A Protestant's First Communion." The narrator had inquired of a lady the cause of her recent reception into the Church; and she had answered: "My only reason for first wishing to become a Catholic was that I might go to Communion." Then follows her story, given in her own words:

"I was visiting some friends in France. One morning, as we were strolling through the neighboring country, I entered a poor little village church. The *curé* was at the altar, and I saw a young woman get up and go to the sanctuary gate. The priest turned round, holding in his hand a small white Host. He approached the young woman, and gave her the Host. Deeply moved by what I saw, though without knowing why, I waited impatiently till the communicant arose from her knees; and as she returned, with eyes cast down and hands joined, her whole figure seemed radiant.

"I had partaken many times of the 'Lord's Supper' in Protestant churches at home; and, in spite of all my efforts at a lively faith, had always performed the act as one of obligation, but a duty rather irksome than otherwise; whereas here I beheld a Communion that had something bright and joyous about it.

"I rejoined my companions, who were waiting for me in the churchyard, and wondering what had kept me so long in the church. But to myself the time had not seemed long at all; and I shall never forget that first quarter of an hour spent in a Catholic church.

"The next day I went there alone. The young woman was at her place as before. I knelt down to pray as she was doing; and when she arose, I felt a mysterious impulse to follow her. In short, I placed myself by her side at the rail; and the priest, not knowing who I was, gave me the Sacred Host. I knew not what was going on around me at that moment; but within my soul I seemed to see a glory, and rays of light from the Host I had received illuminated my interior.

"When I rose from my knees there was no one in the church. I was frightened, and ran to the priest's house and exclaimed: 'Monsieur le Curé, I am a Protestant, and have received Communion! Have I done wrong? As to my own feelings, I have experienced great happiness, and my heart is still burning.' The good priest asked me some questions, and then said: 'My daughter, it is only Catholics who can communicate worthily; and had you asked me beforehand, I should have told you you could not receive. However, your good faith is so great, and the whole affair so extraordinary, that I would not dare to say you have profaned the Adorable Sacrament.'

"I went away sorry for my rashness, yet the sadness was only on the surface. A sweet and profound joy filled my soul. From that moment I had but one thought —to become a Catholic in order that I might go to Communion. With much difficulty I obtained my husband's consent; and two months later made what is called my first Communion, but what was really for me the second."

Here ends this simple story. It reminds me of another case of conversion, which was told me some years ago by an English priest, who knew it to be a fact. The circumstances, however, were very different, except that the convert was another English lady. This lady was a member of the Church of England; and quite a devout one, as being a monthly communicant. She lived in London, and moved in "good society"; but, evidently, was not infected by the worldliness which hardens so many against truth.

She was making her first visit to Paris, and attended the English church there. When her regular Sunday for communicating came round, she performed that duty in this church. Now, she had a habit of wiping her lips with her handkerchief after receiving the wine; a practice which proves that she was not particularly "high-church," since she had no belief in the Real Presence. And on this occasion she was startled by observing a stain of *blood* on the handkerchief. There it was—unmistakably—a stain of blood! She was sure that her lips were not bleeding, and what had just happened made an impression upon her mind which she could not get rid of. However, she said nothing about it until, a few days later, she returned to London, when she consulted her favorite clergyman. This worthy gentleman pooh-poohed the affair. "My dear friend," quoth he, "your lips *must have* bled, or else it was your gums. Such an accident may easily happen from some slight cause we do not notice at the time. I beg you to dismiss the thing from your mind at once," etc., etc.

But the lady could not act, she found, on this excellent advice. She continued going regularly to Communion in churches of the Anglican rite; and kept up the practice of wiping her lips; and looked at the handkerchief carefully each time—which showed the stain of wine, perhaps, but never of blood. And so the year rolled round, and she visited Paris again, again went to Communion in the English church there, and again—beheld the stain of blood on the handkerchief!

Observing that it was the same clergyman as before who officiated as celebrant at the Communion table, she made up her mind to keep silence again until she should get back to London; and then to call upon the Bishop of London, who had charge, she was aware, of Anglican clergy on the Continent. Accordingly, she did approach his lordship of London, and asked him the very plain question, 'If the clergyman she had seen officiate in Paris had been formerly a Roman Catholic priest?'—"Yes," answered the Bishop, "he was."—"Ah, thank you!" quoth she. "It is, then, as I thought." Whereupon she proceeded to explain to his lordship the motive for her question; and, in spite of all that the prelate could urge to the contrary, she stood convinced of having witnessed a proof of Transubstantiation: the apostate priest having really consecrated by using the words in the Anglican liturgy which are taken from the Catholic missal. And her next step was to put herself under instruction for reception into the Church, which she entered in due time.

Now, here are two very striking instances of conversion to the Faith by an act on Our Lord's part—by a manifestation of His Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist.

If Anglicans really had, as many of them now think they have, this Sacramental Presence in their form of the Lord's Supper, could Our Lord have allowed that Presence, which is Himself, to be ignored and even reviled as it was so generally until the Tractarian Movement, and as it still is by the vast majority of people who profess adhesion to the Church of England? Nay; He would have made His Presence felt, by all in good faith at least, as He has done all along in the schismatical Greek churches, and even in the heretical ones of the East.

Again, those Anglicans who believe in the Real Presence, and feel sure they have it in their churches, base their theory of unity upon it. They contend that "we all"—Anglicans, Greeks, Romans—are "*one* in the Blessed Sacrament." Then why does Our Lord draw chosen souls away from the Anglican communion by manifesting to them His Sacramental Presence within the communion of Rome? He thus makes Himself responsible for a secession which Anglicans declare an act of schism. And why, on the other hand, does He

never draw dissenters into the Church of England by showing Himself sacramentally present *there?*

These are considerations, surely, which ought to weigh with inquirers after truth. Ah, but people who flatter themselves that they *have* the truth already are not in a mood to inquire! And it is notable that those whom Our Lord chooses out for such manifestations as the two here narrated are simple, earnest souls, who are using what light they have, and are well disposed to receive further light and to follow its leading. How forcibly His own words come to our mind here! "I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent" [i. e., those who are such in their own eyes], "and hast revealed them unto *little ones*. Even so, Father: for so hath it seemed good in Thy sight."

Favors of Our Queen.

THE POWER OF A "SALVE REGINA."

A MEMBER of the community of Dominican nuns of the Congregation of the Holy Rosary, at La Châtre, France, is the grateful recipient of an extraordinary favor at the hands of the Blessed Virgin. While unbelievers wonder at the marvel, servants of Mary rejoice over this fresh testimony of the goodness and power of Christ's Mother, at whose instance He wrought His first miracle at Cana of Galilee. A correspondent of THE "AVE MARIA" in Paris thus recounts the favor:

On the 6th of August of last year Sister Julienne, a lay-Sister of the convent, fell down a flight of stairs. The accident proved a very serious one; for next day she felt acute pains all through her body, and was obliged to remain in bed. These pains were but the forerunner of terrible sufferings. Very soon inflammation appeared on the spine. On the 12th of the same month the symptoms took an alarming turn. The poor patient writhed with pain; and, on examination, the physician discovered tubercles on the vertebræ. He declared that an operation could be resorted to, but if successful, would doubtless result in curvature of the spine. Sister Julienne expressed her willingness to undergo it, and was put into a surgical apparatus, made expressly to fit her, so as to secure complete immobility. However, she suffered excruciating pain, and spent sleepless nights from the violence of pains in the head. Gradually her memory became impaired.

On the 10th of September a state of total prostration succeeded to a long fit of delirium; the Sister's limbs became icy cold, and signs of approaching dissolution were apparent. Accordingly preparations were made to administer the last Sacraments. At the moment of receiving the Holy Viaticum, a strong desire took possession of the patient's mind to be carried before the altar of Our Lady of the Rosary, that she might assist at the procession of the nuns and hear the singing of the *Salve Regina.* She spoke of her desire at every lucid interval, and repeated it constantly in her ravings. The nuns tried to make her repeat the prayer, but she could no longer remember it; her mind was even too weak to follow the words suggested to her. The Mother Prioress was perplexed about this tenacious and oft-repeated request of Sister Julienne to be carried to the Rosary Chapel; however, feeling sure that all human remedies were useless, she determined to consider the matter.

On Sunday, the 13th of September, Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, the invalid's weakness had greatly increased. The doctor was then consulted about her request, and advised compliance, thinking it might have a happy influence upon the sufferer's mental faculties. He insisted, however,

that she should be conveyed to the chapel in the surgical apparatus, just as she lay in bed. At five o'clock in the evening, the usual hour for the community to recite the Divine Office, Sister Julienne was carried thither with the utmost precautions. After a few steps she shrieked with pain; her features became contracted, and she fell into such a complete swoon that those who bore her thought she was a corpse. A gentle sigh was the only indication that life was not extinct. After some delay, and with much difficulty, the poor Sister was placed before the altar of Our Lady of the Rosary, where she remained motionless. The sisterhood continued the recitation of the Office, controlling their emotion as best they could.

When Compline was finished, the community intoned the *Salve Regina* according to the Dominican rite, and went through the chapel in procession. In passing before Our Lady's altar they saw Sister Julienne in the same posture, her face pale, her eyelids closed—apparently dying. Suddenly, just as the nuns pronounced the words, "*O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!*" she was seized with a sharp, convulsive pain, and her frame shook as in a spasm; but it passed quickly. Then, to the astonishment and joy of all, she made the Sign of the Cross and said to the superioress, who was at her side: "Mother, I am cured!" She sprang up unaided, threw off the apparatus, took the covering handed to her, and stood erect, full of strength and health. She quietly answered the few eager questions that were put to her, then knelt before the altar to pour out her heart in thanksgiving.

Two priests—the *archiprêtre* of La Châtre and the Abbé Paumier, curate of the parish—who happened to be in the convent at the time, were immediately informed of the extraordinary cure of Sister Julienne; they were deeply impressed on beholding her restored to health, having seen her not long before at the gates of death. Her demise had even seemed so imminent that certain arrangements had been made for her funeral.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the feelings of gratitude that filled the hearts of the community of La Châtre. Before leaving the chapel, a solemn *Magnificat* was chanted and the whole Rosary recited in thanksgiving, during which Sister Julienne remained kneeling upon the stone pavement, without any support, and barefooted. On returning to the room where she had suffered so much, she walked about and put herself into any attitude, to prove that her cure was radical and complete. Every trace of spinal inflammation had disappeared. That very evening Sister Julienne resumed her usual occupation in the refectory. Great emaciation alone remained as an evidence of her long and cruel sufferings.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

AN UNCONSIDERED "TRIFLE."

A GREAT deal of attention is paid to the education of girls after they leave school. Their surroundings and associations are subjects for deep consideration, and the amount of advice poured forth on them by writers of all degrees is almost a deluge. The Sunday papers have especially taken the young woman under their care, and, with the aid of a degenerate pictorial art, instruct her every week on all possible and impossible subjects. The question of the chaperon has become almost as important as that of the tariff; and the world seems to have been made, like the modern novel, for the young woman.

Her parents feel that they are justified in many extravagances, because she is "growing up." The house that was good

enough for them, the neighborhood which they at one time regarded with complacency, become suddenly unendurable when this brilliant young creature—all young women are brilliant in the estimation of their parents—blooms into maidenhood.

The time has gone by when the better class of Americans can be reproached with neglecting their daughters. The American girl is no longer the wild, untrammelled being, with a latch-key and an obedient mother, whom Henry James drew for the amazed Britisher. She is a tender plant, cared for, cultivated, and sometimes over-educated. Marriages are even arranged for her, or at least great care taken that she shall meet the "right people."

But how different is the fate of the young person who has ceased to be a boy! There may be a saloon or a pool room next to his father's house. What difference does it make? There is no girl in the family. Boys can live anywhere,—what difference does it make? If there were a girl in the house, all sorts of schemes for making home bright and pleasant would be put in force; but a boy doesn't care for these things. "He's always out, anyhow." A boy, after he leaves school, is supposed to be able to take care of himself. He is, less or more. His normal condition is to be "out"; where, nobody knows. There is no attempt made to surround him with desirable associates. If he falls into bad company, it is looked on as a misfortune due to his nature. "He had a good father and mother," people say: "how *could* he have gone wrong!"

The fact is forgotten that this father, a model of integrity, never gave the surroundings of his son a second thought; never knew his associates, and was entirely regardless of his associations. If a young woman makes one of those unfortunate marriages which mean a lifetime of misery, her parents are, in a measure, held responsible for it. "Why did not they take care of her?" one asks. "Why was she permitted to become acquainted with the wrong people?" We wonder why sane parents allow all sorts of men to be introduced to their daughters; we condemn their carelessness, and regret that any girl should be left unsurrounded by those safeguards that prudence and experience teach us are necessary.

But when a young man makes an alliance which is entirely unsuitable,—when his family is compelled to receive as his wife a woman who must, from her lack of good sense, good breeding, and education, drag him down and destroy all reasonable hopes for his future happiness,—the blame is thrown upon himself. Nobody considers that his father or mother should have seriously thought of directing his friendships or associations. We all know that young people have a way of marrying the other young people that happen to be near them. As this is the case, why should young men be thrown into social environments which make the judicious grieve? Why should their future not be considered from the matrimonial point of view?

Is marriage such a sure and safe means of happiness that it makes no difference who a man marries provided he *is* married? Is youth so wise, so provident, so far-seeing that it will never act on the impulse of the moment and mar irretrievably its whole future? Come, let us consider the young men, let us look after them—without nagging or open interference,—as we do after our daughters. If a young man is let alone at that most important time in his life when he is making friends and acquaintances, his future prospects will be in danger of hopeless and irreparable wreck.

SOME day it must all be finished. When it is finished what will it be—success or failure, faith or despair; a talent multiplied or buried deep beneath the dust and dross of earthly follies; reward or punishment; hell or heaven?

Cardinal Manning Passes Away.

ONE of the most striking figures of the present century, in the social or religious world, passed away on the 14th inst., when the glorious career of Cardinal Henry Edward Manning was ended. He died full of years and merits, leaving after him an imperishable memory by reason of the great good which he effected both by word and example. His was a life that embodied in itself those salient characteristics of greatness and power which form the realization of an ideal leader and model among men. Gifted by God with an intellect of a superior order, and a heart susceptible of the tenderest emotions of piety and love for mankind, he presented in himself an example of the true priest and the Christian gentleman, while devoting his talents and powers to the good, temporal as well as spiritual, of his fellowmen.

Cardinal Manning was born July 15, 1808; and after his graduation at Oxford in 1830 was a minister of the Anglican Church, until, in 1851, he was led by the grace of God into the light of the true Faith. He was ordained priest in 1854 by Cardinal Wiseman, and established at Bayswater a house of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. His patron became his model, and the wonderful, heroic life of the saintly prelate of the sixteenth century in Italy was thenceforth to be repeated in England in our own times. Upon the death of Cardinal Wiseman he was appointed to the Archbishopric of Westminster, and was consecrated on June 8, 1865. In 1875 he was chosen a member of the College of Cardinals by Pius IX. That great Pontiff loved the noble English prelate, and it may be said that no one more thoroughly appreciated him. Only a man like Pius IX. could fully realize the worth of one like Cardinal Manning.

Cardinal Manning's writings were many and varied, and characterized by a clearness of style, elegance of diction, and depth of thought, that have secured for him a foremost place in the field of literature. His devotional works, so well known wherever the English language is spoken, breathe an unction and piety that could spring only from a heart deeply imbued with a spirit of faith and animated by an ardent charity; while his treatment of the great questions of the day, social and political, as well as religious, was practical and forcible, and attended by many beneficial results. His active life, busied as it was with the care of souls, was not the less devoted to any work that could bring about the amelioration of the temporal condition of the poorer classes. The temperance movement found in him an earnest advocate and a zealous propagator; he was an ardent defender of the rights of labor, and set forth with truth and power the proper relations between the workingman and his employer; and, last but not least, realizing the sufferings of Ireland under a tyrannical government, he maintained, on occasion, the justice of Home Rule for that afflicted country.

But to say all that might be said in tribute to this great prelate would require a volume. The *résumé* which the Apostle made of the life of his Divine Master may, in its due measure, be applied to Cardinal Manning as to a faithful disciple: *Pertransiit benefaciendo*,—"He went about doing good." He will live long in the minds and hearts of the faithful, and especially the poor of the great city, whose spiritual destinies he zealously guarded; while to the world at large the memory of a great and good man will perpetuate the sweet influence of his devoted life. And we may well hope and pray with the fullest confidence that the eternal reward of the good and faithful servant may speedily be given him.

PITY makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble to the strong.
—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Notes and Remarks.

In reply to the felicitations offered him at Christmas, the Pope delivered a brief address to the College of Cardinals. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to recur once more to the great question of labor, stating that while he had proposed in his recent Encyclical the true solution of the Labor problem, he did not hold that his task was thereby finished. He regretted the action that had caused the discontinuance of the workingmen's pilgrimages; and, commenting on the jealousy of the Papacy manifested by many in connection with the Labor question, said that the same thing had occurred in connection with the abolition of slavery. Political passion and sectarian hatred repudiated the action of the Church as vain and useless. "Nevertheless, in the midst of contradiction and opposition, the Papacy will pursue as ever its providential mission in the world—a mission of peace, of salvation, of redemption, even to the profit of those who war against it."

A Catholic Congress of more than ordinary interest was that opened in Philadelphia on the 5th inst. Fifty delegates representing the colored Catholics of the United States were warmly welcomed by his Grace Archbishop Ryan, and at once set to work accomplishing the objects of their reunion. Able papers on timely topics were read and discussed, practical resolutions were adopted, and measures taken to further the interests of the colored people in this country, who are becoming convinced that the only organization in the world recognizing fully the equality existing between black and white is the Catholic Church.

The Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, a French social philosopher, who tries to be strictly impartial, writes an interesting paper in the current number of Harper's *Monthly*, on "The Neo-Christian Movement in France." M. de Vogüé traces carefully the rise and fall of the "scientific" spirit in France. He shows us that such books as Draper's "Conflict" and Darwin's speculations are out of fashion, and that even Renan is no longer read. He tells us that in the past two or three years certain new symptoms have shown themselves. "One of the first symptoms is a sympathetic curiosity for religious questions, and for that whole order of ideas which the elder generation set aside with contempt as old wives' tales." M. de Vogüé states that not long since it would have provoked a smile to hear St. Thomas of Aquin quoted in order to corroborate a fact of experimental psychology. "Nowadays such comparisons are welcomed, and make men reflect." It is the antiquated sarcasms of Voltairianism that are now received with smiles and shrugging of the shoulders. Attacks on religion are looked on by young Frenchmen as savoring of bad taste and weakness; they have become unpopular. "Since the Government has taken to ill-treating the Church, the young men have conceived a liking for the victim. We see," adds the Vicomte, "unbelieving men of letters who read with delight and praise above all things 'The Imitation of Christ' and the writings of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis de Sales."

A cable dispatch from Rome last week announced the death, on the 14th inst., of the venerable Cardinal Simeoni. The eminent deceased had been in feeble health for some time, but the immediate cause of his death was the prevailing influenza. Cardinal Simeoni was born at Paliano, in the Diocese of Palestrina, in 1816. When ordained priest he was already conspicuous for learning and administrative ability; and after various ecclesiastical promotions, he was finally chosen a member of the Sacred College by Pius IX. in 1875. His office of Prefect of the Propaganda, which he filled since 1878, caused him to be known all over the world, and he was universally esteemed for his many Christian and sacerdotal virtues. He was especially distinguished for his devotion to the foreign missions and to the head of the Church. *R. I. P.*

The *Michigan Catholic* thinks that the article on "Columbus's Devotion to Our Lady," by Henry F. Brownson, published in our New Year number, ought to strike the key-note and give the tone for the Columbian celebration of this year in the United States. Says the *Catholic* further: "There are several

reasons why this article should receive the attention of Catholic Americans. First, on account of the subject—the love of the great discoverer for the Blessed Virgin; second, on account of the fact that this year is the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America; and third, because the article is the work of the man who has given to the English-reading world the best history of Columbus's life and work that has yet been published."

Brother Azarias and his reverend brother, the Rev. Father Mullany, of Syracuse, N. Y., have the heartfelt sympathy of friends in every part of the country and abroad in the bereavement caused by the death of their venerable parents, who died almost simultaneously at Deerfield, N. Y. The aged couple were true Christians, and their deaths were full of consolation, as their lives were blameless and beautiful. *R. I. P.*

The question of the separation of Church and State is agitating French politicians and ecclesiastics in no slight degree at present. We trust that the outcome will be the breaking of bonds that can not but paralyze much of what would otherwise prove beneficent action on the part of prelates and clergy.

The *Catholic Columbian* mentions a beautiful Christmas gift made by some pious Catholics of Buffalo to their beloved dead. They had Masses offered for the repose of their souls. In making arrangements with the priest, they said: "This is the only Christmas gift we can give them now!"

"Theology and Political Economy" is the subject of Dr. White's new chapter in his "History of the Warfare of Science," appearing in the *Popular Science Monthly*. He accuses the Church of hampering commerce by forbidding money to be lent at interest, and in other ways. Dr. White forgets that at the time of which he writes the rate of interest was not fixed by law, as at present in most civilized countries. It was to protect the poor against usury that the laws to which he refers were enacted. There is no odium attaching to the business of brokerage nowadays, but in the Middle Ages brokers were oppressors (grinders), and this was the original signification of the word. Dr. White's ignorance of many subjects touched upon in his articles seems to be equalled only by his bigotry. Some alert Catholic publicist ought to take him to task periodically.

A nun who has spent seventy-three years of her life as a professed religious is one to whom attaches exceptional interest. Sister Maria Antonia de la Cruz, of the Discalced Carmelites, who died recently at Pamplona, Spain, at the age of ninety-two, was professed in 1819. *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. William A. Blenkinsop, the venerable and beloved rector of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, South Boston, Mass., whose good life closed peacefully on the 8th inst.

The Rev. John V. Reisdorf, O. S. D., whose happy death took place in New York, on the 22d ult.

Mother Mary Joseph, the beloved superioress of the Presentation Convent, Millstreet, Co. Cork, Ireland; and Mother Mary Aloysius and Sister M. Celestine, of the same community, who were lately called to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mrs. John Robinson, who departed this life in New York city, on the 8th inst.

Mrs. Joseph Johnson, of the same place, who passed away on the 14th ult.

Miss Julia Ryan, who breathed her last on the 22d inst., in New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Margaret Water, of Shamokin, Pa., who died on the 28th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Clement von Ditten and Mrs. Mary Lewis, of Stockton, Cal.; Louis Young, Francis McGinnis, Catherine and James McManemin, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Rosanna Gilmartin and Mr. Patrick Kelly, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. A. F. Whelan, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. James O'Brien, New Haven, Conn.; Patrick Rogers, Providence, R. I.; Mary Block, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Timothy Murphy, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Landers and Mr. Michael Roache, Lewiston, Me.; Mrs. Mary Gannon, Frenier, La.; Mr. Martin Cummings, Mrs. Ellen Murphy, Mrs. Julia Harrington, and Mrs. Michael Murphy, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Ward and Mrs. Catherine Sammon, Waukon, Iowa; and Mrs. Elizabeth Tierney.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Not Long.

S. H. TO A. S. D.

YOU call the days too long!
For one so young and bright
Each golden hour should be a song,
Each moment a delight.

A spur and a delight,
The day a perfect whole,
And all the best of sense and sight
To fill an earnest soul,—

An earnest, faithful soul,
With glad and hopeful song.
O name them joy or strife or dole,
But do not call them long!

Nay, do not call them long;
Child, you will live to know
The circling hours, a jewelled throng,
Are priceless here below.

A Bargaining Prince.

IT is not always safe to presume too much upon the good-nature of a man, even though he be a great genius, as was the famous painter Salvator Rosa.

There was a wealthy Roman prince who was known far and wide—not for his good deeds or princely virtues, however, but for his extreme parsimony. He pretended to encourage art, but somehow was always careful to get the best of a bargain when treating with the artist. One day, in Salvator's studio, he took a great fancy to a landscape upon which the paint was still fresh. For a long while he gazed upon it, becoming each moment more anxious to be its owner, and then said:

"I must have this picture. Tell me at once the very lowest price."

"Two hundred scudi," answered Salvator, calmly.

"Two hundred scudi! You are excessively modest in your charges, Signor Painter. Your picture is likely to stay on your easel; and it surely may, so far as I am concerned."

The prince took his departure, giving a fond glance backward at the object he so much desired. He could not forget the picture, no matter how he tried, and after a few days he called again at the studio.

"That landscape—" he said. "Now tell me the very lowest figure."

Salvator glanced with contempt upon the bargaining prince. "Three hundred scudi," he answered.

The prince looked the astonishment he felt. "You are surely joking. I will wait until you can give me a serious answer."

The next morning found him again at Salvator's gallery.

"Good-morning!" he exclaimed, gaily. "How are prices this morning? Rising or falling?"

"The picture is worth four hundred scudi to-day," burst out the indignant

painter. "The fact is, it is not for sale at all. You have to devise ways to spend your wealth, yet you attempt to cheapen my work! You can not have it; and still, to show you that I do not value it highly, behold!"

As he said this he took the painting from its place, and put his foot through it, ruining it forever.

The *illustrissimo* made haste to retreat, saying to his friends that henceforth he should patronize only amiable painters.

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IV.—The Dangers of the Street.

The sufferings of Reginald were genuine; Miles could not understand them. The shop was not so dear to him. Though he liked the sound of the clashing bell, he hated to be a prisoner behind the counter and to wait for customers. But to Reginald it was the whole world. He loved the shop—loved the sights and sounds of the street in which the shop stood. All the details of Mrs. Danby's housekeeping were familiar to him. He wondered, as he went to the door on tiptoe, whether there would be stewed prunes for supper when he would be far away; he wondered who would feed the cat; and tears came into his eyes as he thought of the sadness of the old ladies when they should come to tea and find nobody to make toast for them.

He heard an early wagon rolling over the frosty stones, and shuddered; it made him think of the cold and darkness without. A thin grey streak in the east showed the coming dawn. Miles pointed to it; he was full of delightful excitement. The prospect of a change pleased him, and he was not afraid of the darkness or the cold. And then, besides, there was the feeling that he was keeping Reginald out of jail; and what pleasure it was to order that amiable boy about! Miles made all possible use of his power. He rumpled one of Reginald's collars on the pretence of putting it into his bundle.

"I can't stand that!" Reginald said, smoothing it out. "If that's the way you are going to treat my things, I shall stay home and go to jail."

Miles was alarmed. "You can't expect to keep your clothes just like waxwork out in the wildernesses," he responded; "and you may as well begin by not being so particular now."

"I will always be particular, no matter where I am; and it's no use talking."

Miles looked at him with dissatisfaction. How different Reginald was from the companions the boys in the books always had! But he would have to make the best of it. He had already written, by the light of half a candle, a full account of how the window came to be broken. It was written on the course brown paper used in the shop; but Reginald, in spite of all protests, insisted on writing his good-bye on a clean sheet of letter paper. He could not write much—his tears fell too quickly. Miles watched him, disgust on every feature.

"Don't you see the light is coming? The police will be after us soon if we don't get away."

Reginald had written on the paper only these words:

"Good-bye, aunt. I am going with Miles, to keep out of Moyamensing Prison. Don't forget to feed the cat. I did not break the window."

"As if the boy needed to tell me *that!*" Mrs. Danby said, with a sob, when she read the note next day.

Reginald suddenly threw himself on his knees beside the bed and buried his head in the quilt. "I can't go," he said; "I can't go! I can't!"

Miles took him roughly by the shoulder. "Up!" he said (people often said "Up!"

in the novels he had been reading). "Up!"

Reginald arose, with a long-drawn sigh. The two boys went out into the cold morning air. It cut like a knife, as it blew steadily from the Delaware.

The moment they reached the street, Miles' spirits went up. He had felt a sinking of the heart for an instant, but it was gone. He stepped gaily upon the hard snow, while Reginald slowly followed him. None of the shops was open; there was a ragpicker looking for bones in the gutter. A pile of Christmas-trees at the corner of a street, where they had been placed by a countryman eager to catch early customers, added more weight to Reginald's woe. Christmas would come; the boys would sing the *Adeste Fideles* in church; the candles would blaze at the five o'clock Mass; the white-sugar lady under the glass case would be brought down, and stand in glory on the frosted cake adorned with little silver leaves; the customers would talk of the weight of turkeys—and he would not be there!

It suddenly occurred to Miles that he had not the slightest notion of the road that led to the vast wildernesses he had been talking about. It was his opinion that they might be reached by means of a canal. In the meantime the wildest spot he could think of was the Neck.

The Neck was a strip of land, mostly marshes and vegetable gardens, which stretched down to League Island. It was called the "Ma'sh" by its inhabitants; the "Banks" by people who fished in the Delaware, and the "Neck" by everybody else. The muskrat made its abode there; the frog held musical festivals there; and in the late summer, when the tassels of the reeds were full of seeds, there were crowds of reed-birds, and almost one hunter with a gun to every reed-bird.

These reed-birds had gradually made their way southward from New England. In the spring, in the more northern clime, they were known as bobolinks; and later, if the hunters should spare a few, they would grow fat in the swamps of the Carolinas, and be eaten as the famous rice-bird. It is remarkable that as these birds became more greedy, nobody cared for them except to eat them. As Bob o' Link—formerly called in England Robert of Lincoln,—the bird was highly respected and admired, because he paid some attention to his song, his manners and dress, and did not think entirely of his stomach. As the reed-bird, he bent all his energies to the consideration of what he should eat; and as the rice-bird, he became a real glutton—and that was the ruin of him.

There were miles of cabbage gardens in the Neck, which at this season of the year were covered with snow. There were ponds of stagnant water, too, which Miles loved because they were covered with ice, and were better places for skating than the gutters, to which he was generally confined; for his aunt looked on the very name of the Neck with disapproval. It was from this dark and mysterious place that the "necker" came, by some believed to be descended from those Hessians whom the British employed on their side during the Revolution. From this place, too, came those idiotic folk—Mrs. Danby, at least, considered them idiotic—called "New Year's Shooters," who on the 1st of January assumed strange guises, and marched through the streets in the lower part of the city.

Reginald had never been in the Neck even for a walk: it was forbidden ground. But Miles had made many visits thither on Saturday afternoons, salving his conscience with the plea—a bad one—that his aunt had never told him expressly not to go, though he knew she would have been horrified if she had known of his journeyings.

So great was Reginald's terror of the Neck that Miles felt he would have preferred the jail to it. Many a time over their tea, the old ladies had told tales of terrible

murders committed there, and Reginald had them all by heart. Unconscious of the place of their destination, but heavy with woe, Reginald trudged along. Ah, if he could only have one last breakfast with his aunt! Through an open door, into which a pitcher of milk had just been carried, came the scent of coffee and fried sausage. The tears came into Reginald's eyes; the smell of that breakfast was another added to the miseries of the morning, and it made Miles understand that he was hungry.

But the thoughts of both the boys were suddenly turned in a new direction. The first gleam of the morning sun flashed on the gilded buttons of a policeman!

The policeman was standing near a lamp-post, unconscious of the nearness of a great criminal. Reginald turned pale and closed his eyes. Miles assumed an expression of angelic innocence.

"We are gone!" Reginald said; "we are gone, Miles! But perhaps if you tell him who broke the pane of glass, he may let *me* off."

"If he asks me, I'll tell him," answered Miles. "If he doesn't, I won't."

The policeman raised his arms and yawned.

"He is going to use his club!" exclaimed Reginald, rushing forward as if to throw himself at the feet of the great man.

"Stop!" said Miles. "Maybe he will not see us."

Miles drew himself up, and tried to walk past the policeman with a grand air. Reginald tried to hide himself behind him.

"Hello!" said the policeman, with authority. "Where are you going? Stop there! What's your name?" (to Miles).

"Miles McGarry, sir."

"I know *you*," said the policeman, shaking his finger at Miles. "And that's your good cousin with you, is it? Well, you can't be up to much mischief when he's along." And the policeman turned away, with another yawn. For the first time in Miles' life he began to understand that a good reputation is a valuable thing.

Reginald sighed, much relieved. This danger was past, and he prayed that they might escape all others.

They had walked about five squares, meeting only a few people going to work, when Reginald suddenly grasped Miles' hand and tried to speak. The words froze on his lips. Just turning the corner was a baker's wagon—and in that wagon appeared the flour-covered face of Hans Gewitz!

(To be continued.)

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

VIII.—Farewell to Lisbon.

Columbus, after making up his mind to take the long-contemplated voyage, never wavered. He was, he thought, singled out for the work; just as Joan of Arc believed herself called to be, under divine guidance, the savior of France. Of worldly honors for himself he never thought, or thought of them secondly. First of all was his hope to bring far-off heathen lands under the banner of the Holy Cross. If gold flowed in the wake of his discoveries, it was to be devoted to the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel.

In order to do this properly and successfully, it was necessary to have the sanction of some great power. To which country should he turn? Naturally his generous proposal was, by letter, laid before the Republic of Genoa; but Genoa was in no condition to accept it, and declined, "with thanks," as people say to-day. It is not strange that his thoughts next turned to the little country of which he was an adopted child, and so his scheme was placed before the young King Alphonso. But Portugal was weakened by outside wars and internal strife, and the sovereign

had, he thought, weightier matters on his mind. So Columbus, with admirable patience, resolved to wait for better times. When King Alphonso died, and the young John ascended the throne, Columbus thought those better times had come. The new King seemed ambitious to tread in the footsteps of his great-uncle, Prince Henry, and disposed to encourage all voyages of discovery which would help to make Portugal what she had been before she was well-nigh ruined by battles and debt.

As sailors were afraid to sail so far that the stars became unfamiliar, King John encouraged the scientific men to invent some instrument to supplement the compass, and enable mariners to know where they were, no matter how far their ships might venture. The result of this was the appliance of the astrolabe to navigation. A ship could not lose its way now, like a child in a dark forest. "But," said wiseacres, "admitting the world to be round, as it may be, what good will it do one to know where he is, if he has to sail *up hill*—which he can never do—in order to get home again?"

That grew to be a familiar objection to Columbus. The winds which could take him over the sloping waste of waters might fail to blow in a contrary direction when the vessels' prows were turned the other way, and the course was up an inclined plane. This seems very silly to us now, until we think how little any one knew of our planet then; and how most people thought that if one sailed or walked far enough, he would in some way fall over the edge of the earth.

Columbus, when a favorable time arrived, went to the King with his great idea. The sovereign seemed much impressed by it, and asked his visitor to name his terms for undertaking and directing so formidable an expedition. When the conditions were made known, the King was almost dumb with amazement, and said that he could never agree to them.

"Then," answered Columbus, in effect, "I will retire. The terms are settled once for all."

The King thought none the worse of him for putting a high value upon his services, and laid the case before a body of learned men, who advised him to do a most disgraceful act. The Genoese was asked to place his maps and charts before the council, that they might judge of the wisdom of the projected voyage. He gladly complied, not suspecting a trap, then waited. After a while he heard some drunken seamen in Lisbon boasting that they knew the scheme of Columbus to be worth nothing, for they had tried it! Then the truth came out. The King had sent a captain and crew, armed with the papers of Columbus, to test their worth. They had sailed until a great storm arose; then, scared and discouraged, they had given up the project, and hurried back to Lisbon as fast as wind and tide could take them.

All the spirit of Columbus was now aroused. Determining to have nothing more to do with such a perfidious monarch, he took his little son Diego (his wife having died), and quietly set out for Spain.

IX.—Our Lady of Rabida.

The principal reason for Columbus' secrecy in leaving Portugal was his fear lest King John might compel him to enlist in his service without conditions or reward. Some say that he was in debt, which may have been true; but, at any rate, he had no fancy for undertaking a compulsory voyage. And if his business affairs were suffering, he could wait elsewhere for a happier time, when they could be adjusted. For years he had lingered in Lisbon, proffering there the results of his toils and prayers; and he was resolved to trifle no longer, but to appeal to kinder and more trustworthy patrons.

And now comes one of those mysterious lapses about which writers disagree; and our hero, as we might term him if this

were a romance, disappears for a while. That he went to visit his father we know; that he long suffered somewhere from poverty and distress of mind we are sure; but of his actual whereabouts we have no positive trace, until we find him with little Diego, both travel-worn, hungry and weary, at the gate of the Convent of Santa Maria de la Rabida, near Palos, in Spain. Here again it seemed as if Our Lady extended over him her protection; for at that little convent, dedicated to the Blessed among Women, he found the help and encouragement without which, it is safe to say, he would never have succeeded in the purpose of his brave life.

At the gate of Santa Maria de la Rabida, then, he stopped to ask for a little bread and water for his boy. The Father Guardian, passing by as the child was partaking of the simple refreshment, entered into conversation with the poor though distinguished-looking traveller, and learned his story. At that moment the discovery was as good as made. But yet all seemed to our Columbus, whom God permitted to be unconscious of the importance of that simple halting in his journey, a tangle of perplexity and disappointment. Inside the building, while the boy gazed out of the window afar off over the great, rolling ocean, or into the courtyard, where the fruits of that sunny land were slowly ripening, the Father and his chance guest had a long conversation.

The Rev. Juan Perez de Marchena was a man versed in all the learning of the age. Long before that he had been called to court as the confessor of the Queen; but had soon begged to be allowed to return to his peaceful retreat, where the roar of the great world, which he did not love, could not reach his ears. He had, however, retained much of his former influence with his gracious sovereign; and now, interested beyond measure in the project of his visitor, he volunteered to use that influence in his behalf.

At this unexpected encouragement, Columbus took heart afresh.

"Leave the little boy with me," said Father Perez, "and lose no time in setting about your journey."

The guest needed but little urging; and, supplied with a letter to the successor of the good Franciscan, and with money for his needs, he started with fresh hope for the court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

(To be continued.)

A Musician's Tender Heart.

Rugged as was Beethoven's outward appearance, he had a kind and tender heart. Once a child of his friend Madame Ertmann died, and she was surprised that Beethoven did not pay her a visit of condolence. Finally, she received a message from him, asking her to call at his residence at her earliest convenience. This she did, and found him too deeply moved to speak. He pointed to a chair, and the lady sat down, he meanwhile seating himself at the piano.

For an hour he played to her, bringing forth sounds of sympathy, and finally of comfort and resignation, from the old instrument. It seemed to Madame Ertmann as if an angel were speaking through the music. At length he stopped; and she, weeping happy tears, went away, feeling greatly strengthened and consoled. She could never tell of this touching incident without emotion, although she lived to be an old, old woman.

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY.

The following distich is copied from an old brass in Cheriton Church, England. The motto is worth remembering all through the year—all through life:

"Lyve well, and dye never;
Dye well, and lyve ever."

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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The Morning of the Purification.

WITHOUT the Temple gates there lingered still
The tender charm, the dewy atmosphere
Of dawn; and every flower-swung crystal tear
Of night with sunrise glory was athrill.
Within the sacred walls the shadows chill
A Presence felt that spread a new-born cheer,
And tints of rosy morning hovered near,—
Soft types of hues the Passion would fulfil.

The weary shadows and the sunshine met
That morn in holy Simeon's waiting heart;
And in the joy of pain's long-yearned surcease,
His soul gave forth itself in song: "O let
Me now taste death!"—his prayer a love-winged dart—
"Dismiss Thy servant now, O Lord, in peace!"

The Blessing and Thanksgiving at Meals.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

IT is not the intention to treat in this brief essay of the various forms of blessing and thanksgiving which are authorized by the Church, and practised by different religious communities and some other persons; but rather to speak of the act itself—its propriety, its antiquity, the favor with which it has ever been regarded by the faithful, and the approval it has received from many holy personages of the Old Law, from our Divine Saviour and His Apostles and saints in the New. It is proper to remark in the beginning that while the priests of the Church, by the power they receive in ordination—having their hands anointed, that whatever they bless shall be blessed, and whatever they sanctify shall be sanctified—are the proper persons to bless articles officially as the ministers of God, and in His name; still any person, even a child, is permitted to make the Sign of the Cross over any proper object, with the intention and desire that the blessing of Heaven may descend upon it, and upon those who use it in the spirit of faith and conformity to the divine will. For this reason it is not only permitted, but recommended, that lay persons should ask the blessing of God upon such things as they have occasion to use, and for which there is no special blessing. But as nothing in the natural order is more common or necessary than the food we eat, it is very fitting that it should be sanctified by the word of God and prayer. Under the head of the blessing of food thanksgiving is also commonly included, whether it is made before or after the meal.

Turning to the authorities on the subject, we learn that the blessing of food was enjoined on the Jews by God Himself. Moses, laying down the law for the chosen people, says: "When thou hast eaten, and

art full, bless the Lord."* According to the Talmud, the form of prayer recited by the Jews after each meal was this: "Blessed be Thou, O Lord, our God, the King of the world, who hast produced this food (or drink) from the earth (or the vine)." †

Monsig. Gaume, however, gives a more particular account of this ceremony, which will doubtless be interesting to the reader. He informs us that at meal-time "the father of the family, surrounded by his children, said: 'Blessed be the Lord our God, whose goodness gives food to all flesh.' Then taking a cup of wine in his right hand, he blessed it, saying, 'Blessed be the Lord our God, who has created the fruit of the vine.' He first tasted it, and then passed it to his guests, who also tasted it. Then followed the blessing of the bread. Taking it between his hands, the father of the family said: 'Praised and blessed be the Lord our God, who has drawn bread from the earth.' He then broke the bread, ate a piece, and gave some to his guests. It was only then that the meal began. When they changed the wine or brought in new dishes, a particular blessing was made over each, so that every kind of nourishment was purified and consecrated. The meal being ended, they sang a hymn of thanksgiving." ‡

Turning to the New Dispensation, we have the highest sanction for this universal custom in the example of our Divine Redeemer, who on several occasions is said to have blessed the simple fare prepared for Himself and His Apostles or the multitudes, as in the institution of the Blessed Eucharist and in the multiplying of the loaves and fishes, as well as at other times. St. Paul, too, frequently admonishes the early Christians to receive the gifts of God with thanksgiving.

It is impossible that a custom so perfectly in harmony with the promptings of a generous nature, as well as with the practice of holy men of earlier times, should not have been adopted and practised by Christians from the beginning; and that such was the case we have abundant evidence. The extracts from the Fathers which I shall proceed to give are taken for the most part from Monsig. Gaume, above quoted.

Says Tertullian: "Prayer begins and ends the meal." St. Athanasius bears witness, in the following words, to the custom of his early day: "When we sit down to table, and take the bread to break it, we make the Sign of the Cross over it three times, and return thanks. After the repast we renew our thanksgiving by saying thrice: 'The good and merciful Lord has given food to them that fear Him. Glory be to the Father,'" etc. The austere St. Jerome follows with the admonition: "Let no one ever sit at table without having prayed, and let him never leave it without having given thanks to the Creator." Carried away by his ardent zeal, St. John Chrysostom rebukes some of the Christians of his time in such forcible terms as these: "We must pray before and after meals. Hear this, ye swine who nourish yourselves with the gifts of God without raising your eyes to the Hand that gives them."

Not only in families was the blessing of food practised, but even in camp among the soldiers, where, if in any place, we should expect to see it omitted. St. Gregory Nazianzen, among others, bears witness to this fact; and that, too, in the time of Julian the Apostate—a circumstance which is worthy of note.

It is needless to add further evidence on this point. The custom is so well known that no one at all familiar with the daily life of the early Christians will presume to call it in question. But the reader will be interested in having placed before him some of the forms of prayer made use of on such occasions at that early day. The

* Deuteronomy, viii, 10.

† "The Life of Jesus Christ," Maas, p. 220.

‡ "The Sign of the Cross in the Nineteenth Century," pp. 244, 245.

two following are taken from Origen, one of the earliest writers of the Church. The blessing before meals is in these words: "O Thou who givest food to all that breathe, deign to bless the food we are about to take. Thou hast said that if we should ever drink any poisonous thing, we should receive no injury thereby, provided we would invoke Thy name; for Thou art all-powerful. Take away, then, from this food all that is dangerous and hurtful in it." And the thanksgiving was couched in these terms: "Blessed be Thou, O Lord our God, who hast nourished us since our infancy, and with us all that breathe. Fill our hearts with joy, that we may abound in all kinds of good works; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be glory, honor and power. Amen." How profound the philosophy, how simply beautiful the language of these invocations!

Whenever a priest was present, the honor of asking the blessing was very properly conferred on him. And indeed the practice of asking the blessing at table was regarded as so holy that when, in the ninth century, the Bulgarians were converted to the faith, they asked Pope Nicholas I. whether a layman might take the place of a priest in performing this function. "Without doubt," answered the Pontiff; "for it has been given to each one to preserve by the Sign of the Cross all that belongs to him from the snares of the demon, and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to triumph over his attacks."*

Different nations have different customs in this as in almost everything else; but among some, especially among the Germans, in this country at least, it is usual to have one of the children pronounce the blessing at meals. I have been at table in their houses, when, though a priest, I was passed by, and one of the children asked the blessing. I approve of this custom, because it familiarizes children with such pious exercises; and the great, the crying want of our day is more prayer, and prayer on ordinary occasions.

So natural to man is the blessing before meals, and so deeply grounded in his nature, that even the pagans saw the propriety and felt the necessity of it, as may be learned from their writings. And here again I shall beg leave to quote from Monsig. Gaume: "Never," says Athenæus, "did the ancients take their meals without having first implored the gods." And speaking of the Egyptians, the earliest of all the pagan nations of whom we have an authentic history, he continues: "Having taken their places on the banquet-couches, they arose, knelt down, and the chief of the banquet or the priest began the traditional prayers, which they recited after him; after that they resumed their places."

The pouring out of libations to the gods, not only at the beginning of the feast, but at the bringing in of the several courses, is so well known as to require the merest reference. The Romans had a proverb, which the learned Erasmus translates as meaning: "Do not throw yourselves on the food like beasts, but eat only after having offered the first fruits to the gods." Even among the pagans, according to their best writers, the daily repast was regarded as something sacred. The reason why these blessings were pronounced and libations poured out, according to Porphyrius, a high authority in such matters, is given in these words: "It must be known that the dwellings are full of demons. This is why we purify them by expelling those malevolent hosts every time we pray to the gods. Moreover, all creatures are full of them; for they particularly relish certain kinds of food. So when we sit at table, they not only place themselves beside us, but also attach themselves to our bodies. Thence comes the use of lustrations, the principal end of which is not so much to invoke the gods as to expel the demons."

* "The Sign of the Cross," etc., p. 240.

There is no indulgence attached to the mere asking of a blessing before meals, or the returning of thanks after it; but it must be borne in mind that there may be indulgences attached to the prayers then recited on other accounts.

All fair-minded persons, then, whether Christian or not, must, by the weight of the most irrefragable proofs, conclude with the learned Monsig. Gaume that "prayer over food is as ancient as the world, as widespread as mankind." The virtue of prudence will teach that it is not advisable to make the Sign of the Cross over food on some occasions and in some company, but it will not teach that it is ever advisable to omit at least a secret blessing of the gifts of God.

It is much to be regretted that contact with an unbelieving world has exercised a baneful influence over many Christians, causing them to forget or neglect the pious custom of blessing before and thanksgiving after meals, so reasonable in itself, so consonant with the spirit of our holy faith, and so highly sanctioned and consecrated not only by the practice of the noblest portion of the human race—the saints,—but commanded by the voice of God, and practised by His Incarnate Son during His sojourn upon earth. Can a custom so recommended carry with it anything but a blessing? Can a faithful child of the Church regard it lightly, or blush to practise it? It were to brand himself as more negligent or forgetful than even the pagans, much less the favored children of a kind and merciful God. Far be it from any Christians in our day so to dishonor their fathers in the faith.

We are apt to mistake our vocation by looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by overlooking the ordinary ones that lie directly in the path before us.—*Hannah More.*

The Glitter of Gold.

V.—(Continued.)

But with however light a heart Princess Hella set out on her excursion, she was soon obliged to slacken her pace. It turned out that the Professor was right in his warnings. The path up the steep ascent was slippery, and had been washed away in different places by the heavy rain. Worn out by climbing under the hot sun, Hella reached the summit of the mountain much later than the guide had calculated. But finally the last ascent had been made, and a splendid view of the Alpine world lay spread out before her. Seeming almost within grasp rose the Cristallo and the Sorapik, the Riesenferner and the Tauren. Its gigantic head wrapped in clouds, the Grossglockner saluted her; whilst beneath, Lake Missurina smiled up at her, and Schluderbach and Höhlenstein basked in the sunshine.

The Princess, however, was too tired to enjoy the glorious prospect. With a heavy sigh she threw herself on one of the rocks that were strewn about the place in grotesque shapes. The guide offered her some of the provisions which he had brought; but she rejected the food, and it was only after much persuasion that she consented to take a piece of bread and a sup of cherry wine.

"Women are only women!" muttered the big Tyrolese, helping himself with a relish to some fat bacon. "I thought the little one would simply fly up here, and now she lets her ears droop."

"I think, Miss, we had better be going," he advised, after a while. "Something is brewing there, over the Tifana; and I do not like those little greyish-yellow clouds that are crossing the sky."

"Must we return the way we came?" asked Hella. "Is there no quicker way to Schluderbach?"

"It might go, but it won't go," said the guide, passing his fingers through his matted black hair. "If your Ladyship were not so tired and—the ascent was made bad enough by the weather—it might perhaps be done. But you must not hurry, Miss: you must take your time."

Slowly, without answering a word, Hella followed the guide along the steep path on the west side, between loose stones. Grasping her alpenstock firmly, and rejecting the help of the guide even in the difficult places, the Princess had gone perhaps one-third of the journey when a stern voice thundered out: "Halt!" The form of the Professor could be seen amongst the pines about a hundred yards ahead. In a few moments he was at her side.

"Ambrose, how could you venture to bring the lady by this path?" asked the young man, excitedly. "She can not pass the cliffs. And behind us! You see what is coming."

"We must only go forward, sir; it is too late to turn back. The storm will be on us before we could get to the top. Now is the time to keep our five senses about us. The other way is also murderously bad."

"I told you this before, but you would not listen to me."

Herr Stetten cast a searching look upward, as if to measure the distance; then he examined the heavens, which were now almost covered with a layer of mist; and finally he looked at the young girl, who had sunk down languidly on the trunk of a fallen tree.

Alas! what had become of the buoyant spirits with which she had set out in the morning? Where was that elasticity ready for anything? Tired of foot, pale and dejected, like a bird whose wing the storm had broken, Princess Hella sat beside the path. The Professor bent down to her.

"I think it is better for us to be moving, Miss Stein; the storm may overtake us. I offer my arm."

"Thank you, I can walk alone."

The young man's eyes flashed at the uncivil tone of the answer. He bowed in silence and turned. Hella followed him closely; the guide brought up the rear. They had gone on thus for about a thousand paces when Stetten paused suddenly at a bend of the path. The Princess would actually have passed him without looking before her.

"Foolish child!" said he roughly, seizing her by the wrist and holding her back. "You must be forced for your own safety. Not another step!"

Hella looked down into the yawning deep before her, and all color left her face. The heavy rain had washed away the path which formerly led over the loose rubbish carried down from the mountain, and only a narrow strip remained. None but a steady and practiced climber could cross this narrow bridge without becoming dizzy. The young girl recoiled.

"Do not look before you: keep your eyes fixed on this wall of rock to your left. I will hold you firmly and conduct you across."

The Princess obeyed mechanically. Seconds stretched out into minutes, minutes into hours; it seemed to Hella an eternity as she thus moved on step by step, guided by Stetten's firm hand.

"At last!" exclaimed the Professor, in a hard voice, letting her hand go. "Thank God, we are on firm ground once more. The way down is now tolerable."

Hella looked back with a shudder at the dangerous gulf, and then raised her moist eyes to her guide. The saucy face had lost all its pertness, the delicate lips trembled.

"How shall I thank you, Herr Professor?" she began, hesitatingly.

"Do not thank me at all, Miss Stein. What I did for you I would have done for the poorest beggar. You only made it hard for me by the obstinacy with which you wilfully put your life in danger. I do not understand how Miss Felden can allow you to act in such a way."

Princess Hella turned aside to hide from the discourteous man the tears which she could not restrain. His delicate ear must, however, have caught the suppressed sob; for he at once bent down to her and said:

"Forgive my inconsiderate words, Miss Stein. You can not understand how a man feels when he sees one whom he—" the young man hesitated and stammered, and a warm ray of feeling beamed in his eye—"whom he knows in danger of life. The urgency of old Sepp was not needed to send me up the hill."

"Sepp asked you to come, then?" inquired Hella, smiling through her tears.

"Yes, Sepp. The old fellow was quite beside himself when you stayed out so much longer than you ought; and, moreover, a couple of Englishmen who tried to climb on this side returned to Schluderbach without having succeeded. Will you not take my arm, Miss Stein? We shall get down all the sooner."

Fräulein von Schönfeld met the party at the foot of the hill. In spite of her own fears of the threatening weather, her anxiety for her beloved Princess drove her out. Had not Stetten, in his modest reserve left the two ladies to themselves and waited for the guide, the words that escaped from the excited court lady must have revealed to him their mystery. Hella leaned fatigued on the arm of her companion, and could only smile feebly at the outpourings of the Fräulein's feelings.

"Hasten your steps, ladies," called out the Professor. "The storm will be here in a quarter of an hour."

And, in fact, they had barely reached the protecting shelter of the inn when flashes of lightning rent the clouds; the thunder crashed, resounding in mighty echoes from the mountains; and the rain came pouring down in torrents.

The broad face of old Sepp spread into a joyful grin when he saw "his Fräulein" ascending the steps in safety. Princess Hella nodded a friendly recognition to her attached friend, but was too tired to speak to him. During the storm she lay motionless on her bed, with closed eyes. It was with some trouble that, after a while, the anxious duenna persuaded her to take a glass of wine.

When the young mountain climber was awakened late next morning by a rustling in her room, she saw the faithful Fräulein von Schönfeld with a magnificent nosegay in her hand.

"Herr Professor Stetten inquires for the health of your Highness," smiled the old lady, with a profound bow. The gentleman has already been up on the Dürrenstein."

"How late is it then, dear Schönfeld?" asked the Princess, taking the nosegay and hiding her blushes in its fresh and dewy blossoms.

"Almost half-past ten. My dear Princess has had a wondrous sleep."

"Yes, truly," murmured Hella. "But I was so tired, more tired than ever before in my life." And she lay back again on her rough pillow. "And this Professor has been already on the Dürrenstein?"

"What would you have, your Highness? *Roturiers!*" exclaimed the court lady, contemptuously. "He has been used to that since his childhood."

VI.

"Most Gracious Princess, it is just fourteen days since we left Munich, and have been going about the world like wandering adventurers," Fräulein von Schönfeld ventured to remark one very sultry day, as the two ladies were going along the road toward Ospitale.

"Already fourteen days!" said Princess Hella, looking up thoughtfully. "*Only* fourteen days! I often think that it was only yesterday when we saw honest Weller steaming off; and then again it seems an age since I last played Princess Helena von Hohenstein-Bedburg in the great Comedy of Errors. I have seen and learned much in these fourteen days." Unusual seriousness was imprinted on the countenance of

the cheerful maiden, and a soft look was in her bright eye.

"I may, then, telegraph to Salzburg," resumed the court lady, "and order Weller to start immediately with Backer, and meet us to-morrow at Toblach?"

"Who says that, Schönfeld? No, I can not possibly go back from the grand solitude and simplicity of this unprofaned nature to the empty formalities of the Aldringen house. Our trip to Cortina yesterday, and the scrap of Italian life that we saw there in the market-place after High Mass, have given me the greatest desire to go by way of Auronzo and Belluno to Venice."

"Dearest Princess, do not think of such a thing," begged the disconcerted Schönfeld.

"Why not? At this time of the year we need not fear to meet any acquaintances. The aristocratic world are now all at home or at the baths. And even granting that chance should play us a trick, to what purpose am I of age if in your company I may not come and go as I please?"

"It is not long since your Highness would not listen to my warnings; and the consequences of that unfortunate expedition in the mountains prove well that I was right."

"Do not speak of it, Schönfeld; that was quite a different matter. In that case it was not so much my intention to go against your advice as to show the Professor that I could carry out a resolution once taken, cost what it would. I should like to know if that learned gentleman would insist so positively in his demands, and knit his brow so darkly at an inconsiderate word of mine, if he knew that I am a Hohenstein-Bedburg?"

"As I once before took the liberty of remarking to your Highness," answered Fräulein von Schönfeld, "the poor man, I think, would actually shrivel up and die of veneration."

"And perhaps not. A genuine man does not bow down before an empty title; the consciousness of his own worth gives him the preponderance. But, Schönfeld, I am very thirsty. Do you not think we might get a glass of milk in the farm-house yonder?"

The Princess pointed to a low, shingle-roofed little house, which stood in a green meadow close to the steep side of the mountain.

"Surely, your Highness. We can at least try."

The ladies turned off the road and took the narrow footpath which followed the Rufreddo brook to the little farm. As they approached the fence a joyful Swiss song made them turn their heads, when they saw the Professor, heavily laden, coming out of a defile of the Croda Rossa.

"I could hardly trust my eyes, ladies," he cried out, waving his hat. "How did you happen to find this remote valley?"

"The heat made me thirsty," answered Hella quickly, as she noticed that the Fräulein was about to give her the title of Princess. "We wished to try whether we could not get a glass of milk here in the farm-house."

"Of course you can. I have often been in here with the brave peasants, the last representatives of German nationality. Beyond the Rufreddo all is Italian."

Thus speaking, the amiable Professor reached their side. With a polite bow he opened the gate for them, and invited the ladies to enter. Three sorry little beds of vegetables, a few feathered pinks, and a couple of hollyhocks,—that was all. Princess Hella smiled at the remembrance of the park at Westberg, with its beautiful *parterres*, its sparkling fountains, and its pleasant and refreshing shades among the ancient trees.

A white-haired old grandmother cowered on a bench at the west side of the house, sunning herself. At her feet lay an old spitz, which raised his ears with a sleepy wink. There were no other signs of life: no noise, no human voice. The

old woman heard the approaching steps, turned her head, and asked:

"Is it you, Nannerl?" *

"It is I, mother," answered Stetten, going up to her quickly. "The stonebreaker from the hills."

"I know, I know," said the old woman, nodding. "But whom have you with you there?" She fixed her weak eyes on the Princess. "Your wife?"

"No, mother."

"Your sweetheart?"

"No, no. A young lady and her friend,—two ladies who have come from far, far away to see your mountains."

"What! a young lady travelling alone in strange countries?" The old woman shook her head. "That is not well; oh, that is not well, sir! You see, my Nannerl was also young and pretty, just like the girl there"—she nodded repeatedly at the Princess,—"and I loved her better than all else in the world. But the valley was too narrow for Nannerl, the house too small; and she must go off to strange lands, and she has never returned. Do you hear it, sir? Never!"

With a despairing sigh, the poor woman hid her face in her apron.

Stetten, who had made a significant motion to his forehead, asked, in order to change the current of her thoughts: "Is not your daughter-in-law at home, mother, or your granddaughter? The ladies want to get a glass of milk."

But the old woman did not hear him; she kept repeating, mechanically, "Never! Never!"

Hella stooped down compassionately toward the sobbing woman, and whispered: "Have patience, good woman. She may come to-morrow."

The poor old creature let her apron drop, and looked searchingly at the comforter. "Do you think so,—do you really think so?" But she immediately shook her head and murmured: "Ah! no: she will not come. I have sat here so many days; the sun has risen and set, but my Nannerl has never come."

The Princess, who knew not what to do or say, looked entreatingly at the Professor. He laid his hand gently on the poor old creature's shoulder, and spoke to her in a more gentle voice than the two ladies had ever heard him use before.

"Mother, do you remember what Friar Daniel told you when the pious Brother came to see you lately? Do you not remember? God is the Good Shepherd, who will one day gather all His sheep who have been scattered and have strayed through the world, and will let you see your Nannerl in heaven. So said Friar Daniel, and he must know, mother. Such a pious and holy man as is the poor Capuchin Brother."

"Say it again, sir," begged the old woman; "then I will understand it better."

Stetten patiently repeated his words.

"Yes, yes," she nodded, "it was so—so he said. And I was content for three days. But then it came again: first here"—and she laid her hand on her heart; "then here"—touching her head; "and the old worm was back again, and I can only keep saying, 'My Nannerl! my Nannerl!'"

"Mother, you were going to see whether you could not get the ladies a glass of milk," said Stetten, when the old woman seemed about to sink back into her former state of despair.

She arose obediently from her seat and hobbled off to the house.

"Poor woman!" said Hella, looking after her compassionately.

"Yes indeed, poor woman," replied the young man. "For more than thirty years she has been as you have seen her, as the old monk informed me. The thought of her lost child, from whom never a word of news was received in this solitary valley, has been gnawing at her brain until the feeble thread of reason gave out. But, ladies, will you not be seated?"

* Nanny, Anna.

The two ladies sat down on the rough bench, both deeply moved by the thought that even here, in the holy peace of solitude, the affecting tragedy of a broken heart was to be witnessed.

After a while the old mother brought the milk in clean glasses, and apologized that her granddaughter was not at home; she understood things better than a sickly old woman, but children and children's children were at the meadow on the Torca making hay.

(To be continued.)

Traces of Travel.

The Green Isle.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(Conclusion.)

V.—The Giant's Causeway.

PORTRUSH is a little town full of wind and spray. The sea lashes the headlands about it, and the low, sharp reefs that line its shores are white with tumbling foam The casual observer will discover nothing more entertaining than the numerous hotels, and the omnibuses that haunt the station when the train comes in from Belfast. From Portrush you hasten by car over the moors to the Giant's Causeway, about seven miles distant. Sometimes the road drops into hollows out of sight of the sea; but for a great part of the way it hugs the cliffs overhanging the beautiful beach, where the scenery is grand in the extreme.

The ruins of Dunluce Castle crown a perpendicular and insulated rock, towering a hundred feet above the water, and connected with the mainland by a single narrow bridge. It is the haunt of sea-birds and photographers, and the admiration of all lovers of the truly picturesque. One of the low vaulted chambers, in tolerable preservation, is said to be the resort of a "banshee"; but the place, though clean-swept, was vacant when I looked into it. Fortunately, the mournful wail that foretells death or sorrow to a family was silent, or drowned in the roar of the waves that wash the rocky foundations of the castle.

The basaltic rocks, that have become world-famous since the opening of the eighteenth century, line the northern coast of the County Antrim for four miles or more. They vary somewhat in their formation, though the honeycomb pattern predominates. In one spot only can you walk over the tops of the columns, forty thousand in number—as some one has taken pains to ascertain;—and here the rocks are so low that many of them are covered at high tide. There is but one triangular pillar in the whole collection; there are but three having nine sides each; those having four or eight sides bear but a small proportion to the entire mass, of which ninety-nine out of every hundred have either five, six or seven sides. Each column is formed of several pieces, with their concave and convex surfaces fitted neatly together; these sections rest one upon the other, and can be lifted away without fracturing the stones in any part. The different sections of a pillar vary in length from one to four or more feet. Many of these sections have been shipped abroad as curiosities, and the guide assured me that a half dozen had gone to America. One beautifully formed stone, with a hollow in the top as smooth and regular as a shallow bowl, was forwarded to a church, where, we are informed, it is now used in its natural state as a baptismal font.

When your feet are slipping over the irregular surface of the Causeway—no two of the columns are exactly of the same height, so that you are continually going up or down stairs, as it were,—you naturally wonder how the colossal honeycomb turned to stone; and why it stands where it does, on the bleak north coast, with the

angry sea gnawing at it forever and a day. The fiction is that the Irish giant Fin McCoole, now happily deceased, had a dispute with his colossal rival in Scotland. They used to sit on their respective shores and call each other bad names. By and by Fin got leave of one of the Irish kings—good luck to him!—to build a highway over to Scotland. When the road was finished the Caledonian giant came over to fight Fin on his own ground; but Fin got the better of him, of course. They feasted for a season, and the Scotchman concluded to stop in Ireland and marry an Irish girl—who that has seen the Emerald Isle in her perennial beauty is not seized with the same desire?

The causeway between the two shores being no longer of service fell into disuse, and was ultimately washed away. Fragments are still visible at the Island of Rathlin; and the portals of the Grand Gate, better known as Fingal's Cave, are to this hour the glory of Staffa, off the Scottish coast. The truth of the matter is almost as surprising: the columns are composed chemically of about one-half flinty earth, one-quarter iron, and one-quarter clay and lime. They are of Plutonic origin, formed by a perfect fusion of the ingredients into one mass, which in cooling has crystallized into regular forms. As for myself, I could as soon believe that they were cut out like biscuits—but this is a matter of detail, that we will waive for the present.

You take boat on the beach near the Causeway—a beach that is loud with the effluvia of burnt kelp,—and with four lusty oarsmen breast the waves of the wild Atlantic. Surely the top of Ireland is a long way out from the mainland! The spray dashes over you in thin but damp sheets, suitable only for summer wear; the whole island seems to be bobbing up and down like a huge cork—a thousand of them piled together against the distant sky. The scene is sublimely beautiful.

The boatmen, who are evidently amphibious descendants of the immortal Fin McCoole or his Scotch rival, laugh in the teeth of the winds, and make a charge on one of the two great caves, where the sea ebbs and flows with the boisterousness of a regular nor'wester. I object, but am swept in on the back of a huge roller that plunges like an enraged sea-monster into the dark recesses of the cavern. The change from daylight to the awful gloom of that interior is so sudden that I feel I am cast into outer, or inner, darkness. Good San Antonio, preserve us! He does: the very wave that swept us in triumphantly among a thousand clustering columns that line that vast cathedral of the winds and waves, dragged us back, by the skin of our teeth, into the midst of the open sea. Three strokes of the oars and we were saved! The grand amphitheatre open to the sea, backed by its wall of pillars sixty feet in height, delighted me; also the "chimney-tops"—three isolated columns on a promontory, that were once mistaken by the Spanish Armada for the towers of Dunluce Castle, down the coast; and one of the "chimneys" was carried away by a ball, after which a couple of the ships went to pieces on the rocks below—which served them right.

While we balanced on the waves, just out of reach of the breakers, the winds moaned among the organ-pipes that line one of the open caves. What symphonies have been played upon the invisible stops of that weird instrument! What choruses of wintry gales, through which broke the wild shriek of the storm-bird and the despairing cries of some mariners wrestling with watery death! Ah, Rubenstein, there was your orchestra, and your tempestuous melodies, and your lyrical tragedies, in one fearful act, and never a soul to witness the appalling splendor, though there is room for thousands among the sculptured galleries of the desolate theatre! Strike the pipes of that giant organ, and they will ring like metal. On a summer's day,

when the sea is still, and the white sails go up and down the world, there is music softer than a whisper born of the zephyrs that toy among the columns.

While I was thinking of this, four oarsmen paused in the midst of their toil and kindly showed me four boxes of specimens — rock-crystals, sparkling pebbles, chalcedony, sea-moss and shells. Then we turned to shore, where we swung for full five minutes before we hit the right sort of a roller to take us in. I know the emotion that stirred the hearts of Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers when they set foot on the solid earth after a hard struggle with the Atlantic sea. Pardon me! I forget that Ireland was discovered long before my time.

I am in the land of the festive Orangeman, but I am not going to say anything about it. I might if I chose, but for that very reason I don't choose to. I have tried to count the churches, chapels, meeting-houses, ebenezers and lecture halls, and failed; and there are sects almost as numerous. We know how the blood has stained these streets. As for fanaticism, the two ends of it lap over in Belfast; but they never have been, and they never can be, tied in a love-knot, be it never so loose a one.

Belfast is a cheerful and prosperous city. The people begin to lose the Celtic accent as you come north, and more's the pity; higher up, most of the inhabitants might easily be mistaken for Scotch. Perhaps Belfast and the country about it please me more than any other part of the island; although the verdant beauty of Wicklow and Killarney, as well as the picturesque and rugged wilds of Galway, can never be forgotten by those who have had the good fortune to gaze thereon.

Ireland, owing to the oppression of a foreign power, is so lonesome, so melancholy, so forlorn, that when you come upon a town of any considerable size, you wonder how they manage to keep it up. There is plenty of land there, most of it rich and mellow; but it lies idle, simply because there is no one to work it; or, worse, those who have remained at home and are willing to work, can not afford to undertake it: they haven't a penny to bless themselves with. And if they had, who would get the profit on the investment? Certainly not the poor fellow who gave his last copper for the sake of a home and a peat fire and a pot of potatoes.

Ah, me! the poverty and the helplessness and the hopelessness that darken the meagre lives of the Irish peasant! The hen, if there be a hen, lays eggs when she can afford to make shells and fill them; the cow, if there be a cow, looks out into the barn-yard, and lows plaintively—for she too is under-fed.

You find fragmentary, unpublished pages of Lever, Carleton, Banim, Maxwell, Griffin, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and a score of other novelists, in any cottage you enter; but for the unbounded good-humor of her children, Ireland would indeed be a sorrowful spot. As it is, I am bound to believe that there is not another people on the face of the globe with enough of the milk of human kindness, and the love of God and country, to endure what this people has endured, patiently yet proudly, through ages of misrule. Another race would have been absorbed or exterminated long ago. Their beautiful faith is at once their consolation and their glory,—that faith which, born in the Irish breast, has crossed the seas, and brought blessings to many lands, causing the desert to bloom and the wilderness to blossom as the lily. A common cause, a common sorrow, a common and undying hope have preserved the people of Ireland, and will preserve them even unto the end.

THE will can only be made submissive by frequent self-denials, which must keep in subjection its sallies and inclinations. Great weakness is often produced by indulgences which seem of no importance.

The Goddess of Gold.

BY THE REV. W. J. KELLY, C. S. C.

THE world sets up its idol,
All draped in flowing gown,
With a golden mask on her visage pale,
O'er her raven tresses a shimmering veil,
On her head a glittering crown.

The world sets up its idol,
And bids its slaves adore;
On their knees they fall and their strength and health,
With the hopes of youth, at the feet of wealth,
Of their Goddess Wealth, they pour.

All other creeds forsaken,
They offer worship blind;
For all dreams of joy and all thought of rest,
With each wish that springs from the longing breast,
On her altars are resigned.

They woo her glance of favor,
Her look of scorn they fear,
Till the years go by and their youth is flown,
And the Angel Death on his darksome throne
Comes at length and beckons them near.

Then falls her mask,—the goddess
Reveals her haggard face;
And the slave can see, for he now is free,
To what worthless idol he bent the knee,
When he sought to win her grace.

Glimpses of Modern Rome.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

ROME, "the capital of United Italy," has not by any manner of means been a success. It has failed to realize the expectations of the House of Savoy in its regard. It has disappointed the hopes of Italian monarchists and Italian Red Shirts alike, who, while watching—so to speak—over its cradle in the early Seventies, predicted a glowing future for the little babe. Rome, freed from the incubus of Papal domination, and awaking from the superstitious sleep of centuries, would, they said, gird up her loins, and become once more the mighty capital of a mighty nation. The glories of the Augustan era would be revived. In the hands of Italians, Rome would resolve itself into the greatest of modern European cities. It would be the centre of modern progress, the pioneer of modern civilization, the home of wealth, and the citadel of free and untrammelled thought.

These prophets, though banded together against the Catholic Church, differed among themselves on the final issue of the programme which they championed. A majority of them were the devoted followers of the House of Savoy. Though they no longer believed in God, with a strange inconsistency they still clung to the belief in the right divine of kings. The minority, headed by the poet Felice Cavalloti, professed to have no more respect for the throne than they had for the altar. The monarchy in their eyes was as much a relic of the Dark Ages as was the Church, and should consequently be abolished. Republicans and monarchists, however, were unanimous in their opinion that Rome, the capital of Italy, had before it a brilliant and a prosperous career.

Having resided for some time in the city of Umberto and Crispi, I soon discovered the utter fallacy of these "high falutin" predictions. Modern Rome looked to me more like a provincial town than the capital of a nation. I did not see any of the wealth that should have been poured into its lap in the new era that opened with 1870. On the contrary, I saw much squalor and misery. I do not, of course, deny that there was a semblance of prosperity about the city for some years after its occupation by Italian troops. Rome at that time was, as we would say, "boomed" to such an extent by enterprising journalists and by politicians, that people with a little capital in their pockets flocked to it from all por-

tions of the country in order to invest in real estate. They came by the hundred and even by the thousand, these speculators and *affairisti*, promising themselves to reap a golden harvest in the rebuilding of Rome.

Nothing was sacred in the eyes of these rapacious Vandals. Venerable ruins and monuments, reminders of the days of paganism or of the glories of Christianity, were so many nuisances in the estimation of these new-comers. They looked on them as the English tourist looked on the Forum and Colosseum—buildings in such utterly bad repair that they should be swept clean away, and be replaced with avenues of modern flats. Accordingly, with the aid and connivance of the Government, these speculators proceeded to demolish whole blocks of historical mementos. Churches were "disaffected" by the State, and given up into their unholy hands. Acres of old-time edifices, situated near the railway station in the neighborhood of the Via Volturno, were laid waste; and then commenced that stupendous building craze which brought no less than 60,000 workmen to Rome, and gave the city for some years a fictitious prosperity.

The Supreme Pontiff protested against the wholesale vandalism that was taking place; scholars, artists and poets joined in the protest when they saw that even the beautiful Villa Ludovisi was not spared in the general devastation; and the entire Catholic world grew indignant at the profanation of religious memorials. But protests and indignation availed not against the cupidity of the real-estate men, protected and patronized as they were by the authorities at the Quirinal. Italian speculators having but little money, had, of course, almost from the very start to depend on credit for the execution of their various projects. They depended in some cases even on credit for the purchase of the real estate, and next for the funds to build by taking out mortgages on the flats as they went up. The houses being built, the speculators contracted a loan with a banker, in order to continue their purchasing and building operations elsewhere. The banks at this time were very accommodating. Their directors had sanguine anticipations of what Rome was likely to become. The city's population was increasing, which meant, they argued, that flats would be invariably rented as soon as completed. So they emptied, on the strength of promissory bills, most of their shekels into the palms of the speculators, who carried on the work of demolition and construction with an almost feverish activity.

The loans made by bankers on the completion of each house were usually guaranteed by the rent of the house. The building frenzy, under such circumstances, spread like wildfire. Everyone having a few thousand lire to spare dreamt of coming millions, and began to build. It was a good speculation, they opined; for was not Rome's population progressing by thousands of additional inhabitants every year? They never paused to reflect that this increase was chiefly due to the influx of 60,000 provincial workmen (who had come to build, and who, of course, would leave Rome when the building was over); and the 20,000 or 30,000 soldiers drafted in by the authorities, and who formed the garrison of the city.

A financial crash was naturally the only possible result of these operations. Rents failed to come in, for there were now more houses than inhabitants; and the bankers, not receiving their guarantees of rent, refused any further accommodation to the speculators,—with the result that the building projects, then on the *tapis*, collapsed like so many houses of cards; while most of the houses that had been built were tenantless. This financial crash, which occurred some four years ago, put an end to the craze; and the authorities had to transfer to their homes in the provinces some 30,000 starving work-

men, who were thrown out of employment.

Thus were the predictions of the founders of a United Italy falsified by facts, which, as we all know, are very stubborn things. There has been no real prosperity in modern Rome. As I have already stated, it was merely fictitious. Rome could not, in fact, have prospered under the *ægis* of the House of Savoy. That House ambitioned to do for Italy impossible things. It aimed at making Italy one of the great powers of Europe. It aimed at placing her on a level with Germany and Austria, and entered into an alliance with these States on the understanding that she would provide herself with a powerful army and navy. To do this she had to tax herself far beyond her means, and to incur a debt which is sure to bring about, one day or another, her national bankruptcy. By entering, moreover, into the triple alliance, she has alienated France, who thereupon put an end to the Franco-Italian commercial treaty, which had been a source of great profit to the wine-growing people of the Peninsula. The abolition of this treaty, as well as over-taxation, has made Rome one of the poorest of European cities to-day. With some of its proudest memorials razed to the ground, it has no longer that mystic Christian, poetic and medieval air which charmed so many pilgrims to its shrines. It has become renovated, it is true; but the renovation has not brought it any prosperity. Moreover, its population is again diminishing. Its industries are at a standstill. The revolutionary element, the outcome of popular discontent and poverty, is growing apace within its walls, and threatens the demolition not only of the Vatican, but of the Quirinal as well. On the whole, Signor Crispi and his followers can not congratulate themselves on the Rome of to-day as the capital of a United Italy.

LET reverence of thyself thy thoughts control,
And guard the sacred temple of the soul.
—*Rowe.*

Our Lady of the Oak.

FRANCE is pre-eminently the home of Our Lady's sanctuaries. To say nothing of Lourdes—a shrine whose celebrity is world-wide,—there are in every province less noted spots whither thousands annually betake themselves as pious pilgrims; and one has but to recall the names of those minor shrines to feel that to France, rather than to Italy, is applicable Longfellow's oft-quoted line:

"This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land."

Comparatively few of our readers, we surmise, have heard of *Notre Dame du Chêne* (Our Lady of the Oak), the trysting-place of Mary's servants in Maine and Anjou; yet that it is a shrine of some note may be judged from the fact that early in September of last year no fewer than thirty thousand pilgrims were present at the dedication of a beautiful church recently erected there. The bishops and priests of three dioceses assisted at the imposing ceremonies, and the discourse was from the eminent pulpit orator, Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers, whose eloquent voice has since been stilled.

The pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Oak dates back to the year 1494. History and tradition narrate that the shepherds and field-laborers of the locality remarked during the daytime flocks of doves, whose singular flight around a certain oak attracted their attention. The birds always flew away at the approach of men; and they were replaced after nightfall by little jets of flame, which, starlike, glimmered around and about the tree. These extraordinary signs became the subject of much talk among the people; and a saintly priest, Father James Buret, took advantage of the lively interest manifested to foster the piety of those committed to his charge.

He placed in the oak a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, and this improvised oratory was immediately the scene of

frequent visits from the devout children of Mary. As if to show how agreeable to her was their simple homage, Our Lady heard their petitions, and all supplicants were solaced and cheered. Modest garlands and wreaths of wild flowers were hung around the new Madonna; and an irreverent youth, who one day despoiled the shrine of some of these wreaths, was stricken with a malevolent disease so suddenly that he, as well as his neighbors, deemed it a punishment from Heaven. His sincere repentance and the reparation of his fault, we are told, promptly obtained his perfect restoration to health.

From this event may be dated the pilgrimages proper. The year 1515 was especially celebrated for the great concourse of pilgrims from the neighboring provinces. They came carrying banners, singing canticles, reciting the Rosary in common, and manifesting tender devotion toward, and unquestioning confidence in, Our Lady of the Oak. Then miracles began to multiply, and a large sanctuary was erected. In the seventeenth century (1621) a miraculous apparition of the Blessed Virgin was followed by a new impetus given to this devotion; and from that period the shrine became so popular that even during the wild epoch of the Revolution it remained untouched. There is extant a curious letter on the subject written by the administrators of the district of Sablé, in February, 1793. "For centuries," the letter runs, "this sanctuary has been held in great veneration by the people, and even to-day the best patriots entertain for it the highest respect."

At the recent celebration, the sermon of the distinguished prelate, lately deceased, was a masterly exposition of the utility of such places of pilgrimage.

A MAN who is not in his place is like a dislocated bone: he suffers and he causes suffering.—*Abbé Roux.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

THE girl of every period has probably always been the subject of satirical comment. She has stood it very well, and never for a moment has her hold on life relaxed because of the sneers of the social reformer. It is a curious fact that the more superficial a sneer is, the more readily it is reflected by the thoughtless. That phrase, "The girl of the period," has come to mean both a sneer and a jeer. "Oh, she's a girl of the period!" says the would-be satirist. That settles her claims to judgment or common-sense. But when we consider this extravagant phrase, it may occur to us to ask if the girl of '92 were not of our period, of what period could she be?

If she were a demure maiden, like Priscilla Alden, with a will of her own, capable of drawing water and cutting wood, or of keeping an Indian at bay, she would be out of place. If she were a *demoiselle* of the time of Marie Antoinette, with huge hoops, and a minute knowledge of court etiquette, what could we do with her? If she wore the Norman hood of Evangeline, and held the simple ideas of faith and duty of that daughter of the Acadians, she would be akin to the girl of the period as to the best of her, but, nevertheless, like Rip Van Winkle, alone in a strange world.

When your professional purveyor of funny things has nothing to say, he says it by bringing out all the old jokes against women; and he creates a false world as a background to his antiquated antics. It has been said that America is the paradise for women; it is, because good women make it a paradise. And still our paragrapher goes on, beating his tin pan with a dry stick, and telling everybody how funny he is. One would think that he had

never known a gentle or prudent woman; that the girls of our period were given up to caramels and silly flirtations, inane worship of fashion, and all sorts of pretences. If this were true, what would be the future of a country in a period when such young women existed in great numbers? For the girls of this period—that is, those of them that have not a higher vocation—will be the mothers of the next.

We are constantly saying that the young girl of to-day is much inferior to her mother. About twenty-five years ago Mrs. Lynn Linton raised this cry in the London *Saturday Review*. The girls of that period have become the mothers of this; and here we are again, like the clown in the circus, saying how admirable the mothers are and how silly the daughters. And in twenty-five years from now there shall be praise for the mothers of that period and scorn for their daughters. The critics ought to remember that the girl of '92 can not get out of the year '92, if she would: she must be of this period or none.

There is a great deal of clutching at culture, a great deal of pretence, a great deal of social snobbishness, no doubt, among the women. But never were women more sane, more conscientious, better educated, more charitable than they are to-day. For instance, where would our schools be without them? Where the orphan asylums? Where the hundred missions of charity which women—not all *religieuses*—keep going ceaselessly?

If there are women who live in a whirl of fashion, women who get their names disadvantageously mentioned in the newspapers, women who break their holiest promises and neglect their highest duties, there are thousands of others to counterbalance these. And at what period in all the world's history was there such a machine for the public blazoning of the sins and errors of women as the public press? We hear everything we ought not to hear, and the exceptions prove the rule.

Who keep the fire of hope and cheerfulness alive in the lonely farm-houses and in hemmed-in villages, and save their husbands and brothers from utter moral and mental stagnation, but the girls and women of the period? Who gives our Catholic girls a better education, as a rule, than our boys get, if it be not the woman of our period, c'othed in a garb reverenced in all periods since Christianity came?

Above all, we hear the cry from some of us that the girl of the period is unpractical; she is not prepared for life; she can not cook, like her mother. They said that, too, in '70; but since that time more men have died of drink than of dyspepsia.

A Hero in Humble Life.

THE *Catholic Record* relates the following story of a hero in humble life:

Thomas Loughlin, of Clarion, Iowa, came to his death on Christmas Day under circumstances pathetic in the extreme. It has been the custom of Father Egan, of Belmond, to go to Clarion, which is an outside mission, on the Feast to celebrate his third Mass. On last Christmas Day the condition of the roads made this journey by wagon seem so discouraging that Mr. Loughlin volunteered to drive a railroad velocipede from Clarion to Belmond, in order to convey Father Egan to the former place in time for Mass. At about 10 a. m. he started to return from Belmond, accompanied by the priest, amidst a heavy snow-storm. The deposit of snow on the rails adhering to the velocipede, made it difficult and sometimes impossible to proceed. The snow continued to fall; and the wind, instead of subsiding, increased, until, being almost directly in the face of the weary travellers, it rendered motion doubly difficult. Mr. Loughlin labored unremittingly until, becoming exhausted, they concluded to abandon the velocipede and continue the journey (about five miles) on foot. They had not walked far, however, when Mr. Loughlin was obliged to rest. This was at a point on the road too far away from any place

from which to summon aid, and Father Egan dreaded to leave his companion alone for the length of time it would be necessary to get assistance. Mr. Loughlin lay thus prostrated on the railroad for two hours, receiving all available attendance from his reverend companion, at the end of which time he breathed his last.

Father Egan laid him beside the railroad, his head resting on the priest's little satchel, and his body wrapped up in his fur coat, and ran with all possible speed to the nearest house to call assistance. Brothers and a young sister of the deceased, accompanied by a physician, were the first to reach the scene; but, as Father Egan feared, Mr. Loughlin was quite dead. He was a young man of excellent character, a model Catholic, and supremely popular in a wide circle of acquaintances.

Notes and Remarks.

In connection with the present extraordinary revival of interest in all matters relative to the discovery of America, some recent investigations as to the resting-place of the remains of Columbus are important. A German explorer, Rudolph Cronan, about a year ago visited the Bahamas and the West Indies with the object of getting first-hand information concerning the Genoese discoverer; and President Adams, of Cornell University, lately read before the American Historical Association a paper giving the results of Mr. Cronan's labors. From this it would appear that there is good ground for doubting the hitherto unquestioned statement that the remains of Columbus were taken to Havana in 1795. Mr. Cronan maintains that all that was mortal of the great Admiral still reposes in San Domingo.

One of the most interesting of the papers read at the recent Convention of the Apostolate of the Press was that of Emma Forbes Cary, of Boston, on the work of the Catholic press in reformatories and prisons. Miss Cary's intimate knowledge of her subject eminently fitted her for the task of giving the assembly a thorough acquaintance with the best methods to be employed in this apostolate; and her remarks were greeted with appreciative applause from her delighted colleagues. Another lady who contributed a letter on the same subject is Mother Carroll, a Sister of Mercy. Both she and Miss Cary advocated the more extensive distribution in prisons of Catholic light literature, the latter instancing the good effects she had seen produced by the novels of Maurice F. Egan and Rosa Mulholland. In discussing the subject, Judge Goff, of New York, made a plea for the class from whom the prisons are largely recruited—the waifs and strays. Much practical good will doubtless result from this agitation of the question.

At an Anglican synod held recently in Sydney, Australia, one of the resolutions adopted called for the establishment of communities of Protestant nuns. Commenting on the resolution, Cardinal Moran welcomed the new movement as showing the deep impression made upon Protestants by the work of Catholic Sisters, but confessed his fear that the anticipations formed in consequence would not be realized. The difference between Protestant and Catholic sisterhoods he graphically described in this wise: "There were two kinds of soldiers, the real and the theatrical. The one walked the stage with paper armor and pasteboard helmet, and to him battle was a passing amusement; the actual warrior, on the other hand, was trained and tried by service; his arms were deadly, and to him war was a stern reality. It was much the same with sisterhoods." This covers the case exactly. Such of the Anglican Sisters as seek for reality and not merely theatrical effect, will gravitate naturally into Catholic convents; the others will return to the world.

The following utterances of Cardinal Gibbons on the Louisiana Lottery should prove of interest to our readers:

"I heartily commend every movement in favor of public morality, virtue and honesty; and it seems to me that the question: 'Shall the Louisiana Lottery continue under the law's protection its scandalous business?' is pre-eminently one of morality and virtue. The practical working of the company tends to enrich the few at the expense and misery of the many; to tempt the poor and those who can as little

afford it to squander their earnings in the vain, delusive, Tantalus-like hope of one day becoming possessors of a winning number. And oftentimes it is not unknown that the fever of gambling has impelled many to theft and dishonesty for the means of another venture, of purchasing another ticket. A business whose plain, manifest, inevitable result and influence on the people is such, is indeed an enemy to the honesty and peace of any community, to the happiness and comfort of home, and to individual thrift and enterprise; and it is the duty of every upright citizen and earnest Christian to aid in its suppression."

From the foregoing it will be seen that His Eminence considers it the duty of Catholics to refuse to the Lottery the positive co-operation of purchasing its tickets.

José de la Rosa, who died lately at Ventura, Cal., at the extraordinary age of one hundred and three, was probably the oldest printer in the world. The *Monitor* says of him: "Don José, as he was called, was a Mexican, and was sent to California by President Santa Ana in 1834, with a printing outfit, which was the first in the State. Official documents were printed on it for many years. Don José was educated for the priesthood, but was not ordained. He was a most devout Catholic all his life. The centenary of his birth was the occasion of a public celebration in Ventura, where he was much respected." May he rest in peace!

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, a recent convert to the Church in New England, can not be accused of pessimism as regards the future of Catholicity in the United States. He considers New England already ripe for conversion, and believes that in the next century we shall see "a tidal wave of conversion sweeping millions of our countrymen into the Catholic Church."

M. Floquet, President of the French Chamber, honored himself not less than the deceased *député* in his brief eulogy on Mgr. Freppel.

The death on the 24th ult. of Cardinal Payá, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, bereaves that country of one of its most deservedly eminent citizens. The venerable ecclesiastic had reached the patriarchal age of four-score years, and for half a century has been active in every work that made for the good of his countrymen. His loss is mourned by all classes; and perhaps no more significant expression of the general grief can be given than this, from the Liberal newspaper *El Imparcial:* "The death of this great prelate has left his diocese bereft of one of its best and most benevolent protectors. The working classes, above all, have lost their chief support. For many years Toledo has not possessed one whose sentiments of charity have been so large and wise. The Proletariat, whose champion he was, can not bewail him sufficiently; for his hand was ever outstretched to help in times of difficulty and need."

The London *Tablet* reports two amusing answers received by priests during their instructions in Scripture and Catechism. A child was asked: "Why did Elias pour water on the sacrifice?"—"Please, Father, to make the gravy," was the prompt reply. The danger of ear-learning is illustrated by the second story. In repeating the "Beatitudes" another child said, in place of the "clean of heart," "Blessed be the Queen of hearts."—"What?" demanded the priest; to which the child replied: "Is it *King* of hearts, Father?"

Possibly the little one may have been thinking at first of the Blessed Virgin—of the Heart above all human hearts immaculate. And "Queen of Hearts," by the way, would be a beautiful title for Our Lady if it were unprofaned.

Some of our readers may have heard the question raised whether the recitation of the Rosary ordered throughout the month of October by the Sovereign Pontiff should be extended to the Feast of All Souls, immediately following. The Cardinal Vicar of Rome, interrogated recently on this point, answered that November 2, All Souls' Day, *is* included; and gave as a reason that the Pope desires that the Holy Souls should share in the benefits of Rosary Month.

On the 9th inst. an event of unusual interest interrupted the ordinary monotony that characterizes life in the Bon Pasteur House at Carthage, Ohio. The venerable Mother Joseph received on that day the congratula-

tions due to one who has passed fifty years as a laborer in the fold of the Good Shepherd, twenty-five of those years being spent as Provincial of the Congregation. This beloved religious, who is at present an invalid, has accomplished untold good in the course of her devoted life, and has endeared herself to a very large circle of friends and acquaintances.

A cable dispatch last week announced the death at Rome, on the 18th inst., of the Very Rev. Father Anderledy, Superior-General of the Society of Jesus. He was in many respects a remarkable man; and in the short term of his office had proved himself a worthy successor of Father Beckx, the former Superior, one of whose assistants he had been. He was ordained in the United States by the venerable Archbishop of St. Louis, and for some t me was in charge of a parish at Washington, Mo.

It was perhaps natural that in the chorus of eulogies pronounced over the bier of England's great Cardinal there should be a jarring note; and few American Catholics will be surprised to learn that Mr. G. W. Smalley is the jackal who supplied the discord, and the Chicago *Tribune* the medium which gave publicity to his screed.

A striking instance of the vicissitudes of fortune in a democratic country is the procuring by Frederic Douglass, the colored statesman, of a position as clerk in the Agricultural Department at Washington for the daughter of one of his old masters in the days of slavery. This is in very truth a reversal of conditions.

The New York *Sun* concludes a long and appreciative notice of Cardinal Manning with these well-chosen words:

"As he passed through the highways and byways of the most abandoned parts of London his hand was ever stretched out to greet, to bless, and to encourage. He patted the tangled hair of the ragged boy in the gutter, he spoke to the heart of the poverty-stricken father, and gave the comfort of his faith to the mother staggering under her load of care and disappointment. His strange face and form, his simple clerical garb, and his quiet, sympathetic words were welcome in streets which most other great prelates never saw, and few, who have got up far enough to be able to look down, ever think of. His fame as a philanthropist will live, in London at least, as long as his fame as a thinker and preacher."

Three hundred little ones, "waifs and strays" of London, who have found in St. Joseph's Home an asylum from want and misery, daily utter this touching prayer in behalf of their zealous benefactor: "Please, sweet Infant Jesus, send Father Barry what he wants." Doubtless during this Month of the Holy Infancy that prayer will be abundantly answered.

New Publications.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL AND OF THE CATHOLIC EPISTLES. Fourth Edition. By his Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, D. D., Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Ecclesiastical students have always had at their command numerous full and reliable commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures; but, as these commentaries were for the most part written in Latin, they were useless to the ordinary English layman. No earnest student of Catholic doctrine had any difficulty, of course, to find works which contained explanations of everything pertaining to his religion; but for all that the need of a commentary on the Scriptures was sadly felt. Dr. MacEvilly appreciated this need, and gave us the only reliable commentary on the New Testament which the English language possesses.

The care and labor expended on his Exposition of the Gospels and Epistles deserve the warm appreciation of English-speaking Catholics. Dr. MacEvilly has endeavored to furnish ecclesiastical students and intelligent laymen with a sufficiently complete treatise on the divine oracles; thus not only conferring a great benefit on his coreligionists, but at the same time administering a rebuke to those who impudently assert that the Church is opposed to the study and dissemination of the Scriptures. In the present edition of his Exposition of the Epistles he has followed the plan adopted in previous editions, the only difference consisting in the addition of much valuable matter to the notes which form the commentary. These notes, which are

critical, explanatory, and dogmatical, contain abundant information on the most important doctrines of our religion, and their conciseness and lucidity commend them to the careful reading of the student.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

From its very nature, an autobiography possesses for most readers a peculiar charm,—which charm is not wanting in the volume before us. Through the fascinating pen of the Archbishop himself, we learn of his boyish fondness for reverie on lonely cliffs, while wistfully gazing seaward at the disappearing sails. With a firm and vigorous touch he sketches the leading events of his after-life, rich with varied experiences and incidents and willing sacrifices in his sacred calling. Still, it is evident that he has given but the outline of a noble career, whose warm, rich coloring reflected the sunshine of a great, generous heart. Perhaps the most dramatic pages in this life history are those describing the labors of this dauntless priest while ministering to the convicts of Norfolk Island and the early settlers in Australia. Hence it may with truth be said that to his unflagging zeal and energy is due in no small degree the present flourishing condition of the Church in that distant land. His final return to England, and later his consecration as Bishop, only serve to bring into stronger relief a noble character, and show that to each field of labor, obscure or prominent, he brought the same devotion and self-sacrifice. The strong poetic element in Archbishop Ullathorne is revealed by his intense delight in the beauties of creation, and his vivid word-pictures of the same show the refined taste of a lover of the beautiful. Though naturally precluding much of that inner history of the soul, of which the exemplary life of the venerable prelate was the flower and perfect fruit, this volume is of absorbing interest throughout.

ON CHRISTIAN ART. By Edith Healy. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D. Benziger Brothers.

This might well be termed a primer of Christian art; being a praiseworthy and successful attempt, on the part of the gifted daughter of a gifted artist, to put within easy reach of the people the first principles of the laws which govern sacred art, with brief sketches of the painters and sculptors themselves. The carefully selected questions must make it valuable as a text-book in schools.

Bishop Spalding's inspiring introduction is certainly not the least attractive feature of this useful little volume.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Leo P. Boland, rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Mass., who passed away on the 19th inst., after a brief illness.

Sister M. Emily and Sister M. Marcella, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Mary Loretto, of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. Thomas Abbot, who died recently at Holy Cross Hospital, Salt Lake, Utah.

Mr. J. B. Barrett, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose happy death took place on the 1st inst.

Mrs. James Conway, whose good life closed peacefully on the 17th inst., in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. G. C. Ellis, of Jacksonville, Ala., who yielded her soul to God on the 4th inst.

Mr. Joseph W. Purcell, who died a holy death on the 28th ult., at Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Margaret Hussey, of Boston, Mass., who departed this life on the 29th ult.

Mr. Thomas Gallagher, who was called to the recompense of his good deeds on the 2d inst., in San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Catherine Mulholland, of Lowell, Mass., who calmly breathed her last on the 5th inst.

Miss Mary A. Fitzgerald, a fervent Child of Mary, deceased on the 9th ult., at Natick, Mass.

Mr. Claude Pequignot and Mrs. Jane Voinet, of Academy, Ind.; Catherine Branley, Forest City, Minn.; Mr. Christopher Emperoe and Mrs. Jane Kennedy, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Timothy Lynch, Holyoke, Mass.; Mr. Edward Mulholland, Lafayette, Cal.; Mr. Andrew V. Murray, Wauconda, Ill.; Miss Margaret Griffin, Shamokin, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Dempsey, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Teresa Maloney, Calais, Me.; Mrs. Mary Donohoe, Co. Longford, Ireland; Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Natick, Mass.; Miss Anna Harrington, Woonsocket, R. I.; Miss Mary Bergin, Bay City, Mich.; John and Thomas Hannon, Kilglass, Co. Sligo, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Tom's Diary.

(*Sunday night, January 3.*)

I'LL never be angry, I'll ever be kind;
I'll study my lessons at school;
The very first word of my mother I'll mind,
I'll not break the teacher's least rule.
I'll jump out of bed at the first peep of day,
I'll not do a thing that is mean;
I'll run all the errands, nor stop on the way;
I'll keep my hands washed nice and clean.
I'll let brother play with my drum and my ball,
I'll not pull the pussy cat's tail;
I'll always speak low, and be civil to all
The whole of this year,—never fail."

(*Saturday, January 9.*)

"On Monday forgot to get up until eight,
On Tuesday missed all of my sums;
On Wednesday ma said I should keep off the gate:
I didn't, and barked both my thumbs.
I hit brother John with a snowball—'twas froze:
And then he got mad and he cried.
On Thursday some pepper got in the cat's nose:
She jumped so I thought I'd 've died.
On Friday I went to the store, and while there
Got into a fight with Fred Ladd;
And to-day I was worse—oh, dear, I don't care!
A fellow can't help being bad."

.

There's something important that slipped from Tom's mind;
For he thought of his work and his play,
But didn't ask grace for assistance, you see,
And didn't once promise to pray.
For if we would make resolutions to keep,
We must ask God to help us each day.

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

V.—In the "Neck."

HANS GEWITZ tried to jump out of his wagon—or at least so it seemed to the boys. He raised his right hand in the air, and furiously pulled up his horse with his left.

"Run!" Miles called out to Reginald.

And off Reginald flew, like an arrow. Miles followed him more slowly. Hans called after them. Reginald stopped.

"Miles," he said, "I have half a mind to go and give myself up to Hans Gewitz. After all, I haven't done anything wrong. I wouldn't have stolen his Dutch cake for anything in the world. I never stole anything in my life; and I am sure God would prevent them from sending me to jail."

"You're an awful coward," replied Miles, panting for breath. "Nothing would make me go back now. I'm very fond of Aunt Danby and all that,—just as fond as you are; and I am sacrificing myself just to keep you out of jail."

"*I* shall go back," said Reginald. "If I do go to jail, people will soon find out that I didn't take the Dutch cake or break the window."

"Well," said Miles, suddenly seeing a prospect of the disappearance of his hopes

about wildernesses and adventures, "you can do as you please. But don't you remember the story of the girl and the magpie?"

Reginald remembered it too well: he had dreamed about it.

"You know," Miles went on, noticing the effect he was producing, "that the servant girl went to sleep in the kitchen, and a magpie—that's a bird—came and stole the spoons. The girl had no friend to take her away, as I am taking you, and so they sent her to jail. The consequence was that her head was chopped off."

Reginald shuddered. "They wouldn't do that now," he said, after a pause.

"I hope not; but aunt often says that you don't know what they'll do under a Republican administration."

"My father was a Republican," observed Reginald, brightening up.

"Well, isn't he dead?" asked Miles.

There was no denying this. Reginald said no more, but trudged onward with a heavy heart. Afterward Reginald wished many times that he had turned back; and so did Miles, for that matter.

The morning was cold. To avoid Hans, they had turned toward the east. They were now facing the river. The wind blew briskly. It brought to the boys very keenly the absence of breakfast. They reached Second Street Market. Miles' face brightened. The market was a long, shingle-roofed series of buildings, occupying the centre of the street. Behind the stalls, on which were piled eggs, butter, and all sorts of winter vegetables, were market-women, well wrapped up in shawls, ruddy and loud-voiced. They seemed like old friends to Reginald, and like old enemies to Miles. There, for instance, was Meg Watkins, who sat behind a stall laden with butter and eggs and cheese. Reginald, when sent to her by his aunt, had been so very polite that she recognized him now with a gracious smile; and, after asking for Mrs. Danby, gave him a handful of peppermint drops out of a bag she carried slung around her waist. Before she could find the peppermint drops, she had to count over many pennies, and overhaul several pincushions and bits of court-plaster. The pennies were rather greasy, but Reginald did not mind that; it was delightful to meet somebody who did not know that he was doomed to jail.

Meg was not so amiable to Miles. She scowled at him; for the last time he had been in the market he had played tag with another boy and stumbled over a crate of eggs. He had not been hurt, but the eggs had been damaged; consequently he was not offered any peppermint drops. But he did not mind that.

There was a smell of hot coffee in the clear air; it came from a stand in the middle compartment of the market, devoted to the butchers. Thither he directed his footsteps, followed by Reginald, whose mind was filled with the most sentimental thoughts. He recalled, with a sigh, a pleasant memory of the curds-and-whey woman who occupied a specially breezy corner in the summer time. How delicious was the cream she poured over the huge white curds swimming in the golden whey! And there was the cold and repellent ice-cream stand—how dismal, how mournful now!—where, for twenty cents, one could in June freeze one's insides with four flavors; and sometimes, if a boy took vanilla, strawberry, lemon, and chocolate, the keeper of the stand would return one cent with a benignant smile.

Tears came again to Reginald's eyes, as he reflected that he would never more enjoy the luxuries of the market. The season of strawberries would pass, and the market would not know him; the preserving time would come, and his aunt would not send him to take home the ripest quinces to be found. Never, never again would he taste those conserves of little yellow tomatoes, with ginger lying among them, the making of which was one of his aunt's secrets. If the steam of the hot

coffee had not at this moment greeted his nostrils, he might have burst into tears.

No such sentimental thoughts occupied Miles. He was doing his best to avoid the eye of the man who sold dried fruit. Once—not so very long ago—Miles had upset a bag of prunes by accident on a very busy Saturday, while he was waiting for a quart of dried pears. The man, who had heard of Miles, would not believe that it was an accident. Luckily, he was very busy picking the sprouts from some German peas which had just arrived, and so Miles slipped around, and found himself at last at the edge of the coffee stall. He sighed with relief. There was nobody else at the stall, which was built in front of a cooking apparatus. Tin boilers held coffee and tea and soup.

Miles and Reginald seated themselves on the little round stools before the narrow counter, and gazed at the hot bread, rolls, doughnuts, and pies, so temptingly displayed. Miles ordered some pepper-pot, a thick soup made of tripe, with little balls of dough and plenty of sweet marjoram in it. Reginald had coffee and rolls and some Bologna sausage. Miles' face beamed above the steam of his hot bowl of soup,—a picture of satisfaction. Even Reginald felt that life was worth living after he had drained his cup and dug two spoonfuls of thick brown sugar from the bottom of it.

But this could not last forever. The boys felt that they must move on. And all of a sudden Miles began to ask himself, Where? The Neck had, it is true, certain advantages. Still, the Neck was not romantic enough to offer great promises to an adventurous soul like his. It might, he thought, be well enough for a sojourn; but as a regular thing it would not do at all. Again they shouldered their packages and walked southward. The sun was stronger by this time, and its rays warmed the world somewhat. It occurred to Miles that he might as well get Reginald's views as to his future.

"Would you rather live among pirates or cannibals?" he asked his cousin, after they had walked several squares.

Reginald did not reply, and Miles repeated the question.

"Why do you talk such nonsense? It would be better to go to jail than to have anything to do with such people."

"Oh, pirates have good qualities like other people! It would be nice to convert them, and then make them so grateful that they would give us all their stolen goods and jewels and gold. You might do a great deal of good among pirates, and have lots of fun besides."

Reginald tightened his lips. "I did not leave a good home"—here he gave a great gulp—"to go and live among pirates. They might make us as bad as themselves: aunt always said evil associates corrupted good morals."

"But you wouldn't object to cannibals,—poor, heathen cannibals that don't know any better?"

"I should think that such people would be unpleasant," said Reginald, firmly. "Besides, they might not understand that we meant to convert them: they might eat us."

"I never saw a boy so afraid of things," retorted Miles. "I never did!"

"I don't want to associate with pirates or cannibals," said Reginald, with dignity. "If you intend to make friends among such people, we had better part at once."

"Oh, I was only in fun!" said Miles, soothingly. "A desert island would be nice,—like the Swiss Family Robinson place. It would be a good idea to buy a goat—they're cheap in the Neck,—and have it handy, in case we should be cast on a desert island."

Reginald glanced scornfully at Miles. "What would auntie say if she thought we would go to a place where there is no church?"

"Oh, if we were cast away we couldn't help that, you know! We'd have to read

our prayer-book on Sunday, just as I did the Sunday I hurt my foot and couldn't go out."

"I will not be cast away," remarked Reginald, decidedly.

Miles felt that he had made a great mistake in keeping this creature out of jail. He was only fit for jail, after all; and not intended to face unknown dangers. Miles pitied Reginald, and made another attempt.

"It would be *great* to be pursued by a herd of buffaloes on fiery mustangs."

"I don't know what you mean," said Reginald; "and I don't know much about buffaloes; but I have always heard that they walked on hoofs, and not on what you call mustangs. I want, Miles McGarry, to find a place where we can live quietly, until auntie fixes things so that I shall not have to go to jail."

Miles was disgusted with this. Of course he would have to stick to Reginald, as Reginald was his cousin, and such a weakling that he could not get on alone. To do Miles justice, he honestly believed that his cousin would starve without him. The shop would be much better than travelling with Reginald: they were to meet no pirates nor cannibals, or live on no desert island. But, he said to himself, that as he got Reginald into the scrape, he must stick to him. Reginald would be a great charge, no doubt; nevertheless, he would never desert him.

They trudged along rather painfully; for their bundles grew heavier and heavier. At last they reached a place where the paved sidewalks ceased. Before them stretched a level plain, dotted with houses here and there, and with fences showing above the snow. On their left was the river, filled with floating blocks of ice, on which crows, black as night, fought for such morsels as had fallen from passing vessels. They laid their bundles down in the soft snow on the bank, and watched with interest the greedy antics of these cunning-looking birds.

(To be continued.)

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

X.—Columbus at the Court of the Two Kings.

Ferdinand and Isabella were reigning together under the combined flags of Arragon and Castile. "The Two Kings" they were called; and indeed the gentle Queen was no less a ruler than her husband, and was as brave and sagacious—in a word, as kingly as he. To her confessor Columbus presented his letter; but that ecclesiastic had not the enthusiasm of Father Perez. More years of patient waiting were to go by. The sovereigns, their minds absorbed in the war against the Moors, were inaccessible; and Columbus was obliged to forego his application, and once more turned to making maps as if nothing had happened. It was at that time that he married for a second wife a noble lady of Cordova, who became the mother of his second son and future biographer, Ferdinand.

Waiting at last was rewarded: Columbus was admitted to the presence of the King and Queen, where, in spite of his shabby clothes, he made a good impression. The King, thinking perhaps to satisfy the misguided enthusiast and politely get rid of him, ordered a council of the most learned men to be held, and before them the would-be discoverer laid his plans. We know what objections those well-meaning but mistaken men brought forth. They quoted discouraging texts without number from the sacred writings, and showed from the first that they could not uphold this man from Genoa, who was so afflicted with "the madness of the sea." Naturally this council amounted to little, and presently all thought of it was brushed aside, and every mind was busy with the dreadful war against the Moors.

Then it was King John's opportunity; and he sent word from Lisbon that he had reconsidered, and was ready to yield to Columbus's terms. "No," wrote back Columbus; "I am committed now to the Crown of Spain."

Years went by,—the Genoese fast growing to be an old man, following the court about from place to place; now fighting in its battles, now utilizing a period of rest for further study; always believing in his project and his Queen, and waiting. At last even his gentle patience gave way. On receiving a final and official mandate from the court that he must wait until the war was over before presenting himself again before his sovereigns with his grand but visionary plans, he suddenly decided to go to France, and wait no longer for help from Spain. There was no anger in this resolve. He was mortal, and the precious years were being wasted. He might die with God's work still undone.

XI.—The Work of the Father Guardian.

The first act of Columbus was to go to the quiet convent where he had left Diego, that he might place him in care of his wife at Cordova. It would be better, he thought, for the little brothers to be together.

We can imagine with what interest and sadness and words of sympathy he was received by the Father Guardian. A young doctor of Palos, much skilled in science, was called in, and a small and hurried council was held. "We can not give up now," said the good Father, with decision, and asked his guest to state plainly the whole matter. So Columbus, with that simple eloquence so natural to him, told how for years he had followed the King and Queen from place to place, not daring to give up, because of the heathen which were to be redeemed, and the Holy Sepulchre which was to be reclaimed by the treasure of the East; how he had asked for but two or three small coasting vessels; and how he knew better than ever that the high approval of God and His Blessed Mother must be with such an enterprise. Much more was said; but early hours were kept at La Rabida, and the guest was weary. When he had said good-night, the kind Father followed the doctor to the gate. Then suddenly the young physician spoke thus:

"Do you remember, Rev. Father, that the town of Palos has been condemned to furnish two ships and their crews for a year whenever called upon by their Majesties? Perhaps they can be secured for our friend, the Señor Columbus."

"Well thought of!" answered the holy man. "I verily believe this suggestion of yours comes from Heaven."

In a little while the convent was quiet, and its inmates peacefully sleeping. The conversation was renewed the next morning, bright and early, when the physician explained that his town had broken the rigid navigation laws,—had, in fact, undertaken a little piracy on its own account again and again; and had, for the last offence, been sentenced as he had said.

"The seamen of Palos deserve some penalty," answered the friar; "and I will write and ask our noble sovereigns for those two ships and a commission for our friend from Genoa."

Columbus gladly agreed to this, adding that if he could not get three ships, as he had wished, he would be willing to sail with two.

A most carefully worded letter to the Queen was prepared, and a man named Sebastian Rodriguez found who would deliver it. In two weeks the messenger had traversed the rugged and dangerous way which led to the Spanish camp, and was back again with an answer carefully hid in the deep pocket of his jerkin. It said that Father Perez was ordered to proceed to court without delay. What rejoicing there was in the little white convent by the sea! Father Perez was for starting at

once; but, alas! how should he go? An old sailor who had known Columbus in past years came to the rescue. He owned a mule and would lend it. At last all was ready. The evening office was chanted in the chapel, and then the good superior mounted the mule, and in the bright starlight began his long ride to Santa Fé. It was there, in that military town, before the very walls of Granada, the last stronghold of the Moors, that the Spanish court had its headquarters.

The mule was a good traveller, and soon two letters were dispatched from Santa Fé to the sea: one to the mayor of Palos, ordering him to court; one to Columbus, enclosing a large sum of money and requesting his immediate presence.

(To be continued.)

A Boy with a Short Memory.

Returning from Vespers one Sunday, a priest living in the country met a man dressed in clothes which showed him to be a laborer. The man touched his hat. "I beg pardon, your reverence," he said. "But have you seen a boy on the road anywhere?"

"Driving a cart?" asked the priest.

"Yes, your reverence."

"With some hay and a pitchfork in it?"

"Yes," eagerly; "that is he."

"And with a very short memory?" continued the priest.

The man stared and hesitated. "Well, I never thought that his memory was uncommonly short," he said; "although perhaps he does not remember so well as some others. But may I ask how you knew his memory was rather short?"

"And belonging to a family with short memories?" again the priest asked.

"I don't understand," stammered the laborer.

"Then I will explain. You will find your son about a quarter of a mile down the road. I knew he had a short memory, because he seemed to forget that we are commanded to keep this day holy. When I saw you, I judged that his father had a short memory also."

The laborer thanked the priest for the reproof, and the next Sunday went to Vespers like a good Christian.

The Resurrection Plant.

One of the most wonderful plants known in the floral kingdom is the Resurrection plant, by some called the Rose of Jericho. It is a native of the far East, being found in the sandy regions of Syria and Egypt. One variety grows in some parts of California and Mexico. It derives its name from a peculiar habit it has of coming to life after apparent death. When looking perfectly dry and withered, it can at once be revived by plunging the stem into water: the buds swell, the petals unfold, and the stalk lengthens and becomes covered with blooming flowers. These flowers are white and are followed in time by fruit. As soon as drawn from the water, the plant loses its beauty, shrivels up, and is, to all intents and purposes, quite dead.

Popular tradition has long connected this singular flower with incidents in the life of Our Lord. It is thought to bloom each year at the time of His birth, and pilgrims have reported finding it at every place where St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin stopped to rest when on their way to Egypt.

For months this astonishing plant will drift about after being uprooted by the winds; and will then, as if by magic, change to an object of great beauty and interest by the aid of a little water. It is only one of many marvellous objects in nature which teach a wise lesson if we will only stop to learn.

THE ROSARY OF NATURE.

CASCIA. FREDERIC J. LISCOMBE.

Con espress. *p*

1. The gold - en sheen of morn - ing sun Dis - pel - ling night's deep shade, Its splen - dor when the
2. The flow'r-bells ring their ves - per chime As dusk steals o'er the land, And soft and sweet at

p *cres.*

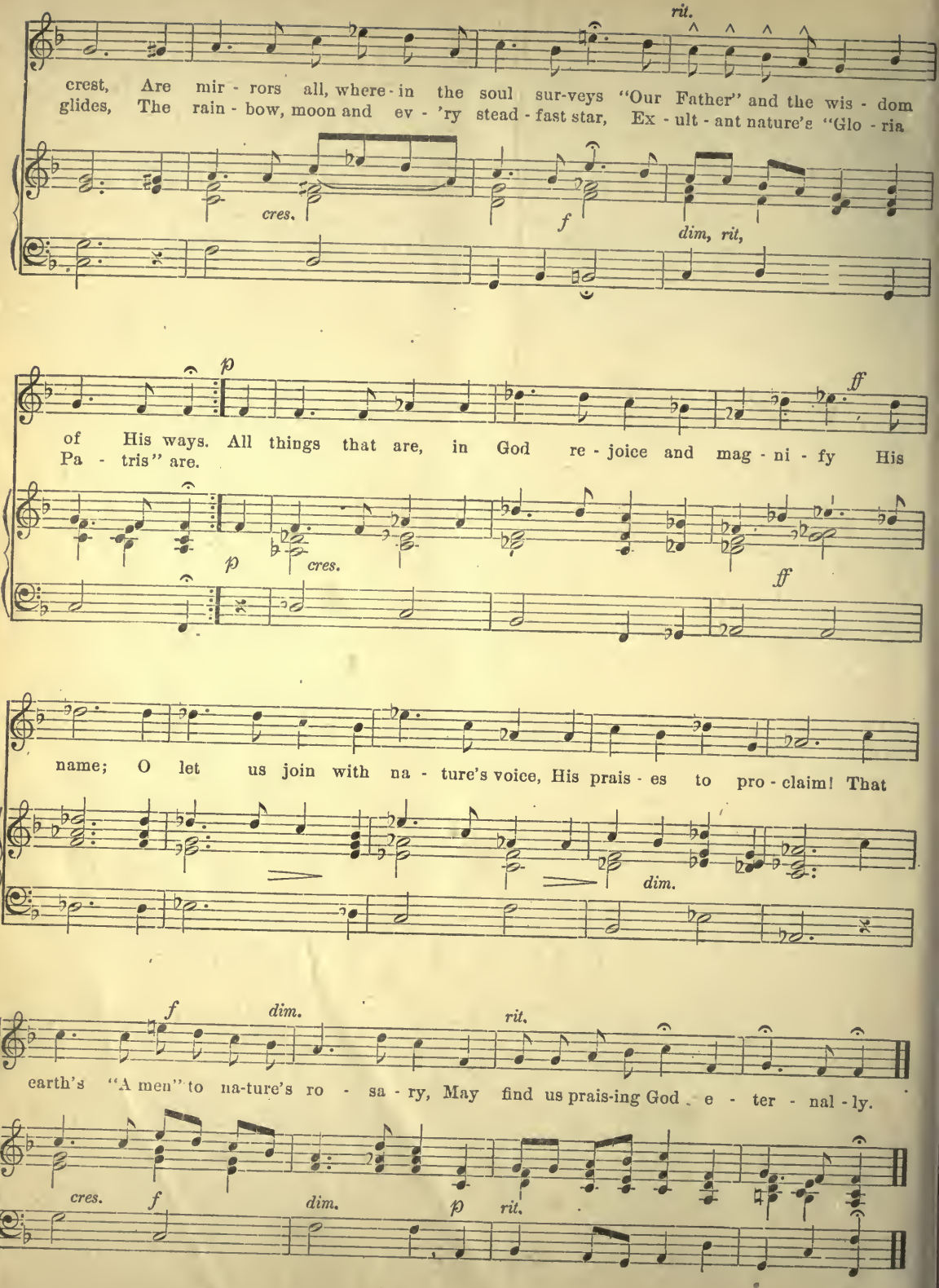
day is done, That crim - sons grove and glade, Is na - ture's mystic "act of faith" sub-lime, Its
hour of prime, From east to west - ern strand; The flow'rs of earth as if one gold - en bell, The

rit. *f*

"Cre - do" in the ro - sa - ry of time. The vast ex - panse of des - erts drear, The
"A - ves" of an end - less rosa - ry tell. The roar of wind thro' wood - ed steeps, The

rit. *f*

might - y o - cean's breast, The lone - ly moun - tain peaks that rear Toward heav'n their snow - y
rush of cours - ing tides, The cat - a - ract that on - ward sweeps, The stream that sea - ward


rit.
crest, Are mir - rors all, where - in the soul sur-veys "Our Father" and the wis - dom
glides, The rain - bow, moon and ev - 'ry stead - fast star, Ex - ult - ant nature's "Glo - ria
cres.
f
dim, rit,
p
ff
of His ways. All things that are, in God re - joice and mag - ni - fy His
Pa - tris" are.
p
cres.
ff
name; O let us join with na - ture's voice, His prais - es to pro - claim! That
dim.
f
dim.
rit.
earth's "A men" to na-ture's ro - sa - ry, May find us prais-ing God e - ter - nal - ly.
cres.
f
dim.
p
rit.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

VOL. XXXIV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 6, 1892. NO. 6.

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Be Steadfast Still.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

HOW oft a cause hath sunk in endless night
Because its color-bearer failed to stand,
And the lost legions, wailing in their flight,
Could find no leader left in all the land!

How oft some pass that held the hopes of all—
Because one craven quivered and cried "Lost!"—
Hath been the gate of ruin, to let fall
Despair on hopes that blood of heroes cost!

But there have been all-valiant men who made
Forts of their bodies, pinions of their souls;
Beneath whose shelter rescued maidens prayed,
And children laughed, and Wisdom penned her scrolls.

Pause, then, young dreamer, on whose brow aflame
God's gift of genius gleameth; suffer long
Ere turning from a noble course thine aim;
For steadfast is a greater word than strong.

The weak one's fallen taper shall be lit
At the clear flame of thy undaunted heart;
And Life's lone pilgrims gain on seeing it
The hope that failed them for an upward start.

ALL grace leaves us worse if not better, harder if not softer.—*Faber.*

St. John Damascene and Our Lady.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

AS an approach to the subject of Greek devotion to Our Blessed Lady, it may be well to remind our readers that the passages here brought to their notice are merely a few samples taken from a very rich field. We said much the same on a former occasion, when we were speaking of the Syriac devotion to Mary;* and it will apply also to the other fields of Eastern literature to which we shall come later on. But the remark has a more special force in the case of the Greek writings. Here the field is so rich that it is no light task to make a choice. In some of the other instances, time and distance have made, as we may say, a natural selection for us. And if the extracts taken from these literatures are never a complete collection of all that has been said on the subject, they are often a considerable portion of the materials within our reach. It is otherwise with the Greek patristic writings. Here we have ready to hand an abundant supply of sermons and other works in praise of the Holy Mother of God, while the liturgical books contain a fresh mine of Marian

* See THE "AVE MARIA," June, 1891.

devotion. We must be content to take only a very small portion from this vast store; and though we may succeed in finding passages which are good specimens of the quality of this Greek literature, we can hardly hope to give our readers any idea of its abundance.

It is, thus, all the more necessary to keep to the plan already adopted in the other cases, and let one writer speak for all the rest. But where shall we find a spokesman? In the grand army of the Greek Fathers there is no one who stands out above all the others, like St. Augustine in the West or St. Ephrem in the Syriac Church. And, we may add, there is no one here who is so pre-eminently the Marian Doctor as St. Bernard is among the Latin writers. Where so many have done well, it is scarcely possible to say who is the best. Still, we can hardly do better than take St. John Damascene as the representative of Greek doctrine and devotion in this matter. It is true he is not the greatest of the Greek Fathers, or even one of the foremost rank; and he is by no means one of the earliest, coming almost at the end of the line. Yet for these very reasons he is the better fitted to speak for the rest. If he comes after the others, he has sat at their feet, and his pages echo and reflect the teaching of his masters.

While we may thus take St. John Damascene as the spokesman of his contemporaries and elders, it will be well to say a word in passing on the teaching and devotion of the earlier Greek Fathers. If these do not furnish us with such abundant matter as later writers like St. John, it must not be supposed that they were therefore wanting in this devotion to Our Lady. This would be a rash and wholly unwarranted inference, as a little reflection will readily show. The writings they have left us were for the most part written to meet some special need, and deal with such points as the heathen or heretics of the hour were assailing. No one among the early writers set himself to give a full exposition of Catholic teaching. St. John Damascene was one of the very first to undertake this task. We may add that the main doctrines of the faith came under discussion in something like regular order. Thus the Fathers of the fourth century set forth and defend the great dogma of the Trinity, while those of the next age are engaged in a similar exposition and defence of the mystery of the Incarnation. Now, the proper place for the doctrine on Our Lady is after the latter mystery. It is, therefore, to the fifth century and that which follows that we should naturally look for a more systematic treatment of this question. And here, as a matter of fact, we do meet with it.

But if the early Fathers had no occasion to write at length on the subject of Our Lady, we may at least expect to find some incidental reference to her dignity and privileges; and in this we shall not be disappointed. Thus in the writings of the most ancient Fathers we meet with that comparison between Mary and Eve, which gives us the best picture of Our Lady's place in the great scheme of the Redemption. This is familiar to us all, from the words of the *Ave Maris Stella* and other hymns. We have seen that St. Ephrem makes use of it in his Syriac poems, in the fourth century. But we find this parallel pointed out by the Greek Fathers at a much earlier date. Thus St. Justin Martyr, who suffered death A. D. 167, if not earlier, tells the Jew Trypho that the Son of God "became man through the Virgin, in order that the disobedience which came of the serpent, might be undone in the selfsame way through which it took its beginning. For Eve when she was yet a virgin and uncorrupted, receiving the word of the serpent, brought forth disobedience and death; but the Virgin Mary, when the Angel Gabriel told her the glad tidings that the Spirit of the Lord would come

upon her, and the power of the Most High overshadow her, wherefore that which was born of her should be Holy and the Son of God, conceiving faith and joy made answer: 'Be it done unto me according to thy word.'"

The writings of another Father of the same century contain still more striking passages on this subject. This is St. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, who won the crown of martyrdom in A. D. 202. It is remarkable that he dwells on the comparison of Mary and Eve in two different parts of his great work "Against Heresies." In the course of his Third Book he writes as follows: "As Eve, being disobedient, became the cause of death both for herself and for all mankind; so also Mary, having her predestined husband and yet being a virgin, by her obedience became the cause of salvation for herself and for all mankind." And a little farther on he adds: "Thus the knot of Eve's disobedience was loosened by the obedience of Mary; for what the maiden Eve bound by her unbelief, this the maiden Mary loosened by her faith." ("Adversus Hæreses," lib. iii. cap. 22.) In the Fifth Book the Saint speaks yet more strongly: "For as the one was led away by the angel's voice to fly from God, transgressing His word, so was the other told by the Angel's voice that she should bear God, being obedient to His word. And as the one was seduced to fly from God, so was the other induced to obey God; that *the maiden Mary might become the advocate* of the maiden Eve; and as mankind was in the bondage of death through a maiden, so it might be set free by a maiden; the disobedience of a maiden being thus balanced in the scales by a maiden's obedience." (Lib. v, cap. 19.)

Such is the teaching of St. Irenæus, who had sat at the feet of St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John the Evangelist, to whom Mary was given as a mother. The ancient Latin version in which the greater part of St. Irenæus' work "Against Heresies" is still preserved, was made in the Saint's own time; for it is quoted by Tertullian, who died some twelve years after the great Bishop of Lyons.

These extracts may well be enough to show what was the doctrine of the early Greek writers; and, we may add, they tell us at the same time something of the devotion to which that doctrine naturally leads. Even if we had no direct evidence on this point, we might safely conclude that the early saints, who understood so well the sublime dignity and office of the Mother of God, would not fail to give her the love and honor that belonged to her, and look for help in their need to the "Advocate" of our first mother. The absence of any tokens of this devotion in the writings they have left us would surely be no argument against it; for there are many of our own day conspicuous for this devotion who never have any occasion to bring it into their writings. Be this as it may, we are not left to conjecture in this matter of ancient devotion to Our Lady. It is true that the critics have rejected the numerous sermons in her honor found among the works of the Fathers of the fourth century; but, as Father Ryder has well observed, this judgment only shows that the sermons *in their present state* are not the work of the great saints whose names they bear, and it is likely enough that they are corruptions or imitations of genuine works. ("Catholic Controversy," p. 105.)

We may well agree with the learned Oratorian that this is far more probable than the hypothesis that the Greek Fathers of the fourth century did not preach any sermons on Our Lady; especially when we call to mind the warm devotion of their Syriac contemporary, St. Ephrem, and the language held by the Greeks of the next half century. However, in default of any undisputed and uncorrupted discourses in praise of Our Lady, we must betake ourselves to the other works of the same writers,

and see if they do not make some passing allusion to this devotion. Here it is somewhat remarkable that the two most striking passages of this kind both refer us back to a still earlier age. St. Gregory Nazianzen, toward the close of the fourth century, is preaching on the virgin martyr St. Justina, who suffered in its opening years; and he tells his hearers how the Saint overcame the assaults of the tempter. After describing her prayers to Our Lord, he adds: "Saying these words and many more, and *beseeching the Virgin Mary to succor a virgin in danger*, she shielded herself with the remedy of fasting and sleeping on the ground." (Oratio xviii.)

Another Father of the same date gives us a still more striking proof that Mary was ever the helper of Christians. This is St. Gregory of Nyssa, the brother of St. Basil the Great. He is preaching on his namesake, St. Gregory the Wonder-Worker, Bishop of Neo-Cæsarea in the middle of the third century; and he tells how this Saint, before undertaking his episcopal duties, prayed for further light on the doctrines assailed by the heretics of his day. This was vouchsafed him in a vision by night. The Blessed Virgin and the Beloved Disciple appeared to him; and he heard them conversing together, and so knew who they were. Their glory was something more than human, and the Saint's eyes could not bear its brightness. Our Lady then told St. John to give Gregory the instruction which he needed. The Apostle answered that he would do anything for the Mother of his Lord, and forthwith taught the new Bishop the doctrine he was to preach. The Saint hastened to commit this to writing, and it is still preserved. The autograph was yet in existence when St. Gregory of Nyssa preached his panegyric a hundred years later.*

Passages such as these have their value, and help us to form some notion of the Marian devotion of the early Greek Fathers. But there is something else that tells us far more on this head. After all, the written documents that happily remain to our day are only one part of the Fathers' teaching. Much of their best work was that which was written in the hearts of their children and disciples. Thus, if we would learn the true teaching and spirit of St. John Chrysostom, we should not confine our attention to his works, or rather such of them as time has spared to us. We may also avail ourselves of the writings of his disciples; such as, for instance, his successor, St. Proclus, who has left some discourses in praise of Our Lady. In like manner we may say that the saints and writers of each succeeding age bear this relation to those who came before them: they speak not only for themselves, but for the masters at whose feet they sat. This is true in some degree even with those writers who have most originality: they do but give what may be called a new form and color to the teaching which they take from their elders, to hand it on to their children.

But the remark applies with a more special force to St. John Damascene. Perhaps no theological writer was ever less likely to innovate, or more deeply impressed with the need of holding fast by the traditions of the ancients. Herein lies the main worth of his teaching. Standing at the end of the patristic period, when the words of the great masters were yet fresh in the memory of men, and many works since lost were still available, he became the echo and interpreter of the past ages, bringing together in one consistent whole the teaching that is found scattered up and down the numerous sermons and letters and treatises of the early Fathers. His great work "On the Orthodox Faith" is not so much an original production as a compilation from these earlier sources. The Saint himself clearly feels this. Thus in the third chapter of his First Book, where he is beginning to set forth the

* St. Gregorii Nyssen, Op. t. III. 546. Möhler, 'Patrologie," p. 650.

doctrine about God, he disclaims all originality, and says he is going to tell what has been handed down. And these opening words, as he obviously intends them, apply to the whole of his work. "When I mention Damascene," says a Byzantine writer, "I bring together in one word all the teachers and theologians; for he is the interpreter and the mouth of all theologians whatever."* We are surely well warranted in taking the Saint as the spokesman of Greek theology in the matter of devotion to Our Lady.

(To be continued.)

The Glitter of Gold.

VII.

"LOOK yonder, Miss Felden," said Stetten, pointing to a projection of rock at a dizzy height. "The spot of green that you see is a little mountain meadow, on which the people are now cutting and drying the grass, to bring it down on sleds in winter. Yes, Miss, life in the Alps is not so easy and sunny as it might appear to an indifferent person," he added, noticing the surprised look on Hella's face. "The soil yields its scanty harvest only to the hardest labor. Bitter sweat waters the fruits of industry, not to speak of the many victims which the hauling makes almost yearly. On the other side of the Dürrenstein, the only son of a poor widow fell last winter; and his companion, who tried to save him, was pulled down with him over the precipice. The search for the bodies was fruitless, and they were recovered only when the snow had melted away."

Hella shuddered, notwithstanding the sweltering weather.

"You tremble, Miss Stein. The misery of the poor touches you. How you would shudder if you were to meet the hollow-eyed spectre Starvation in the larger cities!—if you caught a glimpse of the misery in those fearful dens of the manufacturing population, of the poor workmen and day-laborers! But I suppose you have not learned much about the miseries of life?"

"No," acknowledged the young girl, candidly. "I—"

"Miss Stein lives in circles where such things do not enter, and are hardly mentioned," quickly interposed the Baroness.

The Professor's brows contracted; a smile of compassion bordering on contempt hovered upon his lips.

"Excuse me, Miss Felden, if I venture to contradict your views. I can not but consider such a studied avoidance of the sight and knowledge of human misery as a squeamishness not far from criminal. As if one could banish misery in its thousand forms from the world by merely ignoring it! A child might, like the ostrich, hide his face, and thus think that he escaped the danger; but a woman of intelligence and feeling must be able to look misery in the face. No class of human society is excused from a lively and active share in the weal and woe of others. We are all, whether high or low, members of the same body. When one is sick, the others share in the disease. Even the prince upon his throne can not escape this communion, this reciprocal action."

"Herr Professor, you are not a social democrat, I hope?" inquired the court lady, with a forced laugh.

"I am not, Miss Felden; but I am a man, I am a Christian, and as such I have reflected on human society and on the chief evils of our times. I have tried to obtain information amongst all classes, even those that are called exclusive; and I have come to the conclusion that if we would only honestly and unanimously put our hands to the work, many a thing could be changed for the better."

* Macarius, quoted by Allatius in his notice of St. John Damascene published in Lequien's edition of the Saint's works, Vol. I., ix.

The young man spoke to Fräulein von Schönfeld; but he watched Hella, who hung on his words with great, shining eyes.

"I think it is time for us to go," said the Fräulein. "The air from the ravine yonder is beginning to blow cool."

And, without waiting for the consent of her mistress, she arose and turned to go. The Princess followed her example.

Whether as a result of the preceding conversation, or whether a mere whim, on the return Stetten kept at the young girl's side, instead of devoting his attention as usual to the elder lady. He had never before spoken to her so earnestly; his glance had never been so warm, the tone of his voice so gentle; throughout all the treasures of his knowledge and experience which he produced, there seemed to run an echo from his heart. He was at home in every department of knowledge; he had seen all, he had learned to take a part in all; guiding and helping, not from curiosity, but out of a real desire of being useful. Hella felt herself and the narrow circle of her views exceedingly small and insignificant beside interests of such world-wide importance.

"But, my dear Miss," said the Professor, looking at the expressive countenance with unmistakable admiration, "how comes it that, with your quick intelligence, your lively interest in all that is beautiful and grand in nature, you have no idea of the demands of the times, of the questions that agitate all mankind? Have you, like a modern Sleeping Beauty, dreamed away your life in some enchanted castle, that you did not see and hear what is going on around you?"

"Quite likely," admitted Hella, with a smile. "I once uttered my complaint to you, dearest," she said, turning to Schönfeld, "at being shut up in the solitary old house in the woods, and at having to mourn away my life alone there."

"And I can but repeat what I then said," replied she, with emphasis: "that I considered it a great prerogative for one to be able to shut oneself off by a high wall from the multitude. He that is not born in such circles, that is not brought up in such fortunate surroundings"—a glance at the plebeian Professor accompanied these words—"has no idea of what is admissible or inadmissible there. *C'est impossible.*"

"Oh, spare us from the French!" cried Hella, with a laugh, putting her hands to her little pink ears. "When my good old protectress gets started in French, then all is over, Herr Professor; then there is no joking with her."

With the easy facility of a man of the world, and with fine tact, Stetten glided off to another subject, and kept the ladies so interested that even the Baroness lost some of her antipathy to him.

It was late when the ramblers reached the door of the inn. Star after star in its beauty had appeared in the sky; and the first quarter of the moon hovered over the silent and solitary vale of the Popena, casting a ghostly shimmer on the shaggy heads of the mountains and the rigid surface of the glaciers.

Long after they had supped together, Princess Hella remained sitting at the open window of her room, looking thoughtfully out into the dreamy moonlight.

"It is time for retiring, your Highness," admonished the duenna, entering and lighting the candle.

Hella did not stir. A moth came flying around the candle. Once, twice he flew away, and then he plunged into the blaze.

"I fear that the poor Professor will fare no better than the moth," said Fräulein von Schönfeld, banteringly. "He is venturing nearer and nearer to the light, and soon it will be too late."

"What do you mean?" asked the Princess, without turning.

"Well, if your Highness does not choose to see, a blind man could see that the learned gentleman, in spite of all his resistance, is on the point of losing his heart.

It is really shocking that your Highness, the reigning Princess—"

"Not another word, Schönfeld!" commanded Hella. "I will not hear another word of that."

The Baroness was so surprised at the unusual severity of the tone that she said no more. The Princess continued still to gaze out of the window, but her lips trembled and her eye grew moist.

"I fear," she whispered to herself, "that it is not he, but I that am the unhappy moth whose wings the flames will burn."

"Schönfeld," she said after a pause, turning half around, "we shall leave to-morrow. You may order the stage for Toblach. There we shall take extra post and travel over the same road to Auronzo, without stopping here at Schluderbach."

"So you will go to Venice after all, Most Gracious Princess?" inquired Fräulein von Schönfeld, in a doleful tone.

Hella answered in the affirmative.

"Why not, then, start from here, your Highness?"

"I do not wish to be followed, to have my doings and omissions criticised. This is Monday; on Thursday, or at the latest Friday, we can be in Venice. Good-night, dear Schönfeld!"

The desire of the Princess to be left alone was so clearly indicated that there remained nothing for the court lady but to withdraw to her own room near by, and to give expression to her dismal thoughts in the most despairing attitudes.

VIII.

Whilst Princess Hella von Hohenstein-Bedburg continued at the window till toward midnight, the young Stetten, separated from her only by a landing, sat at his table busily employed in writing. He also had sat long in the dark thinking, and at last with a sigh had turned away and lighted his candle. As if driven by a sudden impulse, he took out his portfolio and read the pages which he had yesterday put back because they did not suit him:

SCHLUDERBACH, Aug. 21, 1881.

DEAREST MAMMA:—You will be surprised to receive another letter from me, as I informed you only a week ago that I had returned here after rambling about in all directions, and was again enraptured by the magnificence of life among these grand, beautiful mountains. But if I write to you to-day it is because something new and unexpected has entered into my life,—something of which I can not yet give myself a satisfactory account. To tell it to you in one word, mamma—but you may have guessed it, women are gifted with such fine feelings in these matters—I am on the highroad to lose my heart, and to lose it to a girl without position or name.

Be not angry with me, dear mamma. I have struggled against this inclination as well as I could; for, however free I may be from the prejudices of the world, theory and practice are different things. An unequal marriage has always seemed to me a misfortune for both parties, and yet I am on the point of seriously trying the experiment; and should perhaps have already spoken the decisive word, had I not been restrained by the thought of the grief that I should inflict on you, the kindest and best of mothers. But Miss Stein seems to be the one destined for me. Were I a Mahometan I should say "Kismet," and yield unresistingly to my fate.

The girl, who is making a long journey in company of a friend of her deceased mother, I had already met at the Achensee. At our first meeting I felt that this person, a compound of the most opposite qualities, might become dangerous to me; and I was therefore not displeased at the hunters of Coburg, who drove me out of the Partisau before my time. But I had only left the enchanting spot behind me to find her here again on entering the Höhlenstein valley. We met daily, and I found myself drawn and repelled in spite of myself. Hella—Miss Stein's name is Helena—is like the chameleon, which changes color

ten times a day. She is unrestrainedly joyous and melancholy; at one moment bubbling over with spirits and animation, at the next sparing in words almost to sullenness; sometimes imperious, at others humble and submissive; in many things well informed, and in others strangely ignorant; sometimes even—I will be perfectly candid with you, mamma—rather unwomanly and strong-minded, a tyrant toward the good-natured but rather small-minded Miss Felden, who seems to be only the toy of her humor, to which she submits in a way to me incomprehensible. In a word, Hella is a riddle; and I am drawn by a resistless power to solve this charming riddle, to try and find the *open sesame* which shall awake all the good qualities slumbering in her.

Is she beautiful? I do not know, mamma. I often say yes, and just as often no. The expression of her countenance changes with her words. Her characteristic features do not correspond at all to classical beauty,—her nose is too bold, her chin too pointed for that. Hella has nothing of the noble, dignified beauty of the eldest Schellenberg girl; nothing of that sensitive bashfulness of your favorite, Matilda Scharfenstein; but she has something altogether peculiar, and is always herself; a being on whom you can not count, with a piquant little face, the chief attractions of which are a pair of large bright eyes, and a mass of obstinate golden curls.

I grant, dear mamma, that Hella is not the woman whom I thought of bringing to you as your daughter-in-law, as the mistress of your house; she is in almost everything the opposite of my ideal, and yet I am becoming more and more convinced that she is the only woman that can make me happy. Under the influence of my love, under the protection of your motherly care (the poor child was almost from the cradle deprived of the tender care of parents), this closed blossom will unfold into a glorious flower. . . .

So far the young man had written the evening before, and now he prepared to finish the letter. But hardly had he taken his pen when he jumped up again and paced the little room uneasily.

"Not to-night," he said at last, placing his hand on his forehead; "to-morrow. I will then explain my reasons more clearly to mamma; to-night I am too excited."

On the following evening Stetten was seated again in the same place and glanced over the sheet. A look of pain was in his face, a bitter smile on his lips. He made a motion as if to tear the paper, but seemed to think better of it, smoothed out the crumpled sheet and continued to write:

AUGUST 23.

I was on the point of destroying these outpourings of a sensitive soul; but it may be better if you, dear mamma, are informed of your son's state of mind. You will then also understand why I depart from the original plan of my journey, and do not immediately return home.

Hella is gone, and I expect never again to see her,—gone without a word, a sign, a message for me. I almost fell when the landlord, at my return from Sorapik, told me as the latest news that the two ladies of No. 10 had left at nine o'clock,—I had gone out on my explorations at six. To my question as to whither, he shrugged his shoulders: "To Toblach, and from there by rail, quite likely, to Franzensfeste or Lienz."

I know not how I reached my room. I was stunned by the thought that she, who held possession of my whole being, could drop me like a plaything of which she had grown tired,—that I was nothing to her. Now that I have lost her, I begin to know how much I loved her, and that I would not for a moment have hesitated in my choice between her and my coronet. And she, the wealthy citizen's daughter (she is rich without question: she gave the porter a bill of one hundred florins, thereby raising quite a commotion in the house), may have feared that the poor Professor

was in earnest, and might raise his eyes even to her. Gold measures by gold. I shall not now go to Heiligenblut and the Grossglockner. The ladies came from Franzensfeste, and will likely go thence to Lienz, and perhaps from there to Kals. Miss Stein repeatedly expressed the wish to take a near view of the Grossglockner. I would not meet her again at any price, and in my present frame of mind I can not possibly endure the holy solitude of the mountains. My own company is intolerable to me, now that a leaf has been plucked from the spring blossom of my hopes. I will, therefore, start for Venice to-morrow. It is not yet the time to visit Italy; but I must behold men, changing scenes, life and motion; and there I run no risk of meeting with familiar faces.

Your letters will find me as heretofore at the Hotel Bauer.

Your

LEO.

(To be continued.)

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

II.—GRANDMOTHER O'HALLORAN'S STORY.

FOR some time I had been attracted by a new face—the sweet, grave face of an old woman, framed in a carefully "goffered" cap of dazzling whiteness, such as we sometimes see in pictures of the Irish peasantry. Unlike most of her companions—who, strange to say, wear, as a rule, in summer and winter, hoods and blanket shawls, indoors as well as out,—she wore a shoulder shawl of fine material in a gray and white pattern. This, as well as the blue gingham apron which covered her faded black gown, was always spotlessly clean. The somewhat stern expression of her serious face, seamed with many wrinkles, was altogether redeemed by the bright smile which occasionally parted her lips at some witty sally of one of her more humorous companions. At such times I noticed the remarkable evenness and whiteness of her teeth (she appeared to be sixty-five or thereabouts); and when she smiled, a dimple actually came to life and light in her withered old cheek. Always sitting a little apart from the various groups in the work-room or garden, her demeanor was characterized by a dignity and gentleness which, in spite of her aloofness, commanded the respect of her companions, not always granted to those who, from natural reserve or some other cause, prefer solitude to society.

One day—I had never got beyond a slight salutation with her—I remarked to the Sister in charge:

"It seems rather difficult to get acquainted with yonder old lady, and yet there is something so attractive and wholesome about her that I would be glad to break the ice of her reserve."

"She does not care to answer idly curious questions," was the reply; "being different in that respect from many old women. But she has a fine character, and has suffered much. Her confidence must be won gradually. Come, we will go to her."

Crossing the yard to where she sat knitting in the doorway of a little summer-house, the Sister said:

"Grandmother, this is a lady who is much interested in you, but finds it hard to become better acquainted. She is a good friend of ours, and I will leave her with you now to be entertained while I go to the laundry."

She arose, bowed gravely as one knowing the requirements of courtesy; then, smiling sweetly, made room on the bench beside her, as she answered:

"Never fear, Sister: I'll strive to help her pass the time while you're gone. Will you sit down, my dear?"

Sister Gertrude hurried off, and I seated myself at the bidding of my new friend.

"What is your name, grandmother?"

I asked. "I think I would rather call you by it, if you do not mind."

She lifted her eyes from her knitting with one of those pleasing smiles. "'Tis long since I heard it," she said. "They all call me 'grandmother,' and I'm used to it. My name is O'Halloran—Mary O'Halloran."

"A good name that," I said.

"You're not far astray, dear," she replied. "All that I knew of them were a good stock—man, woman, and child. You are not Irish yourself?"

"By descent, yes," I answered. "But I have never seen Ireland. I hope I may some day."

"I'd give the sight of my eyes for one look of the green hills, though it's thirty years since I sailed away from them," she exclaimed passionately, clasping her withered hands together.

The tears came to my eyes. Alas, poor wanderer! I thought. You are the type and embodiment of hundreds of years of exile and persecution, with soul still pure, and faithful heart still on fire with the memory of your native land.

Noticing my emotion, she placed her hand in mine. "It's a kind heart ye have with ye," she said; and the compact of our friendship was sealed from that hour. So it came to pass that on the rare occasions when the old woman availed herself of permission to go out, she sometimes spent the day with me; it happened once on St. Patrick's Day, and her old heart was full of memories, when she told me her pathetic story.

"I'm from Leitrim, joinin' Roscommon," she said, "the youngest and the only girl in a family of fourteen. Thirteen brothers I had, and my father was well to do, as things were in those days. 'Twas spoiled and humored I was from the day I was born. Never a foot would I go to school, and I wasn't made do it. The boys wouldn't let my father or mother lay a hand on me. Sure I was the greatest tomboy of them all. I could climb a stone wall like a cat, and the hedges and ditches were nothin' at all to me. Two of my brothers were stone-masons, and they went to England; for the times were better there than at home. Four of them were settled on farms and married; three came to America in the bad year, and three went for sailors. The one next to me had a great fancy for bein' a priest—in those days there were 'poor scholars,' as they called them,—but he died before he could make a trial of it. God rest his soul! he was a good and a purty boy."

"How long ago was that?" I asked.

"Faith, I can't tell ye," she replied. "I was sixteen when I married, forty years I lived with my husband, twenty years next Michaelmas he's dead."

"Then you are seventy-six?"

"About that, my dear. It's a long life to look back on. Well, I had no thought of marriage, no more than that baby of yours, when my father came to me one day, and said he: 'Mary, put on ye as if you were goin' to Mass. Pat O'Halloran from the next townland,—ye mind him, don't ye? He was at Barney's funeral. Well, he's lookin' for a dacent girl for a wife, and I'm thinkin' you'll suit him.' I did as he bade me,—that's the way marriages were made in those days in Ireland, however they do it now. And I'm thinkin', by some of the specimens I see, it would be better if they'd make them the same way still."

"And you did not know the man?"

"Never laid eyes on him but once before, and never spoke a word to him till that evenin'."

"And you married him?"

"To be sure, after they settled about the fortune and called the bans."

"Was he young, like yourself?"

The old woman laughed. "Like myself, *alanna?* No, not at all. What call would a boy of sixteen have to be married? He was thirty years old, and a fine figure of a man, strong as an ox, and handsome, with hair like the crow's wing. Some called

him wilful and wild, but he was a good husband to me. We had ten acres of land, two cows, and a lot of pigs and chickens; a fine stone house of three rooms, and a barn nearly as good."

"And you were happy?"

"Indeed I was. Marriage sobered me at once; for the children came fast, and I had plenty to do. Seven boys of them in ten years, and then a fine, hearty girl. Maggie we called her, after his mother. Her father idolized her, and the brothers were the same way with her as mine with me. My poor father and mother died in the same year, when Maggie was five years old. That was our first throuble, and it was a good while before we had another."

She paused, musingly, her knitting dropped as she gazed into the fire.

"Often, when I do be sittin' alone in the evenings—not so much now as when I had my own little room with the open fire,—I look and search the coals for a picture I always find there."

"What is it, grandmother?"

"A big fireplace, with the peat piled high at the side, and a couple of good sods burnin'; the big pot over the coals, and the potatoes bubblin' and boilin' inside; the little ones playin' about the floor; and Maggie tuggin' at my skirts, bawlin' for supper. Then I'd put the big noggin of fresh buttermilk on the deal table, as white as snow. The noggin itself was brass-bound and shinin' as soap and stone could make it. So were the small drinkin' noggins. I kept my little place clean and tidy. Soon the boys would come troopin' in, their father after them. I'd rise and take up the potatoes—that big platter above is about the size of the one they were piled on, their sides burstin'. Dear, there was never a meal so sweet as potatoes and buttermilk."

Drawing herself together, as it were, with a short, sharp sigh, she said, quickly: "Ah, I mustn't think of those days now! They're too far away." Wiping her eyes she continued:

"When Maggie was ten the crops failed, and the next year, and the next. Three of the boys came to America, and two went to Australia; two enlisted, and we had only the little girl. The boys in Australia were young. I'm afraid they got wild; for we heard from them but seldom, and they never sent home but a thrifle. It wasn't long till they stopped writin' altogether, and from that day to this we never heard tale nor tidings of them. Two of the boys in America married, and that stopped them from sendin' much home. And the old man got a hurt that withered his right hand, so he made but poor shift with the farm. Times went from bad to worse. The fever came, and all my brothers died of it. Their families were mostly as bad off as ourselves.

"At long last we could see no help for it, but Maggie must go to America too. The boy that was unmarried kept writin' for her, and wanted us all to come. But Maggie was such a kind, tender-hearted creature that she offered to go first, and make some kind of a way for us to get on. It was a sore thing for us to let her go: her father was never the better of it. She got a good place at once, and kept it a long time. All she could spare she sent us. The two married boys were livin' on a small place near the town, keepin' a dairy. But their two wives were always quarrelin', and the men took to drinkin' on account of it. Maggie wrote that they seemed to have lost all nature for her; and the women wouldn't treat her well at all. So she seldom went next or near them.

"Dennis, the single boy, had strained his back liftin' a heavy barrel, and was most of the time in hospital. That was the cause of his not sendin' more money, but he didn't like to fret us by tellin' it. Every cent Maggie could spare she gave us, but the brother took the most of it; he could work only a spell at a time. 'Twas worse and worse things got every day, till it looked at last as if there was nothing for

us but the poorhouse. The parish priest wrote to the married boys; and, unbeknownest to their wives, they sent half our passage money; Maggie gave the rest.

"The very day we landed in C—— the two boys were killed by a tree fallin' on them—that was our welcome to America. I never saw either of their wives or one of the children since the day of the funeral. Maggie had a couple of nice rooms ready for us, but we found Dennis on the broad of his back in one of them. Poor boy! he'd have been a good son, but sure he wasn't able."

"You must have been sorely discouraged," I said, looking down at the knotted, toil-worn hands lying at rest in her lap—the knitting had fallen on the floor.

"I was, *alanna;* but the prayer my mother taught me was ever on my lips: 'God's holy will be done.'"

"And you did not murmur?"

"Father in heaven, when I go before Your mighty throne I hope I can say No!" she exclaimed, reverently clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to a picture of the Sacred Heart which hung above the mantel. Moistening her dry lips with a taste of water, she continued:

"The worst was to come, dear; the worst was to come. The old man sickened too, in the hot air of the town; he had been so used to the hills and the fresh breath of heaven. I got a bit of washin' to do in the house where Maggie lived, and the lady was very kind. We were in it but six weeks when the cholera broke out dreadfully. Maggie came home to us one night, white as a ghost. When she fell on the floor in a heap I knew it was the cholera. The old man ran for the doctor. He came at once, and told us send for the priest, for she wouldn't be alive in the mornin'. Her father threw up his hands at that, and ran like a crazy man into the next room. I ran for the priest. The Jesuits were on the next block, and I had been with her to see Father Kenny, her confessor, the Sunday before. He was with me in a flash. We worked hard to keep her—the Father, the doctor, and myself—until midnight. All the neighbors but one woman were afraid to come in. It was the first case in the buildin'. After she went there was many a one carried out feet foremost. Her own father wouldn't come near her. She died just as the bells were ringin' for five o'clock Mass; and Father Kenny—God bless him!—went back to say it for her; though he told me he knew she didn't need it, she was such a good child, and a member of the Sodality. He said she'd worked too hard, and had no strength when the disease took hold of her."

Clasping her hands nervously in front of her, the poor creature began to rock to and fro, her lips twitching, tears falling on the wrinkled fingers.

"Do not tell me any more, Mrs. O'Halloran," I said, putting my arm around the poor bent shoulders. "It must distress you so."

"No, darlin', it doesn't," she answered, stifling a sob. "My old heart is cold, cold, and it does me good to talk. Ah! it's many a day since I opened it before.

"Well, the world isn't so bad, after all. Dennis lay in the room beyant, strivin' to comfort his father; the poor boy couldn't do a hand's turn besides. I went my lone to the undertaker; and he treated me well, telling me not to be uneasy about the money. 'Twas a great drunkard he was, and he died of the cholera before the summer was over; but God remembered that for him when he was goin'.

"'Twas the hottest day I ever felt when we buried my girl. The old man was shakin' and tremblin' so that I couldn't hold him up. And when the first sod fell on her, he gave a loud cry and his heart broke. Yes, dear, it did—he took to his bed when we went back, and was buried that day fortnight.

(To be continued.)

Nunc Dimittis.

GLAD morn, o'er Juda's hills, the first soft beams
Doth cast; and waking Beauty, at her touch,
With radiant smile, a tender message bears
Of God's dear love to watching hearts of earth.
Across the Temple's courts her brightening rays
With gentle step, but firm, doth quickly steal;
Its marble pillars touching now with gold,
While precious stones the melting beams receive,
As kindred meeteth kindred, soul to soul.

Ah! gentle light, on Simeon's aged brow
Thy rays fall soft; but to his eagle eye,
Long used to piercing thro' the mist of years
For sight of weary Israel's promised hope,
Thy beams are darkness, and his soul is night
Until his God those eager looks reward.

And yet to-day his gaze is resting long
Upon the hills thy splendor hath made fair;
And yearning glances seek in vistas dim
The first faint shadows of a footstep light,
That many morns have failed as yet to bring.
Then turns he to his waiting people's need,
And ministers with look and word and prayer,
In gentle patience and unfailing trust.

But, lo! who stands within the Temple gates?
Does blessed Simeon note the grand old face,
All furrowed with the lines of holy cares
Wrought by the very hand of the Most High,
With loving touch, upon His masterpiece
Of purest manhood—Joseph, good and just?
And at his side another face behold!
Could even angel hands its glory paint,
Its gracious modesty, its tenderness,
As, leaning o'er her Babe, she smiles, and looks
With power of mother's heart, thro' His sweet eyes,
Into the wondrous depths of Jesus' soul?
Nor voice nor pen its beauty can reveal,
Nor earthly canvas hold its lineaments;
Her children's hearts alone can frame it well,
And Jesus' eyes its loveliness reflect.

There 'midst his daily care the holy Three
Found Simeon, blessed of God; and Mary's hands
Upon his trembling breast hath Jesus laid.
Then, like the music of a seraph voice,
From vein to vein the thrilling life-blood ran,
Its story telling to his Infant Lord,
Until, no longer its full joy restrained,
His *Nunc Dimittis* breathless silence breaks.
"No longer, Lord, mine exile here extend!
In peace let me depart. Mine eyes have seen
The beauty of Thy Son's humanity,
And now upon Thy Godhead yearn to gaze.
My cup with joy is full: Thy servant take."

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The tides of life, lit by the ocean's star,
Have touched the shore and backward sink to rest.

From Diest to Montaigu.

BY HELEN ATTERIDGE.

I.

THE very names of Diest and Our Lady of Montaigu remind us of John Berchmans, the young Jesuit Saint who lived his short and perfect life nearly three centuries ago, and who was canonized in our own times.

Diest is in Catholic Belgium,—a little town blissfully away from the tourists' track; a happy place, where *coupons* are unknown and Bœdeker's Guide is of no use. Arriving at the country railway station, we have achieved our ambition, and set off in the harvest sunshine for a walk across a primitive tract of this Catholic land.

John Berchmans is still the glory of Diest. Before reaching his birthplace and his house, let us call to mind that the Church honors him, with St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus, as one of those who were "made perfect in a short space." From his birth in 1599, to his death in the Society of Jesus at Rome (August 13), in 1621, there elapsed only twenty-two years. From his earliest childhood he was holy. He

would get up before daybreak to serve two or three Masses before going to school; and when he came home at noon, he would run off to the nearest church to say his Rosary, if the door of the house was not opened at once,—the door of this very house in Diest which we are going to visit. In after-life he was one of the rare few who have preserved baptismal innocence; and when the end came, it was revealed that he had kept the rule of the Society of Jesus in absolute perfection. He was still a student when he died at Rome, and his holy death was followed by many miracles.

The Belgian town of his birth is now encircled by modern fortifications—a broad, green, weedy ditch, and grassy ramparts. Within we pass along a winding street, paved with round stones,—a street full of chickens and children. The red-roofed cottages have yellow-washed walls, and green shutters to the little windows. Women and girls sit outside preparing vegetables for dinner; or they sew and knit, while everywhere the children play and the chickens strut.

The beer of Diest is famous in Belgium. Soon we come to the bridge—a small Venice of breweries, rising sheer and high from the sides of the canal-like river. Homely and pastoral work goes on at close quarters with the brewing. There has been sheep-shearing, and a man low down the flight of river steps is washing wool in a basket. The stone edge of the bridge is white with clothes hung to dry; and a fair-haired child brings brass candlesticks out of a cottage, and runs down another set of steps to wash them in the stream.

From this primitive region one reaches the newest part of the town; and to this succeeds the market-place, where one still sees shops and houses exactly of the same kind as those of the sixteenth century.

The fine type of features, which we see in the Saint's portrait, is frequent among the boys and youths of the town. In Louvain, which is not far off, we saw a poorly dressed boy extremely like him. And in the country in this part of Belgium one meets with carters and laborers whose faces might be models for the beauty of youth. Unfortunately, we must add that the girls and women are not comely. But it is most interesting to see that the description of Berchmans' contemporaries was accurate, and that the pictures of the oval face and the refined and dignified features are no fancy portrait.

The church where the boy heard Mass is the large one at a corner of the market-place. It is a *collégiale*, with services like those of a cathedral, and with stalls for canons in the choir.

Making our way by narrower streets, we see the living reality of the Flemish *genre* pictures. Each open cottage door frames an interior view: here an old woman, in quaint peasant costume, knitting; there, in a slant streak of sunlight, a man making *sabots*.

The towns-people glory in the possession of the Saint's house, and disdain to take money for showing strangers the way. In our difficulty, we consulted a boy of fourteen, poorly dressed, and having the usual refined, dark-eyed face. He was leading a child by the hand; and so far did he carry the spirit of "no pay for honoring the Saint," that he would not even let the little one accept a cake, but drew him back, and politely declined the offer in voluble Flemish.

The famous house is in an ordinary row, and stands second from a corner. It looks upon what we might call a good street of village shops. There is no side-walk, except the narrow bit marked off by a division in the universal round paving stones. At the corners, where four streets meet, large, upright stones are set to keep off carts—quite an unnecessary safeguard. There are hardly any carts in Diest—only, perhaps, occasionally, the Belgian hand-cart drawn by a pair of dogs.

The neighbors of the Saint's house are

a baker's on one side and the quietest of inns on the other, and a shop for flowers and plants is opposite. Members of the family of Berchmans had filled offices in the State. But for them the time of his birth was one of fallen fortunes. They were of the frugal and industrious class, whose lives and work were respected. His father was a shoemaker; and, clearly, they were people without much wealth; for at one time we find John, who was the oldest of four brothers, touching his father's heart by begging that he might continue his studies for the priesthood, even if he lived on bread and water, so as to be of no expense to him.

The shop of the shoemaker is now immortalized as the birthplace of the Saint. Over the door, midway up the front of the house, is a large white statue of John Berchmans, surrounded with a wreath of lilies in metal-work—white blossoms and green leaves,—and with a lamp beneath, supported by an iron bracket.

The house is painted white. Three little windows at the top are screened with muslin. The middle floor contains at the back the room of the Saint, and the small front windows give glimpses of flowers under their curtains. The statue outside has been placed so as to cover the middle window. Below is the shop front, with brown woodwork, and brownish linen blinds, drawn down to shut out the strong sun. There are two small shop-windows; the door is between them, and opens in halves. Neither bell nor knocker is there, nor necessity for admission card. We open half the door and enter, as any one may.

The whole place is only about twelve feet across, but it appears to go far back. A straight new staircase comes down the middle toward the door. To the left is a table heaped with rosaries, pictures, and portions of the old staircase made into little crosses. But there is no one selling. The Flemish woman who takes care of the house is upstairs at her devotions.

On each step of the new staircase is an oval piece of glass, showing part of the old step left in its place beneath. Going up to the top of the straight flight, one reaches the next floor, which is only like a gallery round the top of the staircase. All partitions have been removed. The back part of this floor is a chapel enclosed by a rail. Here are *prie-dieux*, lamps, hanging baskets of gilt and silver flowers; and round the statue of the Saint in the corner are *ex-votos* numberless. On the frontal of the altar the Berchmans family are painted—the mother invalided and supported in her chair with pillows; John kneeling between her and his father, and his boy brothers standing by. Over the altar one sees the well-known portrait of the Saint holding his crucifix, rosary, and book of the rule—the three things dearest to him in the world. Relics are here also; and if the good woman with the little black bonnet and cotton apron can be told in something like Flemish that we are from a far country, she will open the rail and let us enter to kiss the reliquary.

We try to picture to ourselves the boy of three centuries ago, whose name is to be held in everlasting honor. We try to realize that those two small windows in the corner to the left, now filled with colored glass, once admitted the moonlight to his solitary prayer; or let in the dawn upon the empty bed, when the child-saint was already gone to serve his two or three Masses, to win the blessing of God upon his day at school. We try to understand that those oaken rafters, chipped and hewn away by pilgrims' hands, those walls that enclose such perfect peace, were actually the witnesses of the first years and the first prayers of a life that is being continued now, only more keenly, in the full light of the Beatific Vision. Does he look down upon us in pity with the heavenly knowledge and the more than human sympathy of the saints?

As travellers turn away from the sacred

spot, the Flemish woman has to remind them of their property left behind. Is it any wonder? Was not the world completely forgotten? And yet hats are a necessity if we mean to journey to Montaigu. Downstairs we go, and choose some souvenirs, with the help of a little Flemish learned from the guide-book. French has no connection whatsoever with the Flemish tongue of the mass of the inland Belgian people.

An attempt to sketch the house ends only in an interesting crowd; but it gives us time to observe that the stranger is not more absorbed and forgetful than the native of Diest. We watch a youth of the town going in, and coming out after a few minutes of prayer—and diving back through the dark doorway for his hat, like all the rest of the world. It must be that in that holy place everyone becomes absent-minded—the absence being heavenward.

But the sun is high and the road is long, and we have still to go to the favorite shrine of St. John Berchmans,—the shrine that is the great centre of pilgrimage for this part of Belgium—Our Lady of Montaigu.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Deliverance of Vervins.

IT was just after the Reign of Terror had deluged sunny France with the blood of her noblest and her best. The Directory exercised full power. One of its victorious armies had overrun a small German principality; and the troops occupied the country, resting on their laurels. In a lordly old castle on the Rhine, the home of the German sovereign, the commander-in-chief of the French forces had established his headquarters. The intercourse between the victor and the vanquished was marked by exquisite courtesy; the German potentate treating his conqueror with all the consideration of a polished host for an honored guest, and the conqueror himself manifesting genuine respect for the prince to whom the chances of war had proved unfavorable. The disciplinary regulations to which the French soldiers were subjected were of the strictest. The least abuse of power in treating persons or property was promptly and inexorably punished.

Among the dwellers in the castle, the officers of France had been pleased to discover a fellow-countryman in the person of a priest, the Abbé Tupigny. The Abbé had fled from the prisons that had yawned for victims during the Reign of Terror, and had received generous hospitality from the German prince. In return for the asylum so cordially offered to him, he had undertaken the education of the prince's only son; and at the period of which we write had won the genuine esteem and love of both father and child.

One morning there was an unusual stir in the garrison. A French soldier, of previously irreproachable conduct, had been guilty of an infraction of discipline,—a fault insignificant in itself, but one which in the army, especially in time of war, is invariably visited with severe punishment, as being a breach of the order and discipline so essential to military organizations. The delinquent was arrested, and at once confessed his guilt. A court-martial was on the point of being held; and it could have but one result: condemnation, and death swift and without appeal.

At this phase of the incident the Abbé Tupigny heard of the matter. His priestly heart was touched at the stern fate which menaced his countryman, and he determined to make an earnest effort to secure his pardon. But whom to address? The commander's inflexibility in such matters was proverbial; the appeal to him of a self-exiled priest was sure to prove ineffectual. The offence had been committed against a German: it was the German lord himself whose intervention in favor of the soldier should be solicited.

The Abbé hastened at once to the prince, threw himself at his feet, and implored his aid so eloquently that he in turn sought the French commander, and begged as a personal favor the pardon of the criminal. "I pray you," he concluded, "do not inflict on me the sorrow of seeing this poor fellow suffer for a fault committed on my domain and against me." Seeing the French general hesitate, he went on: "Although my conqueror, you are my guest. In default of other rights, leave me at least the privilege of pardoning."

In presence of such generosity the victor declared himself vanquished; the soldier was pardoned, and to the Abbé Tupigny was committed the joyous task of making known to him the totally unexpected news of his good fortune.

Years afterward, when the Empire had replaced the Republic, and the Concordat had opened the gates of France to her exiled priests, the Abbé and the soldier met again in Vervins, where the former spent the remainder of his days as pastor, and the latter as a member of the local *gendarmerie*. Naturally, a cordial friendship existed between the two, and the soldier's children learned to look on the good *curé* as their greatest benefactor.

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Half a century rolled on. The Abbé had long since gone to his rest, and the soldier's family was represented in Vervins by two grandsons: one a physician, the other a druggist in their native town. The memory of Father Tupigny was still preserved in their hearts; he was the hero of their childhood: grandfather and father had told and retold the story of the German castle until it was as familiar as their prayers. The brothers still spoke of the old priest, and the doctor preserved as a precious souvenir a little picture which the Abbé had left to his grandfather. It was the portrait of the Abbé's old pupil, the son of the German prince.

In 1871 the wail of conquered hopes resounded throughout France, and hearts were sore because the German invasion had already lasted for months, and the end seemed still far off. Vervins was occupied by the enemy. An exorbitant war-tax had been imposed on its citizens; they were now impoverished, and knew not where to look for succor. The fate reserved for them by the stern Prussian victor, should the tax not be paid at the next demand, was well understood.

The doctor, grandson of the old soldier of the Directory, sighed as he thought of Abbé Tupigny. Would that he were alive, and could prove as effective an agent of mercy now as he had been early in the century in the castle on the Rhine! As he recalled the familiar scene, the doctor ran his eye carelessly over the morning paper. The name of the General who commanded at Laon for the first time arrested his attention. Where had he seen or heard it? After a moment's reflection he remembered: it was the name of the German prince whose portrait had been in the family for so many years. It is possible, he reflected, that the General is of the same family, a near relative perhaps. "What if I should pay the General a visit, and, showing the portrait, implore mercy on my townsmen of Vervins?" On the spur of the moment, the young physician, with no other credentials than the picture, set out on his quixotic enterprise.

Arrived at Laon, he asked to be shown to the General's headquarters, begged an interview, and for recommendation mentioned the name of the Abbé Tupigny. It proved sufficient. He was admitted, and was at once accosted with: "Who are you, and what do you know of the Abbé Tupigny?" —"He was the beloved pastor of the town of Vervins, and I am the grandson of the soldier whom he saved from death in Germany."

Seeing that the officer was somewhat moved, the doctor handed to him the portrait of the young German prince. The

General seized it, looked at it long and earnestly, and, in a somewhat husky tone, ejaculated: "Yes, it is he: my father. This portrait of his youth is wanting to my family collection. He frequently spoke of it to me, but I never thought to have it before my eyes."

"It is yours, General, if you will accept it; but in exchange for the sacrifice of this precious souvenir of a beloved benefactor, will you not grant my prayer for mercy on my townsmen of Vervins? Your grandfather accorded to the Abbé Tupigny the pardon of a soldier: will you refuse to the memory of that holy priest the deliverance of a town that was dear to him?"

The General seized a pen, rapidly wrote a few lines, which he gave to an attendant; then, turning to the doctor, replied: "I accept the bargain. Return to your home, and assure your fellow-citizens that henceforth, until the end of our occupation of the country, I take under my protection the town in which lived and died the man of God who educated my father."

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE SOCIAL MARTYR.

THERE are few circles that do not contain a martyr—a persecuted and unhappy being against whom all the world contends. Wild beasts lie in wait for him everywhere, hidden under the foliage of everyday remarks. He or she is too sensitive to endure a condition of the atmosphere which is merely bracing to other folk.

The male martyr, whose sufferings are worn daily on his sleeve for daws to peck at, is less common than the female of his species. He must take those rude knocks which fall to the lot of every man; and if he remembers that he is persecuted, it is only at intervals.

The female martyr is different. She can cast a cloud over the brightest day without an effort; she can turn hopes to fears in an instant; she can so dwell on her sufferings that one can see nothing but suffering in all the world; she enjoys herself only in a mist of tears; and if she be cheerful for a moment, her people cherish that moment with apprehension. She poises on the crest of a wave, in order to plunge all the deeper into its trough. She courts difficulties in life, in order to be overwhelmed by them. She is the woman who ties a shawl over her head and spends a day unnecessarily moving a piano in order to dust it, and is found by a frightened family in hysterics in the evening. 'Nobody cares for her; she is forced to meet obstacles which nobody else will meet; she will never be appreciated until she is dead and out of sight.' Thus she wails, until hearts grow callous, and feel involuntarily that the grave would be as great a relief to them as to her.

Sometimes she is young, sometimes old, but always adding to the burdens of an existence which becomes endurable only when cheerfulness gilds it. She mistakes selfishness for a delicate sensitiveness. She is gloomy, yet she expects gaiety to gush from others when she is in the mood to remember that life is worth living—and this is seldom. She has decent manners when she feels like showing them; but if she suffers in the slightest degree, or experiences the smallest disappointment, one knows it at once. She has no idea of reticence for the sake of others: gloom and complaint are her elements. If a new personage enter the family circle, she can at once assume the cheerfulness that befits a hostess; but after that mist and slowly-dripping rain again.

Cardinal Newman described a gentleman; and if one may apply some of his attributes to the gentlewoman, the social

martyr is the opposite of all that the great Cardinal describes. If your true gentlewoman is always the same—reticent, considerate; if she affects her friends as a cheerful grate affects a cold room,—then the martyr has no place in the school of gentleness. Martyrdom as a profession gains many comforts for its professor. Who will not tread softly when there is a perpetual headache in the room somewhere? Who will not speak in an undertone and avoid unpleasant subjects when a burst of tears is always imminent?

If the female martyr is a dripping rain, the male martyr is a November down-pour, with a touch of frost. It is not in his power to make his children and relatives so unhappy as the female; for they can escape him. They may be obliged to drink bitterness with their tea, and eat their bread and butter without cheerfulness; but he must leave them sometimes, and there is a respite until he returns again. On the other hand, there is generally an element of humor to be found in the elaborate sufferings of the female, while the male is so terribly serious and consistent that such alleviation is impossible.

The martyr is in a constant state of self-sacrifice. It is a sacrifice to live; it is a sacrifice to see others going down to the grave in a spirit of heartless cheerfulness. Religion itself has no consolation for this creature, only terrors which are liberally prophesied for others. "It is my nature to be more serious and sensitive than others," he tells you; as if nature and temperament were excuses for poisoning all joy in life. And when the martyr goes to the grave, we feel that he is better off—and assuredly so are we.

In our deepest sorrow we must not forget that there is always some one who has a greater sorrow, or at all events a more recent one; and this may give us courage, though it can not impart comfort.

Notes and Remarks.

The death on the same day of an English Prince of the blood and of an English Prince of the Church furnished the paragraphists with an invaluable opportunity of measuring the comparative grief of the British people for royalty and for worth. Briefly, the press seems to have mourned the prince, and the people the prelate. Not that the press failed to pay signal respect to the memory of the dead Cardinal, but the greater number of columns was devoted to the rather insignificant young man whom the accident of birth had made presumptive heir to England's throne. Yet it was obvious that the great heart of the English democracy wept for the fragile old man who went about doing good, who sympathized with the sorrows and miseries of the lowliest, and who more than once did yeoman service in ameliorating their desperate condition. The jeer of a fanatical cable correspondent, that in dying when he did the Cardinal did not display his ordinary "astuteness," is as silly as it is irreverent. His death at that particular time emphasized his immense hold on the people of England and the world.

A statue of Cardinal Newman is to be erected in Oxford, in front of Trinity, his first and last College. Alluding to the fact that the names of the subscribers include Anglicans and Non-Conformists as well as Catholics, peers and commoners, ecclesiastical dignitaries and men prominent in politics, *The Guardian* says: "It is pleasant to recall the opposition which such a proposal would once have excited, and to compare it with the almost universal acceptance which it has now met with."

The Methodist editor of the New York *Christian Advertiser*, the Rev. Dr. Buckley, recently delivered an address in Buffalo. In the course of his remarks he contended that "strong as the hold of the Church of Rome is upon her subjects, many are embracing the Protestant religion." This statement, of course, is incorrect. That some Catholics fall away from the faith is undeniable; but

they lapse not into any of the innumerable Protestant sects, but into absolute indifferentism, which, after all, is fast becoming the state of the vast majority of Americans outside the Catholic Church. When renegade Catholics attach themselves to the sects they do so for a purpose. While we object, however, to the foregoing contention of the Methodist editor, we fully agree with another subsequent statement of his in the same address: "The public schools which the children of many Catholics attend, are a great factor in turning the child away from the religion of his family." Coming from such a source, this statement is of more than ordinary importance.

The port of Ravenna in the Adriatic possesses a novelty in the line of fog-bells. It is a bell worked by electricity, the ingenious mechanism of which is the invention of a clerical scientist, the Abbé Ravaglia. Another ecclesiastic whose scientific attainments have attracted attention is Brother Marie-Gabriel, one of the monks of La Trappe, who has recently received from the French Minister of Instruction a medal of honor for valuable meteorological observations furnished of late years to the Weather Bureau of France.

One of the oldest priests on the Continent is the venerable Jesuit, the Rev. Father Point, at one time superior of the House of the Jesuit Fathers in Quebec, and at present residing at St. Mary's College, Montreal. Father Point was ordained sixty-five years ago, and will celebrate next month the ninetieth anniversary of his birth.

It will be a long time, we fear, before the calumnies that the Church discourages the use of the Holy Scriptures, and that Bibles were as sealed books in the ages preceding the so-called Reformation, shall cease to be repeated. However, it is gratifying to see these false statements contradicted now and then by fair-minded non-Catholics. In his "Notes on Manuscripts from Wills in the Register at York," the Rev. Joseph Hunter cites numerous instances of the love and reverence in which the Holy Scriptures were held by our forefathers in the Faith, and observes: "So far from the truth is it that in the Middle Ages, wrongly called Dark, the great ecclesiastics uniformly discouraged the use of the Holy Scriptures." The *Indo-European Correspondence* quotes these words of another Protestant minister, the Rev. J. H. Blunt, on the same subject:

"There has been much wild and foolish writing about the scarcity of the Bible in the ages preceding the Reformation. It has been taken for granted that the Holy Scripture was almost a sealed book to clergy and laity until it was printed in English by Tyndale & Coverdale, and that the only real source of knowledge respecting it before then was the translation made by Wickliffe. The facts are that the clergy and monks were daily reading large portions of the Bible, and had them stored up in their memory by constant recitation; that they made very free use of Holy Scripture in preaching, so that even a modern Bible reader is astonished at the number of quotations and references contained in medieval sermons. . . . The monks took a vast amount of personal trouble with respect to the production of copies of the Holy Scriptures, and accomplished by head, hands, and heart what is now chiefly done by paid workmen and machinery. The clergy studied the Word of God, and made it known to the laity; and those among the laity who could read had abundant opportunity of reading the Bible, either in Latin or in English, up to the Reformation period."

It is an encouraging sign of the spread of the Catholic idea as to the importance of religion in the school-room, when so eminent a Protestant educationist as President Eliot, of Harvard, makes this public utterance: "The Catholic Church vigorously maintains that it is impossible to give valuable instruction in morals without religion. I do not believe that religion can be separated from all weekday education and relegated to Sunday. Religion is everywhere in human thought."

A Parisian philanthropist, M. Berry, shows that within the last ten years no fewer than 13,732 young people of both sexes, under sixteen years of age, have been arrested in Paris alone, for "outrages, immorality, and prostitution."

In a notice of the death of Cardinal Domenico Agostini, Patriarch of Venice, the *Weekly Register* says: "He was one of those pastors whom their flock canonize before their death; and it has been the fortune of Venice to have two 'saints' at St. Mark's in succession. The hospitals, the prisons, and the confessionals, were the chief scenes of his

laborious apostolate. He never spared himself, on account of the burdens of an important episcopate, one hour's work for the poor, to whom he had originally wished to devote his whole life."

"I was told a story lately in Belgium," says Father Lockhart, "of a priest who objected to the stiff paper pasted between the flimsy silk and cheap cotton lining of a vestment made in Lyons. The manufacturer—very likely a Jew, for the Jews are the great venders of these shabby articles,—misunderstanding the objection of the priest, replied: 'Yes, M. l'Abbé, we always use paper, in order that they may wear better, and to add to the substantial appearance of our vestments; but, I assure you, on this point I have a delicate conscience, and I never put into vestments anything but good Catholic papers.'"

The Grand Duke Sergius, who is Governor of Moscow, recently created a sensation among the bakers of that city. He had heard of some difficulty in purchasing small quantities of bread; so, disguising himself as a monjik, he attempted to buy some himself. He was abused by the baker and bullied by the police; three of whom, however, subsequently committed suicide on learning the identity of their prisoner. The investigated abuse in the bakery shops has ceased.

We are in receipt of additional contributions to promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars, as follows:

E. B., in honor of SS. Joachim and Anna, $1; M. G. M., $1; A Friend, Fort Hamilton, N. Y., $2.50; W. M., $2.50; A. S. P., 25 cts.; M. W., $1; S. F., Allegheny, Pa., $1; T. G., Princeton, Wis., $2.50; N. N., in honor of the Sacred Heart, $5; M. O'C., 50 cts.

The Very Rev. Promoter of the Cause has sent a number of pictures of the sainted Curé, to which a relic is attached, for distribution among contributors.

In the annual Report of the Howard Association, an English Society devoted to prison reform, the awful increase in crime in France and other countries is attributed to godless schools. "Even in Protestant America and Holland," it says, "education is entrusted largely to teachers selected by mere political favoritism, and often indifferent as to morals or piety; often, too, incompetent in other ways, and yet able to set parents utterly at defiance. Such is the tendency of education divorced, by legal or demagogic despotism, from the sacred rights of the churches and parents."

By a vote of twelve to eleven the city council of Marseilles has decided on expelling the Sisters from the hospitals and other public institutions. The chaplains are also to be removed. The expulsion of Sisters from the hospitals will necessitate an additional expense of 200,000 francs. Even irreligious newspapers of Marseilles declare that this would be better employed in increasing the number of beds in the hospitals, as applicants for admission often have to be sent away for want of room.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Joseph C. Voinet, of Academy, Ind., who peacefully departed this life on the 21st ult.

Mr. Declan Mansfield, who passed away on the 11th ult., at Yonkers, N. Y.

Mrs. George Rainboth, of Spruce Grove, Can., whose happy death took place on the 16th ult.

Mr. George Lane, who died full of years and merits on New Year's Day, at Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. Michael J. Sheehan, of New Orleans, La., who breathed his last on the 3d ult.

Mr. P. T. Slevin, of Ivesdale, Ill.; Mrs. Dennis Walsh and Mrs. P. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; Christian Flamm, Amanda, Ohio; Joseph Mooney, Bangor, Me.; Daniel and Anastasia Hogan, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Timothy O'Brien, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Bridget Clifford, Matfield, Mass.; Mr. John E. Maher, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. Bridget Pendergast and Miss Anna Furlong, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Cornelius Murty, Dover, Mich.; Constant Delagrange, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. James Moran, Kilkenny, Ireland; Mrs. Winifred Henely, Anamosa, Iowa; Miss Catherine Ganley, Mrs. Anna Kelly, and Mrs. Bridget Hurley, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. W. H. Horn, Mr. William Connor, Mr. Daniel Fitzpatrick, and Mrs. A. B. Calahan,—all of Philadelphia, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

☞ Persons sending obituary notices are requested to write the name, etc., of deceased relatives or friends on separate sheets of paper.



On a Feast-Day.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

I.

'TWAS hundreds and hundreds of years ago, in a land that is far away,
That two pilgrims threaded the thronging crowds of a city's streets one day,—
A Mother fairer, with beauty rarer, than earth had hitherto seen;
And close by her side her protector and guide, of placid and gentle mien.
To the holy Temple they came at length, and entering sought the priest;
No wealth was theirs, so the offering made for the Babe was of the least,
And yet had Jerusalem's Temple grand ne'er witnessed so glorious a sight
As Our Lady presenting the Father with her Son, the world's true Light.

II.

Still keep we this Presentation of Our Lord as the years roll on,
And the Light of the world is shining still as of old in Judea it shone;
With vision clearer as we draw nearer and follow its thrice-blest ray,
Life's quicksands dread we securely tread, for our Light is the Truth and the Way:
There's a presentation for each of us who love our Mother well,—
A feast that the future holds in store, though its date no man can tell;
Our souls will o'erflow on that gladsome day with a joy to the world unknown,
When the Virgin Queen presents us at the foot of the great White Throne.



A Pupil of Rubens.

WHEN he was thirty-five years old Rubens returned from Rome to Antwerp, his native town, and there he built a very fine house, in which he lived until his lamented death in 1640.

One of the rooms on the ground-floor was the studio of his pupils; another smaller one was appropriated to his sole use, and in it he painted his most celebrated pictures. His pupils were strictly forbidden to go into this apartment; and when Rubens went out, he used to lock the door and take the key with him. Occasionally, however, he left it in charge of his old servant Francesco, on condition that no one should enter the room but himself.

One day the great master received a letter from a prince who lived about twenty miles from Antwerp, inviting him to his castle in order to paint his portrait. Rubens agreed to go; and just before starting he gave the key of his studio to Francesco, charging him on no account to allow any one to enter, under pain of being summarily dismissed.

The next day the pupils came as usual, and then first learned the news of the master's absence from home. Six of the boldest immediately surrounded Francesco, and begged him to allow them to view the treasures of the forbidden room, if only for five minutes; but he replied that it was out of the question,—he could not disobey the express commands of his master. Then one of the youths took a gold piece from his purse, and, showing it to the old man, said: "This shall be yours, if you agree to our request; and we promise not to tell any one."

"Impossible! impossible!" exclaimed Francesco. But he could not resist the temptation to possess the gold piece; and, gradually yielding to their entreaties, he fetched the key and opened the door of the studio.

In rushed the young men pellmell, pushing and struggling, each wishing to be first—when, alas! one pushed more roughly than the rest and fell against the last work of Rubens, "The Descent from the Cross," the paint of which was still damp, and blurred the face of the Blessed Virgin and Mary Magdalen's left arm.

Words can not express the terror and consternation of the culprits, especially the more guilty Francesco. "I am well paid for my disobedience and avarice," he said, after a short silence; "but I will not allow one of you young gentlemen to go out of this room until you have repaired the damage you have done."

"Impossible!" replied the pupils, with one voice. "We are not skilful enough to touch the work of the master. We are incapable; we can not do it."

But Francesco placed himself on the threshold of the door, saying, "No one shall go from this room till the mischief is repaired."

Seeing the inflexible determination of the old servant, the young man who had given the money said: "Francesco is right; we have done harm, and we ought to repair it to the best of our power. Let us draw lots who shall attempt it."

The lot fell on the youngest, a lad of thirteen. The little fellow complained that they should not make him do it, saying he had entered the room last of all, so that he could have had no part in the pushing. But his comrades turned a deaf ear to his complaints, and instantly left the studio, followed by Francesco, who shut the door, locked it, and put the key into his pocket, leaving the unhappy boy to fulfil the difficult task of repairing the mischief. After a time he rang the bell. Francesco answered it; and seeing that the boy had re-painted the parts which had been blotted, he gave him his liberty.

Poor old man! Only think in what a

state of mind he was: half wishing for the return of his master, because the hours of suspense were terrible; half dreading it, lest he should be discharged at once.

At last Rubens arrived. He did not go at once to his room to change his travelling dress, but said to Francesco, who stood rather behind him, unable to meet his master's eye: "Give me the key of my studio; I want to take a look at my last painting."

Francesco obeyed, and followed his master, trembling from head to foot. As Rubens stood before his picture, he could not help exclaiming, "Our Lady's face is beautiful, and Mary Magdalen's left arm is finer than I thought!"

These words seemed to inspire the old servant with new life, and he could not contain himself for joy. Falling down at his master's feet, he related what had happened during his absence. When he came to the drawing lots, Rubens exclaimed impatiently: "Which of them was it? Tell me at once!"

Francesco replied: "Little Vandyke."

We are not told what reprimand Rubens gave his disobedient pupils, but we know that Vandyke became almost as famous as his master. His paintings are more precious than gold, and the art galleries possessing them are rich indeed.

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VI.—Cæsar and His Mistress.

The Neck was not an inviting place, except to the adventurous soul. To the west, the boys saw snow broken by fences, barns, and isolated houses. There were some trees, laden with icicles, but they did not give cheerfulness to the landscape. The caw of the crows was not pleasant; a thaw had set in, and the snow on the road had become mixed with mud. Ships and small boats were gliding up and down the river, making their way among the blocks of ice. Reginald, looking cityward, found some consolation in the clouds of smoke that rose from many chimneys. Some of those clouds were perhaps from Mrs. Danby's stove. He sighed and forgot the crows that were disporting themselves on the ice blocks. A great homesickness fell upon him; he asked himself whether, after all, it were not better to go back to jail than to stay in this desolate place.

"I can't stand this," he said to Miles. "Where are we?"

"In the Neck," Miles answered, in a sepulchral whisper.

"The Neck!" Reginald shuddered. "Miles, let us get away as fast as we can. You know there was a whole family murdered here—"

"Oh, yes, I know!" interrupted Miles. "But *I* don't go till I get some dinner. It is after eleven o'clock, and we have had a long walk."

"Dinner at one of these houses,—we can buy it, can't we?"

Reginald stood looking at the crows, a picture of desolation. To be murdered in such a place, he thought, was bad; but to depend on the cookery of the strange creatures that inhabited the Neck was almost as bad.

"Miles," he said, "tell me what you intend to do."

"We can't do much without a gun. I could knock down a bird or two if I had a gun."

"Birds!" said Reginald, with a shudder. "You wouldn't eat those crows!"

Miles blushed slightly. There were no birds in sight except the crows. His face brightened as he saw some ducks paddling in a half-melted pool of water near them.

"A duck or two wouldn't be bad. This country actually swarms with ducks. Look at 'em!"

But Reginald refused to be enthusiastic.

"If you shot one of those tame ducks, you'd probably get into jail," he said.

"Tame ducks! Tame!" Miles repeated. But he hastily changed the subject. "Let's make tracks for that house."

Reginald shouldered his bundle. The boys picked their way over the soggy road, almost up to their knees in black mud. It was slow work. At last they reached a broken-down board fence, behind which a few chickens were scratching in the spaces between piles of dirty snow. A dog chained at the door of a kennel snarled; and the boys paused for a moment to look at the shanty, which seemed half dwelling-house, half barn. As they stood there, the bells of the city and the whistles of the factories spoke out the hour of twelve. Reginald blessed himself. Surely among those bells was the one which had been the signal for the Angelus every day. He could not kneel in the mud, but nevertheless he said the prayer with more fervor than ever before in his life. From that moment he felt some comfort.

Miles did not hear the bells: he was looking at the dog. Not caring to enter the gate until he had a guarantee of the good faith of the snarling animal, he continued to pound loudly on the fence with his fist.

After a short interval a woman dressed in a calico frock, and with a mop of yellow hair tumbling down her back, opened the house door.

"What say?" she demanded, in a shrill voice.

"I didn't say anything," Miles replied.

"I guess you must be kinder crazy," she went on, wiping a pair of very red hands in her apron. "Don't yer know this is wash day? You be off!"

She was about to shut the door when Miles asked: "Can't you sell us a dinner?"

"Maybe I could and maybe I couldn't," she said, ungraciously. "Come in. Don't mind the dawg. Cæsar hasn't any spunk in him. He broke his teeth trying to chaw the last man that climbed the fence. He's all right."

Miles and Reginald made a circuit around the dog, in order to enter the house. Cæsar glared at them balefully and clanked his rusty chain, several links of which were tied together with rope.

Once in the house, the boys took the two wooden chairs, which their hostess carefully dusted for them, and laid down their bundles with sighs of relief. Reginald's arms ached; and Miles, whose muscles were tougher, was rather tired too.

The woman drew her wash-tub into a corner of the room, covered it with a quilt, and went to a stove, the round plates of which were red-hot. Reginald felt that he was safe: no murder could be committed in an atmosphere filled with the odor of soup; and, as he suspected, with "noodle soup." There were hams and sides of pork hung from the roof of the room, intermixed with strings of dried red and green peppers. Reginald felt that this home of plenty could not be a den of murder, in spite of the old ladies' stories.

The woman drew a pine table from the wall, covered with a coarse cloth, and set upon it yellow bowls and plates.

"I hope you like noodle soup," she said. "I have nothing else. He don't come home until night from the shop, so I don't make much fuss about eating in the middle of the day. But he's death on noodle soup when he does come."

The boys were silent for a time, but Miles after a little, wishing to be sociable, asked if "he" were a boy.

"A boy!" said the woman, stopping in the act of cutting thick slices of bread. "A boy! Don't talk to *me* of boys! I hate 'em. I have four girls, and they are all at school. Don't talk to me of boys. Cæsar hates 'em, too. When I say 'he,' I mean the man of the house, of course."

Miles tried to look as if he were not a boy, but he did not succeed. Reginald's eyes became as large as saucers when he

observed the next action of this singular woman. She deliberately dug her thumb into a pound of butter, and carefully spread it over the two slices of bread.

"There!" she said. "Now fill yourselves with bread, so that you won't gluttonize all the soup."

Miles lifted his slice of bread to his lips and took a bite, but Reginald could not bring himself to do it. The woman noticed his pretence.

"That's good enough bread for anybody!" she snapped. "I suppose you want Dutch cake every day."

Reginald turned pale. Did she know, too?

"I am not saying anything against the bread," said Reginald. "I am very fond of bread, if it's not too fresh, ma'am. But—"

"Well, why don't you eat it, then, like your brother?"

"I—I—like to see the butter put on with a knife. I know it's wrong," said Reginald, meekly, catching a fiery glance, "but I'm not used to foreign ways. I suppose I'll get to like your way."

"I ain't a furrener. My grandma—she was a Pennsylvania Dutchwoman—spread the bread with her thumb; and there ain't no cleaner people than the Pennsylvania Dutch. You eat that bread, or I'll not let you leave this house alive."

There was silence. Reginald slowly gulped down the bread, bit by bit. It was hard. But there was no such difficulty with the noodle soup. Reginald saw it filling his bowl, the fluid covering the thin strips of dough somewhat resembling what the Italians call macaroni. The woman watched them, ready for battle if there should be any show of fault-finding. Reginald was surprised at the absence of a tablecloth, and he looked about for a napkin.

"What do you want?" demanded the hostess, in her high tone. "What do you want?"

"I only thought—" began Reginald, blushing under the lady's eagle eye; "I only thought—"

"You were looking for something. If you don't see what you want, just ask for it," she added, jocosely.

Reginald took her seriously. "I *should* like a napkin, if you don't mind, ma'am."

The woman stared at him, and then burst into laughter.

"I guess you don't expect napkins with five-cent plates of soup," she said, with crushing sarcasm.

Miles laughed, and the woman seemed to take it as a tribute to her wit. She looked amiably at him.

"You've more life in you than your brother," she said, frankly. "He looks to me like a 'sissy' kind of a boy. What are you doing here in the Neck?"

This question was embarrassing. Miles buried his face in his yellow bowl and did not answer. Reginald felt that his hour had come; probably this woman had read somewhere in the papers that the police were looking for him. Finally Miles broke the silence.

"Your grandmother must have been a mighty good woman," he said, "to teach you to make soup like that."

The woman looked at him grimly. "You don't get any more of it, young man. My grandmother was dead before I was born. It is my opinion you are running away from somebody."

Miles looked the woman straight in the eyes; he had no other answer; nothing on earth would have induced him to tell a lie. He looked at Reginald, almost hoping that his conscience would be less tender. But Reginald's adversity had made him very anxious to be good.

"As sure as my name's Selina Swanacker, I believe you are running away from somebody; and probably thieves, too! And where did you get those bundles? Answer instantly, or I'll knock the heads off you both!"

Miles picked up his bundle; Reginald followed his example.

"No you don't!" cried the lady. "No

you don't," standing in the doorway.

Miles made a dash past her, Reginald followed. Miles' head was as hard as a cannon-ball; and this hostess, who was so unwilling to speed the parting guests, stepped aside suddenly. The boys splashed through the slushy yard and into the mud of the road. They made for the river.

"Hi, Cæsar! hi, Cæsar!—after them!"

There was a yelp, and something broke —probably the rope which tied Cæsar's chain. Miles looked. Cæsar was on their track. The boy stopped a moment, and pretended to find a stone. But Cæsar knew the trick. He kept straight on. Miles and Reginald reached the bank of the river. Before them, a foot below the bank, was a sheet of ice. Miles, his heart beating with fear of that horrible dog, jumped upon it. Reginald followed. The ice, jarred by the sudden motion, parted from the bank, and floated away. To add to the horrors of the situation, it occurred suddenly to Reginald that they had not paid for the soup. But another horror drove the fear of a new charge of theft out of his head: Cæsar was with them on the ice; and the two boys, Cæsar, and a wounded crow, who had not noticed the disturbance, were drifting out toward mid-stream.

(To be continued.)

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

XII.—At Last!

Things were now greatly changed. Instead of being a shabby suppliant, going about with a story which none would believe, Columbus was called upon to attend his sovereigns in a state worthy the occasion. He provided himself with suitable clothing, bought a fine mule, and set out.

There certainly could not have been a more unfortunate moment for him to arrive at his destination; for everyone at Santa Fé was intent upon the death struggle of the last of the Moors. Eighty thousand mail-clad warriors were encamped before the walls of Granada, and had vowed to conquer or die. Everyone knows the result, and our Columbus was there to see the proud Boabdil leave the place over which his ancestors had reigned for eight hundred years. The Moor turned back to take a last look at the city he loved, and a deep sigh escaped him,—"the last sigh of the Moor." Then he rode on, looking back no more.

Poor fellow! It is not possible to refrain from pitying that humbled monarch, although we rejoice at the victory which made Spain Christian from one border to the other. A Spanish writer tells how an obscure man wandered silently amid the scenes of rejoicing, looking upon them with melancholy indifference. That man was Columbus. The great object of his life made him blind and deaf to everything else. He rejoiced, of course, at the triumph of the Cross; but it was for him, he knew, to bear that Cross over the unknown Western Ocean. For eighteen years he had hung about courts and upon the half-hearted and fickle promises of monarchs. The time so long waited for was near. He could think of nothing but that.

When the intense excitement following victory had subsided, Columbus made his terms known. He wished to be Admiral of their Highnesses upon the high-sea, to be governor-general of any lands he might discover, and to have one-tenth of all treasure gained either by arms or commerce. The sovereigns and their advisers considered these conditions, and promptly said: "No."

"Very well," replied the man who had waited for eighteen years; "then I will go to France as I had intended."

Nothing more: no word of disappointment or giving up. He was fighting the battle of the Lord. After he had departed there was great consternation among his

friends, and one of them, Louis de St. Angel—honored be his memory!—braved the Queen's displeasure, and promptly told her what she had thrown away. Then she, convinced by his ardent words, took a resolution once for all.

"I undertake this enterprise for Castile," spoke the noble Queen; "and pledge my jewels for its fulfilment!"

XIII.—"In the Holy Name of Jesus."

Columbus had gone some two leagues from Santa Fé when a messenger overtook him with the news; and he, turning his mule's head toward the City of the Holy Faith, made haste to return. The articles of agreement were drawn up and signed without further delay. Columbus then proceeded to Palos, where he made known his order from the court, commanding the people of that seaport to fit out and man two ships without delay, and promising the sailors four months' wages in advance. Columbus and his friends undertook to furnish the third vessel. On May 23, 1492, everyone was summoned to the Church of San Giorgio, where the village notary, in a pompous tone, read the royal mandate, signed: "I the King," and "I the Queen."

This was received with ominous head-shakings and forebodings. To go out upon the Sea of Darkness—for the inhabitants had shrewdly guessed the motive of the journey,—where awful monsters swooped down and snatched ships from the waves! It was too much to ask of any one; and, as one man, they flatly refused to do so mad a thing, and murmured maledictions upon the foreigner who had put all the mischief into their Queen's head. No progress was made until an officer of the crown appeared, who threatened the people with dire punishment if they rebelled, and began by seizing a ship called the *Pinta*, and giving directions for putting it in order. At that juncture Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a rich man of Palos, came forward with an offer of a small caravel called the *Niña*, or the "Little Girl"; and agreed to go and command the *Pinta* in person. His brothers at once agreeing to keep him company, one was made his pilot on the *Pinta*, the other given direction of the *Niña*. The town of Palos at last came to its senses, and offered a big old vessel called the *Gallego*. This was made the Admiral's flag-ship, and its name solemnly changed to the *Santa Maria*, and Our Lady's protection invoked in its behalf.

There were in all one hundred and twenty men on board the three ships. Before embarking upon any voyages of importance, it was the pious custom to confess one's sins and receive Holy Communion. It is no wonder, then, that, upon the eve of a momentous undertaking whose true object was the spread of the religion of Our Lord, Columbus marshalled his men and proceeded at their head to the convent chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, where all approached the Sacraments.

At last all was ready. The flag bearing the image of our crucified Saviour was flying from the masthead of the *Santa Maria*. An hour before sunrise on the morning of Friday, the 3d of August, there came a strong east wind, playing among the canvas and making the branches on shore wave as if to say adieu. No one in Palos slept late, you may be certain. Everybody was astir—many with breaking hearts, and eyes so dimmed with tears that they could not tell the gallant ships apart,—to take a farewell of fathers, sons, and husbands. The good God and His saints only knew if they would ever come back again.

The order was given to weigh anchor in the Holy Name of Jesus, and softly as ever bark set sail the little fleet moved away. The journey to find a world had begun!

(To be continued.)

We may *profess* great things cheaply, but it costs dear to *do* and to *suffer* them.—*Cardinal Manning.*

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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To Mary Ever-Blessed.*

O VIRGIN Mother of our gracious Lord,
Thou at whose shrine all kings, all nations bend;
Mother of Mercies, who thine aid dost lend
To lips who hail thee with the heart's accord;
Solace of sinners, lodestar ever nigh,
Whose holy feet the serpent sin have crushed;
How much I love, when all rude winds are hushed
And silvery moonbeams light the motley sky,
Beneath high heaven's blue-vaulted canopy,
In hallowed stillness to invoke thy aid,
And feel my cares released, my sorrows fly!
For, but to hail thee once, O spotless Maid,
Seems a bright ray of hope in realms on high,
Where pain dissolves in joys that never fade.

From Diest to Montaigu.

BY HELEN ATTERIDGE.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

JOHN BERCHMANS was not quite fourteen when he left his native place, where he had already spent three years in the house of the parish priest of Our Lady's church. He went next to Malines, and lived there with one of the canons; and we read that several times in the year Canon Froidment and his young charge went to Montaigu to visit the sanctuary of Blessed Mary. Probably it was during one of those visits to the shrine that the boy consecrated himself to the Immaculate Virgin by a vow of perpetual chastity.

There can not be a doubt that he had gone to Montaigu before those days; for it is only three miles from Diest. It was certainly the young Saint's favorite shrine. We read in his life that when he thought of entering the Society of Jesus and sought to know the divine will, he divided his small savings—which amounted only to twenty-five florins,—and gave one-third to the poor, one-third to St. Peter's at Louvain, and one-third to have Masses said at the shrine of Our Lady of Montaigu.

When he was about to enter the novitiate, and his parents were coming to Malines to bid him farewell, he asked them to stop on their way at Montaigu, and there receive Communion and renew their offering of him to God. Lastly, when the father had been left a widower and was already a priest, the son, who was about to take

* This sonnet was written in 1844; and from the source whence it was taken, its date, and internal evidence, it probably came from the pen of Father Aylward. It is preceded by a motto in verse, which is worthy of repetition:

> And I will tread the virtuous, peaceful paths
> Of her who trod the subtle serpent's head,
> And wears the silvery crescent on her own,

It argues, or perhaps proves, great ignorance on the part of the writer, but he ventures to ask: Who wrote these lines? O. S.

his vows in the Society of Jesus, wrote asking him to say for him three Masses of the Holy Ghost in the church of Our Lady of Montaigu. The shrine is still a centre of pilgrimage; and it seems to be especially dear to the students of Louvain, who often go there as veritable "pilgrims of the night," leaving their city in the darkness, and trooping along the roads to the sound of hymns or the recital of the Rosary, and reaching Montaigu in the early morning. It was a heart-shrine, too, of Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers of Molokai.

Making our way thither now from Diest, we pass through a gate of the town, and, leaving behind the green-banked fortifications, set off to tramp along an apparently endless *chaussée*. For everlasting length, there is nothing to equal a Belgian road. The way is straight; the trees at each side are straight too, planted at regular intervals, and with all their boughs high up. There is no sign to measure distance: one may walk for an hour, and look out over the flat, green pastures and golden harvest-fields, and appear to be no nearer any change or end. One begins to think the Belgian folks wise to wear wooden shoes; for the middle of the *chaussée* has a rough stone pavement, that was never meant for delicately shod feet.

It is a relief to see cottages. Here, doves coo from the roof; there, in an open shed, the old process of flailing goes on, where the threshing-machine is undreamed of yet. In the half-darkness beyond the doorway, the three men stand closely, facing one another, and working with quick precision, as if their arms and their flails were parts of one unerring motion.

When these signs of life have been left far behind, a doubt arises, and the pocket-compass and the guide-book confirm it. Here we are, off the track, in a country unknown to us, and with an unintelligible language. We make for a high-built mill,—just like the thousand mills that swing round among the fields of Holland; but the miller is far out of hearing, standing on a wooden balcony high up near the sails and the clouds.

Then a cheery whistle comes along the road, and the country postman is close to us,—a postman with a blue blouse and big wooden shoes. His pouch of letters hangs on his back, and in his hand he carries a long fork with a wooden handle, for purpose undiscovered. The parley with the postman is extremely difficult; but at last it dawns upon him that we want the way to Montaigu, and he contrives to tell us that we are quite astray, and on the way to Louvain. He guides us backward to a field-path, points vaguely to the distance, accepts a *pourboire* for his trouble, and leaves us to cross country for ourselves and parley with the natives.

Now, the courtesy of these poor people we shall remember as long as we remember Montaigu. The postman with the fork and the wooden shoes was well enough; but he was not put to much trouble, and he was paid. But the poor Flemings, who came out of their cottages to us in the middle of the fields—the toilers such as Millet painted in France: the poor man and woman with brown-burnt faces, and bare feet thrust into their wooden shoes,—these for their courtesy were as the *Hidalgos* of Spain. They stopped their work. We tried hard to understand one another with a single word; they led us round the paths and out on the earthy deep road, and showed the way to the hill; but, for all their trouble, these poor people would neither accept money nor even look at it. Was there ever such a marvel in the nineteenth century? Well, let us hope such primitive but noble peasants will never be wanting in that independent little country; and may the root and blade in their soil never fail, nor their hearthstone ever be cold!

If any one were to seek Montaigu as the "sharp mountain," he would be greatly mistaken. It is a gentle hill, but it rises in a round and decided manner from the

flat land. The country road winds up into a street of cottages; and the church among its trees crowns all, with a small dome that from certain points is visible to a great distance. Long ago the miraculous statue of Our Lady stood in the hollow of a tree. In remembrance of its ancient position a tree with great branches and abundant leaves (probably of metal-work) is placed spreading from the wall above the altar in the church. The statue is small and dark, clothed in crimson and gold, and crowned with jewels. Everything about the altar is of silver. A heavy rail of white marble encloses the square space before it, where on the black pavement the pilgrims on great days fling their offerings of money in a rattling shower from far and near. No doubt their gifts support the shrine; for the village outside is extremely poor and small.

The present church was consecrated six years after the death of St. John Berchmans; but it had been begun in 1609, when he was ten years old; so there were portions of it in process of construction, surrounded with the *débris* of building and in the hands of stonecutters and masons, during all his pilgrimages.

The Low Countries were in his time a Spanish province; and the Archduke Albert and his wife, the Infanta Isabella, desired to build a worthy church on the hill of pilgrimage. The Infanta, surviving her husband, saw the building finished; and there was a magnificent ceremony of consecration in 1627. Both sovereigns had been in the habit of visiting the shrine every year, and several of the jewels for the statue were given by royal hands. A century later a silver lamp of great weight and value was presented by another sovereign of the Low Countries—Mary Elizabeth, Archduchess of Austria.

The church is very small, the pavement covered with a few rows of chairs. The general effect is a brilliant round interior, with stained glass above, and with blue and gilt flat pilasters below, topped by a cornice of red and gold. The Belgians love bright color, and have plenty of it here.

Immense colored candles stand all round the building, tributes brought from distant parishes. The recesses beyond the pilasters are small chapels, lighted by stained glass inscribed with names and dates of former pilgrimages, in times very remote. There we read: "Diest, 1400"; "Aerschot, 1520"; "Sichem, 1514," and other early dates. The whole church is stocked with crutches and hung with *ex-votos* and wreaths. One white wreath tells its own story by encircling the words: "*E. et C. unis, le 18 Decembre, 1888.*" Elsewhere a painting hangs, the portraits of three children, with the inscription in thanksgiving for their cure at Soignies in 1878. Again, a silver heart in thanksgiving for sight given back to a child at Brussels in 1887. Numberless expressions of gratitude are on the walls, enshrining the little black statue in crimson and gold; all showing how abundantly prayer at this place has been answered during five hundred years. Indeed, there is but the same tale to be told whether we pray before a new marble statue in the attitude of Our Lady of Lourdes, or an old one cut in wood by some medieval carver. From the twilight of the centuries up to the nineteenth the image is but a faint reminder of the mighty Mother. 'All generations call her blessed,' and 'all good things come together with her, and innumerable riches through her hands.'

As we leave the shrine of Our Lady of Montaigu, and begin to descend the sunny roads toward Sichem, under a broad and bright blue sky, we realize how Catholic and how unspoiled is this prosperous and thrifty Belgian country. In the midst of the potato field, or over the yellow harvest, the little white statue keeps watch from its wooden shrine. Merry children are gathering blackberries from the bramble banks at each side of the lane. They are some of the numberless young Belgians

for whom the Catholics fought so well and sacrificed money so generously a few years ago—building schools at any cost and at the shortest notice, and leaving empty the State schools, whence religion had been banished. That storm has passed, and the struggle for religious teaching is now matter of bygone history. The cities may be tainted with coldness; Brussels may have its foreign element of unbelief. But the "braves Belges" remain a Catholic nation: the heart of the country of Berchmans is staunch and true.

The Glitter of Gold.

IX.

"DO you think, my dearest Princess, that it would do you good to visit the Academy of Fine Arts,—to see once more by the light of noonday Titian's masterpiece, which you so much admired the day before yesterday?"

This question was one day addressed by Fräulein von Schönfeld to her young mistress, who reclined amongst the cushions on a sofa.

"Do not ask me, dear Schönfeld. I am tired and worn out, and need rest. I can not go to look at pictures to-day. Our ramble yesterday through the Palace of the Doges, with its overpowering memories, has excited and all but exhausted me. Amongst the portraits of the doges in the great council chamber I saw only the black tablet with the dreadful inscription to Marino Faliero's memory; in the Pozzi* and on the Ponte dei Sospiri† I heard the sighs of the imprisoned and of the dying. Those sounds still pursue me."

"What does your Highness think of a sail to Lido? The quiet of the island and the freshness of the sea-air will calm the nerves of my dear Princess."

"I would like best of all to lie here, dearest Schönfeld; to do nothing, not even to think, but only to rest. The glaring sunlight blinds me; noise hurts me; and when I reflect that the Saxon Baron who annoyed us the day before yesterday in front of the Assunta, and afterward even followed us into San Marco, might thrust his brazen face on us again, I feel quite miserable."

"Your Highness has never before experienced what it is to travel without an escort of men, without a becoming retinue," replied the court lady, somewhat maliciously. "In the solitary valleys amongst the mountains it might do, because the people are more or less innocent; and even Professor Stetten, considering his position and education, was refined enough to keep within certain bounds. But here, where my Princess is exposed to the gaze of the whole world—but I wash my hands of the whole business. I have prayed and entreated enough; and even yesterday evening implored your Highness to end the farce and start back to Grätz—but in vain."

"You are not to blame, Schönfeld; I will testify this for you in writing, if you desire it," said Hella, impatiently. "Oh, how oppressive the air is in this room! It feels smothering. Order a gondola and let us go to Lido, after all."

A quarter of an hour later the black, long-prowed boat was gliding noiselessly over the waters of the canal, and out into the lagoon toward Lido.

Hella began to breathe freely when the fresh breeze, which caused a ripple on the surface of the water, fanned her burning brow. Without opening her lips she lolled on the bench of the open gondola and looked thoughtfully ahead, only now and then bestowing a distracted glance on the changing scenery. It was only when the gondolier stopped at Sta. Elisabetta that she aroused herself from her waking dreams. With a gentle sigh she sprang upon

* Dungeons. † Bridge of Sighs.

the land, and told the gondolier to await her return.

"Ha, this is grand! This does one good!" she cried, stretching out her hands as if to greet the blue Adriatic. "This gives me back life and elasticity, and awakes my spirits once more. Let us build ourselves tents here, dear Schönfeld; that is to say, let us take possession of yonder bench near the strand, and not stir until the sun goes down."

The Baroness followed her mistress to the bench, from which the view of the sparkling mirror of waters was unobstructed. Blue were the heavens and blue the ever-moving sea, whose waves came dashing on in long lines and broke on the sand. No word, no other sound. A solitary sea-bird hovered tranquilly over the boundless surface; a distant sail glided by—no other sign of life.

Hella relapsed into her silent dreams; and her companion, who for several days past had been wondering at the unusual melancholy in the countenance of the Princess, did not venture to disturb her.

A half hour passed.

"What an unexpected happiness for me," snuffled a disagreeable voice behind them, "to meet the ladies here on the Lido, whom I in vain expected this morning at San Marco!"

Hella shuddered, but did not stir. Fräulein von Schönfeld moved uneasily from side to side.

"Really, ladies, the happiness is so great that I myself hardly venture to believe in it."

The speaker—a lean, stylishly dressed man, with vapid countenance—had meanwhile drawn nearer. As the ladies made him no answer, he stuck his *monocle* into his eye, and stared at them insolently.

Hella stood up, the Fräulein did likewise.

"On my honor, ladies, you should not be so inexorable toward your most devoted servant. I only await the moment when I may lay my homage at your feet."

A flash of anger from the beautiful eyes of the Princess was directed at him; but he was evidently hardened against such arrows.

"The gracious lady will not surely be so cruel as to banish me from the charmed circle of her surroundings?" he asked, with an affected smile.

"I command you instantly to leave us, sir!" said the Princess, in a voice of indignation, white even to the lips. "If you had but a spark of honor you would not take advantage of the helpless position of two defenceless women."

"On the contrary, most gracious, I will protect you against the whole world." The fop struck his breast proudly. "Arm in arm with thee I challenge the world."

With an elegant motion he extended his arm to the indignant lady.

"Scoundrel!" cried a voice behind him. "Continue at your peril to make yourself disagreeable to these ladies even a moment longer!"

The Professor from Schluderbach stood threateningly near the intruder. The young man's face was pale, his eyes sparkled.

"Take care how you speak, sir! I am the Baron Schleusingen, of Schleusheim; and would demand satisfaction of you, if you were capable of giving satisfaction."

"Satisfaction!" thundered the other, whose anger now rose to a still higher pitch. "A fellow like you dares to speak of satisfaction! I would chastise you with my cane for your impudence, as you deserve, did I not consider myself above having anything to do with one of your stamp."

The intruder most likely felt that before this young athlete, with his commanding appearance, there was but one thing for him to do. Therefore, muttering some words between his teeth, he sneaked away. Stetten looked after him with a frown until a sandhill hid him from view; and then for the first time he turned to the Princess, who leaned on the shoulder of her duenna weeping convulsively.

"Miss Stein—Hella!" he said; cordially, "must chance again throw us in each other's way?"

Hella raised her head and reached out her hand. "I have become once more your debtor, Herr Professor. How shall I ever thank you?"

"The consciousness of having been of some service to you is reward enough for me," he replied warmly, raising her hand, which he had continued to hold, respectfully to his lips. "Will the ladies permit me to join their company?"

At these words he looked to Fräulein von Schönfeld. Terrified by what had happened, embarrassed by the unexpected appearance of the Professor, and crushed by the discovery which she thought she had made, she could only nod a silent consent. What was she to do? In what a dangerous net had the whim of the Princess and her own weakness entangled her! What would the reigning Prince, what would the guardian say? Would not she, the Baroness Melanie von Schönfeld, who was so perfectly helpless against the stronger will of her mistress, be made answerable for all? A thousand terrors, amongst them the ban and a horrid prison cell, floated before her eyes, and made her perfectly deaf to what Stetten was saying to her, until he gave up the fruitless attempt, and devoted himself exclusively to the Princess.

Leaning on his arm, Hella crossed the island to the place where their gondola was anchored; beside him she sat in the narrow boat, as radiant with life now as she had before been downcast. She did not speak much, but only listened to the tones of that voice which for some days past sounded so often in her ears during her waking dreams; but her eyes sparkled, and a happy smile played upon her lips. At last the young man also grew silent; and the eyes of both were fixed on the Queen of the Sea, on whose brow, gray with age, the light of evening had woven a new crown of glory.

Like a picture of enchantment from a book of fairy tales, the floating city lay before them; the towers and cupolas of the churches and the roofs of the palaces dipped in purple: a sea of light and gold floating over the broad array of houses, and uniting with the roseate hues of the lagoon. At first trembling softly, then sounding at full peal, the Angelus bell of the Campanile was heard. Sta. Maria della Salute answered, then San Giorgio, and finally the *Ave Maria* sounded from all the towers of proud Venetia.

Princess Hella joined her hands in prayer, the Professor took off his hat; it was a solemn moment, a flash of light from heaven in the twilight of the earth.

"For goodness' sake, your Highness," asked the court lady, in a lamentable voice, as soon as the door of the saloon had closed behind the two ladies, "how could you promise the Professor to go with him again this evening for a row on the Grand Canal? If his Highness, if the Count had a hint of such a thing?"

"Dear Schönfeld, I beg you to spare me your ominous croaking. I will for once draw a free, deep breath; I will live for life's sake; I will go on with closed eyes—until I see the end. Have pity on the poor wanderer in the dark, and do not by an untimely word throw her down the precipice."

When the Princess went out on the balcony and looked down on the dark waters at her feet, the excited Baroness retired to her room and unburdened her oppressed heart by sending a telegram to Count Frederick Burgsdorf, Castle Burgsdorf, near Liegnitz. The dispatch was marked urgent, and was to be forwarded to the Count wherever he might be. That the guardian on receiving it would come immediately to protect his ward, Fräulein von Schönfeld well knew, and felt somewhat relieved.

In the consciousness of having done her duty, she went after supper into the gondola, which stood ready, and by a skilful

movement took the place at the left of her mistress. She met with an innocent smile the indignant glance of the Princess at this piece of presumption; for she had accomplished her object: the Professor had to sit opposite.

The gondola glided lightly along the Grand Canal, on which the moon shed her silvery light. A glorious shimmer surrounded the silent palaces; all blemishes and crevices disappeared; the marble statues and pillars were projected in pale beauty on the deep brilliancy of the firmament, whilst heaven and earth blended in magic blue. A solemn stillness prevailed. Who could wish to talk here, where the stones spoke such a loud, impressive language, telling of past splendor and magnificence?—here, where each stroke of the oar recalled to new life some forgotten name, some family long extinct?

Hella and Stetten were silent; but their eyes sometimes met, and then they seemed frightened and turned away to look in some other direction. But Fräulein von Schönfeld spoke uninterruptedly. She felt as if by the sound of her voice she could still the fear in regard to those two, which was growing more and more importunate in her heart, notwithstanding her dispatch. It was only when a large ship passed by, and the melancholy air of an old ballad was heard, and the full, sonorous voices of the men trembled on the still night air, that she also became silent.

"Pray let us not delay here," said the Princess, when the little company, returning from their nocturnal voyage, were crossing the San Marco square, and loud music and the hum of voices reached their ears. "It would be to me like a desecration if, after the silent enchantment of this hour, I were to rush at once into the company of men."

"I am quite of your opinion, my gracious lady," said Stetten. "One can not make such transitions suddenly: just now, a dreamy, fairy-like past, and then the rushing stream of the living present. Permit me, Miss Felden."

And offering his arm to the perplexed court lady, he conducted her and the Princess carefully through the restless crowd. When they reached the square of San Moise, and were taking leave near the entrance of the Hotel Bauer, the young man, bowing low over Princess Hella's hand, begged:

"May I hope to meet the ladies to-morrow?"

A warm look, a gentle pressure of the hand, answered him; and although Fräulein von Schönfeld pulled her mistress' dress by way of warning, the latter said, with a voice somewhat tremulous:

"We breakfast at ten, in the Caffe Florian."

(To be continued.)

St. John Damascene and Our Lady.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

(CONTINUED.)

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE was born at Damascus in the latter part of the seventh century, at the time when that city was under the Saracen sway. There is some uncertainty as to the exact date of his birth; the learned Bollandist Papebroke puts it in the year 676, and his death in 780. In suggesting these dates, the Jesuit writer is following an early Greek notice of the Saint, which says that he lived to the age of one hundred and four. Strange as it may seem, it was no small advantage to the Saint that his lot was cast in the Moslem territory rather than in that of the Greek emperors. Yet so it was. For the greater part of his long life the Byzantine rulers were endeavoring to spread the heresy of the Iconoclasts, and it fared ill with the loyal Catholics who came within

their reach. The father of our Saint enjoyed the favor of the caliph at Damascus, and held high office in his court. On his death, he was succeeded by his son, who was also held in esteem by the Moslem ruler.

While he was yet in this place of earthly power and dignity, St. John began his labors for the cause of the true religion. The image-breakers had begun their evil work in the neighboring empire, and he would not stand aloof from the struggle. His writings served to encourage the Catholics in standing firm against the tyrant's assaults, and to refute the arguments of the heretics. When we remember that the image of Mary was one of the main objects of the attack, we can see at once how much this part of the Saint's life has to do with his devotion to Our Lady. But there is a further reason for dwelling on his share in the struggle with the image-breakers. If we turn to the life of St. John written by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, somewhere about the year 969, we shall find an incident which can not fail to have special interest for our readers. It has been passed over in silence by some later writers, who are possibly mistrustful of the Greek biographer; but we may surely be allowed to follow such a good authority as Papebroke in taking it to be true. But let us hear the story which this old chronicler has to tell us.

The image-breaking Emperor was greatly enraged at the writings which St. John Damascene put forth in defence of the holy images. But as the caliph's minister was not in his power, he had recourse to a crafty stratagem: some letters were forged in imitation of the Saint's hand, and sent to his master the caliph. The forger appears to have done his work very skilfully, and the caliph was completely deceived by it. Believing that his Christian minister was guilty of the treason which the letters contained, he ordered his hand to be struck off. The Saint protested his innocence in vain, and the sentence was ruthlessly executed. That same evening St. John having got possession of his amputated hand, took it with him to his private chapel, and cast himself in prayer before the image of Our Lady. The Greek biographer gives us the Saint's prayer in verse. Perhaps our readers will forgive us if we follow this example:

Mother of God and Queen of love!
Before thy shrine I pray;
See, for the holy images
My hand is hewn away.

Thou knowest why the crafty foe
Rejoices in my pain;
Then come, my Queen, and tarry not,
But make me whole again.

The Lord's Right Hand took flesh in thee,
To save us in our need;
And oft He worketh deeds of might,
Where thy sweet voice doth plead.

So may His grace, at thy pure prayer,
Make whole this hand of mine,
That I henceforth may use it well
To tell His power and thine;—

To tell thy praise in tuneful hymns,
Thou Mother of my Lord;
To labor for the cause of truth,
And make thy Son adored.

Yes, thou wilt help me, Mother mine!
Thy pleading will avail;
For thou art God's own Mother, and
Thy prayer shall never fail.

Praying in this wise, St. John fell into a peaceful sleep, in which a heavenly vision was vouchsafed him. He saw the image of Our Lady looking on him with eyes of tender pity, and heard her saying to him, "Lo! thy hand is whole. Tarry not; but make it, as thou hast promised, the reed of a scrivener writing rapidly."

The news of this wondrous cure soon reached the caliph's ears. When once he had assured himself of its truth, he acknowledged the Saint's innocence, and was naturally eager to restore him to office and keep him in his service. But John was no longer willing to serve an earthly master: the heavenly call was strong within him, and he was anxious to obey it without loss of time. Turning a deaf ear to the caliph's entreaties, he determined

to quit the court and seek the solitude of the monastic life. He seems to have been possessed of considerable wealth; but he soon managed to rid himself of this encumbrance, giving part to the Church, part to his kinsmen, part to the poor and the captives, and the slaves he had set free. After this he betook himself to the monastery, or laura, of St. Sabas, situated a few miles' distance from Jerusalem. Here he was placed under the direction of an aged monk of great severity. In this life of silent prayer and obedience our Saint made rapid progress, and we may see the fruits of this seed-time in the devout writings which he has left us.

But while the obedience of the cloister was doubtless a great help to the late minister in his passage from the court to the service of God, it did not seem likely to leave him much opportunity of obeying Our Lady's command, and writing with the hand which she had restored to him. On one occasion he composed some verses on the death of the brother of one of his companions; for this he received a severe penance from his superior. The humility with which the Saint undertook the task laid upon him soon softened his master's heart. Yet we do not read that he was led to grant any permission for literary labors. Soon Our Lady herself came to her servant's aid. She appeared to the old monk in a vision by night, and told him not to stop the fountain from which sweet water was to flow forth and refresh the souls of men. John, she added, had received the prophetical harp and the psalter of David, and his songs would be sung throughout the Church. He was to set forth the true doctrine, and brand heresy with the mark of falsehood. In the morning after this vision, the master summoned his disciple and told him of the great work before him. The Saint was now able to set about his writing without further let or hindrance. It was in this peaceful life, at the Laura of St. Sabas, that our Saint composed most of his works, encouraged by his elders and aided by the companionship of a kindred spirit, his brother poet, Cosmas the Melodist.

But the two monks were not allowed to remain in their beloved solitude. Struck by the great gifts which they displayed in their writings, the Patriarch of Jerusalem called them both to the service of the altar. Cosmas, much against his wish, was consecrated Bishop of Majuma; while his companion was raised to the priesthood. It is pleasing to note that the separation which this entailed did not break off the friendship of the two poets, or put a stop to their mutual help and encouragement. From the letter in which St. John dedicates his chief work to the Bishop of Majuma, we learn that he was only induced to set about the task by the entreaty, or, as he considered it, the command, of this old friend and comrade. After his ordination, the Saint was entrusted with the care of a church at Jerusalem; and it was no doubt here, or in some other sanctuary of the Holy City, that most of his sermons were preached.

The latter part of St. John's life is involved in some obscurity, and both the time and the place of his death are matter of dispute. Some writers make him go back to his monastery on the death of the patriarch who had ordained him. But Lequien, the Dominican editor to whom we are beholden for the best edition of his works, tells us that the Saint preached at Jerusalem in his old age. This might imply that he did not return to the laura until a much later date, but this does not necessarily follow. According to one account, which finds favor with Papebroke, St. John, in his zeal against the Iconoclasts, boldly went into their territory and suffered imprisonment at their hands. It is added that he died at Constantinople, and was buried there. On the other hand, Lequien refuses to accept this statement, saying that the Saint passed to his rest in the Laura of St. Sabas, where he had lived and labored for so many

years. In support of this view, the learned Dominican quotes from a Greek writer of the twelfth century what he justly considers to be a reference to the Saint's tomb in the Syrian monastery. Hergenröther puts the date of St. John's death at 754. It seems clear that in any case he did not die before that year, and it is likely that he passed it. The Acts of the Seventh General Council show that he was already dead in 787. Beyond this little seems certain.

Of the writings which St. John Damascene has left behind him, by far the most important is that work "On the Orthodox Faith," to which allusion has already been made. It is not too much to say that this work marks an epoch in theological history, and, in some degree, anticipates the best labors of the medieval schoolmen. In Greek theology, it fills the place which the "Sum" of St. Thomas holds in the Western Church. The constructive genius of St. John Damascene becomes still more manifest when we remember that this comprehensive work is only the part of a greater whole. The four books "On the Orthodox Faith," covering as they do the whole ground of theology proper, form the third portion of the "Fountain of Knowledge," which contains, besides this, a book on philosophy, or "Dialectics," and a work on heresies. Both of these are of no small value to the student of theology; but, as we have said, the books "On the Orthodox Faith" bear away the palm. It is here that we find the dogmatic basis of that devotion to Our Lady which is so conspicuous in the writings of the Saint. And it is easy to see what this foundation is. Like St. Ephrem and St. Bernard, the Greek teacher plainly holds with a deep and living faith the great truth that Mary is in very deed the Mother of God. He feels the vast importance of this doctrine, and sees how it is bound up with that central mystery of our faith, the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. The dogma in question has been ably treated by many other writers before him and after him, but its full import has seldom been brought out as clearly and forcibly as it is in his pages. Thus, the twelfth chapter of his Third Book is devoted to proving that "the Holy Virgin is the Mother of God." Our Saint establishes this by means of a luminous exposition of the Catholic teaching concerning the Incarnation. He dwells on the supreme importance of holding that Our Lord is truly God and truly man. The same Divine Person who was born of the Father from all eternity has really taken our nature from Mary's womb, becoming man to save us. After showing how this is contained in the words of the Apostle, "God sent His Son, made of a woman," he goes on to say: "Wherefore do we rightly and truly call the Holy Mary the Mother of God; *for this name sums up the whole mystery of the Dispensation* [i. e., the Incarnation]. For if she who bore Him was the Mother of God, He that was born of her was plainly God and plainly man."

It is from this source that St. John's devotion to Mary springs, as we may say, spontaneously. Even in his doctrinal writings he speaks of her in terms which might seem to belong rather to the language of hymns and panegyrics. She is the "Holy Virgin," "truly honored above all creation," and the "Mistress" and the "Queen of all things." Not content with what he has said in the above section of his Third Book, he gives a chapter of the Fourth Book to the subject of Our Lady. Here he speaks of her genealogy, her parents, her birth, her Presentation, and her life in the Temple of God. In all this he is drawing from a far earlier monument of Greek devotion to Mary, the so-called *Protevangelium*, or Gospel of St. James, otherwise known as the History of the Blessed Mary. This book, of course, has no claim to apostolic origin: it is the offspring of pious imagination, and, as Möhler considers, a work of high poetic merit. At

the same time, like other apocryphal writings, it may well contain valuable remnants of early tradition. We may take it, on the authority of St. John Damascene, that such is the case with much that it has to say on the subject of our Blessed Lady. As the work was known to Origen, it can hardly have a later date than the second century. Following in the track of this ancient writer, St. John tells us that Mary "was born at Joachim's house of the Probatica, and taken to the Temple. There being planted in the house of God and nourished by the Spirit, like some fruitful olive-tree she became the dwelling-place of every virtue, turning away her mind from all earthly and carnal thoughts. In this wise, she remained a virgin both in body and soul, as it behoved her who was to receive God in her bosom." *

Passing by the other dogmatic and controversial writings of our Saint, we come to his sermons. Here we meet with several fervid discourses in praise of the Holy Mother of God. To begin with, there are two on the Annunciation—one of them being found only in an Arabic version,—and two more on the Nativity of our Blessed Lady. In recent years Langen has questioned the authenticity of these four sermons; but we may safely follow the Dominican editor in regarding them as the Saint's genuine work. With reference to the first of these sermons, we may repeat what was said on a previous occasion about some of St. Ephrem's writings. The absence of the original renders it more difficult to decide the question of authenticity; and even when it can be shown that the work is genuine, it is generally only the substance that can be ascribed to the author himself. This is especially the case where the languages are so far removed from each other as Greek and Arabic. As we have only a Latin rendering of the Arabic version before us, we forbear to quote from this sermon. Further translation would leave the original at too great a distance. It will be enough to say that the discourse has so many beauties as it stands, that if much has been lost in the transition from Greek to Arabic and from Arabic to Latin, the work in its first state must have been among the Saint's best.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

* "De Fide Orthodoxa," lib. iv, cap. 14.

Boundless Mercy.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

CAST into the mighty ocean,
From an infant's tiny hand,
Just a little drop of water
Or a single grain of sand:
See! it scarcely makes a ripple
On the surface broad and blue;
In the passing of a second
It has vanished from our view.

Cast into the boundless ocean
Of the mercy of our God
All the sins by man committed
Since fair Eden first he trod:
If contrition's tear but mingle,
With a purpose to amend,
They will meet oblivion's current,
Into nothingness descend.

Oh, the depths of God's free mercy
Who can fathom, who can sound!
While the Saviour pleads for sinners,
Grace shall evermore abound.
Like a mighty rushing river
Hasting onward to the sea,
Flows the Precious Blood of Jesus,
Cleansing all impurity.

Take, my soul, thy rightful station
Close to Jesus' Sacred Heart,
Finding sweetest consolation,
Such as earth can not impart;
Hide thee there, while He doth teach thee
His own alphabet of love;
Then go forth beneath His standard,
Cross below and Crown above.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

(Conclusion.)

II.—Grandmother O'Halloran's Story.

"DENNIS was somethin' better when the father died," continued grandmother; "and by dint of drivin' carriages for the undertaker—for men were scarce—we soon had the most of the bill paid. There was a thrifle comin' to Maggie besides, and her former mistress was very good to me. She got me washin' here and there; and, though strange to the country's ways, I was a fine hand at the washin' and ironin'."

"It was your beautifully laundered cap that first made me notice you," I said, touching the fluted ruffle as I spoke.

"I brought the goffer-irons from Ireland with me that did this very cap," she answered, with a smile; "and through thick and thin I've always managed to have a clean one. From this one I got a present of a bit of linen, and from that one a scrap of lawn, so I'm never without a good half dozen of them.

"It was terrib'e that summer. Hundreds of people died with the cholera. The neighbors soon found that I wasn't afraid of it, and it was Mrs. O'Halloran here, there, and everywhere. Many's the night, after a day's hard work, I sat rubbin', rubbin', and puttin' on mustard plasters. Many's the corpse I laid out for the grave. The priests were all in it. When father and mother deserted their children, the priest of God was still to the fore.

"About the beginnin' of fall, when it was growin' cooler, and the sickness not quite so bad, Mr. Heany, the undertaker, was stricken. His wife ran screamin' home to her mother, and there was no one to tend him but his son by the first wife. I went over when I heard it. Father Kenny was there before me. I never saw one suffer like Mr. Heany. He was a giant ye might say, tall and broad; after he'd been sick three hours you could lay the skin in folds on any part of his body, he was so wasted. He died holdin' my hand, and made the son promise he'd forgive us the rest of the debt.

"By this time the neighbors had come to know me well. They were very good and kind, and often sent in the children with a pail of water or a handful of kindlin', to save my feet; for Dennis was soon on his back again, and I had all I could do to keep our bodies and souls together.

"It was only in the long winter evenings, over my knittin', I began to feel all that had happened me. The shock was so dreadful that it numbed me like; and the summer so full of sickness and death, I had not time to think. But I thanked God that my two boys had made their Easter duty a few days before they were killed; that I had seen Maggie once more; and that her father was buried beside her, where he could rest easy. And when I'd be lookin' at poor Dennis, lyin' pale and weak on the bed forninst me, I'd be sayin' another prayer of thankfulness that he wasn't carousin' and drinkin', like so many more in the parish. But sometimes I'd feel very lonely, and my heart would tighten within me till I'd think it burstin'. I never found a cure for that, dear, but to put on my hood and mantle and run round to St. Ignatius', to the foot of our Blessed Lady's altar. I could see the spire of the church—yes, the back of the high altar—from my kitchen window; and when the Angelus rang, it seemed at the very doorstep.

"We held our own through the winter; and Dennis was feelin' so much better he thought he'd look around for a job. He came in one mornin' about nine—he'd been out since seven,—and said: 'Mother, they're beginnin' to tear down a part of the old church to-day, to make way for the new. I'm thinkin', as I've nothin' to do, I'll lend them a hand by way of kindness, for to-day anyway. Father Kenny

and all the Fathers have been so good it's the least I might do, though I'm not strong enough to keep at it long.'—'Do, child,' says I, nothin' loth, and pleased at the good heart of the boy. So he went from me, the last that was left; and they brought him back to me in an hour's time, killed by a falling wall, so crushed and broken that they wouldn't let me look at him. But I'll always see him as he looked back at me that March mornin' leavin' the threshold,—my poor, pale-faced boy!"

"Oh, don't tell any more!" I said, my face wet with tears. "It is too terrible for you."

"There's not much more to tell, *asthore.* That was the end of livin' and lovin' for me in this world. I worked on and on. Sure my boy was a martyr, and the heavens opened for him that day; that comforted me. The Fathers were good to me, and paid my rent. I toiled on and on, till the rheumatism got hold of me; and I wasn't much good after that. When I couldn't do the heavy washings any longer, I cleaned offices now and then, and knitted socks for the laborin' men. I had a little peanut stand on the corner a while, but it didn't prosper with me; the neighbors told me I gave the children too much for a penny. Once I hired out as a nurse to a baby for a dollar a week and my meals, goin' home to my own little room at night. I liked that well till the lady got drunk one day, and beat me with a poker because I wouldn't give the baby a sup of beer."

"It was well for you, grandmother," I said, "that you did not contract the habit of drinking to drown your troubles. Many a poor soul has been wrecked by it."

"A drop of liquor was never drunk in my father's house nor in mine," she replied. "I hate the smell and I don't know the taste of it. I saw enough of it among the poor creatures in the court where I lived so long—twenty years. It was a purgatory for me."

"How long have you been with the Little Sisters?" I asked, as she relapsed into silence.

"Two years, *alanna*,—two years this comin' Good-Friday."

"And you are happy here?"

"How could I help it? It was hard to give up my little place; but I was growin' a burthen to the neighbors, and I knew it was best. Some of these old women are very gabby, and I do be tired listenin' to them; so I keep to myself all I can, without wantin' to seem cross or cranky. That's only on weekdays; Sundays I try to be merry with the best of them."

"And you are happy at last, in the evening of your days?"

"Yes, dear, very happy. I have all I want to eat and drink, and never an ache or a pain. Our Lord is there in the chapel, and I can go to Him whenever I please. Mass every mornin' and Holy Communion once a week,—what would I ask more?"

Again she was silent. But I caught a rapid, yearning look, with which she seemed to search my countenance; and felt there was something she wished, yet hesitated, to say.

"What is it, grandmother?" I inquired.

She murmured a few words under her breath, then shook her head. "No," she said, "not yet. It's a little matter I'm not certain about, between me and my conscience. No sin, I can say truly; but some one ought to know it, and I'd like to tell you of it,—I think I might." She rose to her feet, and added quickly: "No, no, not to-day. I'll sleep on it anyway, and maybe the next time you come I'll take counsel with you. But the evenin' is darkenin', and I must be away before the gate is shut. Thank you, dear, for the happiest St. Patrick's Day I've spent in America."

So saying she hurried away.

The next time I went to the Little Sisters, they told me Grandmother O'Halloran was ill, had been in bed some days. I asked permission to visit her, and was ushered into the infirmary. She was very

glad to see me, and said she had been thinking of asking the Sisters to send for me; as she had a little errand which no one else could do, and also something to tell me. Having expressed my willingness to do all in my power, she beckoned me nearer, and said, in a low voice:

"They tell me it's nothin', *alanna*, but I'm goin' to die. I'm wastin' away, that is all: there's no sickness upon me. But there's somethin' on my mind, as I told you before."

"If you will tell me what it is, perhaps I may be of service," I replied.

"When I came here," she said, "I had twenty-five dollars in my pocket. Fifteen of that I gave to the Sisters, and hid the other ten in a little bag in the ball of my hair. Not a soul knew it. It has bothered me a good deal lately; for I didn't feel it was just right to keep it from them that had been so good to me. But I wanted it partly for a habit—a habit of the Scapular,—and partly because I didn't know but sometime I might have to leave this, and then I'd be without a penny. I have often had a quarter or half a dollar from visitors, but I've given every cent of that to the Sisters. Only one day last winter a lady came here; she was wealthy, for she gave the old women new hoods and blankets, and the Sisters a hundred dollars. And she slipped a five dollar bill into my hand at the chapel door. 'Pray for me, mother,' she said, in a whisper. 'And keep this for yourself,—for *yourself*, *mind!*' I took it and put it with the rest. Now, lyin' here these few last days I've been takin' great shame to myself for it all; and I'm longin' to give up the money, only there's two things holdin' me back. They promised to bury me beside Pat, close to Maggie and Dennis; but I want a habit, my dear, and five Masses to be said for my soul. So I'm loth to give up the money."

She looked at me wistfully, as though she would read my thoughts.

"Give it to the Sisters, grandmother," I said. "They have been so kind to you, and have so trusted you, that they would feel it deeply, I am sure, if they thought you had secreted it. For my part, I promise to get you the habit at once, so that you may see it; and the Masses will be said."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, darlin'!" she answered, seizing my hand and clasping it warmly between hers.

I sat down beside her. She took off her cap, and from the still abundant coil of her snowy hair drew a tiny linen bag. Untying the string, she laid the contents in my hand. I counted fifteen dollars.

"I'm greatly better in my mind now, darlin'," she said, tying her cap strings once more; "but my body's very, very weak. I'll not be long here."

I endeavored to make her believe she would soon be well again; but she clung to the idea of death, and bade me hasten with the habit.

On the next day but one I brought it, and the fashion pleased her well. It was made of soft brown cashmere, and the Sister told me she had taken a bath that morning and changed all her underclothing for a fine, lace-trimmed set some lady had given her years ago, and which she had never worn, preferring to save it for her burial. She desired us to put it on her at once, for she was feeling very weak. After this she seemed satisfied, and lay quietly with her beads on the coverlid near her. When the Sister had gone away she whispered, her voice grown very weak:

"I gave the money to the good Mother, and told her all about it, asking her pardon. She wasn't a bit vexed with me, but went and got a big orange and made me eat it. Father Bryan gave me the last Sacraments this mornin'; he's away in the country for the balance of the week, and I'll not be here when he comes again. And, O darlin', I'll never forget you or yours where I'm goin'!"

I left her soon after, promising to return on the morrow. When I reached the Home

next day she had been dead some hours, and lay with a touch of the beauty of her youth upon her peaceful face. We buried her in the quiet spot where she had wished to lie, "beside Pat, close to Dennis and Maggie,"—the rest of her loved ones, or mayhap their graves, scattered hither and thither through the world.

A New Mass.

FOR THE FEAST OF THE APPARITION OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES (FEB. 11).

INTROIT.

AND I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.*

V. My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak my works to the King.†

V. Glory be to the Father, etc.

PRAYER.

O God, who by the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin prepared for Thy Son a fitting habitation, grant, we beseech Thee, that in celebrating the Apparition of this same Virgin, we may obtain salvation of soul and body. Through the same Lord, etc.

EPISTLE. ‡

And the temple of God was opened in heaven, and the ark of His testament was seen in His temple; and there were lightnings, and voices, and an earthquake, and great hail. And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. And I heard a loud voice in heaven, saying, Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of God, and the power of His Christ.

* Apoc., xxi, 2. † Ps., xliv, 1.
‡ Apoc., xi, 19; xii, 1, 10.

GRADUAL.*

The flowers have appeared in our land; the time of pruning is come: the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

V. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come: my dove in the clifts of the rocks, in the hollow places of the wall. Alleluia, alleluia.

V. Show me thy face, let thy voice sound in my ears; for thy voice is sweet, and thy face comely. Alleluia.

After Septuagesima Sunday the Alleluia and the versicle are omitted, and the following is said:

TRACT.

Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people.†

V. Thou art all fair, O Mary, and the stain original is not in thee.

V. Thou art blessed, Holy Virgin Mary, and most worthy of all praise; because with thy virginal foot thou hast crushed the head of the serpent.

During Paschal Time.

Alleluia, alleluia. The flowers have appeared in our land. Alleluia.

V. The voice of the turtle is heard. Alleluia.

GOSPEL. ‡

And in the sixth month the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David: and the name of the Virgin was Mary. And the Angel being come in, said to her: Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women. And when she had heard, she was troubled at his saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be. And the Angel said to her: Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus.

Credo.

* Cant., ii, 12–14. † Jud., xv, 10. ‡ St. Luke, i, 26–31.

OFFERTORY.

Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women.

SECRET.

May the victim of praise which we offer to Thee, O Lord, by the merits of the glorious and Immaculate Virgin, be received by Thee as a sacrifice of agreeable odor, and procure for us health of soul and body. Through Our Lord, etc.

Preface of the Blessed Virgin.

COMMUNION.*

Thou hast visited the earth, and hast plentifully watered it; thou hast many ways enriched it.

POSTCOMMUNION.

May the right hand of Thy Immaculate Mother come to the aid, O Lord, of those whom Thou hast replenished with celestial nourishment; so that with her assistance we may merit to reach the eternal country. Thou who livest, etc.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ON A SERIOUS SUBJECT.

MR. LATHROP, in a paper read at the meeting of the Apostleship of the Press in New York, said a very true thing among other hopeful things. He declared in substance that the efforts of a Catholic reporter on a great daily newspaper were ineffective so far as the proper presentment of truth was concerned, if the people in control of that journal were either bigoted, ignorant, or indifferent to the presentment of truth. And nothing can be more true.

It has always seemed to me to be an insidious and dangerous opinion that the energy of Catholics should not go into their own press, but into the secular press. The cleverest reporters on many of the great "dailies" are Catholics; but they are no more free to say what they will, or what their convictions urge them to say, than a lawyer is free to declare that he is advocating a bad cause. A reporter whose zeal has not been tempered by experience soon learns that "space" is limited on questions of religion; and that, while unlimited space may be given to the most insignificant function of other denominations—according to the proprietor's views or affiliations,—his will be carefully reduced. As to the editorial writer, the book-reviewer, or the assistant editor, the position is much the same: he must obey the policy of his paper.

At one time it suited the New York *Times* to be amiable to Catholics. What sweetness filled the air! The remotest parish was searched for news, and the Pope was referred to in respectful terms previously applied only to Martin Luther. Allusions to Fox's "Book of Martyrs" and the Inquisition were laboriously cut out; and it was beautiful to see how the *Times* played the lion and the lamb act until after the election. But all this passed with the election. What influence, for instance, have Catholics on the Chicago *Tribune?* This paper does not want to be well informed on Catholic matters; and since John Hazzard died, the opinions on Catholic matters that creep into the New York *Tribune* are sometimes very bigoted.

The proprietors of the great daily papers know very well that if they want any important news, they can get it for the asking from Catholics. They are not dependent on the Catholic journals for news of an important event. As a rule, the Catholic journal is dependent on them; it copies, a few days after, the news which the people most concerned gave eagerly to its secular rival at first hand. While this continues the Catholic press must necessarily lack

* Ps., lxiv, 10.

some of the influence it ought to have. There is no remedy at present, the expert assure us, except the establishment of a Catholic daily.

With the secular daily paper, as a rule, attention to Catholic affairs is gauged by the condition of politics. True, there are exceptions—the New York *Sun*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the Baltimore *Sun*, and a few others. But there is no newspaper in Chicago which can be thoroughly trusted to give the Catholic point of view on any subject. Take educational subjects, for instance. To read the *Daily News*, as an example, one would get the opinion that there is not a Catholic institution in the East or West capable of teaching the Latin declensions. But its columns actually teem with accounts of the minutest establishment, co-educational or otherwise, which the eye of the managing editor can detect. And yet there are no doubt excellent Catholic reporters on the *Daily News*.

When we adopt the theory—tacitly advocated by the supercilious creature in New York who never reads a Catholic paper 'because his confessor does not oblige him to'—that our interests are sufficiently looked after by the daily press, and that the Catholic press is superfluous, we deliberately deprive ourselves of staunch defences, which, even if destroyed, *must* be built up again. But, after all, the New York man and his sneer must not be taken seriously. His speech was no doubt one of those perfunctory bits of *persiflage* which the habitual after-dinner speaker emits and regrets—long after dinner. There ought to be among thoughtful men but one opinion on the Catholic press: it must be supported.

After the parish school come as means of education, not instruction only, the Catholic paper and the parish library. Heaven help the religion of the young person brought up in the public school, assisted by the daily paper and the current novel or "hand-book." If our people realize this, there will come a time when the daily itself may look on the Catholic paper as a dangerous competitor in the matter of special news. Then, and only then, will certain great dailies discover that self-interest forces them to a less arrogant policy in Catholic matters. Our duty at present is to strengthen our own press, not to say: "Oh, I'll send this bit of news to the *Herald*, and the Catholic rags will *have* to copy it!"

Praise of Cardinal Manning.

THE English papers, secular and religious, as might be expected, contain tributes to and reminiscences of Cardinal Manning by writers of all sorts and conditions; and we are promised letters and documents hitherto unpublished in the February number of *Merry England*. The author of "Tyborne," who was an intimate friend of his Eminence, will contribute some personal reminiscences to an early number of THE "AVE MARIA." Meantime we present a few extracts from English exchanges. The Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, writing in the London *Tablet*, gives his impressions of the late Cardinal as a man of God. It may be said that no one knew Cardinal Manning better than Father Vaughan. He writes:

"Well might these words of St. Elias be applied to him: 'With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of Hosts.' He lived not for himself, but for souls, and wore out his strength in laboring for their good; fulfilling to the letter the command of his Divine Master, 'Feed My sheep.' Indeed, the doorsteps of his house were worn with the footsteps of the fatherless, the widow, the poor, the forlorn, the tempted, and the disgraced, who came to him for comfort in their hour of trouble and sorrow. No one ever went to him in distress who did not go away consoled and soothed by the few and burning words which fell from his fatherly lips. As the fire sends forth heat and light imperceptibly and without noise, so the fire of the Holy Spirit, which never went out in his soul, warmed, cheered, and inspired all those who sought him in their spiritual need."

Referring to Cardinal Manning's far-reaching and profound asceticism, the same writer says:

"Probably no anchorite or recluse could live a more severe or penitential life than this Prince of the Church and accomplished man of the world. His food was of the plainest; his drink was water; his room was a bare cell. His thin, emaciated frame bore the visible marks of the mortification of Christ, and the life of Christ was made manifest in his mortal body. He loved, too, evangelical poverty, and practised it both in the spirit and in the letter; thus imitating the Seraphic Francis, for whom he bore so great a love and devotion, and of whose Order he was a Tertiary. But to those who knew him as myself, all these externals fell into a secondary place, and were merely the inevitable expression of his conformity to the life of our Blessed Lord."

In some personal recollections of Cardinal Manning, contributed by "one who knew him" to *The Daily News*, we find an example of the startling warnings about the danger of dallying with grace which he would utter when he met with persons who were held back from entering the Church by cowardice or indecision. "I will promise you to become a Catholic when I am twenty-one," said a young lady whom he was trying to convert. "But can you promise to live so long?" was the searching reply.

A Catholic correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle*, after extolling the sainted prelate's charity and devotion to the poor of all creeds, relates the following anecdote:

"I remember once, and that not many years ago, being at the Cardinal's house by appointment. In the large hall was a workingman—a bricklayer, I think. There was also a countess waiting to see his Eminence. The Cardinal's factotum approached the countess with a message from the Cardinal, to say he was sorry he would be engaged for half an hour or so. To the workingman: 'The Cardinal will see you at once.' I shall never forget the look of the countess as she was shown to her carriage waiting outside. The workingman was a recalcitrant member of the League of the Cross—was in distress. The Cardinal sent him away with a cheque payable to 'self'; but he made him renew his pledge beforehand."

The supreme consolation for the loss of a man like Cardinal Manning is the reflection that his words and the example of his life are still powerful. The world is better that he lived, and his memory is a benediction.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the questions the attempted solution of which does not redound to the special honor of our Government, is that which has to do with the Indian. The heartless rapacity of money-making agents has more than once been signalized as the cause of discontent and outbreaks among the redmen; but it remains for a Dacota chief, Mato Najen Cinca, to put in a nutshell the philosophy of the whole question. Chief Cinca recently made a speech, in which occurs this paragraph, forcible because of its substantial truth:

"The Dacotas thought that there was an endless West before them, and that there was enough land for everybody; so they listened to the whitemen when they said, 'Let us make a treaty.' So the whitemen made a treaty, and broke it. Every time they broke it they had a fight. Every time they had a fight they killed some Indians. Every time they killed some Indians they said to those who were left, 'Let us make a new treaty; for you don't need so much land now your brothers are in heaven'; and so the whitemen hoped at last to have no Indians left. This they called a solution of the Indian question."

His Holiness Leo XIII., who, according to the veracious cable dispatches that have been received in this country several times a week during the past month or two, has been seriously ill, if not at the point of death, was in sufficiently good health at the time of Cardinal Manning's death to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. On the morning following that sad event, he said Mass for the great English prelate in his private chapel.

A French officer who, twenty-five years ago, was made a mandarin of the Chinese Empire, recently wrote to the New York *Sun* a letter in which the sincerity of Chinese Christians was called in question. Among other statements was one that converts in China are frequently baptized as often as three times a day, simply because each convert receives at baptism fifty cents. Another correspondent of the *Sun* has taken the officer to

task on several points; and, on that of mercenary motives, instances the fact that in the Shantung Province alone there are fifty-five Christian churches supported entirely by native converts. As regards Catholic converts, at least, the officer's contention is absurdly false. The heroic adhesion to the faith of thousands of Chinese Catholics, clergy and laity—heroism that has not infrequently culminated in martyrdom,—brands his statement as a libel.

The inhabitants of the ancient city of Bruges, Belgium, were ever remarkable for great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In fact, Bruges was once known by the distinctive title of "Mary's City." A confraternity of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors has existed there for nearly four hundred years, and antique medals struck in her honor and bearing her image are still common enough in the old families about Bruges. One of these medals, which may be of service to some future historian of Dogma, represents the Blessed Virgin standing, with the Child Jesus reposing on her right arm and a sceptre in her left hand. Beneath runs the legend: "*Immaculate Conceptioni. Beate. Marie. Urginis. 8. x bris. 1699.*"

The late Bishop Loughlin died as Cardinal Manning declared a priest ought—"without money and without debts." He never saved a dollar, having given his money to charitable and other institutions as fast as he received it; and all he left was his watch, vestments, and chalice. The $30,000 which was presented to him on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee was distributed within two weeks among various institutions in the diocese. The will of Cardinal Manning himself shows that he possessed less than $500.

As one of the straws which show how the wind blows in France, we may mention the fact that the priest is becoming quite a common figure on the French stage. In a drama lately produced in Paris, one of the leading incidents was the delivery of a real sermon of some length. The notable circumstance in this utilizing the clergy for stage purposes is that in none of the plays has the priest appeared in the character of villain, fool, or hypocrite. On the contrary, the stage priest has invariably been adorned with all the sacerdotal virtues. Not many years ago, no French audience, at least no Parisian one, would have submitted to the appearance in a drama of a cassock-wearing character, unless the purpose were to elicit scorn and contempt. If a certain class of the French *will* patronize the theatre to the exclusion of the church, it is not a bad idea to let them hear an occasional sermon even from the stage.

A few months ago a terrible railway accident occurred near Moirans, France. At the first tidings of the disaster the whole population—mayor, citizens, Marist Brothers, and Sisters of Charity, with the *curé*—hurried to the scene of the wreck, and began the work of rescuing the crushed and wounded travellers from the *débris*. Suddenly, from beneath a heap of broken timbers, there emerged a lady carrying her beads in her hand. To the wondering crowd who gathered around her, she calmly said: "I am quite unhurt! Here is my amulet! This makes three times that my Rosary has visibly preserved me from accidents."

The death is announced of Father Schyuse, who was a member of the Stanley expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha at Victoria Nyanza. He wrote a book describing the expedition and its leaders. Father Schyuse was a native of Germany, and had served ten years on the African missions, being one of the White Fathers, a congregation of missionaries founded by Cardinal Lavigerie. Father Schyuse was only thirty-five years of age. *R. I. P.*

Writing from Fort Berthold, North Dakota, to the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*, the Rev. Father Craft gives the following interesting information concerning a community of Indian Sisters lately founded in that mission:

"The Sisters are now established in their new convent, and are delighted to begin work among their people. This is the first full community of Indian Sisters, under an Indian Mother Superioress, ever established; although there have been many Indian Sisters in convents among the whites.... The work begins with every prospect of success. Bishop Shanley has done all in his power to aid us,

and the Sisters are everything that the strictest director could wish. But as all new enterprises for God's glory and the salvation of souls must have their share of trial and persecution, we can scarcely expect that race prejudice, of which we have had some experience, will leave us in perfect peace. . . .

"It is worth noting that the Indian community that Kateri Tekakwitha intended to establish, had she lived long enough, has been established—perhaps through the prayers of the 'Lily of the Mohawk'—by Sister Mary Catherine, the 'Lily of the Dacotas'; and that the spiritual director of the community is a brother by adoption of Sister Mary Catherine, and also a brother of Kateri Tekakwitha by the tribal and family relationship, according to the peculiar custom common to both Mohawks and Dacotas."

The existence of such a community means much to the work of the Indian missions. We hope to hear of the foundation of congregations of Negro and Indian Sisters wherever these wards of the nation are to be found in large numbers.

A venerable and stalwart veteran dropped from the ranks of the secular clergy on the 22d ult. in the person of the Very Rev. Peter Hennaert, who died on that day in St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit. The deceased clergyman, a Belgian by birth, came to this country in 1845, was ordained two years later, and for forty-five years has been a well-beloved pastor in the capital of Michigan. Few incidents of unusual prominence marked his career; but the esteem in which he was held by all classes of citizens, and the genuine grief occasioned by his passing away, sufficiently testify that his was a truly sacerdotal life. Father Hennaert's end was calm, the peaceful closing of a well-spent day. *R. I. P.*

The famine in Russia baffles all description. In many provinces the people have no bread, and try to support life by eating grass and other like substances; in some villages the leaves of trees are boiled and eaten as a substitute for food. Influenza, cholera and famine have been the triple scourge of Russia; and this was the order of their infliction.

The third centenary of the death of Tasso is to be honored in Rome. A committee to take charge of the arrangements has been formed under the presidency of the Cardinal-Vicar.

New Publications.

IRELAND AND ST. PATRICK. By William Bullen Morris, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London and New York: Burns & Oates. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

The extraordinary success achieved by Father Morris in his "Life of St. Patrick," and the more than favorable criticisms which that model biography called forth from quarters where censure would have seemed more natural than praise, tended to prepare us for a high degree of excellence in this, his latest volume. Our anticipations have been fully realized. "Ireland and St. Patrick" is a well-written and thoroughly interesting book. Of its contents, the first chapter, "St. Martin and St. Patrick," originally appeared in the *Dublin Review;* the second and third chapters, "Adrian IV. and Henry Plantagenet," and "St. Patrick's Work, Past and Present," were first published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record.* The new portion comprises an introduction of twelve pages, and chapters fourth and fifth, bearing the respective headings, "The Saints the World," and "The Future?"

Having dealt elsewhere with St. Patrick's life in Ireland, Father Morris takes up the study of his work and influence in the twelfth century, and traces that influence through each successive period down to our own day. Of one salient feature in the history of Ireland the author says: "Longer than any nation in Europe she has been fighting that popular battle for freedom, which so often in its frenzy, there as elsewhere, seems to side with 'the Revolution'; and yet the lawless spirit has never succeeded in attaining permanent dominion over her people—and why? Because in no country in the world is there so large a proportion of loyal and devoted subjects of the Church."

In his chapter on "The Future," Father Morris quotes freely from Gustave de Beaumont's excellent work, "L'Irlande." The French author, who, we are told, is introduced not as a witness, but as a judge, says: "The Irish exist in their churches; there alone they feel that they are free; there alone they are certain of their rights; there they occupy the

only ground which has never sunk beneath their feet."

Our desire to quote, however, must be restrained. Those of our readers who feel an interest in the "Niobe of Nations" (and, in this age, who does *not?*) will peruse this work with pleasure and profit. They will join Father Morris in his aspirations for a happier era for the Emerald Isle; and will echo, as we do, his wish that "perhaps in one spot at least in Europe we may hope to see an image of the past, when 'Hearths, Homes, and Altars' were the centres of man's love, and the limit of his ambition here below."

HUNOLT'S SERMONS. Volumes VII. and VIII. Translated from the German by the Rev. J. Allen, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers, Publishers.

These two volumes, under the general title of "The Good Christian," are well adapted not only to the pulpit, but also to home reading; indeed to serve this latter purpose, we know of few books of the kind superior to them. They treat of all those virtues which every Christian ought to practise; and the different sermons are interspersed with many apt and interesting historical incidents. To young preachers, and old ones too, whose time is limited, these volumes can not but be of great service. The sermons are somewhat lengthy, but can easily be abridged in delivery. They *ought* to be, in fact; for there is no excuse for a long sermon. "If a sermon is good, it needn't be long; and if it is not good, it oughtn't to be long."

There are seventy-six discourses, adapted to all the Sundays and holydays of the year. They do not come to us in "loftiness of speech," nor do they contain allusions which only those of superior education can understand. The subjects are practical, the language simple, the style lucid. Fluttering oratorical flights are wanting. Unlettered hearers, who form the greater part of every audience, after hearing these sermons will go away satisfied that they have learned something; and those who have "a little knowledge" can not pride themselves on having been able to understand the preacher. All-important subjects, interestingly developed, and in a manner suited to the popular understanding, is the proper description of these goodly volumes. Nothing but ignorance of their excellence can prevent them from having an extensive circulation.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. John Chambers, of St. Ignace, Mich., who passed away on the 19th ult.

Mr. Joseph May, who departed this life on the 17th ult., at Shamokin, Pa.

Mrs. Emily Herriford, of Nashville, Tenn., who breathed her last on the 1st inst.

Mr. Dominic Durkin, who died suddenly on the 10th ult., at Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. James A. Carlin, of Pittsburg, Pa., whose death took place on the 13th ult.

Mrs. M. Costello, who met with a sudden though not unprovided death on the 27th ult., at Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. Barbara Kampeu, of New Orleans, La., whose good life was crowned with a precious death on the 24th ult.

Mr. John Murphy, whose life closed peacefully on the 23d ult., at Watsonville, Cal.

Mr. Eugene O'Brien, of New York city, who died a happy death on the 16th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Dempsey, who yielded her soul to God on the 5th ult., at Oceanus, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Dolan, of Ware, Mass., who was called to a better life on the 16th ult.

Mr. John Miles, of Omaha, Neb.; Mr. John Dotter, Mr. J. Plein, Mrs. Thomas Hunt, Mrs. Engelbert Frech, Miss Mary Reardon, Mr. John Egan, Miss Mary Egan, Mrs. Joseph Spahn, and Mrs. L. Becker,—all of Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Francis Hartman, Newport, Ky.; Mr. Edward Kenney, Westfort, Conn.; Mr. Thomas Keegan, Mrs. Anna Shanley, Mr. David Cushing, Mr. James Miller, and Mr. Michael Cronan,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Edward J. Chassaing, William Wilkinson and B.R. Murphy, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Mary O'Donnell, Michael Considine and Mrs. Sarah Rich, Jersey City, N.J.; William D. Keenan and Mrs. Mary McCormick, Smithtown, N.Y.; Mr. John V. Cissell, Brewer, Mo.; Patrick Cosgrove, Ireland; Mrs. Eliza J. Gallagher, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. Jane Wearing and Mr. John Mahoney, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. Edward McLaughlin, Mrs. Bridget Pritchard, and Miss M. A. McGregor, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Smith Sullivan, Orange, N. J.; John F. Coleman, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. M. A. Jamison, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. M. McCarthy, Somerville, Mass.; George and James Ryan, Strawn, Ill.; Miss Margaret Howard, Ludlow, Ky.; Frank J. Joyce, Lowell, Mass.; Thomas Loughlin, Boone, Iowa; Michael Beniline, Davenport, Iowa; Miss Anna Fitzpatrick, Mr. M. Phelan, and Mrs. Francesca Thompson, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Francis Duffy, Lafayette, Ind.; and Anna Cronin, New York, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XIV.—In Search of Far Cathay.

COLUMBUS at this time was about fifty-six years old. His hair was quite white, but he was still alert and vigorous, and not growing old except in years. His heart, indeed, it would seem, always remained young.

After sailing out beyond the bar, the ships were visible for several hours; and we fancy that the good Father Perez, from his tiny observatory upon the convent, watched the fleet until he could see it no longer. And, although no historian has recorded the fact for us, we hope that the little Diego was by his side. Henceforth the lad, in order that his father might have no cause for anxiety about him, was to be a page of Queen Isabella.

We are under great obligations to our Admiral for the journal which he kept; for in writing down each day a record of events for his sovereigns, he left us likewise an account of that wondrous voyage which can not be disputed. All history-makers have drawn from it. Some, unfortunately, have done the plain truth an injury by embellishing it.

So it is all plain sailing for us now, whatever it may have been for the Admiral. We can take his own words, and, by a little imagining, fill in the details without much trouble. The crews were composed of the natives of many lands. There was even an Irishman, who had wandered far from home; and, if he had the lively spirits and keen wit common in his dear Green Isle, no doubt he did much toward keeping up the courage of the rest. On the *Santa Maria*, as it happened, there was not one native of Palos.

The fleet steered first for the Canary Islands, then the outposts of civilization. From there Columbus proposed to take a course due west. On Monday he observed that the *Pinta* was acting strangely—rolling about in the trough of the sea. He hailed her commander, and found that her rudder was disabled. The two owners of the boat, who were on board, had doubtless arranged that the steering apparatus should give out very soon, and afford them an excuse for turning back. Captain Martin Alonzo, as biographers usually call him, managed to repair the damages very cleverly, and they went on. The next day the rudder gave out again, and so did Columbus's patience; and he determined to abandon the *Pinta* at the Canaries, and replace her with a better vessel. The following day the unfortunate ship sprang a leak, from having been improperly caulked.

On Sunday, August the 12th, they came in sight of Teneriffe, which was spouting forth smoke, after the unpleasant manner

all volcanoes have; but Columbus quieted the fears of those whom it alarmed. For three weeks they sought among the Canaries for a ship to take the *Pinta's* place, but found none; so they repaired her damages as best they could, and started on. Three Portuguese caravels were lying near by, ready to attack them; but the Spanish vessels proved the best sailers, and soon distanced them.

And now the brave little ships were in unknown waters, and the stoutest hearts felt at times a strange sinking. The course was due west, over that vast expanse of heaving water, where, the credulous thought, there were whirlpools without bottom, great monsters that could crush a ship as if it were an eggshell, and sometimes dead calms in regions so hot that men and vessels were burned to ashes. One day they met with a piece of floating wreckage — all that was left, perhaps, of some stout ship's timbers.

Soon a variation was noticed in the compass. The needle did not point to the polar star, as a well-regulated compass-needle should, but to some fixed spot to one side. Columbus was fertile in expedients. The needle did not vary, he explained: it was the star itself which varied, moving about in its own small orbit. The Admiral kept two reckonings: one for his own use; the other, indicating a less number of miles travelled, for the crews. In that way, you see, they went much farther than they supposed.

The religious exercises of the sailors were never, under any circumstances, interrupted. The *Salve Regina* floated each evening out over the waves, and later the voices of the men invoked the aid of the Star of the Sea as they sang the *Ave Maris Stella*. In addition to these devotions common to all, Columbus retired to his apartment at certain hours to say the Office of the Third Order of St. Francis, to which he belonged. And so the days wore by.

XV.—"Land!"

For weeks they sailed to the west, in spite of the men at the helm of the *Santa Maria*, who slyly turned the prow of the vessel to the north whenever they thought they would not be observed. The fairest weather men ever knew was granted the fleet on its momentous voyage. The trade-wind gently filled the sails, and the sky was as blue and cloudless as that which overhung the dear land which was growing farther and farther away each hour. But people are never satisfied. That beneficent east wind, blowing so steadily, filled the sailors with vague alarm. If it always blew from that direction, as now seemed probable, how would they ever get back? But, as if to silence the ominous growlings, it changed and blew from the west. Then there ensued a dead calm, and the forebodings began again. They had long had accounts, as we have said, of a region of calm in the heart of the Sea of Darkness, where ships lay for years, slowly rotting to pieces, and sinking into the water.

But light breezes sprang up again, and on the 16th of September they entered what seemed to be a great sea of floating weeds. These strange patches of verdure have always attracted the attention of travellers in that region, and are now known to be composed of submarine vegetation, ripening below and floating to the surface. To the mind of those ignorant seamen there was no such solution of the marvel, and their chances of deliverance seemed to be decreased. Some, however, declared that as such weeds grew only in fresh-water, land must be near.

Birds began to fly about the vessels, and on one of the patches of vegetation they found one day a poor land-crab, which had wandered far from home. The water seemed to grow more fresh, and everything began to point to the end of a long journey. The weather was delightful, and Columbus recorded in his diary that he would think he were back in beautiful Spain if he

could only hear the nightingales sing. The Queen had offered a pension of ten thousand maravedies to him who first discovered land, so it was difficult to keep the ships together. The *Pinta* and the *Niña* had each a strange fashion of running ahead of the flag-ship during the night. But who wonders? We must put ourselves in the place of those poor fellows, so frightened, so homesick, and so eager, for many reasons besides the gaining of the prize-money, to see the blessed land again.

The commanders of the *Pinta* and *Niña* begged Columbus to change his course; but he refused, keeping steadily west, as, according to his maps and reckoning, he must do in order to strike Cipango. A queer way to seek Japan, was it not? But although Columbus made the error of leaving America entirely out of his calculations, He who was the true Pilot knew what was to be the outcome. True land-birds now began to alight in the rigging, and we are told of three little songsters that went with them day after day, warbling from dawn to dark. On the 7th of October Columbus pleased Matthew Alonzo by changing his course to the southwest, following the large flocks of birds.

The sailors continued to grumble. Instead of being thankful for the freedom from storms, they murmured again of the danger of a glassy sea. While they talked sullenly among themselves, there came a heavy swell, which tossed the ships about as if they had been corks. "Never," wrote Columbus, "since the day when Moses brought the children of Egypt out of the Dead Sea were waves so welcome."

One day there came a shout from the *Pinta*. "The prize, Señor Captain! the prize!" came from the lips of Martin Alonzo. "I see land!" All fell on their knees and chanted the *Gloria in Excelsis*—but, alas! it was no land, only a low-lying cloud. All spirits, save those of the intrepid leader, fell again; and by the 10th of October there were strong indications of a mutiny. Every man was for turning back, and the life of Columbus was in grave peril. It would have been so easy, you see, to have sailed back without him, and say that he had fallen overboard while on the watch for land. But he was as unruffled as ever, telling them that he had started for the Indies, and with God's help would go there. They were subdued by his words, and joined in Our Lady's hymn that night as usual. When it was ended Columbus spoke to them briefly, bidding them thank God for bringing them safely thus far, and directed them to watch with great vigilance for the land: he was sure that it was near.

On the next day, the 11th, hope became certainty. The men drew on board pieces of wood, one carved with some tool; and a bough covered with fruit blossoms floated past the *Niña*. There was no longer talk of mutiny, and they sailed on as happy as the birds they followed. Everyone was on the alert, and Columbus promised to the sailor who should first see land a silken doublet in addition to the pension. He himself stayed in the lookout, and at ten in the evening called out that he saw a light far ahead. One who was near him saw it also. It flickered once or twice and disappeared, being a torch carried in the hand, or perhaps a dying camp-fire. At two o'clock the clouds rolled away from before the face of the moon, and a gun boomed from the *Pinta*, which meant "Land!" There was no longer any doubt. The command was given to lie by for the night, and all joined in the *Te Deum* with grateful, joyous hearts. As to Columbus, we can only guess what thankfulness and rapture filled his breast. Mary Star of the Sea had listened to him; and, although he knew it not, America was discovered!

(To be continued.)

My children, if you desire perseverance, be devout to our Blessed Lady.—*St. Philip Neri.*

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VII.—The Jersey Blue.

Miles and Reginald fixed their eyes on Cæsar. The dog was not a beauty; he seemed to be of a very mixed breed: he was reddish brown and white, with a pointed head and short ears. Reginald saw, with relief, that his teeth had been somewhat broken. This did not add to his beauty, but the boys were not at this moment especially interested in his beauty.

The peril of the time made even Miles silent. As for Reginald, he could only hold tight to his bundle and watch Cæsar. Cæsar took no notice of the boys. He sniffed at the edge of the ice, dipped one paw into the water and howled. As he howled, his mistress appeared on the bank, and waved her hands toward the boys.

"You Hessians!" she cried out. "You thieves! How dare you take away my dog? Come back and pay me for that soup! Come back, I say!"

Miles turned his back to her; but Reginald, moved by fear and politeness, began a long speech to her.

"We would pay for the soup, ma'am," he said, "if we could. And we don't want your dog. If you will be kind enough to come and take him—"

Here Cæsar, catching sight of his mistress, began to howl with all his might. The woman raised her arms and threatened the boys; but the river was carrying them out of the reach of her voice, and they could not hear the wild, whirling words she sent after them.

Reginald reflected that life was hard; troubles were coming thick and fast. He was not only accused of breaking a pane of glass and of stealing a Dutch cake, but of running off with somebody's else dog and money!

This did not trouble Miles much. His eyes and thoughts were fixed on the line of the Pennsylvania shore, which appeared to recede from him. The ice block began to float more slowly, as it met with other ice blocks. In the middle of the river there was a clear channel: the ice was moving toward it. The crow, frightened by Cæsar, finally took wing and flew away; and how earnestly Miles wished that he could fly! But wishing was of no use. He saw that the nearer they approached the channel, the more dangerous their position became. Few ships or boats passed through that part of the river in which they were; here and there a small boat ploughed its way through the ice, but it was only in the middle that the navigation was free. Miles trembled at the thought of being run down by one of the rapid barques or schooners he saw passing; or, worse still, by a European steamer; yet he was helpless. He thought that if he had an oar or even the branch of a tree he might keep the ice block out of the channel. As it was, he saw that the whole mass of blocks was slowly but surely drifting toward the dangerous quarter.

The wind was blowing hard toward the Pennsylvania shore; but the tide seemed to be counteracting its effect on the ice block. There might be a chance of some vessel picking them up; but the ice blocks now seemed so closely packed together, that the boys no doubt had the appearance of standing on a solid field of ice. In reality, each block was separated from the other, with running water between.

"Oh, if we could only get back to the shore!" said Miles. "If we get into that channel once, we may be lost."

"Oh, we can't go near the shore!" spoke Reginald. "That woman would be after us,—she's waiting. You can see her on the bank."

Miles looked scornfully at Reginald. "You always were a sissy!" he said. "Who's afraid of the woman? And the

dog is as anxious to get away as we are. The trouble is that we'll be drowned if we once get into the channel; and the ice seems moving that way."

Cæsar was still standing close to the edge of the block, dipping his paws in the water, and evidently finding it cold. Miles tried to encourage him to jump on the adjacent ice, but Cæsar was determined to take no risks.

"If we could only get back to the bank!" sighed Miles.

At this moment there was a great commotion in the river. The ice blocks crushed against one another, and the two had to sit down to keep from falling off. A steamer was passing up the river,—not a great ocean steamer, but one bound to some place on the Delaware. There was a crashing, which made Cæsar put up his ears in fright. The waves lifted the ice block into the air for an instant, and water came over its side.

"The nearer we get to the channel, the worse this will be!" cried Miles. "Oh, can't we do something?"

"I don't think we can do anything but say our prayers," said Reginald. And this they did, with all their heart.

The crashing subsided; but the boys, seeing another steamer coming up the stream, had every reason to believe that it would begin again. They sat on the ice, trying to steady themselves with their hands. Cæsar raised his head to the sky and howled. Nobody seemed to notice them, except Cæsar's owner, who stood threateningly on the bank.

"We shall be close to the channel in a few minutes!" cried Miles, looking reproachfully at Reginald, and then returning to his prayers. Reginald was not so frightened as Miles expected him to be. Miles saw him open his bundle of clothes, and he groaned. Perhaps the foolish creature was unwilling to be drowned in the collar he had worn all the morning. This was the thought that flashed through Miles' mind. But Reginald was not thinking of his toilet. He drew from his package a large towel, which he had carefully stowed away there, reflecting that probably towels were scarce in wildernesses. Miles went on with his prayers; it made no difference what Reginald wanted to do now: if his Guardian Angel did not help him he was doomed; for if they reached the channel, the next passing steamer would swamp them.

"Take hold," Reginald said, giving him one side of the big towel. "Take the upper end with your right hand and the lower with your left."

Miles obeyed, simply because there was nothing else to do. Reginald held his side firmly. Almost instantly the wind, which blew strongly from the east, filled the towel, and the block of ice was sent at a fair rate of speed toward the Pennsylvania shore. It pushed the other loose blocks away from it on either side; and poor Miles, with a beating heart, saw the figure of the waiting woman grow larger and larger every moment. She was waiting for Cæsar—and, alas! for them.

As the ice in front of them accumulated, their pace grew slower. But, still praying as hard as they could, they held on to their sail.

"Hello there!" a husky voice near them said.

Cæsar answered with a howl. The boys turned to the right, from which the voice came. A man in a small skiff was within a yard of them. His face was thin, wrinkled, and sunburned. His whiskers, of a hue to match his hair, which was "sandy," made a ring under his chin, and straggled about as if they had fallen there by mistake. He had keen, blue eyes, under white eyelashes. He was sculling,—that is, standing in the stern of his boat and working with one oar over the stern. On this stern the boys saw the name of his boat painted in white letters. It was the *Jersey Blue.*

"Do you want to go to shore? Is that your ma beckoning to you?" he asked, pointing to Cæsar's mistress.

"Oh, no, good man!" said Reginald. "That woman would put us in jail, if she had us. She's not our mother."

"You seem mighty anxious to get to her, to judge by the way you're using that towel for a sail. But you'll have to go slowly: the ice is getting more and more packed in front of you. You'll get to shore sometime about dark. Perhaps a thaw will set in, and then you'll be dropped as slickly into the river as a sliced potato into the dripping. If you were going to Jersey now, I might give you a lift across the river, if you'd promise me to take turns in sculling."

"Oh, do!" cried Miles.

"Ah, good man, please do!" pleaded Reginald.

"Jump in, then," said the man, bringing his skiff up against the ice block.

Miles and Reginald accepted his invitation at once.

"You are not going to leave the dog?" the man went on. "What, leave the faithful animal that has stuck so close to you in misfortune!"

"We don't want it to stick to us; that's just what we don't want,—that's just what made us jump on the ice block," said Miles.

The man shook his head reproachfully. "Boys, boys," he said, "never be cruel to animals which have served you. Never. There was once a boy who had a faithful dog. This boy fell into a raging cataract. What was the consequence? The faithful animal, knowing the wickedness of his master's heart, let him fall without so much as lifting a paw. What was the consequence? The boy's skeleton lies at the bottom of that cataract to the present day. And the dog, who had a tender conscience, went to the bad."

Miles and Reginald hoped that the man would push his boat forward toward the New Jersey side as soon as possible, and leave Cæsar to get back to his mistress as best he could.

"What is your dog's name?"

"It's not *our* dog," said Miles. "We don't want it."

"Poor, faithful animal, deserted in its old age by those who should give it succor," murmured the man.

Cæsar turned, and showed his teeth in a vicious snarl.

"If this dog is not yours," said the man, turning to the boys, "how is it that he is in your company? I hope you did not steal him only to desert him."

"Oh, no, sir,!" said Reginald, his heart sinking. "He followed us."

"He trusted you," said the man, sadly, "and you deceived him. How like human life! To-day we are, to-morrow we are not. Again I ask you," he added, making his eyebrows very bushy in a terrible frown, "how shall I address this animal?"

"Cæsar," whispered Miles.

"Hi, Cæsar!" said the man.

In an instant the dog was in the skiff, with his broken teeth set viciously in Miles' bundle.

The man shook his head sadly. "Even the dumb beast resents ingratitude."

Miles pulled his bundle away, and Cæsar squatted in the stern of the *Jersey Blue*.

"Where do you live?" asked the man, when his keen eyes had quizzed the boys for some time.

"Nowhere," said Miles quickly, fearing that Reginald would tell too much.

The man's eyes brightened. "Then you would work in a good home and for a good home?"

"Yes,—yes,—" answered Reginald; "*I* would. I am not cut out for buffaloes or Indians or pirates; I should like a good home. I have nothing to say against pirates," he added, fearing that the owner of the *Jersey Blue* might have a near relative in that class; "but from what I hear of them, they are not respectable."

"You mean river pirates? You are right, young man. One of them stole my last skiff, the *Mary Ann;* she was a beauty. Have nothing to do with pirates. I'm a farmer, you know."

"I never shall, sir. Of course I should be polite to them if I happened to meet them. Aunt Danby often told us that one should always be polite. One sometimes misses a good sale in business by bad manners."

The man nodded approvingly. "I'll give you each fifteen cents a week to begin with; and if you suit me and Sally, we'll adopt you."

Reginald felt that he ought to be grateful; Miles frowned. No pirates, no cannibals, no adventures! Only fifteen cents a week on a Jersey farm! It was very discouraging. He wished with all his heart that he had let Reginald go to jail.

(To be continued.)

An Accident and Its Lesson.

When St. Paul's Church in London was nearly completed, Sir James Thornhill was employed to decorate the inside of the dome. One day, while intent upon his work, he stepped back to the very edge of the scaffolding, in order to see the effect of a certain color he had just added; and would have been precipitated to the pavement below but for the happy thought of a friend who was with him, and who saw the danger. The friend quickly took a brush dripping with fresh paint, and threw it at the picture. The artist, filled with wonder and chagrin, stepped forward to prevent further mischief. Thus he saved his own life, though the work of many days was ruined.

So God sometimes treats His faithful servants: spoiling the work of their hands for their own good, as did the friend of Sir James Thornhill.

Salvator's Harpsichord.

Among the gifts nature bestowed upon Salvator Rosa was a rare facility in the use of musical instruments. One day a friend entered his room and found him attempting to draw forth music from an old and dilapidated harpsichord.

"Why do you waste your time playing on that old thing?" asked the friend.

"Because I like to," answered Salvator.

"Why, it isn't worth a single scudo!"

"I will wager you anything you please," said Salvator, "that if you will drop in to-morrow you will be glad to pay me a thousand scudi for this old instrument."

The friend, thinking him jesting, departed, and then Salvator fell to work. On the cover of the harpsichord he painted a landscape, and on one end a skull and some music books. No doubt the friend was only too willing to give a thousand scudi for it then, for it was worth far more; and the pictures, at least, have been preserved to this day, and are accounted among the most characteristic specimens of the skill of the great master of the brush.

Courage under the Cassock.

We have just heard one of those incidents—one of many—which prove that a man who has the courage to live for God, and to fight in His cause, is always one of the readiest to stand up against the enemies of his country.

In one of the many engagements in which the brave militia of Finisterre took part, the men were ordered to throw themselves flat on their faces, so as to escape the heavy shower of bullets from the enemy's guns. The chaplain, the Abbé du Marhallac, remained erect; and when advised by an officer to follow the example of the soldiers, he said: "Pardon me, Colonel: I stand in order to bless them."

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Our Birthdays.

LIFE'S milestones—for we've gained the hilltop now,
And turned our faces to the setting sun—
Are pauses in the symphony of years;
Are rests in journeying ere the day be done;
Are but oases 'neath the waving palms;
Are records "read at night" from Memory's scroll;
Are sheaves of wheat grown heavy for our care,
While far behind our fields are reaped and bare.

But see the lesson in these speaking things!
For sunset makes another world—a day.
Our music fades, but mounts on heavenly wings;
The blessed wave their palms in realms of light;
The records of our love rejoice His sight;
And for the sheaves of wheat our toil hath won,
We meet His hand, we hear His voice, "Well done!"

MERCEDES.

St. John Damascene and Our Lady.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE second sermon on the Annunciation still exists in Greek, though a part of it is missing. It is a remarkable instance of Eastern devotion to Mary. We call it a sermon; for this is the title it bears, and it was no doubt delivered in the presence of the people like other sermons. But it is by no means what is generally implied by that name. A few words of introduction are addressed to the people, and then the Saint turns to Our Lady and pours forth a stream of salutations. He takes up the Angel's *Ave*, and echoes it again and again in language glowing with devotion and rich with poetic imagery. The types of Mary in the Old Testament, the glories of her life, and the gifts and graces she brings to her children, all find place in this golden litany.

"Hail full of grace," cries the Saint, "chosen out of all races and tribes and tongues and nations and people! Hail full of grace, destined before all ages for the Maker and King of ages! Rejoice thou common ending of the Old and New Testaments! Rejoice thou many-blossomed Flower of the holy fathers and patriarchs! Hail to thee, whose name was foretold by the prophets of old! Rejoice thou child of Adam, the God-made father of the world! Rejoice thou Daughter of Eve, the first of women and the (mother of the world)! Rejoice thou living Ark, foreshadowed by that of Noe! Rejoice thou that springest from Abraham's thigh, according to the faithful promise of God! Rejoice thou Ladder reaching to heaven, which the great Patriarch Jacob saw of old! Rejoice thou fire-bearing bush, which the glorious Moses once beheld on Sinai's mountain! Rejoice thou holy blossoming rod of Aaron,

that truly renowned priest! Rejoice thou new Tabernacle of purple and many colors, newly wrought by the broiderer Beseleel! Rejoice thou golden Oracle woven with stones and gold! Rejoice thou Mercy-Seat overshadowed by the two Seraphim! Rejoice thou priestly Ephod of the High-Priest's robing! Rejoice thou golden (altar) of incense!.... Hail full of grace! for thou art become our refuge, interceding for us, the children of earth, before thy Son, thy God and our God! Hail full of grace! Hail thou common safety of all the ends of the earth, thou Christian Patroness of all Christians!"

Such are a few of the loving salutations which our Saint addresses to Mary. As the sermon contains considerably more than a hundred of them, it will be seen that we have given only a very small portion of the whole. Some of his other discourses have long passages in the same strain, though hardly in the same proportion; and, we may add, this style of panegyric is not peculiar to St. John Damascene: we find it, for instance, in the sermons of his contemporaries, St. Germanus and St. Tharasius. It must not be thought, however, that this warmth of devotion is the only merit of St. John as a preacher: he is always a theologian, and solid and accurate teaching is by no means confined to his scientific writings. Thus, in his Second Homily on the Nativity of Our Lady, we find him once more enforcing the great doctrine that Mary is truly the Mother of God. "The Child is God. How, then, is not she who bore Him the Mother of God? 'If any one shall not confess that the Holy Virgin is the Mother of God, he is without the Godhead.' This saying is not mine, though the words are mine. For I have received it as a most divine heirloom from my father, Gregory the Theologian." This passage is so characteristic of St. John that it is surprising that the authenticity of the sermon should have been so much as questioned. It is just in this tone that he speaks of the early Fathers in the opening chapters of his great work; and not only is St. Gregory Nazianzen the master whose words he is constantly echoing, but the very letter from which this quotation is taken supplies the foundation of our Saint's arguments on this question in his work "On the Orthodox Faith."

After the sermons on the Nativity, we come to three more on the Death, or, as the Greek has it, the "Falling asleep" of Our Lady. Even Langen accepts these as the genuine work of St. John Damascene. In some respects they are more full of matter than the others, while at the same time they do not yield to them in warmth of devotion and beauty of language. Besides telling of Our Lady's death and burial, and the Assumption of her glorious body into heaven, our Saint dwells on the chief events of her life and on her virtues; and once more shows us the foundation of this devotion in the great mystery of the Incarnation, which was accomplished in her womb. Let us take but one more flower from the fair garden of these Marian sermons: "What is sweeter than the Mother of my God? She has made my heart her captive; she has overpowered my tongue."*

From what has been said it will be seen that we have only quoted a very small part of the works already mentioned. The seven published sermons on Our Lady contain many more passages of equal force and beauty, as we might easily show by adding to the number of our extracts to any extent. We may leave the above, however, to speak for all the rest. It is obvious that in any case we must fain be content with a selection, if we would not transfer the whole of the Saint's Marian sermons to our pages. But there is a further reason for taking only a small bouquet from this field: we must leave room for some blossoms

* "Homilia Tertia in Dormitionem Beatæ Mariæ Virginis."

from another not less fair and luxuriant.

Allusion has already been made to the fact that St. John was a poet as well as a preacher and a theologian. It remains for us to say something of his poetical works. These, we may remark at once, furnish a fresh motive for making him the spokesman of Greek devotion to Mary. In his prose writings he is, as we have seen, the mouthpiece of all the Fathers. In like manner his poetry makes him one of the best representatives of the Greek liturgical writers. Scattered up and down the voluminous office-books of the Greek Rite, there are many striking and beautiful tokens of devotion to our Blessed Lady. It would take a good-sized book to give anything like a complete account of the place she holds in this liturgy. And if there is one part where this devotion is more especially apparent, it is in the rich and varied "canons," which are one of the main features of the Greek Office.

A canon, it may be necessary to explain, is a hymn of a larger growth and of a more complex structure than anything that our Latin Breviaries have to show. Only a very few of them are written in the classic metres; and these are all, or nearly all, by St. John Damascene. The others have what may be called a metre of their own.* The lines are measured by the number of syllables, without regard to accent or quantity. Each canon is made up of a number of odes, generally nine. The odes are subdivided into stanzas, or *Τροπάρια*, as they are called. There is no fixed number of stanzas needed to make an ode. The Greek canon composed by St. Andrew of Crete, and sung at Lauds on Holy Thursday, contains as many as twenty, or thereabouts, in each ode; but this, as its name implies, is exceptionally long. The lines, it should be added, are not all the same length, but are arranged with a pleasing variety. Some of the *Τροπάρια* which make up the canons or other shorter hymns have a special name, describing their purport or office. Only two of these concern us here. The first is a stanza in praise of Our Lady, which occurs in a great number of the canons. This is called the *θεοτόκιον*; it generally comes at the close of the ode, being preceded by the Doxology. Hence the abbreviated heading we meet with so constantly in the Greek office-books — *Δόξα καὶ νυν. Θεοτόκιον.* And wherever we see this we know that, whatever the theme of the whole hymn may be, this verse is devoted to the Holy Mother of God. Let us take an instance almost at random from the pages of the *Ὀκτόηχος*, merely clothing the Greek thoughts in English words:

Thy wondrous name we all proclaim,
"God's Mother" true, and still a Maiden!
Thy loving aid, when foes invade,
We seek, with sin and sorrow laden.
In thee, alone untouched by stain,
A refuge in our need we gain.

But the *θεοτόκιον* is not the only stanza thus devoted to the praise of our Blessed Lady. There is also another *Τροπάριον*, called the *Σταυροθεοτόκιον*, which, as the word implies, commemorates the sorrows of Mary beneath the Cross. This is perhaps not quite so common as the other; but it is still of sufficiently frequent occurrence, and is generally found after the simple *θεοτόκιον*. Let us take a specimen of this also, from the same volume:

O thou pure and holy one! thou didst follow woe-begone
Where thy Son to death was taken;
Sending forth the cry of woe: "Sweet Son, whither dost Thou go?
Wilt Thou leave me thus forsaken?
And still I praise Thy dispensation:
Thou bearest all for man's salvation!"

Enough has been said to show that the canons of the Greek Office are a rich mine

* Much interesting information on the Greek Office and its canons may be found in Cardinal Pitra's work on Greek Hymnology, as well as in Cardinal Howard's "Voto" with reference to the proposed shortening of the Coptic Office. Curiously enough, the Italian Cardinal writes in French, and the Englishman in Italian.

of Marian devotion. They are, we may add, the work of many and very various hands. Saints and doctors, bishops and monks, and even emperors, have helped to swell this chorus. According to Cardinal Howard, the authors of the canons number more than a hundred altogether. There are, however, a few writers who have composed a very large share of the whole; and of these St. John Damascene is one of the most conspicuous. Besides writing some of the best metrical canons, he contributed a good number of the others; and seems to have had the task of revising the whole, or a great part, of the Greek Office. One authority cited by the Bollandists makes him the author of all the hymns not expressly ascribed to another. And it is added that as many as seventy-five *θεοτόκια* from his pen are contained in the collection brought out by Father Wagnerick, S. J. The stanzas we have given above may be his work; for the *Ὀκτόηχος*, from which we took them, does not assign them to any other author. Besides the numberless *θεοτόκια* and *Σταυροθεοτόκια* stanzas which are to be found in the hymns for other feasts or Sundays or *ferias*, there are, of course, whole canons in honor of Our Lady composed for her various festivals. As an instance, let us give a few verses from a canon for the feast of her death, or "falling asleep," composed by St. John Damascene. In the English version we adopt the simple metre which was used in rendering St. Ephrem's Syriac hymns. The original is published in Migne's edition of St. John:*

Maidens, sing a song of gladness
Like to Miriam's ode of triumph;
While the Maiden, God's own Mother,
To her heavenly home ascendeth.

Worthily the heavens received thee,—
Thee the pure, the living Heaven,
Like a bride all fair and stainless
To thy King and God ascending!

.

Hither come, ye faithful, bending
O'er the tomb of God's own Mother;
Touch it with your lips and forehead,—
Touch, and take the gifts of healing,
From this ceaseless fountain flowing.

Take this song for thy departing!
Mother of our God, receive it;
And with eyes of love watch o'er us,
Bringing glory to our rulers,
Peace to all the Christian people;
And to us, that sing thy praises,
Pardon and our soul's salvation!

Thus does St. John Damascene worthily represent Greek devotion to Mary, alike as a theologian, an orator, and a liturgical poet. The promise made when she answered his prayer and gave him back the hand he had lost, has surely been well kept. He has used that hand to write of her as few others have written. His musical words are still echoed in the public services of the Church, and his hand has left its mark on the best pages of her theology. His works can hardly fail to kindle fresh love for our Blessed Lady in the hearts of many who read them. At the same time they may well awaken in us a desire that one who has done so much for her should himself be held in honor. Hitherto, it may be said, something has been wanting here. The East, of course, has long kept and honored his memory; but in the Western Church, though we owe so much to his theological labors, and though some of his words have found their way into our Breviaries, we have had no yearly festival in his honor. Almost the only recognition of the great St. John Damascene has been the brief notice in the Roman Martyrology.

Happily, this is to be so no longer. The Holy Father has just granted a new Office and Mass in honor of the Greek Saint, and has ordered that henceforth his feast shall be celebrated on the 27th of March. It is pleasing to note that in this Office, which has already been issued, special prominence is given to the miracle wrought by Mary's prayers in behalf of her servant. Besides being duly recorded in the Lessons of Matins, it is commemorated in the Mass,

* Vol. III., p. 522.

where the Gospel is taken from that passage in St. Luke which tells how Our Lord healed the withered hand. We are particularly glad to see this; because that otherwise excellent and deservedly popular writer, Alban Butler, has strangely omitted to make any mention of the miracle in his notice of the Saint.* Hence some readers might be likely to suppose that the story told by the old Greek biographer had been since discredited. When we remember the recent revision of the historical portions of the Breviary, we may surely take the new Office as an indication that this story does not come from an untrustworthy source. In the new Office, we may add, the title of Doctor is given to St. John. The feast will be celebrated, in many places, for the first time this year.

It is fitting that this honor should at length be rendered to the great Greek theologian, philosopher, and Marian poet, by a Pontiff who is himself a poet, and has, moreover, done much to promote the study of sound philosophy, and to fill his world-wide flock with a deep devotion to the Holy Mother of God.

* It is not less strange to find Butler quoting Baronius to the disparagement of St. John's historical work. Lequien had already shown up this old mistake. Baronius was speaking of a different writer, John Malala. See the learned Dominican's edition of St. John, Vol. I., Præf. n. 17. It is also to be regretted that Alban Butler should have made no allusion to the Saint's devotion to Our Lady.

LIFE is rich in contrasts; and a susceptible and highly-strung human soul would break down, like a bridge under the measured tread of soldiers, if it were allowed to let the burden of the heaviest thoughts and strongest feeling work upon it in undisturbed monotony. But just as in music every key-note has its harmonies, so when we cause one chord of our heart to vibrate for long, all sorts of strange notes respond and clang, often those which we least expect.—*Anon.*

The Glitter of Gold.

X.

"TO San Lorenzo," was the order that Stetten gave the gondolier, who patiently awaited his commands at the foot of the Piazzetta.

The trio, brought together again in such a strange way, had passed the morning in the mysterious, dark halls of San Marco. The magnificence of this venerable house of God, the solemn countenances of the sculptured saints, the overpowering memories of a far-distant past,—all took a new meaning from the spirited explanations of the young scholar. Then a voyage of discovery was made through the complicated net of alleys and corners of the Marcaria, and the wonderful crowds of people at the fish-market; and now the afternoon was to be devoted to the island of St. Mechitar.

The Baroness, on entering the gondola, attempted to take her place beside her mistress; but the latter, by a sudden movement, made her lose her balance, and she sank down on the bench in front. With a disappointed smile, the poor, worried duenna resigned herself to the inevitable.

The rower, a proud, commanding figure, who would remind one of a noble of the old Republic, pushed off from the Piazzetta, and sent the gondola flying out into the lagoon. The light vessel seemed to skim over the waters, quickly leaving behind it the Dogana, the Via Schiavoni, and the Public Gardens.

Whilst Princess Hella and Stetten, at sight of the world of wonders around them, plunged into the events of a past time, the thoughts of Fräulein von Schönfeld followed her dispatch of yesterday. When and where would it reach the hands of Count Burgsdorf? And how long would it be before his just indignation would bring him hither to restore the rebellious Princess to a sense of her duty, and to give

this presumptuous *roturier* a much-needed lesson? Did he not even now address her noble mistress in the genuine accents of the schoolmaster? As they were passing under the walls of San Servolo did he not speak of insane asylums, madness, and such like dreadful things, which had always been kept from reaching the ears of the young Princess?

"I beg of you, Herr Professor!" she broke in, indignantly, "how can you speak of such things? Do you not see that my—" but the look in Hella's eyes checked the word which was on the tip of her tongue—"that my *protégée* is made quite miserable by your descriptions?"

"I do not think so," replied Stetten, promptly. "Indeed Miss Stein, as I already remarked not long since, appears to have lived in a state of happy ignorance; but I believe that she is possessed of enough mind and heart, and especially of feeling for her fellow-creatures, to look with compassion on the corporal and spiritual miseries of others."

"Miss Stein helps where she can, in ways that are becoming to her, and never turns away a poor person from her door."

"That is very beautiful, very noble, and what would be expected from the warm feelings of a young lady; even though by this method the gifts of the rich are mostly bestowed upon the unworthy. I hold a different view of the matter. Even at the risk of being again suspected for a disguised social democrat, I must confess to you, Miss Felden, that in my opinion the proper way to help is quite different. My idea would be to erect schools for the education of artisans, schools of industry, and institutions of the kind, in order to teach the poor to find in themselves the means of earning their living."

"Therefore you are a teacher, Herr Professor," said the Baroness, maliciously. "Everyone to his trade. Miss Stein has never needed to trouble herself about such matters: she has looked only upon the sunny side of life, as her circumstances permitted."

An almost imperceptible smile, half good-natured, half-mocking, played about the lips of the young man as he answered:

"You mean in other words: 'Shoemaker, stick to your last.' I will bear the lesson in mind for the future, Miss."

Over Hella's countenance a sad expression had spread, and she said to the Fräulein, almost reproachfully:

"Only the sunny side, my dear? The shadows have not dared to fall on me, thanks to my kind relatives; but light? Light has been almost always denied me. No parents, no brothers or sisters, no breath of fresh, pleasant life so far back as I can remember. My heart often wept in secret when my lips laughed."

A look of genuine sympathy was fixed upon the young, rosy countenance, which was really charming in this tender mood. If the presence of Fräulein von Schönfeld had not placed him under restraint, the confession of his love, the request that she would permit him to try to shed sunshine and happiness on her pathway, would have escaped him. As it was, he lapsed into silent thought; and he felt relieved when the gondolier, who had to struggle against the rising tide with all the strength of his muscular arm, turned and cried triumphantly:

"*Eccolo, San Lazaro!*"

"Yes, behold that charming abode of peace," resumed Stetten, pointing to the island which rose out of the waters bathed in all the splendor of the noonday sun. "Look at that cloister, now the asylum of peace, a source of benedictions, and once the desolate abode of the most unfortunate of mankind—the lepers. Who can measure the misery of those unfortunates, who, victims of an incurable disease, were cut off from human society—from wife and child, from friend and brother,—and went there to meet a certain death? When a youth of eighteen, I took up arms and volunteered my services when our soldiers

marched against France; but I freely confess that my heroism did not go so far as that of the champions who have here played their part."

"Horrible! shocking!" gasped Fräulein von Schönfeld, who since she had sent her telegram had returned to her French, and had even resumed the use of her English word "shocking," borrowed from the *Serenissima*.

A tear had come to Hella's eyes, but she turned her face away to hide from the Professor's sight this testimony of how deeply she was touched.

The boat now reached the landing stairs of the island. Stetten helped the ladies off the gondola, and gave the oarsman the necessary directions. Then he followed the Brother who politely held the door open for the party.

"Here, then, the proud, passionate heart of a Byron once found rest?" remarked the Princess interrogatively, when they had passed from the beautiful corridor of the cloister into the library, and the life-like portrait of the poet looked down on them from the wall.

"Yes, here he sat at the feet of the learned Father Paschal Aucher, and for months let the quiet of the cloister work on his soul," answered Stetten gravely, whilst he also looked around the immense half circle, which was filled with treasures of learning—manuscripts and books. "Here the great genius, who was stirred by the most opposite powers, wandered about like a restless spirit, bowing to a higher law, feeling the breath of another supersensible world. And truly it would not be easy to find a more charming or suitable place for silent communion with one's own interior."

At the last words Stetten pointed through the broad, high bay-window which looked out upon the open sea. The blue heavens and the blue waters as far as the eye could reach; deep and solemn silence, with only the soft booming of the sea as it gently rose and fell.

The Princess seemed deeply affected. A strange feeling, as it were a presentiment, came over her. She hardly heard what was said by her guide, a tall, serious monk, with the sharp-cut features of an Oriental, who was giving her details of the life and workings of his Order, of the successful labors of the devoted Brothers in carrying back the light of faith to the East, whence it had been brought to the West. His countenance, adorned with a full dark beard, lighted up, his soft eyes glistened, his words grew warmer and more eloquent.

Stetten listened with interest and emotion to the account of the far East. Fräulein von Schönfeld was enraptured by the melodious voice which, in the purest French, poured out the words. It was only Princess Hella that gave no sign of sympathy. As if in a dream she went from room to room; as if in a dream she wandered under the cypresses, whose gloom was lessened by an abundance of leaves glowing with color; as if in a dream she approached the breastworks, which are ever washed by the waves of the Adriatic. She knew that her present life was a dream,—a sweet, captivating dream; but the awaking must come, however carefully she might close her eyes—and then? Then! Oh, that she also, with her longing soul, her quivering heart, could flee to the peace of the cloister, need never more visit Altdorf and Westberg!

With a painfully bitter smile the beautiful maiden bowed her head down to the luxuriant bunches of oleander, which hung over the wall and almost touched the waves. She passed her hands over the branches, and could not tear herself away from the charming, hallowed spot. A nameless fear possessed her; a painful feeling contracted her bosom, as if at the next step the ground would disappear from beneath her feet,—as if on leaving this peaceful island monastery her fate should be sealed.

"It is fully time to go, Miss Stein,"

said Stetten, who had been observing her in silence, whilst Fräulein von Schönfeld was listening to the explanations of some plants which the Father was giving her.

"*Priez pour moi, mon Père,*" whispered Hella, in parting from the monk; and she nodded to him with a smile when he attempted to object to the rich donation which she placed in his hand.

A fresh wind and the tide almost at the full permitted the gondolier to row quickly, and in a shorter time than they took to come they were once more at the Piazzetta. During the trip the Princess and the Professor hardly exchanged words, whilst the Baroness had the conversation almost entirely to herself; and she so often repeated her "*Charmant! charmant!*" that even the gondolier noticed it.

(To be continued.)

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

III.—Lizzie's Father.

HE was one of five old blind men at the Little Sisters, and by far the most interesting of the company. His face always reminded me of the pictures of the Curé of Ars: it had the same outlines, and must always have been spiritual-looking. Indeed, he confided to me that from his boyhood he had wished to become a religious; but, having been the only son in a large family, he felt it his duty to remain with his old father and mother, and take the burthen of the farm off their shoulders. This had been in Ireland, many years ago, where he had subsequently married, emigrating to this country after the death of his parents. His wife had died early, leaving him the poor man's heritage—a family of daughters.

He was refined and intelligent, and had kept his girls at school as long as he could, hoping to fit them for some position above that of service. But as each grew to womanhood, ill health set in; and they faded away one by one, till Lizzie, the youngest and apparently the most frail, was the only one left. Up to this time he had occupied the position of watchman in a large manufactory, and had managed to live comfortably. But sickness and the consequent draw on his purse had taken all his small savings; and the death of his second last daughter found him not only almost penniless, but threatened with blindness.

Lizzie was at this time hardly twenty-five years of age, a frail, sweet-faced girl, unable, one would think, to battle with the world. She was engaged to a young man having a good clerkship in the house where her father was employed. The old man was fond of him, and treated him in all things as a son.

"Indeed," he said, in his own calm yet pathetic way, "it would not have hurt me worse had my own son proved ungrateful. It all came at once. Mr. Watson, my employer, informed me one Saturday evening that the firm had resolved to hire another man in my place. He was sorry, but my increasing blindness rendered it impossible for me to remain in such a responsible position. And I agreed with him, though it was a hard blow. He was very kind, giving me five hundred dollars, and telling me never to allow myself to want while he lived. I learned afterward that the physicians had told him my loss of sight was the result of an organic disease, which might take me off at any moment. That was ten years ago, and—thanks be to God!—I am still living at seventy-five. So much for the doctors.

"Lizzie, brave girl that she was, took it all cheerfully, saying that she had long wished for a change of some kind for me; and bade me not worry, for she and John would take care of me.

"He came the next evening; and as their marriage day was near at hand, and I never liked to be a spy or a damper on

the young folks, I went into the adjoining room after a few words, and sat down to my paper. I'll pledge you my word, ma'am, I didn't know I had left the door on the crack till I heard him begin to talk; but I'll not deny that when I learned the tone the young man was taking I made no haste to shut it.

"'Lizzie,' he began, 'this is very sad about your father; just as we were about to be married, too.'

"'Yes,' said Lizzie, 'it is. But the worst part is that he is threatened with blindness; it will be so hard for my poor father! But the firm have made him a present of five hundred dollars, which was certainly very kind.'

"'What is five hundred dollars!' he answered. 'You can't get more than thirty dollars at interest, and that would hardly keep him in tobacco.'

"'True,' said Lizzie. 'But it will be a little nest-egg for him, and he will not feel so dependent on us.'

"He said nothing for a minute, but hemmed and hawed till I think he must have been red in the face. At last he succeeded in bringing it out.

"'I've been thinking for some time, Lizzie,' he resumed, 'especially since this blindness has been coming on the old man, that we ought to come to some understanding about him.'

"'What do you mean, John?' asked Lizzie, turning on him sharply, I knew by the tone of her voice.

"'Why, don't you think we ought to try and persuade him to go to the Little Sisters? An old man like that gets to be a great burden after a while, and—'

"'There is the door, sir!' said Lizzie—I could hear her get up from the chair and stand on the floor. 'There is the door, sir, I repeat! Open it, if you please; shut it after you, and never enter it again!'

"'But, Lizzie,' he answered—he was very much astonished, I'll be bound,—'be reasonable.'

"'Go!' was all she said. And he went.

"She lingered a while in the room after he had gone, then I heard her blow out the lamp and come in where I was. She stood beside me a moment or two, and put her hand on my hair.

"'I love this dear white head,' she said, 'and these failing eyes better than anything in the world.' Then she kissed my hair and eyes and cheeks and lips, tears streaming down her face. 'Father—' she began; but I wanted to spare her.

"'My daughter,' said I, 'you need tell me nothing: I heard every word. And you need not grieve one moment for such a man; for he could not have been a good husband.'

"'I don't think I shall fret at all,' she said. 'I'm too thankful to God for opening my eyes before it was too late.'

"We said little about him from that day to this. He married a silly slip of a girl shortly after.

"Well, it was hard times for us then. Lizzie tried sewing, but it made her side ache; fancy work paid but little, and the machine she could not stand. My poor girl even took in gentlemen's washing to keep soul and body together. Little by little we were spending the bit of money. Lizzie was getting very thin and pale, and at last we saw there was nothing for us but that she should go out to service in some easy place. That meant here for me, of course. But we both were reconciled to it when we saw it had to be done; and she was fortunate in getting a place with an invalid lady as a sort of companion and waiting-maid. She has fifteen dollars a month, and comes to see me every Thursday. Sister Emilia will tell you she is a lovely child. She never comes without bringing fruit and tobacco,—not a taste, but enough to share a bit; and there's never a week but she drops a silver half dollar into St. Joseph's box in the corridor. She brings me handkerchiefs and stockings, and makes my shirts,—I have plenty of other clothes."

"I shall be anxious to see Lizzie, after all I have heard of her," I said.

My wish was soon gratified. A fortnight later, as I was going into the men's department, I met the blind man coming out, leaning on Lizzie's arm. She had a lovely face; it would have been a study for a painter. She was speaking to her father in a low, sweet voice.

"This is Lizzie I know," I said, holding out my hand. Then and there we formed an acquaintance which only ended with Lizzie's life.

She was indeed a model daughter: gentle, tender, affectionate, anticipating every wish and thought of her beloved father; while he, in turn, cherished her with an almost adoring fondness. He would make her take off her bonnet, so that he might pass his hands over her hair, which was beautiful and abundant. "It is as thick as ever," he would say; or, touching her cheek, "That little dimple is still here"; or, "Your hands are getting softer, my dear. I'm so glad you do not have to work hard." Sometimes she would peel a couple of dozen oranges or apples, and pass them around among the old men; or sometimes it would be tobacco, in small squares for chewing, as they liked it best. It was a delight to have the privilege of watching her on Thursday afternoons, and I often availed myself of it.

One evening we were walking home together, her way lying not far from mine, when Lizzie told me that she had been troubled for some time with a slight but disagreeable cough, and that the doctor had told her she must be very careful of her lungs.

"For myself I do not care," she added: "I should have no regrets. But I can not bear to think of dying and leaving my poor father behind. It would break his dear old heart. And again I feel as though I could not live if he were gone."

"You must take great precaution against colds," I said. "You are not strong, but with due care you will live a long while yet. And your father is not very feeble. You have been so good a daughter, and have so trusted in God that He will not desert you at the end."

She smiled, and shook my hand at parting, neither of us thinking that we should meet no more on earth.

The weather changed next day. On Sunday Lizzie went to Mass in a storm of snow and sleet; that night she was taken with pneumonia. The next morning her mistress had her sent to the hospital; she took cold in transit, and by Tuesday was delirious. Wednesday her senses returned; she sent for Sister Emilia, but did not know her when she arrived. She died on Thursday morning.

"Ah! come home with me," said Sister Emilia, on her way from the death-bed; "and say something to that poor old man,—I can not."

I accompanied her on the sad errand.

"Where is Mr. Sullivan, Michael?" asked Sister Emilia, as we entered the smoking-room.

"Sure he was dhroopin', Sister dear, and went to lie down a while ago. His girl didn't come the day, and he was a bit low-spirited."

We went to the infirmary. I know not what instinct told me the old man's hour had come, but I felt it as soon as I looked at him. A great change had taken place since the week before.

"Well, what's this?" said the Sister, in her cheery way. "You were as lively as a cricket when I went out this morning, and now you're in the dumps. What is it?—a headache?"

"No, Sister," he replied, more slowly than was his wont; "only a kind of weakness. I haven't been well since Sunday; but I said nothing, not wishing to give trouble. And I have missed my girl a bit this afternoon. 'Tis the first time she failed to come."

The knowledge that was in me rose to

my lips, and I said: "Lizzie was obliged to go away suddenly for her Master, Mr. Sullivan. There is no need to tell you she is even more sorry than yourself. But next Thursday she will be with you without fail."

Sister Emilia shook her head deprecatingly, and opened her eyes, as if to say, "How dare you tell such a falsehood!"

"Thank you, thank you, ma'am, for bringing me the message," he answered. "From Thursday to Thursday is but a short time, to be sure; and how many there are who have never a soul to think of them outside, much less come once a week to see them! I think I could sleep a bit, and I'm very grateful."

When we left the room I humbly accepted Sister Emilia's admonitions on the sin of falsehood; but after she had finished, I told her of my conviction that the old man was stricken with death.

"Maybe so," she replied; "but there is no appearance yet—to my eyes at least. You will have to extricate yourself as you got in, if you are mistaken."

The next morning we saw Lizzie laid in the cemetery; it was Monday before I went again to the Little Sisters.

"How is Mr. Sullivan?" I asked of one of his companions.

"Dying, they tell me, ma'am, of the pneumonia. He hasn't a mite of sense left in him."

I was not at all surprised; but went directly to the old women's room, where I found Sister Emilia.

"You were right," she said: "the old man will never leave his bed alive. There will be no need to tell him of Lizzie; for he is lying in a stupor, out of which he will not be likely to pass."

I never saw him again. That night, about twelve, two of the Little Sisters were watching at his bedside,—Sister Emilia and a delicate little creature, who passed most of her time mending the clothes, not being able to do hard work. The old man began to articulate for the first time since Friday. The Sisters approached his bed.

"I am coming, Lord Jesus," he said, distinctly; "but I want Lizzie. Lizzie, give me your hand."

Sister Emilia slipped her hand in his. He pushed it away. "That is not Lizzie's hand," he said. "Daughter, give me your hand."

Sister Emilia made a sign to the little nun beside her. She clasped the wasted fingers.

"Ah, that's right!" he said. "Dear, soft, kind little hand!" And pressing it to his lips, so passed away.

God's Bird.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

NAY, not Thine eagle, Lord,—
No golden eagle I,
That creep half-fainting on the sward,
And have not wings to fly.

Nor yet Thy swallow dear,
That, faring home to Thee,
Looks on the storm and hath no fear,
And broods above the sea.

Nor yet Thy tender dove,
Meek as a little lamb;
I would I were the dove, Thy love,
And not that thing I am!

But take me in Thy hand,
To be Thy sparrow small;
Were seven sparrows in Holy Land,
One farthing bought them all.

Make me Thy sparrow, then,
That trembles in Thy hold;
And who shall pluck me out again
And cast me in the cold?

But if I fall at last,
A thing of little price,
If Thou one thought on me hast cast,
Lo, then my Paradise!

A South-American Shrine.

THE shrine of Our Lady at Lujan, not far from Buenos Ayres, has lately been the scene of what may be termed a great revival of faith and fervor on the part of the Argentine people. Obedient to the voice of their venerable prelate, Mgr. Aneiros, and moved by a profound sense of need in view of the political and financial difficulties which at present so deeply agitate society in this country, the people turned out in thousands to implore the assistance of the Queen of Heaven.

Lujan is the shrine from which Belgians and French drew their inspiration during our struggle for independence in 1810,—the shrine at which Pius IX. considered it a privilege to worship when, long before he was raised to the pontificate, he visited these shores; and which has ever since been an oasis to the sore of heart and the afflicted in mind or body for leagues around. This becomes clear to the visitor as he observes the countless votive offerings, of every conceivable shape, and often of great value, that adorn the sanctuary, and are a glowing eulogy to the power of the Immaculate One.

The melancholy circumstances in which this country is involved, largely through the disregard of its public men for every principle of religion and virtue, had already produced that best fruit of affliction—hope in God. It had turned the hearts of the thoughtful from the mad pursuit of wealth, on which everyone seemed bent a few months ago, and was training them to look higher, and to reach after more lasting possessions than any of those which so many had lately seen slip from their grasp. As a matter of fact, there is not in this country a child old enough to discern the difference between poverty and riches, who may not have personal knowledge of cases in which people have been reduced from affluence to actual want; there can be none who do not realize the difference between the one-hundred cent dollars of times gone by and the twenty-three cent dollars of the present; and even our schoolboys are perplexed and bewildered at the menacing outlook for the politics of the near future.

These facts, as we have already intimated, tended in no small measure to increase the numbers of those who through their habitual devotion to our Blessed Mother would, at any time and under any circumstances, have been glad to visit her shrine, and pay the tribute of their devotion before her statue in the beautiful basilica that is being raised to her honor at Lujan. Thus the pilgrims received reinforcements from Santa Fé, Cordoba, and all the principal centres of population in the Republic. Priests and people gathered in throngs on the streets of Buenos Ayres, so lately crowded by armed groups thirsting for vengeance on the spoilers of their country. Truly any one contrasting the two assemblies, their occasions and purposes, might well exclaim: "It is God who hath done this!" For no other hand could so effectually change the current of men's thoughts from sanguinary vengeance and extermination, to trust in and devotion to the Mother of the Redeemer.

Reflecting on these things, the Rev. Father Benavente, O. P., says: "In view of these manifestations of faith on the part of the public, will unbelief still call them fanaticism, error? I answer with Hugh of St. Victor, if we err, we err for thee, O Mary; but it is an error that heals our heart-wounds, an error that saves. An error that sanctifies is no error. Fanaticism that purifies, fanaticism that reforms, fanaticism that elevates and gives dignity to mankind, is not fanaticism."

This is what was realized by the vast assembly of Argentine pilgrims at the sanctuary of Lujan, where in the course of a week more than ten thousand devout

worshippers approached the Sacraments and renewed their covenant with God, placing themselves under the immediate patronage of our Blessed Lady.

In connection with this subject, there occurs to us the thought of the superior privileges and blessings enjoyed by Christians nowadays over and above those possessed in patriarchal times under the Old Dispensation. Whilst then the favored sinner might go to Noah, to Jeremiah, or to some other man of God, and obtain his prayers, we have at all times the powerful intercession of the Mother of our God herself; and it is a consolation to know that there is hardly a country so poor that it has not some shrine or statue that has been specially recognized by Heaven as her throne and a favorite place of meeting for her clients.

In this country that throne is established at Lujan. Faithful souls in Argentine, Uruguay, and Paraguay, are directing their prayers thither, and looking, with a faith that can not fail of a blessing, for the special intervention of Heaven to save the country from the evils by which it is threatened. Surely such faith will not be unaccompanied by proper dispositions; and thus, whatever Heaven may have in store for us, our light and momentary affliction will, through the ever-powerful intercession of Mary, redound to our eternal gain.

A. J. L. W.

Rosario, Santa Fe,
Argentine Republic.

However heavy be our burden, the most Christian frame of mind is also the most judicious, from the point of view of common sense. In all afflictions, resignation to God's holy will is not only our duty, but our comfort as well. Unavailing regrets merely increase the weight of present sorrow; a generous resolve to make the best of even the most trying situations not infrequently brings a calm as agreeable as it is unexpected.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ON CERTAIN SCRUPLES.

EVERY American is almost painfully anxious to be "correct" nowadays. Scarcely an issue of a paper appears in which there is not a lesson on etiquette. And if a Charles Dickens were to appear among us, we could return the left-handed compliments of his "American Notes" by showing him models of deportment which would probably humble him.

So delicate, too, have we become in our niceties of manners that there has been invented—or, rather, applied—a system of etiquette for persons of various religious beliefs or opinions. Miss Bugg, a very clever young woman and a very earnest one, has seen that it would not do for Catholics to be "incorrect" in general society any longer, and she determined to give them a code. Her social experience has been great and comprehensive; and, fired by the example of the great Mr. Ward McAllister, who is, as we all know, the Mr. Turveydrop of the highest metropolitan society, she kindly tells us how to be "correct" on all occasions. But still she leaves some important things in doubt, and emphasizes others in a way that might cause one serious scruples of conscience, if her book had the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of her diocese.

For instance, Miss Bugg tells us that it is the "correct thing" for Catholics to entertain according to their means, but she does not make this definite enough. Would a watermelon party be sufficiently correct form for a Catholic with seven hundred dollars a year,—provided that watermelons were in season and cheap? Or would something additional be required? It might, of course, be quite correct for Baptists who are fond of water; but for Catholics—

that's the question. In a little manual called "The Correct Thing for Baptists," I observe that hard-shell crabs are recommended for social occasions to people of moderate means; but Miss Bugg is not, unhappily for the peace of mind of her readers, so explicit.

Again, she goes out of her way to wound every godfather in the country. She tells us that at christenings there ought to be no offensive display of a nursing-bottle. Now, the writer of this gentle entreaty has been godfather several times, and he hopes to have the honor of assuming that position many times more; but, though Miss Bugg may not believe him, he has never offensively displayed a nursing-bottle yet, —in this he has represented the whole race of godfathers. But may there not be young and inexperienced godfathers who might, anxious to placate their precious charges, so use the offensive bottle? Miss Bugg ought to be careful as to what she suggests to desperate men.

There are two mandates of this estimable gentlewoman which have seriously troubled some Catholics who are scrupulously anxious to be correct, and they are delivered oracularly. After recommending young men about to be married *not* to forget the license or the ring (it is understood that the groom will remember to come himself), she says that an *honorarium* should be given to the priest in proportion to the happiness the groom hopes to enjoy. This is all right, and my first thought—*mea culpa!*—was that some clerical friend of Miss Bugg's must have suggested it; but she adds that the *honorarium* ought not to be less than ten dollars. Now, this is a very low view to take of matrimony, particularly as one dollar of our money will not buy more than one English shilling can buy. Really, this does not make so much difference to us Americans,—it is all among ourselves; but what will the English think of a groom who expects to receive about ten shillings' worth of happiness from many years of matrimony? Miss Bugg will perhaps see her way to the correcting of a very false impression.

Another *dictum* which must disturb some consciences is the announcement that it is not correct for Catholics to present persons of different social classes to each other. Although a Catholic, I have the honor of knowing intimately some persons in "trade,"—some persons actually in small retail shops, and likewise one or two persons in the wholesale business. What am I to do when these people meet at my humble home? Can I, without being "incorrect," introduce the retail people to the wholesale people? This is the earnest question of a Catholic who wants to be correct. Again, when I visit my amiable friend the Bishop of ——, and *his* friend the great Mr. B. (a Roman Count, I assure you) is present, can my friend the Bishop conscientiously introduce me? If he attempt it, will it not be my duty to remind him that he runs the risk of being incorrect?

These are questions that ought to be answered. There are others that might be mentioned; but these have caused many Catholics, like myself, of the lower and more scrupulous classes, a great deal of heartrending doubt.

Septuagesima Time.

TO the regular forty days of Lent, Pope Telesphorus in the second century added a penitential week to be observed by the clergy. This was known as *Quinquagesima*, or fiftieth. Later on, many of the Popes authorized two meals on the Saturdays of Lent, in order that the body, weakened by the Friday fast, which was more rigorous than that observed on other days, might not become too debilitated. To compensate for these seven Saturdays thus exempted from the Lenten fast, an eighth week called *Sexagesima*, or sixtieth,

was added. Finally, as Thursday, through respect for the Ascension of Our Lord, was solemnized like Sunday, and hence likewise exempted from the law of fasting, a ninth week, termed *Septuagesima*, was established, in order that the forty days of fast might be complete.

These special titles, Septuagesima, Sexagesima and Quinquagesima, have been preserved to our day to designate respectively the three Sundays preceding the Lenten season; and the liturgical period which they cover is known as Septuagesima Time. The exact signification of this term, *Septuagesima*, is a period of seventy days; but although from the Sunday which bears the name until Easter there are in reality only sixty-three days, the Church has adopted the expression, in using, after the example of the Sacred Writings, the number of the decade begun.

Despite the modifications and changes which with the lapse of centuries have taken place in ecclesiastical discipline, Septuagesima has continued to be a season of partial penance and prayer. The Greek Church always begins her Lenten season with Septuagesima Sunday; and it would seem that the delicate considerations of charity lead her Latin sister to participate in her mourning. The Spouse of Jesus Christ has, however, another motive, and one which reveals her profound knowledge of the human heart. A solicitous mother, she understands all the weaknesses of her children. After the sweet joys of Christmas, the beautiful festivals commemorated in the Epiphany, and the more tumultuous celebrations of the Carnival, the transition to the rigors of Lent would be too sudden. The evening's twilight precedes the gloom of night; the echoes of the joyous festival song must be allowed to die away before we intone the lugubrious dirge: and so Septuagesima became the preparation, the prelude, of Lent.

Relative to the symbolic meaning attached to this period, we can not do better than quote St. Augustine: "There are two seasons: one that passes amidst the temptations and trials of this life; the other that is to be spent in unending security and eternal joy. These two seasons we celebrate: the first before, the second after Easter. The period preceding Easter expresses the distresses of this present life; that which follows signifies the beatitude that shall one day be ours." The two places which correspond to these two seasons are Babylon and Jerusalem. Now, the children of Israel, figure of the Christians who were to succeed them, remained in slavery at Babylon for seventy years; hence the number *seventy* for the days of expiation. "The Church," say the liturgists, "has fixed this number of days to remind us of the captivity of Babylon and of our own earthly exile."

The Church, during this season, meditates only on the sorrows of her exile. Clad in garments of mourning, she, like the Hebrew captives, weeps at the remembrance of Sion. In a strange land, she can no longer sing the sweet songs of home; so her silent harps give forth no joyous strains. Neither the *Alleluia*, nor the *Gloria in Excelsis*, nor the *Te Deum*, nor the *Ite Missa est*, shall resound again beneath the vaults of her desolate temples until the joyous day of the Resurrection.

The worldly rejoicing which precedes the Lenten season, and which so frequently degenerates into sinful license, demands a reparation. To this end the Church has established the devotion called the "Forty Hours," in honor of the forty hours that elapsed from the death of Our Lord until His glorious rising. It begins properly on Quinquagesima Sunday and closes on the eve of Ash-Wednesday.

SILENCE makes us great-hearted, and judging makes us little-minded.—*Faber.*

THE noblest service comes from nameless hands.—*Holmes.*

A Bishop's Charity.

A CERTAIN French Bishop was once led, in spite of himself, to prove the truth of the proverb, "Charity begins at home." Mgr. d'Avian, one of the bravest defenders of the rights of the Church under the first Empire, was by no means so prudent a guardian of his own wardrobe. He was constantly meeting poor men, whom he fancied were in greater need than himself of good shirts and warm underclothing, until finally the one who had charge of his mending found nothing to mend—all had been given away. His housekeeper knew better than to ask his Lordship for money to buy anything for himself; so she went to him and told him of a poor man—a gentleman—who had a certain position to maintain, but who was in absolute want of proper clothing.

"What does he need?" said the Bishop.

"Indeed, it would be hard to tell what he does *not* need; for he has actually no underlinen. The case is really pitiful."

"But this must not be!" exclaimed the kind-hearted prelate. And, slipping the necessary money into her hand, he continued: "Go at once and buy him what he needs. But do not tell him that it comes from me."

"Certainly not, my Lord."

Then, touched by the ill-concealed joy on the face of his housekeeper, and naturally attributing it to her happiness in being able to relieve the wants of the poor man, he called her back, and, adding something more to the sum he had already given her, said: "See that the shirts are made of good, fine linen. A man in his position needs something better than the ordinary quality."

"Very true," replied the other, quite seriously. And great was her rejoicing over the cutting out and making of the fine linen shirts ordered by the Bishop for—"the poor gentleman."

The following Sunday Mgr. d'Avian began to wonder if anywhere in his possessions he could find a fresh shirt wherein to do honor to the day. Upon opening his wardrobe, what was his astonishment to find quite a supply of those articles; which were not only new, but of superior quality!

"What does this mean?" And sending for his housekeeper, he asked her if she could explain the mystery.

Trying to look very innocent, she answered: "The person who had them put there, your Lordship, gave special directions that his name should not be mentioned."

"They must be returned at once," began the good Bishop. But, happening just then to glance at his servant, the smile on her face, which she was trying in vain to conceal, made him at once suspect who "the poor man" was whose scanty wardrobe he had been so easily induced to replenish.

"Well, I forgive you; but never do such a thing again."

The good housekeeper could well afford to laugh, too happy over her present success to take much thought for the future. And the Bishop had to admit that this time, at least, his charity had literally begun at home.

A Columbian Exhibit.

THE history of Columbus is to be told in a most graphic manner at the World's Columbian Exposition. On an elevated tongue of land extending into the lake will stand a building, which is to be a perfect reproduction of the Convent of Santa Maria de la Rabida, the little religious house where the great navigator found encouragement and shelter. Here are to be gathered together as large a collection of the relics of Columbus as time and opportunity will permit; and all those fortunate enough to possess articles appropriate to such an exhibit are invited to lend

them for the occasion. There will be maps, models, and charts illustrating the ideas of navigation and geography prevailing in the fifteenth century, and an assortment of nautical instruments in use at that time.

The personal history of the great Admiral of the Ocean Sea will be set forth in a comprehensive way. There will be models of the houses which various towns proclaim as his birthplace; photographs of the University of Pavia, where a portion of his education was gained; and views of every city and building with which his name has been linked. The great historical pictures of all lands in which the noble Columbus figures will be brought to this new La Rabida for the edification and delight of the multitude; and in one room will be gathered all known portraits of him, some forty-five of which are extant. Supplementary to this will be a choice collection of portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella and the leading personages of the Spanish court.

The flag-ship of the little fleet which set sail from Palos, the *Santa Maria*, is to be reproduced with all the skill that science can command; and perhaps the *Pinta* and *Niña* may be likewise honored. The *Santa Maria* is to take part in the naval review at New York, then brought to Chicago, and anchored beneath the walls of La Rabida during the great Fair. She will be rigged and manned strictly in accordance with the fashion of a Spanish caravel of the year 1492.

Fac-similes of all the busts and monuments which love and admiration have raised to the memory of the distinguished Genoese will be shown, as well as models of the tombs at San Domingo and Havana, both of which are claimed as the last resting-place of his precious dust. Careful and energetic men are in charge of this interesting portion of the Exposition, and their efforts can not fail to bring together an exhibit well worth seeing, even should there be no other.

Notes and Remarks.

The Catholic population of the United States, according to the estimates of "Hoffmann's Directory," is 8,647,221. If the exact census were taken, it would doubtless be found that the number of Catholics in this country is very much greater. The United States is divided into 13 archdioceses, 68 dioceses, and 5 vicariates-apostolic. There are 1 cardinal, 12 archbishops, 73 bishops, 9,062 priests, 8,042 churches, 3,552 stations, 1,683 chapels; 223 orphan asylums, with 25,518 inmates; 54 theological seminaries, with 1,739 students; 138 colleges, 655 academies; and 3,406 parochial schools, which are attended by 700-753 pupils. The increase in a year may be summarized as follows: Population, 67,255; priests, 284; churches, 411; stations, 711; chapels, 67; orphan asylums, 6; colleges, 15; theological seminaries, 12; academies, 31; parochial schools, 129. The increase in the attendance at the parochial schools may be estimated at 35,425.

Among the features that are to mark the celebration in the south of Spain of Columbus's quarto-centenary, the coronation of La Virgen de la Rabida will prove not the least prominent. It was before this image of the Blessed Virgin that Fathers Juan Perez and Antonio de Marchena, the Pinzons, Doctor Hermandez, and Columbus himself, knelt to implore her powerful intercession in the difficulties that opposed the great enterprise of the Genoese navigator. And now that honors innumerable are being paid to the memory of Columbus, Our Lady of Rabida, whose assistance he acknowledged with gratitude, is to share in the homage accorded to her illustrious client.

The new Education Bill which the Prussian Government has submitted to Parliament is noteworthy for its provisions regarding the imparting of religious instruction. Each religious body recognized by the State is to have the privilege, or rather the right, of teachers of its own creed. Those children

whose religion is unrecognized by the State must take part in religious instruction of some kind, unless exempted therefrom by the president of the province. Regarding Catholics in particular, the Bill provides that "in Evangelical Catholic parishes the priest is, unless the higher Church authorities issue special orders to the contrary, charged with the superintendence of religious instruction within his parish. The exclusion of the superintendent of the religious instruction from a school is allowed if the instruction is palpably disturbed by his visit. The exclusion is decreed by order of the president of the province, who must state the reasons which have prompted his action."

The broad purpose of the Bill seems to be to prevent any Prussian child from being brought up as an atheist.

If the periodical appearance in the American dailies of a lengthy exposition of Bob Ingersoll's views on religion be a supply necessitated by the demand of the reading public, then that public can scarcely be complimented on its good taste. Mr. Ingersoll is the veriest mocking-bird of infidels; and the mellifluous blasphemies which he chirps out at so many dollars the strain, received years ago, far more attention than they deserved from a world which has been benefited in no way by his utterances, and which will forget him as speedily as it has forgotten the original agnostics whose platitudes he plagiarizes.

The present representative and descendant of Columbus in the female line (the male line being extinct) is the Duke of Veraguas, in Panama, and Marquis of Jamaica, who enjoys an hereditary pension from the Spanish Government.

Judging from a contribution by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy to a recent number of the *Contemporary*, it would seem that the world has been in ignorance of one side of Carlyle's character, and that, after all, the Sage of Chelsea was not so black (-tempered) as he has been painted. Sir Charles' statement, that "in a long experience, during which he repeatedly tried the philosopher's temper by contradiction, he found him habitually serene and considerate," is apt to astound one at first; but some of Carlyle's letters on the subject of Ireland and her grievances suggest the probability that the carping sneer which some of us naturally associate with the Scotch philosopher was sometimes replaced by a more amiable expression. As atonement for some dislike we have borne him, we quote the following extract from a letter to Sir C. G. Duffy:

"Justice to Ireland—justice to all lands, and to Ireland first, as the land that needs it most—the whole English nation (except the quacks and knaves of it, who in the end are men of negative quantities and of no force in the English nation,) does honestly wish you that. Do not believe the contrary, for it is not true; the believing of it to *be* true may yet give rise to miserable mistakes, at which one's imagination shudders. Well, when poor old Ireland has succeeded again in making a man of insight and generous valor, who might help her a little out of her deep confusions—ought I not to pray and hope that *he* may shine as a light instead of blazing as a firebrand, to his own waste and his country's! Poor old Ireland! every man of that kind she produces is like another stake set upon the great Rouge-et-Noir of the Destinies: 'Shall I win with thee, or shall I lose thee too—blazing off upon me as the others have done?' She tries again, as with her last guinea. May the gods grant her a good issue!"

In a recent number we referred to the venerable Father Point, S. J., of Montreal, who will celebrate next month the ninetieth anniversary of his birth, as one of the oldest priests on the Continent. From a letter in the London *Tablet* we learn that there is a priest in England—the Rev. Richard Schofield—ten years older. He was received into the Church by Dr. Newman in 1850, at the age of fifty-eight, and has been a priest for forty years. Though blind and naturally feeble, his intellect is still clear, and he is in good health. The anniversary of his birth occurred on the Feast of the Purification.

A letter of Mr. Gladstone's, in which he refers to his relations with Cardinal Manning, has just been made public. After alluding to the great loss sustained by the death of the illustrious English Cardinal, Mr. Gladstone says:

"My relations with Manning were very peculiar. At first they were those of a mere acquaintance

between two undergraduates, and lay wholly on the surface. Then came a close and intimate friendship of fifteen years, founded entirely upon interests in religion and the Church. Then came his change, simultaneous with that of my yet closer friend, Hope Scott, which was altogether the severest blow that ever befell me In a late letter to me the Cardinal termed it a 'quarrel.' My reply said it was not a quarrel, but a death. That was truth. There had since been vicissitudes, but I am quite certain that to the last his personal feeling never changed; and that he kept his promise made in 1851, to remember me before God at the most solemn moment."

A week or two ago we commented upon the falsity of the charge that converts to Christianity in China are influenced by mercenary motives. In timely corroboration of our view comes a cable dispatch stating that Gen. Tchen Kitong has been executed at Tien-Tsin for treason. The principal treasonable acts alleged against him were his having become a Christian, and his having sought an audience with the Pope in order to facilitate the work of the Chinese Catholic missions. If the dispatch prove true, China has the honor of having given another martyr to the Church.

We agree with the contention of our esteemed contemporary the *Catholic Citizen* that "the clergy are the best friends of the Catholic press; they are best aware of its usefulness, and no Catholic paper published but has had abundant evidences of their kindness and good-will" And we are glad to acknowledge our obligations to the clergy, secular and religious. THE "AVE MARIA" is constantly receiving proofs of their cordial interest in its work.

The American College at Louvain has a new president in the person of the Very Rev. J. Willemsen, who has been professor of Dogmatic Theology in that institution for the last twenty years. His predecessor, the Rt. Rev. Dr. De Neve, was obliged to resign on account of ill health. A great many bishops and priests of the United States received their education in this excellent seminary.

A correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, signing himself "Sacerdos Hibernicus," points out the inconsistency of which Anglicans are guilty in praying for the dead. The practice must be a puzzle to thoughtful Anglicans themselves:

"Looking at 'Protestant Memorial Services' from the Protestant point of view, I must confess they have always puzzled me. The Protestant doctrine is that only *two* states exist beyond the grave—Heaven and Hell. Into one or other of those, therefore, the dead must pass. Of course I think this doctrine false, unjust and cruel. But I must take things as I find them. If the dead pass into heaven, prayers are not needed; if into hell, prayers can not serve. I can not, therefore, understand 'Protestant Memorial Services,' unless Protestants, externally denying 'Purgatory,' instinctively internally believe in it."

New Publications.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE BALTIMORE CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. For the Use of Sunday-School Teachers and Advanced Classes. By the Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

This is a timely and very serviceable work. It gives a simple yet complete explanation of each question of the Catechism published by order of the Third Council of Baltimore; and is thus calculated not only to impart additional interest to the study of the truths of Christian Doctrine, but also to impress them deeply on the mind, and render their practical application all the more easy. The simplicity of language and clearness of style make the work a "treasure" to the Sunday-school teacher, who not infrequently is at a loss to give something more than the mere words of the Catechism, and to impress the child with the meaning of the expressions which he repeats by rote. At the same time so complete and precise is each explanation that the book must prove of benefit to older persons, and especially to converts in whose hands it is desired to place a work of instructive reading. It will serve, also, as an excellent text-book for advanced classes in Christian Doctrine in our schools and colleges. The work is deserving of the highest commendation, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation throughout the country. We may add that it is well printed, of convenient size, and provided with a complete index.

RECORDS OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA. Vol. III. 1888–91. Published by the Society.

A paper-covered octavo of 440 pages, the "Records" contains a mass of information that can not but prove of absorbing interest to all students of Catholic history on this Continent. Among the new features which distinguish this admirable volume from its predecessors, are several excellent portraits and a number of illustrations of historical events. The papers which make up the bulk of the volume have been read before the Society at different times during the past three years, and some of them have already been noticed in these columns. Among the more interesting may be mentioned: "The American Catholic Historical Society and Catholic Reference Library," by Lawrence Francis Flick; "Sportsman's Hall," by the Rev. Vincent Huber, O.S.B.; and "The Flat-head Indians," by the late Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of Omaha. From this last mentioned paper we quote the following statement as corroborative of a recent paragraph in our "Notes and Remarks" department:

"I heard an officer, high in command, say this summer that in the thirty-eight years he had been in the Army, most of which time he had spent on the frontier, he had never known the Indians to have been in the wrong in any difficulty they had had with the Government or the white settlers."

The "Records" should find a place among the books of every scholarly Catholic, and its absence from a public library is an evidence of the librarian's incompetency.

A TUG OF WAR. By Louisa Emily Dobrée. THE TRIAL OF MARGARET BRERETON. By Pleydell North. London: The Catholic Truth Society.

These are well-told stories, both teaching the same moral,—viz., how great is the assistance derived from religion in the dark days of sorrow and suffering. The first is distinctively a book for young people; and, though death and the trials of poverty play no unimportant part in the development of the plot, there are many cheerful scenes, in which the conversation is bright and chatty enough to suit the taste of young readers.

"The Trial of Margaret Brereton" deals with mixed marriages, and the evil resulting from them. In her case it involved the surrender of her youngest born, and imprisonment and trial for his subsequent murder, though all the time conscious that her eldest son was guilty of the crime. That he came forward and by a confession of his guilt secured her acquittal, does not lessen to a great degree the gloom of the story. The confidence which her friends have in her goodness and innocence, and her own simple trust in Divine Providence, save the book from being absolutely harrowing.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John McKenna, rector of St. Michael's Church, Flushing, N.Y., who was called to the reward of a devoted life on the 6th ult; and the Rev. Henry P. Baxter, of Haverstraw, N.Y., deceased some months ago.

Sister M Vincent, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont.; Sister M. Benedict and Sister M. Xavier, of the Sisters of Mercy, who were lately called to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mr. James Moffitt, of Nauvoo, Ill., who passed away on the 2d inst., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Peter E. Brennan, whose death occurred at Govanstown, Md., on the 5th ult.

Miss Julia Martin, who peacefully departed this life on the 16th ult., at Trenton, N. J.

Mrs. Ellen Holywood, of Portland, Me., whose good life was crowned with a happy death on the 23d ult.

Miss Mary E. Somers, who died a holy death on the 15th ult., in St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. James Gillespie, of Freeport, Pa.; Mrs. D. B. Foley, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. John McCarthy, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. Simon Shields, Kittanning, Pa.; Mr. J. W. Rossiter, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. William Fleury, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Mary McNamara, Taunton, Mass.; Miss Anne O'Gorman, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Rose Garrity, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. B. J. Wilson and Mrs. K. Gallagher, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Anna Reilly, Baltimore, Md.; James E. Choherty, Newport, Ky.; Mr. Lawrence Droege, Covington, Ky.; Dr. J. J. McCaffrey, Blackstone, Mass.; Mr. Edward Shilne, Gilroy, Cal.; Mrs. Rose Finnegan, Trenton, N. J.; and Mrs. Johanna Fitzgibbons, Binghamton, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



"The Dear St. Elizabeth."

EARLY in the thirteenth century Duke Herman of Thuringia, one of the most powerful and influential of the princes of Germany, sent ambassadors to Andrew II., King of Hungary, asking that King Andrew's daughter, the little Princess Elizabeth, be given in marriage to Duke Herman's son and heir, the young Duke Lewis. King Andrew, after due deliberation, gave his consent; and the little Princess, in a massive silver cradle, with thirteen noble Hungarian maidens as attendants, was escorted by the ambassadors from Hungary to Thuringia. On her arrival at Duke Herman's court she was solemnly betrothed to Duke Lewis, a little boy of eleven. They grew up together, and became very fond of each other. She used to call him "My dear brother," and he addressed her as "My sweet sister."

Duke Herman treated Elizabeth as his own daughter. But while she was still a child he died; and after his death his widow, the Duchess Sophia, and daughter Agnes, did not conceal their dislike for her, and their displeasure at her modest, retiring ways. The Duchess did all in her power to induce Elizabeth to take the veil in some convent. Agnes used to tell her that she was only fit to be a waiting-maid. Her great piety was to them a constant, though silent, reproach. Many of the courtiers thought it would be better for the young Duke to marry the daughter of some neighboring prince, who could help him in time of need; whereas Elizabeth's father lived far away, and seemed to have already forgotten his daughter. They advised that her troth-plight be restored to her, and that she be sent back to Hungary.

But Duke Lewis remained faithful to his "sweet sister," who, he said, was dearer to him than all the world; and when he was twenty and she sixteen they were married with great pomp and ceremony. For three days the event was celebrated with feasting, dancing, and the tournament. St. Francis de Sales says, in his quaint, characteristic way: "She played and danced sometimes, and was present at assemblies of recreation, without prejudice to her devotion, which was so deeply rooted in her soul that, like the rocks about the lake Rietta, which grew greater by the beating of the waves, her devotion increased amongst the pomps and vanities to which her condition exposed her."

From her childhood Elizabeth was distinguished for her great charity, which won for her the title of "Patroness of the poor." During a period of famine she fed nine hundred people daily at the castle gates. She established hospitals and almshouses, one of which, under the patronage of St. Ann, is still in existence. Her charity did not consist merely in the giving of alms, but in her love for all mankind, which culminated in her great love for her

husband. There is not in the calendar a model of a more devoted wife.

Duke Lewis is represented by the chroniclers of the time as a handsome, manly prince; and Elizabeth as possessing great beauty of the brunette type. They had enjoyed seven years of wedded happiness when the fifth Crusade having been inaugurated, Duke Lewis joined it as commander-in-chief of the Crusaders of Central Germany. But, knowing that Elizabeth would be deeply grieved at the thought of his leaving her and undertaking so long and perilous a journey, he decided not to tell her of his resolve until the last moment. So having received the Red Cross secretly, he did not wear it openly, as was the custom, but concealed it in his alms-purse. One day Elizabeth accidentally discovered it, and fainted at the sight.

When the time of his departure came, she accompanied him on horseback to the frontiers of Thuringia. Duke Lewis, showing her a sapphire ring which he wore, told her to place full confidence in any message brought her by the bearer of it. When they reached the frontier she went another day's journey, and still another. At the close of the second day she declared she would never leave him, but would go with him to the end. As this could not be, they finally separated with many tears and embraces. Before long a messenger returned with the sapphire ring, and announced that Duke Lewis had died of a fever on board ship while on his way to the Holy Land.

Elizabeth had not had time to recover from the shock of her husband's death when Henry, brother of Lewis, having assumed authority, cruelly expelled her from the castle. It was in the depths of winter. With her two maids of honor—Guta and Ysentrude, who had been her companions from childhood,—and her four children, the eldest a boy of four; she sought refuge from door to door, and sought in vain. Duke Henry had issued a proclamation announcing that whoever received the Duchess and her children would incur his displeasure. (It must be remembered that the Crusade had claimed the flower of Thuringia.) Elizabeth at last took shelter in a miserable inn until midnight, when, hearing the bells ring for Matins, she went to a Franciscan church, and spent the rest of the night in prayer. The next day she wandered again through the town; but none of the people—most of whom had received benefits at her hands—would open their doors to her, except a certain priest, very poor himself, who gave her refuge in his humble dwelling. She spent the greater part of the days and the nights in churches. For her children's sake she consented to be separated from them, some people having offered to take charge of them. She supported herself by spinning. Yet even in her poverty she saved a little to give to those who were poor.

Her maternal aunt Matilda, abbess of a convent in Franconia, having heard of the pitiable state of Elizabeth, invited her to the convent with Guta, Ysentrude, and the children: sending two carriages to fetch them. The invitation was joyfully accepted. Elizabeth remained at the convent until Egbert, Prince-Bishop of Bamberg, her mother's brother, summoned her to his dominions, gave her a castle suited to her rank, and provided her with eight domestics. He wished her to marry again, and was negotiating a marriage with the Emperor Frederick II.; but Elizabeth remained faithful to the memory of her husband.

The Thuringian knights, on their return from the Crusade, remonstrated with Duke Henry, and induced him to reinstate Elizabeth and her children. They did not hesitate to tell him that his conduct had sullied the fame of his noble house, dishonored Thuringia, and cried to Heaven for vengeance. Young Herman, son of Lewis and Elizabeth, was declared the lawful heir. The city of Marburg was given to Elizabeth, and she went there to live, choosing

for her home a humble cottage. Several years before she had joined the Third Order of St. Francis, and now she solemnly renewed her vows; and, giving all the revenues of the city to the poor, she supported herself by spinning. The people looked on in astonishment as she went about in her coarse, patched garments, attending to the wants of the needy. They declared that she was mad. Duke Henry said that if she owned the whole German Empire she would give it away.

Reports of the poverty in which Elizabeth lived having reached King Andrew (those were not the days of telegraph and telephone), he sent an ambassador to demand an explanation of Duke Henry, and to bring back Elizabeth to Hungary. Duke Henry assured the ambassador that the poverty of Elizabeth was wholly voluntary. He said: "Every one knows my sister is quite mad; you will see it yourself." The ambassador than called upon Elizabeth, who declined to return to her father's kingdom, declaring that she was very happy in the humble lot she had chosen.

The Count de Montalembert, from whose "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary" these facts are obtained, refers to her in the headings of his chapters as "the dear St. Elizabeth"; whole chapters are sometimes epitomized in these unique headings. For instance, toward the close of the book we find this one: "How the dear St. Elizabeth, when aged twenty-four, was summoned to the eternal wedding-feast." Also: "How the dear St. Elizabeth was buried in the church near her hospital, and how even the little birds of heaven celebrated her obsequies." Four years after her death she was canonized by Gregory IX., and her feast appointed for the 19th of November.

Her children always subscribed themselves, before their other titles of nobility: "Son [or daughter] of St. Elizabeth." The eldest, Herman, succeeded to his father's dominions at the age of sixteen, and died two years later. Her eldest daughter married the Duke of Brabant; from her the members of the House of Hesse are descended. The two remaining daughters became nuns. The Church of St. Elizabeth at Marburg, erected in the thirteenth century, is now in possession of the Lutherans. On the walls are represented, in painting and sculpture, the famous miracle of the roses, the last parting of Lewis and Elizabeth, the visit of the Hungarian ambassador, and other events in the short but varied life of this lovely, loving, and lovable Princess, the dear St. Elizabeth.

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VIII.—The Bound Girl.

The Jerseyman was silent for a time. But Cæsar, whose spirits seemed to rise the moment he was taken off the ice, frisked about in the skiff; and, after some harmless and gay antics, which seemed dreadful in a dog with one foot in the grave, dug the stumps of his teeth into Miles' jacket, near the cuff. Miles caught the animal by the back of the neck and tried to throw him overboard; the Jerseyman called out to him to let the dog alone.

"Why," he said, "would you harm an innocent beast? That dog stuck to you on the ice when many a human being would have left you to your fate."

"I don't want him to stick to me,—that's what I don't want. If I threw him overboard, he'd get ashore on the ice. I'm sure I don't want to drown him," answered Miles, holding Cæsar tight around the neck. Cæsar struggled from his grasp, and, somewhat subdued, lay down in the boat.

"The child is father to the man," said the owner of the *Jersey Blue;* "and the boy is a child.—If you keep on this way, you will become a murderer when you are

old enough to be your own father. I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings," added the Jerseyman, with a grim look at the boys; "but a murderer can come to no good end. And if a boy tries to kill a poor dog, he may one day reach the gallows."

Miles felt as if he had committed a crime, and Reginald kept his bundle well between him and Cæsar. The skiff made its way slowly among the blocks of ice. Miles, having watched the man scull, offered to relieve him. The Jerseyman consented; and the boy took his place, very awkwardly at first, but by and by with more ease.

The Jerseyman watched him critically. "You'll do," he remarked. "You're a hard worker,—I can see that. If you keep on, I'll adopt you."

Reginald, who had no confidence in Miles' skill, held tight to his bundle.

The boys had been under the impression that they would enter the farmer's house as soon as the skiff touched the shore. He moored the *Jersey Blue* in a little boat-house, took in his arms various packages of groceries, all of them very heavy, and bade the boys divide them.

The boys meekly accepted the packages of flour, sugar, salt, and dried fruit, he gave them. It was hard work to tramp through the mud thus overladen, but there was no resource. It was not only hard, it was terrible; for their hands were so occupied that if Cæsar had fastened himself to one of them, there could have been no defence. The thought of such an attack brought tears to the eyes of the sturdy Miles. He grasped in his arms a large bag of flour and a small bag of salt, besides his own bundle. He could not turn his head to see what Cæsar's intentions were. His hands were occupied: he was helpless. Reginald carried a paper sack full of dried fruit and six pounds of sugar, besides his own package. Cæsar trotted behind them, and the boys were unhappy. If they could have seen Cæsar in front of them, they would not have cared. As it was, they were glad when, after a walk of two miles, they came in sight of a red brick house, with a stone barn behind it.

"That," said the man, pointing to the house, "is where I live. Sal and the bound girl live there too. Sal is my wife; the bound girl is—the bound girl."

Cæsar, at sight of the house, ran forward, with suspicion and distrust impressed in the curl of his tail. The boys sighed gratefully; and Reginald, whose fingers were numbed by the sharp air, wondered how he would ever get them limber again, in order to write a letter to his aunt.

The man led the boys into a kitchen, where a fire was burning brightly in a big cooking-stove. An elderly woman was bending over the stove.

"Well, Jeff," she asked, "did you bring the things?"

"All right," he said, "and these boys, too. This is my wife, boys, Mrs. Jeff Spinks. I'm Jeff Spinks. I call her Sal, and she calls me Jeff. If we conclude to adopt you," he added, with a wink, "you can call us papa and mamma."

Mrs. Spinks smiled and nodded her head.

"I never will," answered Miles, boldly. "I'll never call anybody mother,—my mother is in heaven."

"You will do what I say," said the man, frowning. "If you want to live in this happy family, you'll have to do what you are told. Go out to the barn while I talk to Sal, and see what you can find to do. I'll come out after a while and set you to work. Hold on!—don't take your bundles. I'll keep them."

The boys went out from the kitchen door, sadder and wiser. They did not like Jeff Spinks in his own house.

"Let's run away," said Miles.

"But how can we?" asked Reginald. "*They*," with a motion toward the house, "have our clothes."

"I don't care for the clothes," replied the other.

"Well, I do, Miles. How could we go to church on Sunday dressed as we are? It would be awful."

"At any rate," said Miles, whose spirits were not easily depressed, "that *beast* is safe in the kitchen. I wonder why that dog has been so bad to us."

Reginald thought about it.

"It's because he is naturally bad himself, I believe," added Miles. "Our life will be horrible as long as he is with us, and this farmer takes his part."

"No," said Reginald, "I don't think the dog is naturally bad. I like cats better than dogs myself,—they don't muss things so. But dogs are good when people haven't made them bad; except bull-dogs and spitz dogs: they're *always* bad. I think so many boys have been bad to Cæsar, that he thinks all boys are bad."

They had reached the barn, which was combined with a woodshed. The great folding-doors of the place were open,—the big wooden bolt that secured them had been withdrawn from the inside. The boys entered, and stood still; for they heard a voice sing:

"I'm the belle of the party,
And nobody shall say no;
I'm the belle of the party,—
Haven't I told you so?"

"There's somebody in there," whispered Reginald.

Some distance from them, on the hay-strewn floor of the barn, stood a little girl, her hair, which hung down her back, ornamented with a large artificial red rose. About her waist was hung a long salt bag, which trailed on the ground; her cheeks had been touched with brickdust, and she held a piece of a broken looking-glass. She sailed gracefully up and down the floor, switching the train to the right and left, and reminding Miles of a peacock he had once seen. He laughed.

The young lady turned toward the boys, and raised her hand, as if blinded for a moment by the light.

"If you are tramps, you'd better go away at once. Mrs. Spinks never gives anything to tramps."

"No," said Miles, "we are only boys; and Mr. Spinks told us to look round, and you seemed to be so funny that I laughed."

"I don't see why you laughed," said the young lady, giving her train a switch, and looking at the boys seriously with a pair of bright grey eyes; "I was just practising my part. I saw a lady in the circus,—did you ever go to a circus?"

"Yes," answered Miles; "I sneaked in under the canvas."

"That was wrong," said Reginald. "I never went to circuses, because auntie said they lead to a sinful waste of money."

"Wrong?" cried Miles, warmly. "Didn't the man that owned a side show say he'd let me in free, if I'd try to ride a kicking mule outside the tent? And didn't I try to, and didn't it throw me off? And then he wouldn't give me what he promised, and I just got in under the canvas. And didn't I tell Father Quinn, and didn't he say the man ought to have kept his promise, but that I was wrong to disobey aunt? That's against the Fourth Commandment, you know; but there's nothing in the Commandments about circuses."

"And did you hear Madame Arabella La Grande sing 'I'm the Belle of the Party'? Oh, it was fine! I practise every day, when Mr. Spinks is away; and when I'm perfect I'm going to run away and be a circus actor. If I only had a dog, I'd make him jump through a hoop just as she did—"

"A dog!" asked Reginald, his eyes brightening. "Would you like to have a dog, and would you run away with him,—far, far away?"

"That I would," said the girl. "A pretty dog, white wool, with black eyes; a cute dog, you know."

"He's not exactly cute," said Reginald, hesitating. Miles nudged him. "That is, everybody might not think so. But you might like him, and he'd be company for

you. You might run away at once, if you're only waiting for a dog. We could let you have one called Cæsar."

"Cæsar's a great dog," remarked Miles. "His mistress is very fond of him, and I have no doubt—"

"But I forgot," said Reginald. "He's not *our* dog: we can't give him away."

Miles and Reginald became very sad at this thought.

"Of course," Reginald said, struck by a happy thought, "if Cæsar should happen to follow, you couldn't help it; for he's a dog that sticks to people, whether they like it or not."

The little girl's eyes turned from one boy to the other. Her red rose, which was almost as large as a cabbage, nodded uneasily above a nose slightly turned up and very much freckled. When she laughed, she showed two rows of small white teeth; altogether she seemed to be a rather queer but good-natured little girl. Miles thought he would like her, because she was fond of circuses; Reginald thought he would not, because her frock was ragged, and she had brickdust on her cheeks.

But the little girl did not seem to care. Though she was glad to talk for a time, she soon looked back into the bit of glass, and sang softly to herself; while the boys gazed at her, wondering whether she would run away, and whether Cæsar would follow her.

"Is Mr. Spinks your father?" asked Reginald at last.

"I should think not," returned the little girl. "Nor is Mrs. Spinks my mother. I should think *not!*"

"Do you like to live here?" Reginald asked again.

The little girl looked around, as if she was afraid that somebody would hear her.

"Are *you* going to live here?" she asked.

"It seems so," said Miles, with a sigh.

"Then," added the little girl, in a low whisper, "don't let them adopt you,—that's all. I've been adopted."

(To be continued.)

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XVI.—The Quest for Gold.

Friday was to Columbus ever a day of good fortune. It was on that day the sun arose and showed to the eager, weary voyagers a land which seemed to them, after the uncertainties of their long journey, a second earthly Paradise. What they saw was evidently an island, covered with trees, and several leagues in length. There was no sign of cultivation, but there were inhabitants; for many dark forms, without garments of any sort, were seen issuing from the forest.

Columbus ordered the boats to be prepared for landing; and into the first, clad in a beautiful suit of scarlet, he was rowed to the shore. He bore in his hands the royal ensign; and the Pinzons, in the other boats, held their white standards, upon which were blazoned large green crosses and the letters *F* and *Y*, the initials of the King and Queen.

On reaching the shore, the Admiral—for he now had undisputed claim to the title—knelt down and three times kissed the earth; those who were with him did likewise. Then, drawing his sword, he solemnly took possession of the land in the name of our Sovereign Lord for their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain, and ordered a large wooden cross erected upon the spot. His next step was to have himself formally acknowledged as Admiral of the Ocean Sea and governor-general of the strange country; which was easy, for the sailors vied with one another in pledging fealty to the gallant leader who had brought them safely through their troubles. Those who had murmured loudest were the first to swear allegiance. The island was called San Salvador, in honor of the Saviour of the world.

Which one it was no man can now with certainty tell; and no less than seven claim the distinctiou, which is commonly accorded to Cat Island, known to the natives as Guanahani. If Columbus had not swerved to the southwest to please one of the Pinzons he would have struck the northern part of Florida, the mainland of North America, instead of that low, insignificant island.

The sun shone brightly that October morning; the waves dashed upon the white sand of the beach, and from the forest came the songs of gay-winged birds. The Admiral of the Ocean Sea stood and surveyed the scene. What a change had taken place! "The reckless adventurer of April," says one author, "was the Viceroy of the Indies to-day; the tall, blue-eyed foreign sailor, with his odd Italian accent, at whom they had laughed in the Andalusian town, and plotted against in the forecastle of the *Santa Maria*, held now their lives in his hand, and represented the sovereigns of Spain."

All this pomp and ceremony was curiously watched by the astonished natives, who were breathlessly gathered into little groups, chattering softly to one another in strange words. They fancied that the white-winged monsters riding at anchor had come down from the skies during the night, bringing those glittering beings with them. The Admiral ordered his men to exhibit the greatest friendliness; and one by one the natives came furtively up to the strangers, admiring the beads and other trinkets held out for their inspection. Columbus gives us, in his quaint way, a description of these redmen. They had long, straight, coarse hair, and no beards. Their skin, the color of dull copper, was decorated with various kinds of paint. Their features were well shaped, and their bearing graceful and dignified. A very good description, with some exceptions, of the Northern Indians who still linger on our reservations.

The Admiral at once called these islanders "Indians," because he supposed San Salvador to lie off the coast of India; and the name has clung to the redmen to this day. They were armed only with wooden spears, and seemed to have no knowledge of iron; for one of them seized a sword by the edge and cut his hand. The trinkets with which the Spaniards had provided themselves were eagerly received, not only for their seeming beauty and value, but because they were offered by sacred beings, as the Indians believed the whitemen to be. Poor savages! their belief had many rude shocks in the years which followed.

They in turn proffered, among other articles, dark-colored leaves, which they seemed to value highly, and kept calling "tobago." The Spaniards took no interest in such worthless-looking things, but tobacco afterward became a source of greater revenue to Spain than her gold mines. It was not until some time after that they found how those leaves were used—rolled and lighted, and held in the mouth, the smoke escaping in delightful fragrance. The Indians declared that "tobago" kept them from getting tired, and the Spaniards made the same plea after they learned to be fonder of it than even the Indians. Four hundred years have passed since then, and men are still making excuses for the same habit.

The islanders had many scars upon their bodies; and when asked, by signs, the cause, they pointed toward the south, as if their enemies lived there. They rowed about in the water in canoes made of a single tree, and seemed to swim as easily as ducks. But nothing interested the whitemen so much as the ornaments of gold which, in a few instances, decorated their ears and noses. It was gold they sought, from Columbus to the humblest man before the mast. To Columbus it meant more than gold: it meant the redemption of the Tomb of Our Lord. When asked where the gold came from, again they

pointed to the south. "Toward Cipango," thought Columbus; for our young readers must constantly bear in mind that he thought San Salvador to be one of the islands lying off the eastern coast of India, mentioned by Marco Polo. India, or Cathay, must, then, be near,—that marvellous country, presided over by the Grand Khan, to whom Columbus had brought a sort of letter of introduction from the Spanish court.

After exploring the island, and finding nothing further to interest them, they took several natives on board and re-embarked.

XVII.—Desertion and Shipwreck.

Everywhere were to be seen islands of different sizes. The second one at which they landed was promptly named Santa Maria de la Concepcion, in honor of Our Lady; upon others Columbus bestowed the names of his sovereigns. Everywhere the strangers met with the greatest kindness, which the Admiral was careful to have returned. If his advice had been followed, much future trouble would have been averted. But now the cry was for gold at any cost; and they steered in the direction which the Indians pointed, coming to Cuba, Queen of the Antilles, the largest island in the West Indies.

The Admiral consulted with Martin Alonzo, and both concluded that they were upon the mainland of India,—a belief Columbus held as long as he lived. If this was so, the abode of the Grand Khan could not be far distant. They decided to send an embassy into the interior. Who should the messengers be? Columbus selected two,—one of them a converted Jew, who spoke Arabic and Chaldaic as well as Hebrew. The ambassadors went, and came back again. They had found the "city" of which the Indians told some forty miles away. It consisted of fifty huts; and the King was a naked savage, to whom they did not present the letter of introduction from Ferdinand and Isabella.

Now there was nothing to do but to go on. There was no time to lose. It was growing late in November. Columbus set sail again, coasting along Cuba, and piously erecting crosses at each stopping place. They entered a calm gulf, studded with little islands; and Columbus, thinking it very beautiful, gave it the name of Our Lady's Sea. About that time something happened which deeply wounded his generous and confiding heart. Martin Alonzo Pinzon deserted him! As the *Pinta* sailed away, the Admiral signalled her to return; but no attention was paid. Martin Alonzo was evidently off to seek for gold on his own account.

While still smarting from the ingratitude of his friend, Columbus sighted a large island; and, on account of its fancied resemblance to the land he had left, he called it Hispaniola. We speak of it as Hayti, or San Domingo. It has been the abode of blood and sorrow from that far day to this,—an island with a heritage of woe. The natives showed the usual hospitality toward the strangers from above, as they thought them. These islanders seemed whiter than the natives already met, and in many ways were interesting people.

On the 18th of December the Spaniards kept the Feast of Our Lady of the O with great pomp and devotion. This festival takes its name from the oval formation of the rocks surrounding a certain sanctuary in Spain. They were looking forward to Christmas, not guessing what calamity was to befall them then. On Christmas Eve they were scudding along with a light land-breeze. Columbus, who had been awake for many hours, retired to get some needed rest, leaving the pilot in charge. The pilot also becoming drowsy, called a boy to take his place. Soon the boy screamed. The *Santa Maria* was aground —fast upon the sand of a savage coast, thousands of miles from home!

(To be continued.)

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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A Madonna.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

JUST where the silvery moonbeams fall
Above the desk, on my study wall
There gleams a visage more sweet than all
I have fancied of nymph or fairy;
E'en when the shadows enfold the room,
I see it still through the shrouding gloom—
No night so dark as to hide the bloom
Of that pictured face of Mary.

Madonna fair of an artist's dream!
To me as to him dost thou living seem;
Full oft from thine eyes benedictions gleam
That incite me to fresh endeavor.
O Mother mine, may the tender grace
That hath won my love for thy pictured face,
Still guard my heart from affection base
Till I gaze on thyself forever!

Blessed Ashes.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

THE use of ashes, especially the sprinkling of ashes on the head as a sign of humiliation and sorrow, dates back to the cradle of the human race. Numerous references are made to it in the Old Testament. David, the model of penitents, says: "I did eat ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping." The Ninevites, at the preaching of Jonas, "proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth from the least, and sat in ashes." Judith put ashes on her head when she prayed for strength to overcome Holofernes, the leader of the enemies of her people. And the Prophet Jeremias cries out: "Howl, ye shepherds, and cry; and sprinkle yourselves with ashes, ye leaders of the people."

While the pagans retained some vestiges of primitive revelation and religious observance—corrupted by the lapse of time, the debasing influence of unbridled passions, and their distant separation from the Fountain of Truth,—humility and self-denial, practised from supernatural motives, find no place among their virtues. In their pride and self-indulgence they gradually fell away from the practice of virtue; and the deification of the basest passions was the natural result. Even those whom we regard as having been the most upright among them looked upon taking part in the most abominable orgies as a religious duty. Not so the child of God, whose mind has been illumined by the light of revelation. He early learns that he must chastise his body and keep it in subjection; that if he neglects or refuses to do penance he is in danger of perishing; and that in all things he must remember his last end and his return to the dust from which he was taken, if he is to avoid sin and attain to everlasting life. Conscious

that he is by nature a child of wrath, he studies to appease an offended God by the practice of penance and mortification; and, remembering that he is formed from the dust of the earth, and doomed to return to it again, he humbly sprinkles the noblest of his members, the head, with dust. In the light of revelation this is perfectly natural to him.

The ceremony of blessing and distributing the ashes, as we have it at present, like many of the other ceremonies of the Church, comes down to us from the earliest ages. It is probable that it was introduced by the converts from Judaism, or at least in imitation of a somewhat similar practice in vogue among the chosen people. Like some of the other ceremonies, too, it has undergone certain minor changes before assuming its present form. The principal of these will be noticed as we proceed.

Ash-Wednesday, the day upon which the faithful are signed with the ashes, was called by early writers *caput jejunii*, or the beginning of the fast; although up to the time of Pope St. Gregory the Great, at the close of the sixth century, the fast did not commence till the Monday following the first Sunday of Lent. With the Sundays deducted, this left but thirty-six fast-days, which constitute about one-tenth part of the year; a circumstance which led some of the Fathers to remark that it was giving a tithe of the year to God, after the example of the Jews, from whom He required a tenth part of their produce. But the forty days' fast of Moses and Elias, and more especially of our Divine Redeemer, showed the propriety of increasing the number of fast-days to forty; and accordingly the four days before the first Sunday of Lent were added. This took place about the beginning of the eighth century; first, it would appear, by a capitulary of the Church of Toulon, in 714. Amaury (about 820) describes the Lenten usages of his time as identical with ours. But this manner of celebrating the fast did not become general for centuries; and it was not until the time of St. Charles Borromeo, who flourished in the sixteenth century, that the Church of Milan introduced the custom of beginning Lent on Ash-Wednesday.

At first no persons were signed with the ashes but the public penitents, who were required to appear, clad in the garb of penance, at the door of the church on Ash-Wednesday morning. Says Barry (pp. 67, 68): "The course of penance for those who were to be reconciled on Holy Thursday began on Ash-Wednesday. The penitents, having confessed their sins, came to the church on that day with bare feet and in the habit of mourning, and humbly begged from the bishop canonical punishment. The pontiff then clothed them in sackcloth, scattered ashes on their heads, sprinkled them with holy water, and recited the Seven Penitential Psalms over them, whilst the attending clergy lay prostrate on the ground. The bishop and his ministers then imposed hands on them, to ratify, as it were, their solemn consecration to the course of penance. This ceremony was followed by a pathetic exhortation, in which the bishop announced to the weeping sinners before him that, as God had driven Adam from Paradise, so was he obliged to exclude them for a time from the spiritual paradise of the Church. With sorrowing hearts and countenances, the penitents marched in slow procession to the door of the church. The bishop thrust them out with his pastoral staff, and they passed not again the threshold of the house of God until Holy Thursday. During this touching ceremony the clergy chanted the words which God addressed to fallen man when driving him from the earthly Paradise: 'Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return. Do penance that you may have eternal life.'"

Soon others of the faithful joined the penitents in receiving the ashes, partly out of humility, and partly as a more effectual means of doing penance for their sins; and

the number of these continued to increase as time went on. Local church authorities next devoted their attention to the matter. The Council of Beneventum, held in the year 1091, decreed that all, clergy and laity, men and women, should present themselves to be signed with the ashes. Other churches followed, and by the thirteenth century the custom had become universal, and so it has continued.

The ashes used for this ceremony are procured by the burning of the blessed palm of the previous Palm-Sunday; a circumstance which reminds us that we can not bear the palm of victory over Satan, sin and death, unless by the practice of humility and mortification during life, and by paying the debt of sin in giving our bodies to the dust at the close of our earthly existence.

The form of blessing the ashes, like all the other ceremonies of our holy religion, is very beautiful and expressive; but it is difficult to tell at what time this form was adopted, or whether the ashes with which the public penitents were signed in the early ages were blessed or not. It is most probable, however, that they were, on the general principle that whatever the Church makes use of in her sacred ceremonies first receives a blessing. But whether this blessing was less solemn at first than later, when it became general, it would be difficult if not impossible to determine. We shall examine it as it is at present, remarking that, according to several decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the ashes are to be blessed by the priest who is to celebrate the Mass that follows.*

In the performing of the blessing the priest is vested in amice, alb, and violet stole and cope. Proceeding to the altar, on which the ashes are placed, at the Epistle side, in a suitable vessel, he reads an antiphon and four prayers. In the first of these Almighty God is besought to spare the penitent sinners who invoke Him, and to send His holy angel from heaven to bless and sanctify these ashes, that they may become a salutary remedy for all who invoke His holy name, and who, conscious of their transgressions, call upon His loving kindness; and to grant to all upon whom they are sprinkled health of body and salvation of soul. The second prayer begs of God, who desires not the death of the sinner, and who knows the frailty of man, to bless these ashes, which are to be used in token of humility and for the purpose of obtaining forgiveness; that we, who know ourselves to be but dust and ashes, may obtain the divine mercy, the pardon of our sins, and the rewards promised to the penitent. The third prayer asks the mercy of God and the spirit of compunction for all those who are signed with the ashes, and that they may be firmly established in the friendship of God. In the last prayer God, who pardoned the Ninevites who did penance in sackcloth and ashes, is besought to grant us the grace to imitate their penance, that we may receive a like pardon. The ashes are then sprinkled with holy water and incensed, after which they are distributed to the faithful, as we are accustomed to witness; the priest reciting, as he signs each one, "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

During the distribution of the ashes certain antiphons from the Scripture and other sources, which are calculated to awaken a spirit of penance, are sung—at least in such churches as have a choir capable of singing them; and it is greatly to be regretted that, owing to circumstances, many churches have not such trained singers. This part of the ceremony over, the priest returns to the altar and recites the following concluding prayer: "Grant us, O Lord, to begin our Christian warfare with holy fasts; that as we are about to fight against the spirits of wickedness, we may be defended by the

* De Herdt, Vol. III., p. 25.

aid of self-denial. Through Christ our Lord. Amen." The celebration of the Mass then follows.

At one time it was customary, at least in many places, to dampen the ashes before using them; but the Holy See has forbidden this, and they are to be applied in a perfectly dry state. It is also a common custom of our time for people to ask the priest to give them some ashes to take home to the sick, or to others who have not been able to be present at the distribution. This is also forbidden by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites;* and what remains is to be put into the *sacrarium*, or place where things that are blessed and can no longer be used are thrown, as the water used in baptism, that used at Mass, etc.

The Glitter of Gold.

(Conclusion.)

XI.

PRINCESS HELLA and Fräulein von Schönfeld had stepped on the Piazzetta, and were about to pass around the column with the winged lion, the coat of arms of Venice, when from the Riva degli Schiavoni a gentleman entered the square, at sight of whom Hella's heart stood still. To escape was out of the question; she could only bend down her head and busy herself with a fold of her gown, in the hope of thus hiding her face from the stranger. Perhaps she could succeed in making her way to the court-house, and then, mixing with the crowd, might reach the protecting shelter of the hotel.

"Look to the left, Schönfeld!—for goodness' sake look to the left!" whispered the Princess to the astonished Baroness, who had not noticed the gentleman.

Stetten, who had remained behind to settle with the gondolier, sprang lightly up the steps and was going to follow the ladies; but before he had turned the pillar, a loud, cheerful voice made him halt.

"By all that is wonderful, Rheinstetten, is it really you, or is it your ghost I am beholding? And what brings you here in this whirl of stones and water, water and stones?"

The meeting was evidently undesired by the young man; he knitted his brows and gave an impatient stamp with his foot, but commanded himself sufficiently to answer politely:

"A whim, Sir Count, a trick of chance, whichever you choose."

Thus saying he tried to hasten forward, in order not to let the ladies out of sight. If he hoped to shake off his questioner by this short answer, he found himself disappointed. The stranger, a low-sized, elderly gentleman, with ruddy complexion and grey hair, kept at his side.

"Now, thank God that you have whims, my dear young man, otherwise you might be taken for a terrible example of strict virtue," he said, with a good-humored laugh. "I picture you to myself as being quietly at home, and setting up all sorts of institutions on your estates for the improvement of humanity; and instead of that a mere whim brings you to Venice. You should often—but what is this?" he broke off suddenly. "Do my eyes deceive me, or—?"

The two gentlemen had meanwhile caught up to the ladies. Count Frederick Burgsdorf—for the unexpected disturber was no less a personage—stopped short in the middle of his sentence, and looked questioningly from one to the other. Fräulein von Schönfeld felt as if she would faint beneath that look.

Stetten, who understood neither the evident amazement of the Count nor the sudden pallor that overspread Hella's cheeks, turned entreatingly to the latter

* Ibid.

and asked: "Will you permit me to introduce you?"

"To introduce us!" blurted out the elder gentleman. "That would be a pretty performance. How came you here, Hella? Speak!"

The Princess dropped the arm of her companion, which she had seized in her first alarm, and walked up to the Count, saying, in a trembling voice, "I will explain all to you, Uncle Fritz; only I beg of you not to create a scene here. The Professor—"

"Do you mean this man?" and a loud laugh burst from the Count.

Princess Hella nodded.

"Hm!" said the Count, measuring the man so designated from head to foot. "Hm! Professor! Not bad by any means. The best thing to do, children, is to introduce you regularly to each other: Leopold Count Rheinstetten, the son of the dearest friend of my young days, my niece, Princess Helena von Hohenstein-Bedburg; Fräulein von Schönfeld, her maid of honor."

The eyes of the young Count and of the Princess met, first with a timid hesitation, and then with a bright flash.

"What am I to think?" resumed Count Burgsdorf. "Are you acquainted or are you not?"

"I certainly have had the pleasure of knowing her Highness, although not under her true name," said the young man.

"And it seems that you have been playing the same game, Rheinstetten. A pretty story that, and I would like to know what Serenissima will say to it. But I do not yet know how you happen to be here, Hella. I thought that you were safely housed with Louisa Aldringen, and I find you here on the Piazzetta of Venice."

"I will confess all to you, Uncle Fritz; but you must promise me not to be angry," begged Hella, looking up at him with eyes that beamed with pleasure.

"Do you hear that, my young friend? As if I had ever been a monster, and was not at all times prepared for the thousand and one unexpected freaks of my madcap ward! But now, Hella, since I find you in such good company—and I have the fullest confidence in Rheinstetten,—I promise you amnesty; although I have a shrewd suspicion that some mad prank is concealed behind all this. From you, the *enfant terrible*, I might have expected such a thing; but Fräulein von Schönfeld!"

He cast a reproachful look on the duenna, who actually seemed to shrink under the weight of this silent charge.

"Fräulein von Schönfeld is entirely blameless," remarked Princess Hella. "I literally forced her to obey my will."

"Perhaps—but where is Weller?"

"In Salzburg," answered Hella, in a whisper.

"And Backer?"

"In Salzburg also."

The old gentleman looked at her in surprise. "I see that there is a conspiracy here—a dark and well-contrived plot of high-treason. Take my arm please, Fräulein von Schönfeld; Rheinstetten may take charge of Hella; and as a punishment you will tell me the whole story in all its details. What do you think," he added, turning to the silent young pair, "of a glass of iced lemonade at the Florian? The heat and the excitement have made me terribly thirsty."

At one of the little tables in the Caffe Florian sat a party of four persons: Count Burgsdorf in lively conversation with Fräulein von Schönfeld, Hella and Rheinstetten only now and then edging in a word. When the lady of honor had given an account of the execution of the plan conceived in Hella's restless brain, she wound up by saying,

"Your Highness is not displeased with me, I hope? These three weeks have been the most terrible of my life. I have been in mortal terror all the time."

The Count raised his finger threateningly

at his grandniece, saying, "The whole business makes me feel as stupid as if a mill-wheel were turning around in my head. This I do know: that I, poor, tormented mortal, must enter the breach and let it appear that I came to Venice merely to please my pretty niece. Otherwise the Altdorfs would learn too much of the history; Princess Georgiana would go from one fainting fit into another, and would utter her 'shocking' in every tone of voice."

The Princess smiled gratefully on her grim uncle. She knew his weak side, and knew also how effectually he had always maintained her rights against her noble relatives.

Meanwhile twilight had settled on the earth. The gas chandelier was lighted and poured down on the wide square an abundance of dazzling light. Men of every nationality, of all ages and conditions, rambled about to the strains of the military band; whilst the moon, which was now almost full, stood over San Marco and cast its magic shimmer on the cupola and the moving picture at its feet.

"Let us go out and take the fresh air for a while," proposed Count Burgsdorf; "it is stifling in here."

"Shall it be a ride in a gondola?" suggested Rheinstetten, with an inquiring look toward the Princess.

"No, dear Rheinstetten," answered the Count, before his niece could reply. "I have no desire to be completely turned into an amphibian in my old days. I have already been in the wet element as much as I desire. I vote for a walk on the Molo, where one can at least breathe freely."

"Yes, Uncle Fritz; but how comes it that you are here in Venice at all?" asked Hella, rising and taking his arm.

"A-ha! wheedling pussy!" laughed he. "And is it only now you thought of that? You imagined that, like the *deus ex machina*, I suddenly appeared on the boards, in order at the proper time to give my bless—"

"Uncle!" exclaimed Hella, annoyed, attempting to drop his arm. But the old gentleman kept her to his side and easily appeased her.

"I say nothing, my child,—not so much as a word. But what is true is true. Leopold Rheinstetten is a splendid man, with somewhat exaggerated ideas, I admit, of the duties of the nobility, the responsibilities of the lords of the soil, and such like things. Has not the Lord of Rheinstetten studied national economy and the natural sciences, and established on his estate an agricultural school, an asylum for the orphan children of workmen, and God knows what else? His peculiar notions tend toward good; and Leopold is a nobleman who is the pride of his order, the protector of those that are in need, and a true father to his subjects."

Hella listened attentively without replying, but her eyes shone with a brightness quite unusual. Count Burgsdorf looked at his grandniece with an arch smile, and puckered up his lips as if he were going to whistle.

"But what I was about to say is," he resumed, "that the hunting was poor in the Hinterriss; in the cold of last winter a great number of chamois perished. A couple of cloudy days, and a suspicious twitching in my left shoulder, did their part; so I made my adieus to the Duke, and thought of going quietly home. But when in Jenbach I found the weather so splendid that I was tempted to look across the Brenner; I came farther and farther, and finally I concluded that I could just as well go back to Grätz and Burgsdorf by a roundabout way through Venice as to go directly by Munich."

Whilst uncle and niece thus chatted freely—or, rather, the uncle did the talking—Fräulein von Schönfeld was exceedingly uncomfortable on the arm of Count Rheinstetten. She remembered only too well the uncivil answers that she had made to the despised schoolmaster, the

titles that she had bestowed on the supposed *roturier*. But he, with the grace of the accomplished cavalier and the refined tact of the gentleman, skilfully avoided all reference to these things; and, by gradually leading the conversation to persons and places with which they were both familiar, managed to set the unfortunate lady free from the ban that tortured her.

The two pairs were moving slowly along the Piazzetta toward the Molo and up the Riva degli Schiavoni. Again a bluish twilight spread its enchanting web near and far; again the silvery moonlight poured down in clear streams, and rested as a glory on the gigantic cupola of the Madonna della Salute, San Giorgio Maggiore, and the Dogana di Mare. Numberless gondolas were moving over the quiet, softly illuminated water. Each stroke of the oar seemed to sink in liquid gold, and to fling countless treasures up from the fairy depths of the lagoon. On the second bridge Count Burgsdorf stopped and awaited the other party, who had lagged in the rear..

"Well, dear Rheinstetten," he said, good-humoredly, "we shall to-day divide equally, and therefore let us change partners on our return. Besides, I do not really know at which hotel we must deliver our two runaways. Where have you established your tent, Hella?"

"In the Hotel Bauer San Moise, Uncle Fritz."

"See! see! the Hotel Bauer! I also stop at the Hotel Bauer. We might have met at the public table?"

"We never go to the public table."

"No? I thought you had become acquainted with Rheinstetten at the dinner table."

"Yes, in Schluderbach," and the young girl laughed a clear, silvery laugh. "That was quite a different *table d'hôte:* a genuine peasants' room, with guests who, drawn thither by the beauties of nature, remained for a time in the solitary valley. There we could sit down to table quietly; but here in Venice! No, Uncle Fritz, my boldness did not go quite that far. Nevertheless, we had a sufficiently bitter experience of the annoyance to which ladies unaccompanied may be subjected. I think that dreadful Baron from Saxony would not have ceased to persecute us even if I had told him my name."

"Evidently not," said Count Burgsdorf, dryly. "And why should he? The man would never believe that you spoke the truth and were really the lady whom you claimed to be; and it would hardly mend matters if he did believe it. The impudent fellow would have made capital out of the fact that a Princess von Hohenstein-Bedburg was found going about the world in search of adventures. Your name would be proclaimed on all the race-courses of Europe, and mentioned in all the clubs of the *jeunesse dorée*. No, Hella, even though you are of age, I will bring in a bill amongst the princes, and will vote that the reins be drawn tighter and a suitable jailer be provided for you. For the present Count Rheinstetten may take the disagreeable task, whilst I lecture Fräulein von Schönfeld for her part in your performance."

The two pairs had just begun to move again, when Hella started in alarm. "The Baron!" she whispered, almost inaudibly.

And in fact there stood the fellow at the balustrade of the bridge, with smiling impudence viewing the young lady through his opera-glasses. Suddenly he recognized Count Burgsdorf. The latter also had his attention called to the fellow by Fräulein von Schönfeld.

"Baron Schleusingen," he said to him, "unless I am mistaken?"

"I have the honor, Sir Count, and feel infinitely flattered that your Highness remembers me. Perhaps I may—"

"I regret very much, Sir Baron, that I can not continue our acquaintance. I am occupied in higher service here. You will permit me"—the old gentleman

turned with courtly politeness to Hella—"to present to you Baron Schleusingen, of Schleusheim. My grandniece, Princess Helena von Hohenstein-Bedburg. Fräulein von Schönfeld, her lady companion. Count Rheinstetten, my friend."

The surprised Baron could not utter a word. He bowed almost to the ground,—bowed a second time, and slunk away.

"He will not trouble us again," said Count Burgsdorf, laughing contentedly; "and next time he will look twice before accosting people. But, Hella, do you not think it is time for supper? We might take the meal together at the Bauer. What do you think of it, Rheinstetten?"

"If you permit it, Sir Count, and her Highness does not object, I shall be delighted."

"*En avant*, then. I am terribly hungry. Come, Fräulein von Schönfeld."

The party moved slowly along the Molo; and there, beneath the stars of Italy, with the whisperings of the moonlit waves as an accompaniment, Count Rheinstetten found the magical word. In a trembling voice he asked the Princess of Hohenstein-Bedburg whether she would not make up her mind to exchange her princely diadem for the coronet of a count, and make him happy by becoming his happy wife.

"I loved you almost from the first moment that I saw you," he said in conclusion. "And although I did struggle against my love in the beginning, it grew day by day, so as to become a part of my being. Had you not left Schluderbach so suddenly, I would have spoken then and there, and put my happiness in your hands. It is only to-day that I received a comforting letter from my mother, in answer to the despairing lines that I wrote to her then in the deepest sorrow, thinking that all my earthly happiness was blasted. That good mamma! She does not suspect that I have found it here again. May I hope, Pincess Hella?"

And Princess Hella, the poor orphan Princess, who had never known genuine love, looked her consent out of moist eyes.

"Hm! that was not the calculation, dear Leopold," said Count Burgsdorf, when two pairs of beaming eyes revealed the mystery to him.

"But, Uncle Fritz—" said Hella coaxingly, with such a pleading look that the old bachelor's heart warmed.

"Well, yes, I will try to secure for the Count the vacant position of task-master over a self-willed, whimsical Princess. And I think we may even now drink to the success of your undertaking, dear Leopold."

The glasses touched, and a warm hand-squeeze sealed the understanding between the two men. Hella looked with emotion from her beloved to her uncle; and Fräulein von Schönfeld shed tears of relief at the thought that the reckless enterprise of her young mistress was coming to such a happy termination.

"And now one thing more, Hella," said Burgsdorf. "We shall start for Grätz to-morrow—no protestations, my child. What must be, must be. You took leave of the Prince and Princess to visit Louisa Aldringen at Grätz, and you must make that visit above all things. Louisa does not need to know our secret, even though she should believe that in my old age I am weak enough to yield to every whim of my ward, and to go to Venice with her in summer. You, dear Rheinstetten, are to follow us in three days. Come, see, and conquer; and if you first win over cousin Aldringen, you may confidently trust your fate to the Serenissima. The Princess swears by Countess Louisa. I go along, of course, as a wooer to Altdorf. Does that suit, Hella?"

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear Uncle Fritz!" said she joyfully, throwing her arms around her guardian's neck.

"Now, all right, child: it was selfishness, nothing but selfishness. I was long since tired of my office, and am glad to place the responsibility of you in younger and better hands. Count Leopold is just the man."

A Burial at Night.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

SLOWLY behind yon rugged hill
The late moon fades, with silver glow;
The convent doves are sleeping still,
Each downy head 'neath wing of snow.

Sweet voices mingle with the night,
They float away upon the tide;
The cloister windows are alight,
And footsteps down the pathway glide.

Softly they pass, a noiseless train,
Grey-hooded, from the chapel door.
To call their youngest Death was fain;
She followed, to return no more.

Beside the grave a simple prayer,—
No sobs are heard, no tears are shed;
Though she was young and kind and fair,
No loving eulogy they said.

Like spirits grey they come and go;
The wind is hushed, the air is calm;
But through the shadows backward flow
The sweet notes of a joyous psalm.

Dawn treads upon the steps of Night;
Between them breaks a feathery cloud,
Clothing in garb of virgin white
The new-made grave as with a shroud.

Richelieu and the Conspiracy of Cinq-Mars.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

WHEN Richelieu lay stretched on the bed of death, and was being prepared to meet the Great Ruler of the universe, the officiating priest asked him if he forgave his enemies,—a question of more than the usual meaning at such a time and propounded to such a man. He replied that he had never had any but those of the State; and a proper study of his life forces us to credit the assertion. Among the many conspiracies against his power and life, that of Cinq-Mars was probably the most important, and it merits some attention; for the great statesman has been charged with pitiless cruelty toward a comparatively innocent and very interesting young man. The undoubtedly great poet, Victor Hugo, applying a more than poetical license to his usual political and social ruminations, would have us regard the Cardinal-Minister as a species of vampire in his conduct of this affair. "*Regardez touz; voilà l'homme rouge qui passe.*"* The librettists of Gounod's opera of "Cinq-Mars" lay most of the blame for the catastrophe of their hero upon Friar Joseph, the Cardinal's *alter ego;* ignoring the fact that the "Grey Cardinal" had died four years before the lamented event. Bulwer, who uses this conspiracy as the *motif d'action* of his impressive play of "Richelieu," is guilty of the same unpardonable anachronism. But perhaps we ought not to be surprised at such theatrical license. Have we not heard M. Scribe, the most celebrated operatic librettist of our day, on an occasion when he had not even the fancied excuse of dramatic exigency—namely, in his discourse of reception into the French Academy,—blame Molière, dead in 1673, for not having condemned the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, effected in 1685?

Henry, Marquis de Cinq-Mars, the second son of the Marshal d'Effiat, was admitted to the favor of Louis XIII. in 1640, and soon began to imagine himself a very great personage. He displayed considerable bravery in battle, but would study nothing, not even the art of war. He was simply a gallant, and spent most of his time, when not at court, with courtesans like Marion Delorme, and over the dice-box. Nevertheless, Cinq-Mars possessed what in a man of more elevated character would have been ambition; he fancied that Richelieu alone stood between him and the

* Play of "Marion Delorme," last verse.

height of power. Fontrailles, who knew him well, tells us that one day, the Cardinal having had occasion to rebuke the youth's propensity to thrust himself forward (he was then but twenty years old), his vanity was deeply wounded, and he allowed himself to be drawn into the plots of the King's brother, the Duke of Orleans, and the Marshal-Duke de Bouillon, then contemplating the assassination of Richelieu.* M. de Thou, son of the historian, also entered into the conspiracy; why, was unknown, probably even to himself. He belonged to no party, and he does not appear to have been animated by any very great hatred of Richelieu. Possibly, reflects Sismondi, he found satisfaction in being styled the friend of him whom the King called his friend: of that Cinq-Mars, "whose beauty and elegance made him shine among women, but who had no similarities of taste or character with a student like De Thou."† Circumstances having compelled a postponement of the attempt to murder the Cardinal, the Duke de Bouillon resolved upon an offensive alliance with the Spanish Government, and Cinq-Mars undertook to complete its arrangements. Sismondi, who is by no means partial to Richelieu, draws attention to the criminality of this conspiracy, "so contrary to the laws of honor, as well as to those of every civilized people." In January, 1642, Louis XIII. and his Cardinal-Minister headed their troops for an attack on Catalonia; but his Eminence was soon forced by illness to leave the army. Gaston d'Orleans remained at Blois; Bouillon was with the army operating in Italy, but Cinq-Mars managed to be in attendance on the King. Louis was now also seized by a dangerous sickness; and when at Narbonne, in June, he, as well as the Cardinal, was thought to be at the point of death. On the 10th his Majesty received, by the hands of Chavigny, a secretary of state, a dispatch from Richelieu. It was the agreement entered into by Fontrailles, a confident of Cinq-Mars, with the Spanish cabinet, in the name of the Duke of Orleans. According to this document, signed on March 13, the Duke de Bouillon and Cinq-Mars were to join the Duke of Orleans at Sedan, there to open war on King Louis. King Philip IV. was to provide them with 10,000 infantry, and 5,000 cavalry, all veterans; he was also to furnish a park of artillery, munitions of war, and 400,000 scudi that Orleans might hire more troops. The Spanish monarch also engaged to settle upon the Duke of Orleans an annual pension of 144,000 scudi; upon Bouillon and Cinq-Mars, 40,000 ducats a year each; and to pay 100,000 francs a month to the rebel soldiers. How Richelieu procured a copy of this compact is a mystery; Bulwer's episode of François, so theatrically proving that in the bright vocabulary of youth there is no such word as "fail," is pure imagination. Bazin not without reason conjectures that the Spanish cabinet, perceiving that its French accomplices showed no sign of action, itself betrayed its associates in crime, in order to change their vacillation into desperation, and thus precipitate a movement.* Be this as it may, King Louis at once gave orders for the arrest of the conspirators. The Duke of Orleans tergiversated somewhat when examined, but in the main he admitted what was most criminal in the charges, striving, however, to exhibit his accomplices as more culpable than himself.

Cinq-Mars, De Bouillon, and De Thou were interrogated separately. Cinq-Mars admitted his guilt, even volunteering details of the conspiracy. Bouillon did not deny the charges, but pleaded in extenuation that he had opposed the treaty with Spain. De Thou insisted that he knew nothing of this agreement until it had been

* "Relation de Fontrailles."

† "Histoire des Français," Vol. XXIII

* "Histoire de France sous Louis XIII." Vol. IV.

perfected; and that he did not reveal its existence, merely because he deemed its accomplishment impossible, and because he hesitated to so foully asperse the reputation of a sovereign prince, of a brother of his own King, and of a royal favorite. When the accused were informed that they should expect a sentence of death, De Thou said to Cinq-Mars: "Well, my lord, humanly speaking, I have a right to complain of you: you are the cause of my death; but God knows how well I love you. So let us die bravely, my lord, and merit Paradise." From the moment of their condemnation until they received the fatal blow, the demeanor of both Cinq-Mars and De Thou was noble and religious; indeed, it was so impressively edifying that it inspired the public with a pity which resulted in the transformation of these criminals, in the popular mind, into devoted patriots. But, as Sismondi avows, they themselves manifested a less exalted idea of their mission. They confessed their crime, and begged pardon for it from God and the King; "they attempted no justification by any principle of patriotism or by any sentiment of duty; and, in fact, their design to assassinate the aged Cardinal and Prime Minister, and to introduce the army of a powerful enemy into their country, must be regarded as a crime. De Thou had no right to declare that he had never consented to the plot; for from its first initiation he had been the most active agent in fomenting it, even though he may have closed his ears whenever were broached its only possible issues—assassination and treason."*

It would be a gracious and a benevolent task to here transcribe the "faithful relation of the last words and actions of MM. de Cinq-Mars and de Thou, which I have acquired from those who saw and heard them. We may, without any derogation from justice, detest their crime and laud their repentance";* but our limited space bids us refer the curious student to the interesting monograph of Barthélemy on this subject.† The circumstances of their execution, sad at once and edifying, forced Henri Martin, the infallible authority of modern freethinkers in historical matters, and at the base of whose lately erected statue‡ Lecoy de la Marche would justly place the poet's protest against the lies of history,

"Et quidquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historiis,"

to make the following avowal: "At the supreme moment there was seen in these two men, Cinq-Mars and De Thou, that kind of transfiguration which hope and the approach of a better life operate even in natures of vulgar mould; and their Christian end, sustained by a noble resignation, and narrated to posterity in touching terms, has given rise to strange illusions concerning their lives. Severe history can not tolerate similar apotheoses. If Cinq-Mars was guilty, De Thou was not innocent: he must have known that high-treason, the calling in of the foreigner, was inevitably at the bottom of the plots in which he engaged, and into which he

* *Loc. cit.*—Cf. Bazin, Vol. IV., and the Trial of Cinq-Mars and De Thou in the "Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France," Vol. V., 2d Series.

* "Particularités Remarquées en la Mort de MM. Cinq-Mars et de Thou à Lyon, le 12 Septembre, 1642." ("Archives Curieuses," *loc. cit.*)

† "Erreurs et Mensonges Historiques," 7me Serie; Paris, 1884.

‡ "Not long ago many magistrates, notabilities of every category, and, I believe, even some members of the Institute, assembled at Saint-Quentin to incense the memory of this great falsifier, and to salute his statue. Once only saints and heroes were glorified in marble or bronze. This supreme homage, this protestation of humanity against death, which robs it of all its glories, extended itself only gradually to great personages of an ordinary sort—to princes, victorious soldiers, and political geniuses. But to-day we are prodigal of this honor to *célébrités de clocher*. Even at Paris notorieties of the third and fourth order have received this posthumous decoration, which threatens to become as common as the red ribbon given to the living. To render statues common is to depreciate them; but what should be said of the monstrous abuse of erecting on our public squares the statues of a corrupter of youth like

drew others. Thanks to him, France very nearly lost the fruit of twenty years of heroic labor. We may pity the imprudent one who allowed himself to be crushed under the wheels of the car of state, but we must not award him the palm of martyrdom."* When such is the admission of an able adversary, who would spare no effort to discover some justification for the charge of unnecessary severity against Richelieu, we may well agree with Fournier when he writes: "There is nothing but falsehood in the history of Cinq-Mars as it is generally received, ever since a successful romance falsified the truth. Tears, like laughter, disarm one. The romancist made people weep over the youth of Cinq-Mars, and they had no eyes for his crime; the conspirator of the alley, the favorite who sold France to Spain—in fine, the traitor, disappeared. All the declamations of sensitiveness have been dedicated to his commiseration; and every anathema has been hurled against Richelieu, whose rigor in this circumstance checked other plots, and saved France from intestine conspirators who were awaiting the foreign invader. This severity of Richelieu was impitiable; but even in regard to De Thou, whose complicity was not at all doubtful, it was just."

Richelieu often said that a traitor was never redeemed by impunity, whereas punishment rendered a thousand others wise;* and in his "Political Testament," which he left as a guide for the ruler of the State, the result of his own studies and profound experience, he wrote: "Severity toward those who glory in their contempt for the law is leniency toward the public. A ruler can be guilty of no greater crime against the public weal than by being indulgent to those who jeopardize it." Cinq-Mars and his companions were enemies of France; and, as the ruler of France, it was the duty of Richelieu to punish them. Circumstances might have influenced the Cardinal-Minister to pardon them, had their crime been directed against his own person alone; but the interest, aye, the very existence, of France was involved in the question of their fate. When the unfortunate Marchioness d'Effiat begged him to obtain the pardon of her son, Richelieu felt compelled to send the following inflexible reply: "If the culpability of your son consisted only in the many designs he formed for my destruction, I might so far forget myself as to now go to his assistance according to your desire; but since his treachery to the King has been of unimaginable extent, he going so far as to involve the prosperity of the State in favor of its enemies, I can in no way interfere in his affair as you beseech me to do. I pray God to console you." In fine, during his entire ministerial career, Richelieu so exercised his tremendous power of life and death, as to plainly evince that he was ever actuated by that spirit which justified him, on his death-bed, in saying, "I pray God to condemn me if I have ever had any other intention than the good of religion and of the realm."†

* "Histoire de France," Vol. XI.

* "Mercure Historique et Politique," for July, 1688.

† "Recit de ce qui s'est passé un peu avant la mort de M. le Cardinal de Richelieu, arrivée le jeudi, 4 decembre, 1642, sur le midi"; in the National Library, MSS., Fonds Dupuy, Vol. DXC. "Journal de ce qui s'est fait et passè à la maladie et à la mort de feu Mgr. de Richelieu," *ibi*, No. 3315.)

Diderot, of a mere rioter like Ledru Rollin, or of the men whom a party suddenly raises to the pinnacle of glory, and whom another party will more quickly cast down? Strictly speaking, we can pardon this *statuefication* in the case of men who have done nothing; for sometimes to have done nothing is a merit. But what honors should be accorded by honest men to those who have done evil? However, it is not the man of letters who is saluted in Henri Martin: it is the sectarian, the pronounced foe of Catholicism." (Lecoy de la Marche; "La Guerre aux Erreurs Historiques," p. 32, Paris, 1889.) We too are developing the mania for *statuefication;* and, alas! our public places already furnish shrines of Mazzini and Garibaldi. But gross ignorance may excuse those who subscribed for the erection of these monuments, and those who granted the necessary permission; whereas the case of Henri Martin admits of no such *quasi* apology.

Recollections of His Eminence Cardinal Manning.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

MY recollections of the dearly-loved Cardinal date back to Anglican days, when we young folk used to walk long distances to hear him preach,—to hear that silver voice teach us new and strange truths; for he was teaching us Catholic doctrines which we had never heard before. His first written words that I remember were in the form of an appeal to us at the time of the Irish famine in 1847. It was an earnest exhortation to spend Lent very strictly in a spirit of self-denial, and to let the fruits of that self-denial be given to the starving Irish. That was his first act of love and interest toward Ireland; and how faithfully did he persevere in that same path to the end of his life, always showing his deep concern in the interests of the country!

Then in those Anglican days he published "Sermons," which were indeed to us treasures of spiritual teaching such as we had never learned till then. At last the blow came—"Manning was gone over to Rome!" An invalid lady, to whom he had been the kindest of fathers, refused to see him again; and covered his "Sermons" with black, saying that to her he and they were dead. Some few followed his footsteps at once, and by degrees a good many more.

When I next met him he had been for some years a Catholic priest, and I myself was a Catholic. What a change had passed over him! Suffering had cut his face as with a chisel. Speaking to me of the distress incident to conversion, he said its anguish was such it could be endured only once in life. When I thought of all that he had given up—his pleasant home, his archdeaconry of Chichester, his crowds of friends and relations, the numbers who hung on his slightest word, the fair future of honor and advancement that lay before him,—I recalled some lines of Keble:

> Nay, rather steel thy melting heart
> To act the martyr's sternest part;
> To watch with firm, unshrinking eye
> Thy darling visions as they die,
> Till all bright hopes and hues of day
> Have melted into twilight gray.

This is what a convert feels at the moment of tearing asunder all the links that bind him to the past. Then he emerges into the sunshine, and finds a hundredfold more than he has left; and, in the words of a convert poet,* he can cry out:

> O Mother Church, my spirit's home, long sought and found at last!
> Safe in the shelter of thy arms I muse upon the past.
> Great was the struggle, fierce the strife, but wonderful the gain;
> For not one trial or one pang was sent or felt in vain.
> And every link of that long chain that led my soul to thee
> Remains a monument of all thy mercy wrought for me.

The winters for the first few years after his conversion were always spent in Rome. During the summer he came to England, and used to preach on Fridays at the Jesuit church in Farm Street, London, addressing his discourses especially to the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart. In that church he also heard confessions until he became rector of St. Mary's, Bayswater; and there established the Oblates of St. Charles, a branch of the Congregation founded by St. Charles Borromeo at Milan. His time was chiefly occupied with receiving Protestants into the Church; and I can well recollect Cardinal Wiseman's smile when, as a group of converts presented themselves in his private chapel at York Place for Confirmation, he would say: "Here is another of Dr. Manning's batches."

Among the many epitaphs that might justly be written upon Cardinal Manning's grave is that of a "lover of the poor." This rare grace was vouchsafed him: he

* Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

not only cared for the interests of the poor and needy, but he loved them, and they loved him. How few men have gone to their grave so bewailed, so sorrowed for, so embalmed in the memories of the poor! From the time he became Archbishop, in 1865, his one aim was to better the condition of the poorer classes in his diocese; and at the end of twenty-five years of his episcopate, he could point to the fact that the number of children attending Catholic schools had doubled from eleven thousand to twenty-two thousand. Never did he throw cold water upon any work for the poor; on the contrary, he would welcome any scheme that made for their amelioration, even though some of those schemes, to other men, might seem imprudent. He held that it was better to try and fail than to sit with hands folded and not try at all.

He was easily moved to enthusiasm; for under his calm exterior and deliberate judgment there burned in reality a strong fire of impassioned earnestness. He was exceedingly just in hearing both sides of a case, and would always take the part of the oppressed. For many years he wore out his strength in pleading the cause of the poor in different churches. Nor did he confine this to his own diocese: his "vacations" for a number of years were taken in the month of September, when his London work was a little less exacting than usual; and they were spent for the most part in the north of England, in pleading the cause of temperance or some other good work.

Thus it was that in 1884 he came to St. Helen's, in Lancashire, to speak in behalf of the Providence Hospital, then recently opened by the Sisters Poor Servants of the Mother of God, as a public free hospital; there being no other such institution then (or now) in the town. The Cardinal pleaded the cause of this hospital in the Church of Holy Cross, before a crowded congregation; and on the following day; at the opening of the new hospital, he addressed a meeting attended by many Protestants, who would not on the previous day enter the Catholic church.

St. Helen's is a manufacturing town of sixty-two thousand inhabitants, of whom sixteen thousand are Catholics. The town gave the Cardinal a grand reception: it was literally *en fête*. Flags and bunting were flying in all directions; shops were closed, and a universal holiday kept. The large space around the hospital was a sea of heads. It was a reception worthy of a Prince of the Church; and the Cardinal was greatly pleased, not from any personal motive, but because of his love and loyalty to Holy Church.

Another memory of him is connected with Rome in 1879. On St. Patrick's Day of that year he preached in the Franciscan Church of St. Isidore. The text was: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." It was a lovely Roman day; the church was crowded, and the sermon was listened to with intense interest. Among the throng were two pilgrims to the Eternal City. On the following St. Patrick's Day the younger of the two lay dying in London; and the Cardinal, always ready to visit the sick, came to see her. He was reminded how all three had been in St. Isidore's Church that day in the previous year,—he preaching, we listening. "Do you remember my text?" he said; and then he told the young invalid how she did not know why God was cutting short her bright and useful life, but she would know it all in eternity. Those who listened to him, and mourned the loss of that fair young life, have even on earth learned the meaning of that text, which in Rome was given to them as a warning and a prophecy.

The Cardinal's asceticism was well known. He seemed to be quite indifferent to food. I remember one day in Rome his faithful servant Newman, who always travelled with him, coming in great distress to know where he could get a plain seed-cake. "For *that*," said he, "I *can* get the Car-

dinal to eat sometimes; but I can not find it in any shop in Rome, and the Italian cooks do not seem to know what I mean." Some French nuns took great pains to supply this want.

The Cardinal loved to be present at any assembly where the poor were entertained; and he would make it a point to walk among them, and drink a cup of tea. To drink out of the same cup was afterward an object of competition among all the poor guests. We can see him now sitting under the shade of a mulberry-tree in a convent garden, his poor pressing all round him, while he told us the story of the transference of the body of Pius IX. from its temporary resting-place in St. Peter's to the place of sepulture which he himself had chosen in St. Lorenzo's Basilica outside the walls of Rome. Sad was his voice and mien when he related to us the insults of which that transfer had been the object, although it was accomplished at night in the quietest manner possible. Besides his devoted loyalty to the Sovereign Pontiff, he had a strong personal attachment to Pius IX.

It would be hard to say which work of charity was dearest to his heart, but perhaps the pre-eminence should be given to the education of children. Yet what tender interest he took in the fallen and the penitent! One of his last sermons (I do not think he was in the pulpit more than once or twice afterward) was preached in behalf of the Penitent Refuges, Percy Street, London; and Streatham, near London. It was one of the most beautiful appeals he ever made.

His interest in public affairs did not prevent him from showing sympathy with private sorrow or suffering. During the octave of his Jubilee, meeting an invalid religious in rather a breathless state at the head of the steep stone stairway that led up from the hall to the reception rooms, "Oh," exclaimed the Cardinal, "I am so sorry you came up! I would have come down to see you if I had known you were here." And the invalid had his time and attention, while the reception rooms were crowded with deputations.

The last time I saw him I was struck by his increasing physical weakness, and at the same time by his increasing (if I may so use the word) gifts of mind and soul. At all times it might be said of his emaciated body, it was but "a lamp to hold a soul"; but never were the words more true than on that August morning, 1891. He talked of his future plans for the regeneration of the poor and for the conquest of souls. When I asked after his health, he answered, with a smile, "I am eighty-three"; and he spoke of a work for souls then beginning in Paris,—how much it was needed, and what great good it would do in saving poor English, Irish, and American young women from the loss of their faith and innocence. That same day, although he was so feeble, he drove to the Crystal Palace to encourage by his presence the annual temperance *fête* of the League of the Cross.

He is gone now, ending his well-spent life by a holy death; received, we may not doubt, into heavenly habitations by a crowd of souls whom by his words, his efforts, his self-denial, his influence, he has saved forever. Strange was the fate that linked him in death with the amiable young Prince, the heir of a great nation. The proximity only served to bring out more fully the contrast,—one mourned by a nation because of his kingly birth and the high hopes set on him; the other because he was a king of hearts, a father of souls, a true and loyal Prince of the Holy Catholic Church.

THE educator is the destroyer if he always and only keeps his eyes open, and can not close them at the right moment.

NOTHING excellent was ever achieved without leisure for meditation.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE "TOUGH."

"THE individual perishes, the type remains." There are some types that ought to extirpate themselves; but the species is immutable, and to the end of time the type known as the "tough" will no doubt exist. As a noun, the name of this species is not in Worcester's Dictionary; but as an adjective we find "tough" described as callous, obdurate, stubborn; and the tough is all these—and more!

The English call a variation of this type a "cad." To be a cad is to be unutterably mean, selfish and insolent. The tough is all these and more. He is a hypocrite and a coward, because he pretends to be worse than he is for the sake of gaining the applause of those chosen spirits who aim to be tougher than himself. He is afraid to show any good quality, any desire for better things, any love for truth; he conceals any good that is in him, and displays only the bad. He turns all the flame of gaslight on his worst qualities. He may be physically courageous, but he is a moral coward. When he is young he swears outrageously, because the most eminent members of the group among whom he finds all his pleasure follow the newest fashions in blasphemy. One may see the embryo tough on a street corner, trying to seem to like the cigarettes he smokes, and making remarks on the passing people which his mother would blush and weep to hear.

For him the whole order of the world is reversed. He asks evil to be his good; he scoffs, he sneers at all good things; his life is occupied in trying to be as hideous, as nauseatingly impudent as his companions. The tough who dances "fancy steps" on the street corners in winter, with the double object of keeping warm and showing his familiarity with the variety stage, is of the same type as he who lounges at clubs, who drinks until he is blind and then boasts of it, and who cultivates a habitual tone of contempt for women.

There are classes of toughs. The "hoodlum" is of the lowest class, the cad of the highest; the one is not ashamed to steal, the other is,—that is the only distinction between the aristocratic tough and the plebeian tough. The one has no public opinion to fear, the other has.

When a young man begins to sneer at the venerable or the good, and tells lies about the vice he has wallowed in, in order to gain a footing with the vicious, he is beginning to "toughen": he will soon be a cad; when he lounges all day, and looks for a night of drinking as the end of existence, he is a tough. The first indications of either toughness or caddishness is a desire on the part of the young man to appear worse than he is. You remember the myth of Daphne. She was pursued by Apollo, and she prayed that she might be turned into a bay-tree. Various artists have represented her with the leaves sprouting from her fingers, and one sees the very act of transformation. It is so with the young tough: one can see the hardening process day by day,—the bay leaves, as it were, are seen springing from his fingers, the bark forms layer on layer, and in a short time all that is best in the young man has become hardened out of sight.

The boy begins to be a tough or a cad when he throws aside the lessons of the good, and chooses a prize-fighter or a variety actor as his model; when he tries to imitate the monsters of the detective stories, and lives in a dream of them all day long; when disobedience and disrespect cease to be bad, and become means by which he gains the applause of his "friends." When there is no toleration for the fretfulness of age in the youthful heart; when

good manners and kindly and gracious usages become things for laughter; when selfishness becomes the rule of life; when sisters are bullied and mothers outwardly despised,—then the tough begins to approach his prime. He sinks lower as he grows older. The vicious group he loved soon disperses or is dispersed; he feels himself different from those good people who were once his equals; he has degraded himself; and, worse than all, his contact with all vile things has so saturated him with vileness that he no longer desires to be other than vile.

The Source of Consolation.

"I do not know what I should have done but for prayer," once wrote a soul who belonged to that class of whom Longfellow says: "The Angel of Suffering has passed over them making the Sign of the Cross on their foreheads." How many of us find a response to these words in our own hearts! In prayer alone is true consolation to be found when the hand of affliction has touched us; the world offers many substitutes, but they are vain to still one throb of anguish. Music may bring rest to the weary mind, books may hush for a moment the voice of sorrow, pleasure may hold to our lips the cup of forgetfulness, and true friends may help us, making the burden seem lighter by their sympathy; but it is in prayer that we find the only real solace, the only heart-reaching comfort; in it alone is found that sustaining power which bids us "suffer and be strong."

Have you ever tried to offer expressions of condolence to one who had no faith in the efficacy of divine assistance? If you have, you must have realized then that it is only when words of comfort derive their force and sweetness from the source of all hope that they can assuage the pangs of grief. Bid a mother who kneels beside a beloved child cold in death, to go out into the world and forget her sorrow; do you speak the language of the heart? No. But lead her tenderly before the crucifix, and the hot tears become as prayers, saying what her lips can not frame: "Thy will be done!" And, lo! angels will come and minister to her grief, and a calm will follow the storm.

There are times in the life of everyone when the futility of all human comfort breaks upon us, and in the light of that realization we see the way that leads from the creature to the Creator. Poverty and all that it implies may bring this knowledge to us; and even if material aid be denied our prayer, there is awakened in the heart that which is better than riches—the spirit of content. It may be that calumny has been raised against us, or against those nearest and dearest to us, and all the world seems cold and thoughtless in our regard. We hear a note of suspicion in voices that were ever full of trust before. Then, in the bitterness of our Gethsemane, prayer alone can bring us consolation; it alone can sweeten the chalice held to our lips. Sickness and age may have laid hold of our members; the work which has been ours for so many years becomes the duty of others; we feel rather than hear a certain condescension in the words of those who once looked up to us; and where save in prayer shall we find comfort in a trial which is so hard to express in words and harder still to bear? Alas that this should be a secret to many who suffer thus! If we would but pray, a gleam of that light which, please God, will one day be ours, if only we persevere, would send its warmth and solace to our hearts, and we should realize that to be drawing near the end means but the dark hour just before the dawn.

Even to the young, the active, the hopeful, is prayer a necessary refuge; for there are times when our best efforts seem to be

vain; failure overwhelms us just as we reach out to grasp success; some misunderstanding alienates those upon whom our hearts lean; coldness meets our cordial advances; sadness takes possession of us, and "all we ask is to be left in sorrowful peace to our darkness and desolation." Well has Father Faber said: "Bereaved hearts, outraged hearts, hearts misunderstood, hearts that have broken with kith and kin and native place, and the grave of father and mother, are the hearts of God's predilection." And He knows them through prayer.

The Venerable Curé d'Ars, whose life was one of close union with God, says, "Prayer is a fragrant dew"; and again, "There flows from prayer a delicious sweetness." And how sorely our parched souls, made arid by the cares and sorrows of the world, need this dew, this "delicious sweetness!" Prayer is indeed our only real strength, our only consolation in our weariness and our trials. If we would seek comfort, let us seek it where alone it is to be found; and then, as Father Faber assures us, "we will feel God; we will lay hold of Him. His arm will be wound round us with a pressure which, when we have once felt it, we can never mistake for anything else."

The Marvels of Joazeiras.

A FOREIGN correspondent sends us the following account of the marvels which have lately caused so much excitement in Brazil:

It is reported on reliable authority that in the little village of Joazeiras, near the city of Crato, in the Bishopric of Ceará, Brazil, the sacramental Host has been changed into blood several times within a few months. The diocesan commission sent to Joazeiras to verify the facts, is said to possess documentary proofs which fully satisfy its demands. The wonder takes place during the Communion of an ecstactica named Maria de Aranjo.

In the last Communion given to her by the secretary of the commission, the Rev. Dr. Authero, the sacramental species took the regular and perfect form of a heart made of human flesh, from which blood and water was seen to flow, as from the Heart of our Divine Lord when opened by the lance on Calvary. The diocesan commission left this miraculous heart exposed in a glass case in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where, fifteen days after the miracle, it could be seen incorruptible and perfect as if an object of art. It is very small, scarcely an inch long, but so wondrously beautiful that no one can behold It without emotion, and feeling impelled to worship It.

A document presented to the commission contained the following statements made on oath, and signed by fifty-nine persons witnesses of what is related:

1. The stigmatization of Maria de Aranjo more than once, before several persons, including the Rev. Fathers Joaquim Sother d'Alencar, Cicero Baptista, and Manoel Candido dos Santos, curate of Bardalha. 2. The transformation of the sacramental Host into blood in the act of communicating the same Maria de Aranjo; the circumstances plainly showing that the blood proceeded from the sacramental species. This supernatural fact is not owing (as a journal of Ceará supposes) to hypnotic suggestion on the part of the Rev. Father Cicero Baptista to the communicant. She has been his penitent since she was nine years of age. The same marvel was repeated when other priests, from different dioceses, administered Holy Communion to her. It happened lately that the commissary of the diocesan Bishop having arrived in Joazeiras, the Sacred Host then given by Father Baptista to Maria de Aranjo remained intact and indissoluble, and impossible to consume, while the Host she received from the Episcopal Commis-

sary was changed into blood; so that the influence of Father Baptista disappeared completely, but the supernatural fact continued to show itself always the same, both in Joazeiras and in Crato, to which latter town the diocesan authority ordered the poor and humble Maria de Aranjo to be transferred.

On the 24th of last September, in the presence of a great concourse of people of every class, the Sacred Host was changed into blood at the Communion of Maria de Aranjo; and half an hour afterward she showed the marks of stigmatization. On that occasion Dr. Ignacio de Lonza Dias and Dr. Marcos Rodrigues Madeira, both medical doctors, examined attentively the state of Maria de Aranjo before, in the act of, and after receiving Communion, without finding the least trace of hypnotism, hysteria, or any other cause which could possibly explain the marvellous effects witnessed by all.

On the following day the Rev. Episcopal Commissary again gave Holy Communion to Maria de Aranjo, and again the Host turned into blood. The above mentioned doctors then administered to her a strong solution of per chloride of iron, with which they made her gargle her throat and wash her mouth and gums, to convince themselves that the flow of blood was not caused by hemorrhage from any of the capillary vessels of the tongue. They then requested that Holy Communion be again offered to her; but the Sacred Host took the form of a heart as before, and the blood that flowed from It was more vivid and redder than that of the previous transformation. This marvel was witnessed by numerous spectators.

MISHAPS are like knives, that either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle.

BE sure no falsehood perishes, but is as seed sown out to grow.—*Carlyle.*

Notes and Remarks.

Ordinaries of those dioceses throughout the Catholic world in which the influenza, or *la grippe*, is prevalent, have been empowered by our Holy Father Leo XIII. to dispense the faithful under their jurisdiction from the obligation of fasting and abstinence; and this for as long a period as, in the interests of public health, the ordinaries shall deem advisable. As to the scope of the dispensation, it may vary in different dioceses according as the bishops think proper to modify or limit the exemption. In dioceses where the dispensation is simply "from fasting and abstinence until further notice," there exists no obligation to fast or abstain on any day or in any season, —one may take three meals a day all through Lent and eat meat on Fridays. It goes without saying that, in according this privilege, the Pope desires that the faithful shall substitute additional earnestness in prayer, the reception of the Sacraments, almsgiving, and other works of Christian piety. In dispensing us from fast and abstinence, he wishes us to follow the counsel of the Prophet: "Rend your hearts and not your garments, and turn to the Lord your God." While many Catholics will undoubtedly refuse to avail themselves of the privilege granted to them—will continue their fasting and their Friday abstinence,—it is well to remember that interior mortification is a much severer test of genuine virtue. Abstinence from all kinds of detraction, for instance, probably costs the average Christian more than does the abstaining from flesh-meat; and if a satisfied stomach tends to increase the fraternal charity of our readers, we advise them to placate their stomachs and bridle their tongues.

We learn from the "Report" of the Commission for Catholic Missions among the Negroes and the Indians that there has been an almost steady falling off in the contributions during the past five years. This is greatly to be regretted; for through the aid extended the Commission, churches, schools and hospitals are founded, and the religious needs of a comparatively neglected portion of the

Lord's vineyard provided for. It is true, indeed, that, in spite of many difficulties, missionary work among the Negroes and Indians has been attended with much success. There are at present 21 churches exclusively for the colored people, and 34 priests exclusively devoted to their service; 115 schools, with an attendance of over 8,000 pupils; 6 orphan asylums, 1 foundling asylum, 2 hospitals, 1 industrial school, 1 guild, 1 academy, 1 home for the aged; finally, 1 seminary and 1 preparatory college for the training of candidates for the priesthood, who are to devote themselves to the negro missions. For the Indians there are 87 churches and 63 priests, 78 schools and 4,226 pupils. It will be seen that much remains to be done, and for this the Commission needs every encouragement in the shape of moral and financial support. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons is the chairman of the Commission; and the Rev. E. R. Dyer, S. S., is the efficient secretary.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's play, "The Broken Seal," whose production in New York has of late given rise to considerable discussion in the secular and the religious press, is the same drama that we warned our readers against about a year ago. At that time it was running in London under the title "The Village Priest." A leading character whose heroism (!) consists in violating the seal of confession can scarcely be expected to appeal strongly to Catholics, who would unanimously brand his counterpart in real life, could such an anomaly be found, as the greatest monster that ever lived. "The Broken Seal" is an excellent drama for Catholics to discountenance by withholding from it their patronage.

On the 7th inst. the Rev. Joseph Bayma, one of the most learned members of the Society of Jesus in America, died at Santa Clara College, California, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was a native of Turin, and for upward of fifty-five years had been connected with the leading educational institutions of his Order in various parts of the world. After his ordination in 1843, he held the position of lecturer in the Roman College. When the Jesuits were expelled from Italy by the revolutionists of 1848, he went to France, whence in 1852 he was sent to England as professor of philosophy at Stonyhurst. There he wrote his "Course of Philosophy," and also a "Treatise on Molecular Mechanics," which was highly praised and studied at Oxford and Cambridge. In 1869 he was entrusted with the charge of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco; and in 1880 was assigned to a professorship in Santa Clara College. Father Bayma was looked upon as one of the leading mathematicians of the country, and was often consulted by eminent scientists. To deep learning and literary ability he united sincere piety and zeal for religion, and made that good use of his God-given talents for which the faithful servant was commended. May he rest in peace!

Two anchors, probably the oldest in America, are to be on exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition,—one of them dating back to the fifteenth century, the other to the sixteenth. The first was found in Hayti, formerly Hispaniola, by a commissioner who was sent out for the purpose of procuring Columbian relics in the West Indies. The other had lain for centuries imbedded in mud on the Ozema river, near the house of Don Diego Columbus, eldest son of the great discoverer.

The *Sacred Heart Review*, of Cambridge, Mass., purposes erecting a monument to Columbus at Old Isabella, in Santo Domingo. The committee having the matter in charge will probably sail about the middle of March; and thus, says the *Review*, "Boston will have the honor of inaugurating the series of public observances to the memory of Columbus which are to mark this great quadro-centennial year."

Mozart has at last assumed his right place as the king of composers in the musical circles of the world. The recent centenary of his birth proved that. There was a time when the ultra-æsthetes shrugged their shoulders, and said that Mozart was in music, like Murillo in art, out of fashion. But both Mozart and Murillo are holding their own. Among the slurs made on the music as taught in con-

vent schools was the charge of "too much Mozart." He was not modern enough: Berlioz, Dvorak, Wagner, must drive him out But all that has been changed; and not long ago we had the pleasure of listening to a concert at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, which, as it was not made up of "tone-poems" of Berlioz and "scarlet suggestions" of Dvorak, might have been considered old-fashioned five years ago. But to-day the best musical taste is with the convents; the fashion has come to them; and at this *musicale* the old and the new schools, the solid and the brilliant, the German and the Italian, were so well combined that the composer of "Aïda" would have found his ideals realized.

The Rev. Michael A. Wallace, LL. D., rector of St. Michael's Church, Providence, R. I., who died at Newport on the 9th inst., was the oldest priest in the diocese, being in the seventieth year of his age and the forty-seventh of his ordination. The enfeebled state of his health for the past few years necessitated his retirement from active work in the great parish which had grown and prospered under his administration for more than a quarter of a century. Prior to his appointment to St. Michael's Church in 1864, he had labored on the missions among the Indians of the North. Dr. Wallace was possessed of a kindly disposition and indefatigable zeal, and was greatly beloved by his fellow-priests and the faithful to whose spiritual wants he ministered. *R. I. P.*

As a companion piece to the extract from Mr. Gladstone's letter on Cardinal Manning, quoted in these columns last week, the following paragraph will prove of interest. It is from Father John Morris' delightful paper, "The Cardinal Archbishop," in the current issue of *The Month:*

"Mr. Gladstone is sometimes said to have drawn near to the Catholic Church, and then to have fallen back again. Such was in no way Cardinal Manning's view. He did not think that Mr. Gladstone had ever been nearer to the Church in his convictions than he is now; and nothing was more certain to him than the perfect sincerity and complete good faith of his friend of many years, even in the hardest things said by him at one time against the Catholic religion."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —Heb., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. A. Hattenberger, of the Diocese of Dubuque, for many years the devoted chaplain of St. Joseph's Convent in that city; the Rev. W. M. Fleming, the beloved rector of St. Aloysius' Church, Newark, N. J.; the Rev. G. C. Thibau, a worthy priest of the Archdiocese of Oregon; and the Rev. Terence Molloy, of Lenox, Iowa, whose death resulted from exposure at a sick call,—all lately deceased.

Sister John Baptist, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Louis, Mo.; Sister Mary Rochus, of the Sisters of St. Francis, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Sister M. Pius, O. S. D., San Rafael, Cal., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Michael Renihan, of Davenport, Iowa, whose happy death took place on the 2d ult.

Mrs. Rose A. Shaw, who died a holy death on the 23d ult., at Bay City, Mich.

Mr. James Murray, of Burlington, Vt., who departed this life on the 18th ult.

Mrs. Mary Dutton, who passed away on the 15th inst., at Janesville, Wis.

Mr. Michael Burns, of Columbus, Ohio, whose life closed peacefully on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Ellen Maher, whose edifying death occurred on the 9th ult., at Sharon, Mass.

Mrs. William Mooney, of Boston, Mass., who piously breathed her last on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Anna Nolan, whose good life was crowned with a happy death on the 23d ult., at Reading, Pa.

Mr. D. Weiler, of Columbus, Ohio; Mr. Edward Lacy and Lawrence Barrett, Newport, Ky.; Mrs Genereuse Corneille, Academy, Ind.; Mrs. A. Clark, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Anna Feely, Mr. William Sullivan, Mr. Matthias Roach, Mr. William Luby, and Mr. Patrick Welsh,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. John Welsh, Cincinnati, Ohio; Anna Cadden, Rebecca Cavanaugh, and Mrs. Ellen Barden, Philadelphia, Pa.; Hugh Marion, Trenton, N. J.; John O'Keefe, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Brophy, Sacramento, Cal.; Thomas Loughlin, Clarion, Iowa; John L. Miles, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Sylvester Keegan, Adams, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Egan and Miss Anna Marr, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Cavanaugh, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Mary Hughes, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Michael McMahon, Cohoes, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Geary, Mrs. Mary Conners, and Mrs. Mary Cronan, Lexington, Ky.; Mr. Patrick Quinlan, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. M. Power, Bride Park, Co. Cork, also Mr. and Mrs. Peter McGoven, Co. Cavan, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

He Sees.

I.

WHEN Jesus, dear children, was here among men,
Where 'tis ever His pleasure to be,
He said to the multitude gathered around:
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
In blessing He laid a soft hand on each head,
As they clustered about at His knee;
He looked in their eyes, and deep down to each heart,—
Oh, how kind, yet how piercing that look!
He smiled then in love at the story so sweet
That He read in each soul as a book;
For pure as a snow-drift those little ones were,
And clear as the bright mountain brook.

II.

Suppose that our Saviour were close to us now,
And He called you to stand by His knee;
Suppose He should look deep down in your eyes,
Would He smile at the heart He would see?
Are gentleness, kindness, and truth found therein?
Is it pure as an angel's might be?
Ah! Jesus, dear children, is here among men,
As He was in the ages of old;
He calls you to come, and He looks in your eyes
All the depths of your heart to behold.
He dwells on the altar: draw near, then, with love,
That He may His rich blessings unfold.

EVERY duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—*Ruskin.*

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IX.—MOLLY.

KNOWING that Mr. Spinks had returned, the bound girl put her fingers to her lips, and looked cautiously about her.

"I am going to run away when I can, and join a circus. They took me out of an orphan asylum, and I am bound to them; though I shall not stay here. But they watch me so close that I can't get off. Just as the ice got hard on the river, and I thought I could walk across, a thaw came, and I was kept from going."

"It is wrong to run away from a good home," said Reginald.

The little girl looked at him keenly. "You look as if you had run away from home yourself. You're a city boy,—I can see that. You have store clothes on."

Reginald blushed. "Ah!" he said, "if I had a good home once more, I'd never, never leave it."

"Oh, boys are always doing strange things!" said the little girl. "I don't like boys. They're no use. They have to be waited on all the time; and they pull your hair, and call names after you. I just hate 'em. Sometimes, when I have to go to the store, they call me 'almshouse girl.' I

used to cry, and that made them do it more. They have no feelings—boys! I think they all ought to be put in prison. And I never was in an almshouse. I was always a respectable orphan, whose parents died young; and I expect some day that I'll turn out to be a long-lost child, like the Maiden of the Forest. Say, did you ever read the 'Maiden of the Forest'?" she asked, growing excited.

"No," replied Reginald.

"Is it anything like 'Osceola the Seminole'?" asked Miles, eagerly. "The Indians come up, and they see a herd of buffalo; and one Indian tries to tomahawk his brother, who is disguised as a whiteman, and then—"

"No," said the bound girl, interrupting. "The real name of the Maiden of the Forest is Elmira. She is a Dookess, but nobody knows she is a Dookess, except Ju-pi-ta (I always have to spell that name). And Ju-pi-ta hides her in the dark woods, to escape the machineryations of her hated uncle, who had hidden her money in an old vault; and then Elmira was lost and never found, until the Dook, who was the Dago of Wenice—"

"Who?" asked Miles, puzzled.

"Oh," said the bound girl, impatiently, "*don't* you understand? Stoopid! The Dago of Wenice was the father of Elmira; and he suspicioned that the wicked Ju-pi-ta—"

"Why was she wicked?" said Reginald, who was becoming interested.

"Stoopid! Don't you know she wasn't wicked: the Dago only suspicioned it."

"Who was the Dago?" went on Miles.

"Oh, my!" cried the girl, stamping impatiently.

"She means the Dog of Venice; he was a king, or something or other," said Reginald.

"Why was he called the dog?" demanded Miles.

"Oh, don't you know, he spelled it d-o-g-e!" said Reginald.

"A queer way to spell dog!" said Miles, disgusted. "I should call it doggie, if I spelt it with an *e*. But then Osceola recognized his brother, disguised as a whiteman; and he remembered the scalp his brother wore, because it was a scalp his grandfather had taken in a war with the Blackfeet, and the tears ran down his stoycal countinyence."

"What's that?" asked the bound girl, giggling.

"The book says so," said Miles, angrily. "And then Osceola says, says he, 'I recognize one whom I knew in infancy.' And then the disguised brother throws off his whitewash—he was painted to be a whiteman,—and he takes off his hat, and then—"

"Elmira lives in the forest for twelve years," cut in the bound girl rapidly, addressing herself to Reginald; "and she becomes so transhendently beautiful that even the denizens of the forest—that's an animal like a porcupine—"

"Did you ever see a porcupine?" asked Miles, jeeringly.

"No," said the bound girl; "but I saw a persimmon. They're good to eat, and—"

Miles burst into laughter. "She means an opossum!" he said. "A persimmon! Ha! ha! ha!"

The bound girl's eyes flashed. "I hate boys!" she said. "They don't know anything, and they don't *want* to know anything. I'll tell you the rest of the story about the Dookess some other time," she added, turning to Reginald. "You are a new kind of boy: you keep your finger nails clean. All I want to say is now that I expect to turn out to be a long-lost dookess, like Elmira. And then sha'n't I take it out of *them!*"—she shook her fist at the house. "All I want to say is that you'd better not stay here. As long as you are only boarders, and he doesn't adopt you, you're all right. But if he adopts you, you're gone!"

Reginald turned pale, but was silent. Miles looked anxious.

The little girl went on, in a whisper: "*She* thinks I am looking for eggs in the barn here; but, as you see, I'm just resting a bit. *She* gets me up at four o'clock in the morning,—this morning I washed till dinner-time. She makes me do the neighbors' washing when I have none of her own to do. Just look!"

The little girl stretched out her hands; they were rough and red, and scarred in many places.

"That's a burn," she said. "I did that with the wash boiler. It's very hard to lift: it nearly kills me. And I didn't have anything to eat until dinner-time. Sometimes," said the little girl, with a sigh, "I almost wish I was dead. Nobody cares for me; it's work, work, work! 'Molly' here and 'Molly' there. They're just slave-drivers, that's all! And I wish I had a home. If I only had a home, I assure you I wouldn't care whether I was a long-lost dookess or not."

And the bound girl began to cry, the tears running down her cheeks and making tracks in the brickdust.

Reginald for the first time in his life forgot himself. "My aunt always wanted a little girl for a companion," he said. "You can come home and live with us, if you wish. Auntie will take the best care of you."

He remembered then that he had no home, and his heart sank.

"Does Mrs. Spinks whip you?" asked Miles, deeply interested.

"Oh, doesn't she? And doesn't he? Who-o-o-o!" Here the bound girl whistled.

Reginald was shocked. "You ought not to whistle," he said. "A nice girl should not whistle. Why, Aunt Danby wouldn't let *me* whistle!"

The little girl looked at him resentfully; then it dawned on her mind that Reginald probably knew more of the world than she did.

"Don't dookesses whistle?" she asked. "I wouldn't want to do anything that would make people think I was not a real dookess, in case I should be found out to be long-lost."

"I don't know," Reginald answered. "But I hope Mr. and Mrs. Spinks will not whip you again."

"Oh, that can't be helped!" the little girl said, sighing. "I suppose I'll have to stand it,—if it doesn't kill me. I used to put a piece of lead between my teeth and bite on it when he hit really hard; but I almost swallowed it one time, so I am afraid to have it now. Oh, here *he* comes! Let me go!"

Molly—for her name was Molly—wiped her face with the end of her train, looked about her anxiously, and ran back into the barn. The boys involuntarily stepped back out of the light that came in through the doorway.

"I'll strap that creature black and blue," they heard the farmer growl, "if I find her idling away her time. You Molly!" he called out. "You Molly! Beast! Lazy! I'll teach you!"

No reply.

"I'll find that strap!" he called. "I know your tricks, Molly. You've hidden the strap somewhere; but I'll find it. Do you hear me?"

"*I* hear you," said Miles, stepping into the light. "What do you want?"

"It's none of your business!" answered the man, frowning and shaking his fist. "I won't answer any questions in my own barn. I'm looking for that bound girl; and when I find her I'll not leave an unbroken bone in her body."

He peered about and left the place, uttering threats as he went. When his voice died away, Molly came out from the depths of hay. Her face was white, and she trembled all over.

"Weren't you afraid?" she asked, in surprise.

"Not at all!" answered Miles. "And you needn't be afraid either. Let him touch you! I'll settle him."

"You couldn't do anything," she said; "you're only a boy. But I am glad there is somebody that is not afraid of him. You mustn't interfere, though. If you do, it will only make him worse. I'll just have to stand it."

"Oh, let's leave this place!" exclaimed Reginald. "It's awful!"

"We can't," replied Miles, gloomily. "These people have our clothes."

"We can make a policeman come and force them—"

"We don't want to have anything to do with policemen. A policeman might tell Hans Gewitz where we are."

Reginald hung his head; how dreadful it all was!

"And, besides," said Miles, "I think we ought to stay here. Here's a little girl. She might be the kind of little girl Aunt Danby always wanted. She might be our little sister; and if she were, we couldn't leave her here with that man. Just think, she's never had a home!"

Tears stood in Reginald's eyes. "You're right, Miles," he said. "We'll do our best for her."

"Go!" Molly said, suddenly,—"go! he's coming back! He'll skin us all alive."

Miles hesitated, felt in his pocket, and took out one of those little metal statues of the Blessed Virgin.

"There!" he said. "You hold on to that and pray. It's better than lead, you'll find, if he whips you."

"What is it?" she asked, wonderingly. "I never saw anything like this before."

(To be continued.)

ALL devotion to the Mother of God springs from the "Hail Mary," as all harmony springs from the octave. A few notes are the element of all song, as the few words "Hail, full of grace!" are the element of all the love and veneration, the devotion and worship, of the Church for our Blessed Mother.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XVIII.—STORMS.

All that remained to Columbus of his little fleet was the tiny *Niña*,—the "Little Girl," who proved herself a truly good child before she saw Spain again. Some sailors were sent to her by Columbus, to bear the news of the disaster to Captain Vincent Pinzon, who promptly transferred the crew of the unfortunate flag-ship to his own vessel. As for the gallant *Santa Maria*, her voyages were over. No efforts availed to get her out of the drifting sands. The nearest cacique, or chief, who had already proved a true friend of the Admiral, showed the greatest sympathy, even shedding tears. His name was Guacanagari, and never was there a gentler savage known. He offered the services of his people to assist in unloading the imprisoned ship; and so honestly was it done that, much as the natives admired the belongings of the Spaniards, not even the value of a pin was stolen. The ship's timbers were used in the construction of a fort; and soon the rude walls of Fort Nativity arose, so called because it was upon the eve of the Nativity that the calamity happened.

Preparations were pushed for a return to Spain. A dinner was given the astonished cacique on the *Niña;* and a sham battle was fought, much to the astonishment and entertainment of the simple natives. Leaving thirty-eight men in charge of the Fort, with orders to pursue a certain line of action, the *Niña* spread her white wings and flew away.

They had been in the West Indies about three months. Before leaving the coast an encounter took place with some ferocious and unfriendly natives, in which the first blood was shed by whitemen in the Western World. Alas, that it was not the last!

That danger over, the *Niña* went on, and was joined by Martin Alonzo, who had plenty of false excuses to offer for his base desertion. Columbus believed just as many of them as he chose, but kept his own counsel.

The weather during the voyage west had been perfect; but now, after some fair days, a different sort came on, and the first bad result was the separation of the two vessels. This was another blow to the Admiral; for now the little *Niña* was all he could depend upon. In case she failed, he and the news of his discovery would be buried beneath the waves of the sea which he had crossed. As the storms increased instead of ceasing, he wrote on parchment an account of his voyage, put it in a sealed cask and threw it overboard. It danced on the crest of a billow for a moment, then was carried far away. As a further precaution, he made another copy of his report and nailed it to a mast. If the ship was wrecked, the mast might float ashore and tell its story.

Then food grew scarce, being only bread, wine, and red peppers at best; and the caravel leaked like a sieve. The Admiral knew that only a miracle could save them; and, as became a good Catholic of the ages of faith, he suggested that the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the saints be invoked.

The childlike trust of the period is illustrated by the course taken on board the storm-tossed *Niña*. A handful of beans, one of them marked with a cross, were placed in a sailor's cap. The one who drew the one which was marked was to bear a large candle of pure white wax to Our Lady of Guadaloupe. The marked bean fell to the Admiral. Again lots were drawn, to decide who should, if saved, visit the famous shrine of Our Lady of Loreto. A sailor from the town of Santa Maria was in that way chosen. Some of the sailors then begged that one of their number be selected to watch all night before the altar of Santa Clara of Moguer, and have a Mass of Thanksgiving offered there. Strange as it may seem, out of all those beans the Admiral again drew the marked one. After that the crew joined in a common vow to go together, barefooted, to the church nearest to them upon reaching the shore, to give thanks to Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin for their preservation.

After this the soul of Columbus was refreshed and encouraged; he took heart anew, and once more began to hope that he would see his little boys again, and tell to them, as well as to his sovereigns, the surprising story of that voyage, the like of which had never been heard of before.

XIX.—Home Again!

On the 17th of February they came with joy upon an unknown land; but finding no good harbor, they sent some sailors in a boat to learn where they were, and where they could find a landing-place. Again was the name of Our Lady woven into the fortunes of Columbus. The men reported that they were off the island of Santa Maria, one of the Azores. While the people on the beach ran as fast as they could to tell the news of the strange ship's arrival to the governor, the little *Niña* cast anchor in the port of San Lorenzo, three miles farther on. The Admiral had reason to remember the simple and hospitable savages of San Salvador; for the governor of this Portuguese possession, strange as it may seem, acted far more like a savage than they.

The first thought of Columbus was of that solemn vow of the *Niña's* crew; and seeing a small chapel at a distance, he sent one half the men to visit it without delay. They did not come back; and Columbus and the others, who were to visit the sanctuary in their turn, grew alarmed and went to find out what was the trouble. The mystery was quickly solved. The misguided governor had taken them prisoner; and Columbus was obliged to use much

persuasion, and finally threats, before they were released.

Again the *Niña* started, this time to encounter a cyclone; and again, in that time of dire peril, it was decided by lot who should make a pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Belt at Huelva. One hesitates to write it, for fear of being doubted—but it is true that it was again the Admiral who held the marked bean in his hand! Finally, the tempest abating, the *Niña*, shorn of her beauty, storm-beaten but still brave, staggered into port on the mainland of Portugal. The little bark had passed through her greatest perils "at the very door of home," as the Admiral's journal says. They could go no farther without repairs. It was not Spain's door at which they knocked, but it was better to trust King John than risk so much upon the sea again. The fishing people at the mouth of the Tagus could hardly believe their eyes when so small and frail a ship, with the marks of a long voyage upon it, came safely into harbor. Such weather, they said, no one had ever known; and the coast far and near was strewn with wrecks.

Columbus at once dispatched two messages,—one to his sovereigns announcing his arrival; one to King John, asking for protection until the storms were over and his ship put in seaworthy trim. There was but one thing for King John to do. He smothered his jealousy and chagrin, gave assurances of his friendship, and invited Columbus to come to court while he was waiting. At Valle do Paraiso, then, behold our Admiral! He was received as became his rank and achievements. Ten years before that he had left Portugal by stealth—a man opposed, misunderstood, and smarting under a mortifying indebtedness; now he was an honored guest of the sovereign who had used him so ill. This was the first sip of the cup of triumph; and the Admiral, being human, though so great and good, doubtless enjoyed it with a thankful heart.

After a visit paid the Queen, he said farewell. When, the weather being favorable, the *Niña* was about to sail, two gaily equipped mules arrived from the royal stables, with a suggestion from the King that Columbus and his pilot should make the voyage overland. Some think that there was a plot in this; that if the brave Admiral had accepted the advice and the mules, he would never have seen his little boys and Spain again. But all danger from the treachery of the King, if any were contemplated, was put out of the question by the polite refusal of Columbus, and the sailing of the *Niña* with the Admiral of the Ocean Sea on board.

And now all thoughts were of home. Friday was ever a good day for Columbus; and on Friday, the 15th of March, the shore became familiar, and before long the white walls of Santa Maria de la Rabida came into view. Up went the royal standard and the banner of the green cross; and at noon, like a sea-gull flying slowly home, with a brave spirit and a broken wing, the *Niña* sailed into the harbor of Palos.

(To be continued.)

Conrad and the Stork.

In the extreme northern part of Europe, where winter is long and summer but a brief space, there is a certain village, and in that village is a picturesque little church in whose outside decorations is carved the figure of a stork. When visitors inquire why such an unusual ornament is placed upon the sacred edifice, they are told the following story:

Once, a long while ago, there lived in the quiet village a poor widow and her little boy, whose name was Conrad. The child was very fond of all animals and birds, and loved with an especial fondness a stork which came to his mother's home

as regularly as the brief summer. Conrad made a pet of the visitor, and it knew his call, and would eat out of his hand. All summer it would stay in the north; but when the winds howled in the forests and the leaves fell from the trees, it always disappeared. All winter the mother and son would talk together of the stork, and wonder if it would return; and then some bright morning in the early summer, when the warm winds were blowing gently from the south, there would stand the stork, as if it had never been away at all, apparently very happy to be with its good friends again.

So the seasons came and went, and the stork grew to be an old and wise bird, and the little Conrad a tall young fellow, old enough to go to sea. Then he became a sailor, as did all the young men of our small northern town, and sailed away to the south. After he had gone his mother loved the stork more fondly than ever; for it seemed a tie between her and the lad far away. And she treated it with greater kindness than before, so that it would stay longer in the autumn and come to her earlier in the summer.

Poor Conrad meanwhile was meeting with ill luck, and on a voyage off the coast of Africa was captured by pirates, who made him a slave; and so while the anxious mother was saying prayers for her absent sailor-boy he was loaded with chains and made to toil in the hot sun. After a while she gave him up for dead, and would have lost her reason, her neighbors said, but for the stork. For the sake of her lost son she continued to care for his feathered friend.

One day when poor, weary Conrad was toiling at his hard task, a stork flew to his feet; and he, for the sake of the stork he had loved in the far north, gave a whistle and held out his hand. The visitor nestled close to his side, and then he knew that it was his old friend, come to visit him in his captivity. "Thank God!" cried Conrad. "He has sent the stork to comfort me." Daily he fed it from his scant supply of food, and dreaded to have the time come when it would leave him friendless and alone once more. At last the heat became very great, and the stork showed by its actions that it must take its departure.

At the last moment Conrad had a happy thought. "If the stork is going to my mother," ran through his mind, "why can I not send her a message?" So he wrote a few lines, telling her of his captivity, and tied the paper fast to the stork's leg.

Summer came to the far northern home, and again the sight of the pet stork cheered the eyes of the sad widow. But what was that? "A letter," she cried, "tied fast to his leg!" and tore it open with trembling hands. "My Conrad is not dead," she screamed, rushing to the old clergyman, "but he is a slave! How can we redeem him?"—"We will begin," he answered, "by taking up a collection for him." And the next Sunday morning announced: "The collection this morning is to be devoted to redeeming Christian slaves from the hands of the Turks." How the coins poured into the basket! Every villager knew the story the stork brought, and contributed freely. Then the case was laid before the King, and soon a man-of-war was sent to convey the money for the ransom, and bring back Conrad to his happy mother.

Thus kindness to one of God's creatures brought a speedy and great reward; and the figure of a stork was carved upon the walls of the little village church, as a testimonial of the gratitude of the captive loosed from galling chains.

THE poet Rogers was fond of telling anecdotes about children, and his favorite was this: "Why does everyone love you so?" he asked one of his little friends. "Because I love everyone so much," she answered.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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St. Joseph.

BY JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

WHAT sweet dream-fancy led my spirit where
A noble temple crowned the snow-clad height?
Its clust'ring columns in the pearly light
Seemed wed to heaven's blue arch; the quiet air
Filled with pure spirits breathing praise and prayer.
Its inmost shrine held in an alcove bright
A kingly Patriarch in sceptred might,
Enthroned upon his arm an Infant fair.
"Winter," methought,—"with Spring, dear Royal Child."
E'en as I gazed, behold! the sceptre rod
Blossomed with lily-leaves, whose fragrance stilled
My heart to ecstasy;—the Infant smiled,
Then o'er my soul fell the pure peace of God,—
I knew St. Joseph and his Trust well filled.

A Devotion for American Catholics.

THE devotion of the Blue Scapular, or Scapular of the Immaculate Conception, is one that should be dear to the heart of all American Catholics. "Mary conceived without sin" is the Patroness of the United States, and a happy inspiration it was that consecrated them to her benign protection. This is the land of Mary Immaculate, and the Scapular that honors her sublime privilege should be the national badge of every Catholic who loves his country. Let us think for a few moments of all that this consecration signifies, and also to what it obliges us as Catholics and as patriots.

Our country—the promise of its future, its intelligence, its riches, its liberties, the integrity of its political and social life, the purity of its morals, the sanctity of its homes, the sobriety and virtue of its men, the honor of its women, the innocence of its children,—all have been confided to the Immaculate Heart of the Virgin Mother of our Redeemer. Does not this thought make our hearts beat high with new hope that a future of religion and morality is secure to us from the fact of her patronage alone?

But let us see whether this consecration to Mary Immaculate does not lay some obligation upon her children. Do we have recourse to her as we should? Do we invoke her in the special manner that befits her as our country's Patroness? Do we, indeed, pray for our country at all? Do we realize its grave dangers as well as we comprehend its marvellous promise? Do we feel the necessity for earnest prayer, that the former may be averted and the latter fulfilled? We need not fear that Mary will fail to do her part, but are we doing ours? It is the will of God that much, very much, should be dependent upon our prayers; and are we not tying Mary's hands

by our neglect of prayer for our country?

The dangers that threaten our country are insidious and powerful. True religion and Catholic morality are held and observed by only a small proportion of its inhabitants—one-sixth at the largest showing. Moreover, the air is full of evil influences tending to undermine them,—moral evils which assail us all, and errors in doctrine to which five-sixths of the people are a prey, and which are not without peril even to the faithful. We have but to name a few of these evils to appreciate their danger: intemperance, divorce, political corruption and business dishonesty, social evils, pauperism and crime, godless education, infidel literature, agnosticism and heresies, worldliness and greed of riches, enmities and strife between capital and labor, speculation, gambling and extravagance. There are, besides, dangers arising from conditions unfavorable to the growth of traditions of piety and purity,—conditions brought about by constantly shifting populations, indiscriminate immigration, and the necessity of letting our young people drift out into the world alone and unprotected to seek their fortunes. Many of these evils we share in common with all peoples, but many arise from our peculiar circumstances and temptations. They are American evils, or at least are felt here with exceptional force.

These and other evils are sources of national danger. But Mary Immaculate is our Patroness; God has willed it, and herein lies our hope. We may have been thoughtless and remiss in the past in our duty of prayer for our country; but a new year, which celebrates the fourth centenary of America's discovery, is a propitious time for a beginning. The ship that brought Columbus, the "Christ-bearer," to the shores of America was named the *Santa Maria*. And as a vessel consecrated to Holy Mary first brought the Cross of Christ and the light of the true Faith to the New World, so it is consecration to the same Immaculate Mother that will bring us to the most perfect fulfilment of a glorious destiny—an ideal civilization founded upon Christian morality and true religion. Let this year, then, find numbers of devout American Catholics united in prayer for their country's welfare, and honoring its blessed Patroness by wearing her colors in the Scapular of the Immaculate Conception; and then Heaven alone can measure the glorious result.

How will the devotion of the Blue Scapular forward our country's interests? We have seen that its dangers arise from two sources: a perverted moral standard, and erroneous opinions and skepticism in matters of faith. Now, let us examine the origin and aims of the devotion of the Blue Scapular, and see whether it does not furnish us with a remedy against these dangers.

The Blue Scapular is neither a new nor an unknown devotion. It is long established and richly indulgenced. The devotion was revealed, about three centuries ago, to a young girl, Blessed Ursula Benincasa. She was an orphan, living in Naples with a young brother and sister. They were very poor and suffered many hardships; still, with no one to guide or help them, the three children led together a most saintly and devoted life. Blessed Ursula was very devout to Mary Immaculate, and while toiling for her living was often rapt in ecstasy by visions of her Heavenly Mother. It was not long after the rise of Protestantism. Corruption of morals and errors of doctrine were laying waste the fairest possessions of the Church, when our Divine Lord appeared to this chosen soul, instructing her to wear the blue habit in honor of the Holy Trinity and Mary Immaculate, for the preservation of faith and purity; to pray ardently for the reformation of morals and extinction of heresies; and to found a religious order for these ends. She begged of Our Lord that devout people in the world might share in the benefits which He

promised to those wearing the blue habit, and was answered by a vision of angels scattering scapulars about the earth.

Inspired by the Holy Spirit, the young girl then went to Rome and presented herself before Pope Gregory XIII., saying that the world was being scourged for its sins, and urging men to penance and to devotion to Mary Immaculate. The Pontiff ordered St. Philip Neri to test her spirit, to see if there was any imposture. For seven months St. Philip exercised her in every sort of humiliation and trial; then he declared her mission to be from God, and she was permitted to found a congregation of Theatine nuns of the Immaculate Conception, whose special task should be to pray for the objects named by Our Lord.

The propagation of the Blue Scapular was confided to the great Theatine missionary, St. Andrew Avellino, famous for his two heroic vows: always to resist his own will, and always to do what was most perfect. The new devotion spread rapidly throughout the world, and it is from that bright period that Protestantism rather lost than gained ground in Europe; and that the beneficial results of the Catholic reform instituted by the Council of Trent began to be felt, and to produce in the Church one of the richest harvests of sanctity and glory she has ever known. Nearly two centuries later the devotion was revived as an antidote to the irreligion and lax morality of his times by one of the greatest saints of the Church, St. Alphonsus Liguori, founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer and a Doctor of the Church.

In the present century it has been especially recommended and propagated at two centres of Catholic faith and devotion, which have witnessed the greatest prodigies of divine favor accorded to modern times—Lourdes, and the miraculous altar of Notre Dame des Victoires. Thus throughout its history we find the Blue Scapular connected with great moral reforms, revivals of faith and movements of grace; and we see that the aim of its institution as given by Our Lord Himself was to avert the greatest evils that menace our country to-day, and to forward those objects that are most for its welfare; in other words, to bring about the reformation of morals and the spread of the true Faith,—the conversion of sinners and the extinction of errors.

We see now how well adapted this devotion is to our country's needs; but can we practise it without adding an unbearable burden to what we are already carrying? All that is required is simply the devout wearing of the Scapular in honor of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, and we need only add to this a special intention of honoring her more particularly as the Immaculate Patroness of our country. No vocal prayers whatever are attached to the devotion. Still, in order to gain the precious indulgences with which it is enriched, it is necessary, as the little Italian Manual of the Blue Scapular says, "to have the habit of praying from time to time, according to the spirit of the devotion, for the reformation of morals, the conversion of sinners, and the extinction of heresies."

What objects of prayer could be more appropriate to our country's needs, and what could be easier than to fulfil this obligation by including these intentions in our daily morning and evening prayers, for instance, or in some pious ejaculation familiar to us, that could be made without effort at any time or in any place, such as, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!" or the indulgenced aspiration, "Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us!" Those who have leisure for vocal prayers are recommended to say frequently the little chaplet of the Immaculate Conception, or Crown of Twelve Stars, composed by St. Andrew Avellino himself expressly for those who wear the Blue Scapular. These tiny chaplets of twelve beads can be easily

procured, but they are in nowise necessary to the devotion. Each may follow his own taste in satisfying the obligation.

Those of us who have little leisure for vocal prayer may pray for our country in an admirable way by joining the intentions of the Blue Scapular to the devotions we are already practising. Of course we all wear the Brown Scapular of Mt. Carmel,—*the* Scapular, properly speaking. The spirit of Carmel is one of intercessory prayer. Let us remember that every night from nine o'clock to eleven—those hours of temptation and danger to thousands of heedless souls—the nuns of Carmel are interceding in a special manner with the merciful God for the conversion of the sinful and the protection of the innocent. We can think of this when we kneel down to say our night prayers, especially on Saturday; for Saturday is the American holiday, the day when probably more sins are committed, more souls lost to religion and morality, than on all the other days of the week put together. Yet Saturday is also the day consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, and the day when many sinful souls are led back to God by the Sacrament of Penance. Remembering these things, let us unite with the Carmelites, in all whose prayers and good works we have a share, and send up a sigh for souls in peril in every portion of the land.

It may be that we belong to the Rosary Society. Well, the Rosary was especially revealed to St. Dominic as a powerful instrument of Heaven for destroying heresies and spreading true religion and morality—our very objects. Or perhaps we belong to the Sacred Heart Confraternity and the Apostleship of Prayer. What is their motto but "Thy kingdom come!" And is not the reign of Christian truth and morals what we desire for our beloved country? Have not all the societies to which we may belong been established not only for our individual good, but also for the good of the community in which we live, and so ultimately for the good of our country? The better each one of us is individually, the better our country will be for having such citizens; while the harder each one works and prays for the objects of his or her sodality or association, the nearer is the day when true religion and Christian morality shall be supreme in the land. There is hardly one of us who has not a distinct apostolic vocation in some one direction. Our religion is not for ourselves alone. We must bring the spirit of the Blue Scapular right down into everyday affairs.

We must, however, go further than this. True doctrine is the foundation of faith and morals. If we wish to work for the reform of morals and the destruction of error, our dearest study should be the teachings of the Church; not only for our own guidance in thought and conduct, but for our neighbor's sake as well. There is no one of us so humble but may be called upon to speak the words of Catholic truth. A number of instances come to our mind of wealthy and highly educated Protestant employers turning in anxious good faith to the obscure workman or the lowly servant-girl, with an honest inquiry for the Catholic teaching concerning some points of faith. We need not fear, though we may be unlearned in argument or unskilled in controversy. Argument and controversy often embitter and repel; while, as thousands of converts will testify, the simple presentation of Catholic doctrine will often win an immediate assent. Truth is mighty and will prevail. The trouble is there are many million souls in this country so enwrapped, through no fault of their own, in clouds of ignorance, error and prejudice, that the light of truth never finds its way to them through the appointed channels. They will never dream of applying to Catholic priest or teacher or controversialist or theologian. They will turn, however, to the Catholic layman who is their acquaintance in soci-

ety, or their fellow-workman in the office or the factory, or their companion in school or club, or perhaps their employee in shop or kitchen, and seek the truth of him.

Then the humble apostle of the Blue Scapular, safe in the guidance of the Little Catechism of his childhood, and full of faith in the prevailing power of truth, with one quick glance toward her who is the Seat of Wisdom, and "who alone has destroyed all heresies throughout the world," as the Church has declared, will, in all simplicity and charity, sow the first small seeds of truth in the soul that Mary has led to him. He will not expect to reap the harvest in the same day that he has sown: he knows it may be many weary years before the seed bears fruit; but he also knows that there can be no harvest without the seed; so he thanks God for the opportunity that was given him, and passes on in all patience and hope. The history of almost all conversions dates from some word spoken or some example given, perhaps many years before, but recalled by the soul in its hours of trouble and perplexity.

We have found in this study that the consecration of our country to Mary Immaculate obliges us to three things: first, to honor our Holy Patroness in some special way; secondly, to implore her intercession for our country's needs; and thirdly, to exercise a humble apostolate of good example and helpful words as far as in us lies. We have also found that the Blue Scapular especially honors Mary in her Immaculate Conception; that its objects are especially suited to our country's needs; and that its spirit is especially adapted to the sort of apostolate we are called to exercise. Moreover, it is a simple devotion, that makes no great demands on us, and fits in naturally and easily with our other devotions, with the duties of our state of life. It is full of motives for zeal and perseverance in the service of God and our neighbor, and for our own sanctification and the development of all our gifts and opportunities, adding a new interest to our usual devout practices, and penetrating our whole lives with that love of our country and of our fellow-men which is so consonant to the spirit of religion. We enjoy in it all the advantages and traditions of an old and long-venerated devotion, which rekindle its first fervor and give it a new and effective impulse by adapting it to the young life of a vigorous growing country, exposed to fearful dangers in all the heydey of its restless youth,—a country whose chief hope lies in this: that God Himself has thrown around it the blue mantle of the Immaculate Virgin, saying to its passionate heart, "Let this be thy safeguard. Behold thy Mother!"

Let us, then, all, Catholic Americans, unite in the face of our country's hopes and perils, and with childlike faith and confidence draw the Blue Scapular about us, crying from our hearts, 'Behold thy sons!'

For Daily Bread.

FROM THE POLISH OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ,* BY C. O'CONOR-ECCLES.

THE German emigrant vessel *Blucher* labored heavily through the Atlantic on her way from Hamburg to New York. She had already been four days on her voyage, and it was now forty-eight hours since she had passed the green shores of Ireland and gained the open sea.

From the deck, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible but grey-green water, furrowed like a ploughed field, heaving sullenly, foaming here and there, and melting gradually into the mist as it

* Henryk Sienkiewicz is perhaps the most popular of contemporary Polish novelists. Keenly in sympathy with the poor, the oppressed, the despised, he has a particular gift for portraying the character of Polish peasants. Sienkiewicz was born in 1845, and was educated at the University of Warsaw. In 1876 he went to California, and first attracted attention by letters descriptive of the New World contributed to

reached the distant, cloudy horizon. A shimmer from these clouds lay on the water; and against the pearly background the dark hull of the vessel stood out clearly; rising as with an effort, sinking as if exhausted; now disappearing from sight, now rising on the crest of a wave; but moving steadily onward the while. The waves at times seemed rushing to meet it; again it rushed to meet them, and then cut through them with its prow. Behind, like a giant snake, curled a track of foam. A flock of gulls circled overhead, turned somersaults in the air, and shrieked fiercely. The wind was favorable; the ship was steaming at half-speed, with expanded sails; the atmosphere was clearing. Here and there, through rifts in the clouds, a bit of blue sky peeped out, its shape perpetually changing.

Since the *Blucher* had left Hamburg the weather had been gusty, though not stormy. The wind blew toward the west, ceasing at intervals till the sails flapped loose, only to round themselves again as they caught the breeze. The sailors, in their close-fitting guernseys, shouted in chorus as they drew the rope of the lower yard to the foremast, bending in time to their song; while with their voices mingled the shrill whistle of the escaping steam, and the snorting breath of the funnels, which at intervals belched forth thick, black columns or mighty rings of smoke.

The passengers crowded on deck to enjoy the fine weather. To starboard might be seen the dark hats and warm mantles of those travelling first-class; while forward, in groups of more vivid and varied coloring, were massed the steerage passengers. Men sat on the benches and smoked short pipes; others had lain down; while more leaned against the bulwarks, and looked at the waves. Some women, too, were amongst them, holding children by the hand, and having tin mugs fastened to their belts. Several young fellows paced up and down, keeping their equilibrium with difficulty, and staggering as the vessel pitched. Meanwhile they sang "*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*" and probably thought that they would never see that fatherland again,—despite which they were cheerful.

Amongst all these people two were the saddest—an elderly man and a young girl, who kept a little apart from the others. Neither of them understood German, and they were indeed desolate amongst strangers. What were they? Any one could tell at a glance—Polish peasants. The man was Lorenz Toporek, and the girl his daughter Marysia. They were on their way to America, and to-day for the first time they had ventured on deck. Anxiety and astonishment were depicted on their pale faces. They threw frightened glances at their fellow-travellers, at the sailors, the great ship with its puffing chimneys, and the threatening waves that dashed their spray against the bulwarks. They scarcely ventured to speak even to each other. Lorenz supported himself by one hand against the rail, while with the other he held fast to his four-cornered cap, that the wind might not carry it away. Marysia clung to her father, and as the ship lurched drew closer to him with a little suppressed cry of alarm.

After a time the old man broke the silence.

"Marysia," he whispered.

"Well, father?"

"Do you see it?"

"Yes, I see it."

"And does it amaze you?"

"Yes."

The more amazed she was, however, the more frightened she became; and so with her father. Fortunately, the waves grew calmer, the wind fell, and the sun peered through the clouds. When they saw the

the newspapers of his native country. These sketches were collected, and, together with some short tales, published at Warsaw in 1880 under the title of "Pisma." To Sienkiewicz's American experiences we owe the delightful story, "For Daily Bread." This gifted writer was almost entirely unknown in our country until recently. At the present day he resides at Warsaw, where he edits a paper.

sunshine their hearts grew lighter; for they thought that this same sun was shining at home in Lipinska. Strange and wonderful as everything was here, this ray of spring sunlight seemed an old friend and protector.

Gradually the sea became calm as a mirror; the sails flapped idly; the captain's whistle sounded from the bridge, and the sailors began to reef the canvas. The sight of these men hanging in mid-air renewed the astonishment of Toporek and Marysia.

"Our lads couldn't do that," said the old man.

"Whatever Germans can do, Yasko could do," replied Marysia.

"What Yasko?—from Sobeks?"

"Oh, dear no! I mean Yasko Smolak, the groom."

"How smart he is! But you must put him out of your head, dear. You don't suit him, and he doesn't suit you. You will yet ride in your carriage like a lady, but he will never be anything but what he is."

"He has a little farm."

"So he has, but where? In Lipinska."

Marysia did not reply. She thought to herself, "One can't escape one's destiny"; and sighed regretfully.

Meantime the sails were reefed, and in their stead worked the screw, churning the water with such force that the ship trembled. The rolling, however, ceased almost entirely; and farther off the water was smooth and as blue as the sky. New faces appeared constantly on deck—workmen, German peasants, loafers from different seaport towns who were going to America, not to look for work, but to live by their wits. As the crowd became greater every minute, the two Poles sat on a coil of rope in a corner, so as to be out of the way.

"Daddy, will the journey across the water last much longer?" asked Marysia.

"How can I tell you, dear? Even if you ask, there is nobody here to answer you in Polish."

"But how shall we speak in America?"

"Didn't they tell us that there were numbers of our own people over there?"

"Daddy."

"What is it?"

"What good are all these wonderful things to us? We were far better off in Lipinska."

"How dare you talk like that, Marysia? It is wicked." After a pause, however, he added, as if speaking to himself: "It was the will of God."

The young girl's eyes filled with tears; both father and daughter thought of home.

But why, the reader may ask, was the old man going to America? How had it all come about? Half a year previously his cow was found trespassing in a field of clover. His landlord, who seized it, demanded three thalers' compensation. Lorenz objected; they went to law about it; the lawsuit became interminable. The aggrieved landlord now exacted pay not only for the injury done by the cow to his clover, but for her maintenance ever since; and the sum increased daily. Lorenz could not make up his mind to part with his hard-earned money. The costs of the lawsuit did not amount to much in the beginning; but it ran on for a long time, and they naturally grew in proportion. At last Lorenz lost. For the cow he had already paid the Lord knows how much; and as he had no other property worth mentioning, his horse was distrained, while he himself was condemned to prison for his obstinacy.

Toporek was in an agony when he heard the decision; for harvest time was drawing near, and hands as well as a team were necessary for the work. As might be expected, he was late in saving his crop; it rained in torrents all the time, and the corn rotted on the stalk. He was constantly revolving in his mind how it had come to pass that through one involuntary injury done to the clover he had lost all his possessions—so much cash, a part of

his little farm, and the crops of the entire year. He speedily foresaw that in the spring he and his daughter must either beg or starve. Thus it happened that he who until then had had a modest competence, and had always conducted himself respectably, fell into despair, and took to drink.

At the public-house he made the acquaintance of a German, whose ostensible business in the village was to buy flax, but who was in reality an emigration agent, who enticed the people across the sea. To Lorenz he related wonder after wonder about America. He promised him more land for nothing than the whole of Lipinska—beautiful land with woods and meadows,—until the peasant's eyes sparkled. Sometimes he believed the German, at other times he did not; but the Jewish milkman confirmed every word, and asserted that the Government out there gave everyone as much land as he liked to have. This the Jew had heard from his own brother's son. The German had money to show, too,—more money than any peasant, or indeed any gentleman, had seen in Lipinska in all his life; and so they presented the bait till they caught the fish.

"Why should I stay any longer?" asked Lorenz of himself. "Why should I let myself go to destruction? Here I have lost by a trespass enough money to keep a servant. What is left to me? Am I going to take my stick in my hand and sing through the streets, or beg at the church door? No, no!" he thought; and bound himself to the German by shaking hands on the bargain, sold his plot of ground to his neighbor Michaelis, and started with his daughter for America.

The journey was not so pleasant as he had anticipated. At Hamburg he was forced to spend a great deal of his money. On board, Marysia and he had to sit in the common third-class cabin. The constant rolling of the ship and the immensity of the ocean terrified them. They could not make themselves understood by any one; Lorenz was shoved and pulled hither and thither like an article of furniture, and their German fellow-travellers got the best of everything.

At midday, when everyone crowded round, vessel in hand, while the cook distributed food, Lorenz and his daughter were pushed aside till the last, so that they were often faint from hunger. It went hard with them, so strange and so lonely did they feel, without a friend save God above. Lorenz, however, pulled himself together before Marysia; he betrayed no anxiety in his manner, but stuck his cap on one side, and bade her look at this, that, and the other, expressing astonishment at all he saw; but in his heart he was ill at ease. Now and again dark forebodings seized upon him. It was all so new and strange to him! Had he done well to come? Perhaps those "heathens," as he called his conductors, might throw Marysia and himself into the water, or force them to change their religion, or compel them to sign some paper or other—possibly a compact with the devil! Even the ship, which day and night struggled over the illimitable sea, and always trembled and shrieked and foamed, and spit fire like a dragon, and at night trailed sparks behind it, appeared to the peasant's eyes as some sort of a strange, accursed monster. A childish fear laid hold of him; for this Polish peasant, now he had quitted scenes familiar to him, was as helpless as a child in the wide, wide world.

He could not rightly settle in his mind the things that he saw around or before him; what wonder, then, that he bowed his head beneath his heavy load of care and of ignorance, as he sat there on the coil of rope? The ocean always whispered in his ears the one word, "Lipinska." He heard it pipe in the steam-whistle; the sun seemed to say, "How are you getting on, Lorenz? I too was in Lipinska." But the screw worked the harder, and the funnels puffed and groaned the louder, as if they

were two evil spirits, dragging him farther and farther from his native land.

Meantime Marysia followed quite another train of thought. Her recollections were different. She remembered that evening late in harvest, not long before their departure, when she fetched water from the village well. The first stars shone out in the sky, as she raised and lowered the windlass. True, she sang in time to the motion; but her heart was as sad as the swallow's when it twitters a melancholy farewell ere it departs for other climes. All at once she heard from the dim and dusky forest a long-drawn whistle. Yasko Smolak was giving her notice that he saw her by the well, and that he would come immediately through the dewy aftermath. Hardly had the whistle sounded ere he had gained her side. He sprang from his horse, shook his flaxen head, and—what he said still rang in her ears. She closed her eyes; for she felt as if Yasko still whispered to her with trembling voice:

"If your father insists on it, I will give back my wages to the master, sell my cottage and the land, and emigrate too; for where you go, my own Marysia, I will follow, like a stork through the air, or a wild duck through the water, or a ring that rolls down a hill, till I find you, my only treasure! What would my life be without you? Where you are, there too will I be. Whatever becomes of you, will become of me. We are one in life and in death. I now swear at this well to be true to you. May God forsake me if ever I forsake you, my own Marysia!"

As she thought of these words she saw that well before her, and the harvest-moon as it rose behind the wood in a flood of light, and her Yasko living and loving at her side. From these thoughts she drew comfort; for Yasko was honest and trustworthy, and would certainly keep his vow. If he only sat beside her now, and listened with her to the roaring of the ocean, she felt she could be happy; for he was afraid of nothing, and always knew the right thing to do. She wondered what he was now doing in Lipinska, where all was covered deep in snow. Was he riding, axe in hand, to the forest; or was he harnessing the horses; or had he been sent somewhere with the sledges; or was he breaking ice at the pond? What was her best-beloved doing?

But where was *she* now? Whither had obedience to her father led her? Here was water,—nothing but water as far as eye could see; nothing but green ridges and foaming waves; and on this vast watery plain only this one ship, like a lost bird. Nothing but sky above; nothing but a waste of waters below, with swelling waves and melancholy howling winds. Even from the mainmast no land to be seen, as if the waters extended to the end of the world. Poor Yasko! will you ever meet her again, though you flew through the air like a falcon, or swam through the ocean like a fish? Do you, far away, still think of her?

Slowly the sun sank toward the west, and mirrored itself on the wrinkled water like a path of light. Now the reflection seemed like golden scales, now it shifted and broke; now gleamed, now flashed, now flamed, till it lost itself somehow in the distance. The ship moved along this dazzling highway, as if it followed the setting sun; the smoke that streamed from the funnels was reddened, the sails and the ropes tinted with rose. The sailors sang merrily, while the fiery ball grew larger and sank deeper in the west. Soon but half of it was visible, then its rays alone, and at last the whole horizon glowed like a furnace. In all this splendor it was impossible to tell where the waters ended and the sky began, so filled were sky and waters with light, gradually growing fainter. Then all at once arose a breeze, as if the ocean murmured its evening prayer.

At such moments the soul of man feels an unseen power. Old memories awake; what it loves, it loves the more; what it

longs for, its thoughts fly to. Even Lorenz and Marysia felt happier that those they loved were not where the wind was driving them like withered leaves, but in Poland. How blessed by God was that dear land, with its waving cornfields, thick forests, and homely thatched cottages; with its green fields, amidst which the golden ducklings peeped; where the storks and swallows circled; where were far-reaching, crisping waters, wayside Calvaries, and white farm-houses under shady lime trees; that land where every wayfarer pulls off his cap with the beautiful salutation, "Praised be Jesus Christ!" to hear the response, "To all eternity. Amen." This land was their own beloved country, that they prized above everything in the world. If their peasant hearts had never felt this before, they now felt it all the more keenly.

Lorenz bared his head; a lingering glance from the west shone on his silvering hair; he was full of thoughts, yet knew not how to express them. At last he said:

"Marysia, I feel as if we had left something behind us."

"So we have, father—happiness and love," murmured the girl softly, and raised her eyes as if she uttered a prayer.

(To be continued.)

It is not God's world, with its love and friendship and little children, its fields and flowers, sea and sky, sunlight and starshine, and sweet consolations of art and song, against which we are bidden to beware. No: it is man's world,—the world which devotes itself to gain, or to the wish to be somebody in society; to the frittering away of time in fashionable frivolity, or in struggling to outdo our neighbor, not in the purity of our lives or the dignity of our actions, but in our clothes, our carriages, and the company we keep. This world it is which can not be rightly loved by one in whom dwelleth the love of the Father.—*Anon.*

Science in a Soutane.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE name of Perry is known to the world at large in connection with the invention and manufacture of the steel pen. But to the scientist and the Catholic it has another and a far higher association: it is the name of a holy religious, a member of the Society of Jesus, and one of the most eminent astronomers of our time.

The subject of the present sketch was born in London, August 26, 1833; and, being a weakly and delicate infant, received private baptism, on which occasion the names of Stephen Joseph were given to him. Of his early years nothing special is recorded. He was a good, obedient child; and his greatest pleasure was to serve Mass in his parish church at St. John's Wood. When only seven years old he lost his mother, and the grief he then displayed showed how affectionate was his heart. At the age of ten he was sent to school, but only for a year and a half; and, although his conduct was always most praiseworthy, no one detected in him any special gift. Subsequently he went to the Benedictine College at Douay, where he passed seven years; it was during the latter portion of this period that his signal talent for mathematics first began to attract observation.

He also manifested a decided vocation to the priesthood, and it was determined that he should proceed to the English College in Rome, there to enter upon the usual course of study, with the view of becoming a secular priest. Before starting, however, he paid a brief visit to England, in the course of which he went to see his sister, at that time a novice in the Convent of Notre Dame at Northampton. Through what the world calls chance, but what Christians know to be the action of Divine Providence, he asked her, on leaving, to

lend him a book to beguile his journey back to London; and she, choosing at random, gave him a Life of St. Ignatius. It was the perusal of this volume that first suggested to him the idea of becoming a religious of the Society of Jesus.

After Stephen Perry had been for some time in Rome, he consulted a holy and experienced priest in regard to his vocation, and was by him advised to return to England and offer himself to the Society. He was accepted, and on November 14, 1853, entered the novitiate, which was then at Hodder House, near Stonyhurst. He spent three years in the study of rhetoric, classics, mathematics, and philosophy; During this time his mathematical talent showed itself in so clear a manner, that his superiors felt it their duty to allow him to follow the natural bent of his mind, and devote himself to the study of astronomical science. With a view to his ultimately undertaking the charge of the observatory at Stonyhurst, he was sent to attend the lectures of the best professors, first in London and then in Paris. Subsequently he offered himself for the London matriculation examination, and came out sixth on the mathematical list. In the autumn of 1860 he was appointed professor of physics and mathematics at Stonyhurst, the charge of the observatory being also entrusted to him. He acquitted himself ably of these duties for two years, at the close of which he spent a third in teaching the class of elements at the College.

In 1863, being then thirty years of age, he went to St. Beuno's College, North Wales, to devote himself to the study of theology for the necessary period previous to his ordination to the priesthood. Here he distinguished himself in theology no less than he had formerly done in mathematics; so that one of his teachers, writing to a former pupil, expressed his regret that a man with so marked a talent for theology should not devote himself exclusively to it. It is, in fact, beyond a doubt that Father Perry might have been no less celebrated as a theologian than he afterward was as an astronomer.

He was admitted to Holy Orders on the 23d of September, 1866; and after his third year of probation, or second novitiate, which is exacted of every Jesuit before taking his last and solemn vows, he resumed his duties at Stonyhurst, where he remained for nearly a quarter of a century, until he started on the fatal expedition from which he never returned, with the exception of such journeys as he took from time to time in the interests of science. These twenty-four years, uneventful for the most part as far as his personal history is concerned, were full of profit to the cause of astronomy, in which he labored with much diligence and self-denial.

Before giving a brief account of what he did, we will relate a few particulars as to what he was; for it is in a man's character and inner life that we find the clue to a true appreciation of his work and external career. It was on the Feast of the Purification, 1871, that Father Perry took the solemn vows which bound him irrevocably to the Society he loved so well; and it can truly be said of him that throughout his whole life he made it his sole aim to promote the greater glory of God. As a religious he was most edifying. In spite of his manifold duties, and the breaking up of the regular order of the day, which must naturally be entailed by astronomical observations, he was careful to devote to prayer the full time his rule prescribed for him. Even when most engrossingly occupied, he never omitted his daily meditation; and made his examination of conscience with scrupulous exactitude, though it frequently happened that his only opportunity was a quarter of an hour between two observations. An old friend once asked him if he did not find that science dried up his piety. "Oh, no!" he promptly replied; "not astronomy."

Father Perry never forgot that he was

a priest, and eagerly embraced every opportunity of exercising his sacerdotal functions, when this did not clash with the work appointed him by obedience. Indeed, he once asked to be relieved of his duties at the observatory and sent on a mission; but his superiors did not judge fit to grant his request. For at least twenty years he was confessor to the community and to the boys at Stonyhurst; and among the latter he was from the first most popular, on account of the kindliness of his manner in the Tribunal of Penance, and the affectionate interest he took in each one of his penitents. In the pulpit, though he preached at the College but rarely, he was most earnest and fervent in manner. In the expedition to Carriacou, in 1866, for the eclipse of the sun, his sermons drew not only Catholics, but Protestants and Freethinkers; and all were much impressed by his burning exhortations. "Father Perry," says a scientific journal, "was much admired as a preacher. His sermons were marked by the earnestness which formed so distinguished a feature of his character."

In the expedition which proved his last he arrived at his destination on the 7th of December, and the very next day found him delivering a discourse to the convicts in French. He also preached a sermon at the burial of the master-at-arms of the *Comus*, a Catholic, who had been killed by a fall from a rock whilst bathing; and he performed the duties, too, of extraordinary confessor to the nuns at Cayenne. During the expedition to Nos Vey, Madagascar, in 1882, to observe the transit of Venus, an incident which gave him great consolation was that he was able to give the last Sacraments to the servant of a French trader, who would otherwise have died hundreds of miles away from a Catholic priest. Lastly, in connection with his sacerdotal functions, we must mention that he took great pleasure in giving the annual retreat, when he could spare the time, to the Children of Mary of the congregation at Stonyhurst, or in any other place where his ministrations were desired.

The simple and earnest piety of this holy priest deeply impressed those outside the Church. Protestants said of him that he seemed to give the lie to the popular idea of the wily and scheming Jesuit. He was, too, so modest and unassuming: never giving the slightest sign of thinking more of himself on account of his scientific attainments, his successes, or the honors accorded to him. On the occasion of plays or entertainments at Stonyhurst, he was generally to be found in a back seat; and at public functions had to be fetched from the body of the hall to take his proper place on the plaform. When, after having for two years directed the observatory, he was set to teach the lowest class in the College, he entered upon his duties with the greatest zeal, and acquitted himself of them in the most perfect manner. At a later period he remarked that this had been one of the happiest years he ever spent. What surer test can there be of humility than this readiness to accept cheerfully lowly offices at the call of obedience?

Father Perry's childlike simplicity and kindness of manner rendered him a universal favorite. He used to narrate his successes without the least boasting, and with a zest which reminded his hearers more of a fortunate school-boy than of an honored man of science. He keenly enjoyed the society of the boys at Stonyhurst, and was much beloved by them. Great was their delight when they induced him to join in their cricket-matches. On these occasions he was as fully in earnest as if he had been engaged on the most important scientific expedition; for he had the power of concentrating his whole mind on whatever business he had in hand.

He was very fond of cricket. On his return from the transit of Venus expedition in 1874, the first thing he had to tell was

that he had himself made the top score in a match played at Ceylon. And after the total solar eclipse of 1886, he heartily enjoyed watching a game of leap-frog, in which, after the anxious strain was over, the observers vented their pent-up feelings. A joke, too, he dearly loved. During his last expedition he was located on one of the Isles du Salut, used by the French Government as a penal settlement for their convicts. On being informed that any one found out of doors at night was liable to be shot immediately by the soldiers on guard, he said, with the droll expression so well known to his friends, 'that they must wait a moment while he was on the island.' It will be remembered that it was essential to his work to be out at night.

Of Father Perry's kindness innumerable instances might be brought forward. It is no small testimony to him to say that during the whole of his public and private career he never made a single enemy. At Stonyhurst, amid his multifarious occupations, he found time to pay a visit daily to the College infirmary, to cheer with his conversation an old and infirm Father.

It must not be supposed that Father Perry's virtues were due to natural kindliness of disposition rather than to divine grace. He was naturally of a hasty temperament, and was conscious of this defect,—one which not unfrequently accompanies an energetic and somewhat impetuous character. One day at the observatory, when about to examine his conscience, he turned to his companion and said: "Well, have I been hasty with any one?" On another occasion, when he was giving a public lecture, the demonstrator at the lantern completely failed for some time to throw the necessary pictures on the screen. It was noted by some present, with edification to themselves, that Father Perry kept his composure unruffled, and did not give the slightest sign of impatience at the unfortunate mishap.

This brings us to speak of Father Perry as a lecturer. The secret of his great success is to be found in the thoroughness with which he prepared his lectures. Even when he had given the same course for twenty years, he adhered to his invariable practice of never going to the lecture room without an hour's immediate preparation; and on returning to his room, he made notes of what he had just delivered for reference on future occasions, so as to be able to add any new result or discovery. As a public lecturer on astronomical subjects, Father Perry was extremely popular. He was wont to address large audiences in the principal towns in the north of England. On these occasions he never used a single note, and would discourse for an hour or more with extraordinary facility, giving names, facts and dates with perfect accuracy. His explanations were always extremely clear; and his hearers never failed to be interested, and to catch some spark of his enthusiasm for astronomy.

As in his teaching, so in his researches, Father Perry was most thorough and painstaking. When he determined to take up any particular class of observation, he was indefatigable in its pursuit; the result being that his work is not scattered over many fields, but that he has done solid and enduring work on a few well-defined lines. His labors include a long series of observations on the phenomena of Jupiter's satellites, on the position of comets, papers on the eclipses of the moon, on subjects connected with the transit of Venus and the eclipses of the sun which he had himself observed.

The three branches of scientific research carried on at Stonyhurst are meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, and astronomy. During Father Perry's directorship the meteorological work was greatly extended; and the observatory, which had been selected as one of the seven principal stations in the British Isles, was enriched with a complete set of self-recording instruments. Father Perry's reports contained,

besides the ordinary tables of meteorological phenomena, observations of climatic and other occasional phenomena, which were considered of great value, as well as his report of the value of the magnetic elements at different points on the earth's surface. Some of his best scientific work was accomplished by making magnetic surveys; and it was principally in recognition of this that he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, although it may be said that he chiefly distinguished himself by his labors in the domain of solar physics. The main object of these labors was to throw light upon the theories of the formation of spots on the sun, and, if possible, to find the clue to the connection between terrestrial magnetism and solar activity. From the *data* he collected he published from time to time papers on the solar surface in various astronomical periodicals; and the result of his investigations, had he lived to pursue them further, might have proved of the greatest importance to science.

We have already seen how eagerly Father Perry repudiated the idea that his study of astronomy might tend to weaken his faith. It had, in fact, quite a contrary effect. The more his researches discovered to him the marvels of the sidereal system, so much the more his reverence deepened for the Almighty Maker and Governor of the universe. And not this alone: it seemed also to strengthen and increase his devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, who is declared to be *pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol.* St. John the Divine, beholding her in heaven, can only compare the brightness of her glorified body to the splendor of the sun. Who but the astronomer can duly appreciate the force of this comparison? The words "clothed with the sun," as describing the celestial light that adorns her, convey no adequate idea of beauty to one who has not been privileged to behold the magnificent spectacle presented by the sun's corona during a total eclipse, when rays of golden light, sometimes taking a definite, flame-like shape, at others melting away into a soft haze, flash upon the astonished gaze of the observer, while the disc of the great luminary is temporarily obscured. None who were accustomed to see Father Perry passing along the corridors at Stonyhurst, his beads in his hand, invariably raising his beretta with respectful reverence as he passed the statue of Our Lady, can hesitate to reckon this Jesuit scientist amongst the most devout clients of the glorious Queen of Heaven, who is represented as crowned with the stars, and having the moon beneath her feet.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Not Alone.

I AM alone,
Unknown;
Who is there in the world to think of me?
Who cares for one so steeped in misery?—
Who?
God, thy Father,—He in heaven above
Who looks on men with everlasting love,
He thinks of thee
Most lovingly;
The Sacred Heart—that furnace all afire
With tenderness, which burns with deep desire
In thee to live
And comfort give;
Our Lady, too, the best of mothers;
The angels; and the saints, thy brothers;
Their thoughts are thine,
Their care benign,—
Yea, all the great and holy ones of God,
Who while on earth the path of sorrow trod,
Though now in joy, remember former years
When they were exiles in this vale of tears,
And pray for thee
With sympathy.
Believe not thou art alone,
Nor say thou art unknown,
With such a world of friends in realms above,
With all in heaven to think of thee and love.

T. A. M.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

IV.—Old Kitty's Legacy.

SHE was one of a type fast passing away, since the Associated Charities have been the means of abolishing street-begging and indiscriminate almsgiving;—a ragged, repulsive-looking creature, with a shrewd eye, and a habitual expression of lip which was more leer than smile.

She always carried a basket, kept well filled with dainty remnants of food by the kind-hearted servant-girls in the aristocratic neighborhood she honored with her daily visitations. It was rumored that she sold most of these to her fellow-lodgers in the miserable tenement where she slept; for early morning saw her abroad in all weathers, and she was often met on her way home near midnight,—always carrying her basket.

Although living among the most degraded class, in a disreputable portion of the town, she had never been accused of dishonesty or immorality of any kind; did not drink or swear, but was very coarse in her habits. Her stockingless feet were covered with thick, well-patched brogans, much too large for her. Her skirts, from long service, were in fringes of dirty rags. She wore a black shawl tied about her waist, and a heavy plaid one over it, winter and summer. She went to Mass every morning, remaining in the back part of the church, and often soliciting alms from those who passed out. I remember one morning reproving her for this somewhat sharply, and asking her why she did not go to the Little Sisters.

"Sure, you wouldn't begrudge a poor, lone woman her freedom, ma'am," she said. "What'd a rambler like me do in such a place? Lave me alone, and make your own sowl; and God grant yourself a dacent place for your old age."

On another occasion, meeting her on the street with her beads thrust ostentatiously before her, while she mumbled "Hail Marys" as she passed along, I told her I did not think it looked well to make such a public display of religion.

"There ye are agin!" she said. "Will ye never lave me alone? Them that's higher and better knows how to judge us both. Plase to give me a dime, ma'am, for a taste of coal,"—which request I could not refuse, much as I disliked the poor creature's ways.

Since age and experience have taught me some wisdom, I have often thought I did her injustice. Not mentally bright, yet with some notions of piety and reverence for sacred things, she was not to be measured by a high standard. Two incidents favorable to her character I have always remembered.

Much against the protestations of the pastor of the church she frequented, she always presented him with a gold piece at Christmas. He, thinking it represented great privation on her part, declined at first to receive it; but she insisted. She made this gift regularly for many years.

Another good trait was evidenced by the fact that, though she was the recipient of all kinds of gossip from the people and places she frequented, she was never known to utter a syllable derogatory to another, had no intimates, and kept her own counsel. Though a daily attendant at Mass, and not seldom assisting at three Masses on Sundays, no one ever saw her approach the Holy Table. She was, indeed, a typical character, and a bundle of eccentricities.

One morning I was greeted by Sister Emilia with an anxious countenance.

"I have been so vexed," she said. "And those things nearly always get into the papers. You know the woman they call Old Kitty,—the one who always carries a basket and says her Rosary aloud on the streets?"

"I know her well."

"Yesterday she came asking us to take her, as she felt her health to be failing.

Our good Mother agreed to do so, and told her to come this morning. She came about nine o'clock; and we felt it incumbent upon us to make her take a bath, after which we intended to give her an entire change of clothing. (You know the necessity we often find for this plan.) But she would not agree to it; and finally, while I was endeavoring to remove her shawl, she broke away from me, rushed to a passing street-car and called: 'Help! help! They are trying to steal my clothes in there.' One of the passengers so informed us,—a middle-aged lady, who came in to make inquiries."

"How unfortunate!" I replied. "Such a pity that the old creature should have come! But I do not believe the papers will get hold of it."

However, they did get it, and exaggerated the affair so much that the Sisters were greatly distressed.

After that Kitty and I gave each other a wide berth. She was doubtless afraid I might reproach her; and, on my part, I did not wish to interrogate her. Indeed, she was out of favor among many of her old friends through the occurrence.

It might have been two years later, one day in the middle of winter, a Catholic physician who attended at the Little Sisters was summoned to the old woman. He found her dying on a heap of rags in her filthy abode. After telling her frankly that she had not more than twenty-four hours to live, he offered to send her two Sisters of Charity.

"No," she said, "I don't want them at all, but the Little Sisters. I have business with them. Come back yourself, and bring Father K——; and have the Little Sisters here at four. I've enough to pay you for your trouble, and I'll not keep ye long."

The good man obeyed her wishes. Father K—— heard her confession; and, in response to a telephone message, Sister Emilia and a companion reached the place at four o'clock. The old woman greeted the Sisters with effusion.

"I'm bound for death," she said; "and I want to ax your pardon, Sisters, for the way I behaved that day long ago at the Home. They told me it was in all the newspapers, and it made a great scandal." Reaching her hand under the bedclothes she said: "Call up the man that keeps the saloon downstairs,—him and his wife."

This was done; and when they made their appearance, Kitty drew forth a leather bag from beneath the clothes. Untying the string that confined it, she took out a five-dollar gold piece, saying, "Here's to you, Tom Crane,—to you and your wife; you've always been good to me. And what I said about the Little Sisters was a lie."

She handed another to the doctor. "Take this for your trouble, sir. And what I said about the Little Sisters was a lie."

She next drew two double eagles from the bag, with these words: "I beg your pardon, Father K——, for all the scandal I've given. Take the bit of money, give me a dacent funeral, and put the rest in your pocket. And don't lay me in the Potter's Field; for as sure as you do I'll walk."

Finally she presented the bag to Sister Emilia, saying, "The rest is for you, Sister, and the good Mother, for the Home; for I was very bad to you, very bad. I call you all to witness that I'm doin' it of my own free will and intention. I never had husband or child. I've neither kith nor kin. I got the money honest, if some of it was begged; and it's my own to do what I plase wid. Now be off, all of ye, and let me die in peace."

She would not permit any one to remain in the room, and the group dispersed; though the kind woman—a jet-black negress—who had been her friend, lingered within call.

In a very little while she was dead. She got the "dacent funeral," and was not laid in Potter's Field, but in consecrated ground, in the lot of the Little Sisters. The bag contained $250 in gold. Peace to her memory!

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ON A VERY IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

WHEN we Catholics talk of higher education, we do not merely mean that our young people should know more about Greek life and art and have sound views on literature, but that they should go beyond the teachings of the Little Catechism. There are no Catholics in the world more earnestly devoted to the defined doctrines of the Church than the Catholics of America. But, as many of them have not the opportunity of the higher religious education, Catholic practices of devotion and many traditional customs are not understood by them; and some things are looked on by them as non-essentials, which, though not dogmas, are really essentials. Every essential in religion is not necessarily a dogma.

And, worse than all, some of these essentials, such as the necessity that the Holy Father should be sovereign of Rome, have been so represented by perfunctory speakers and writers that, while the great body of Catholics accept it filially, they do not pretend to understand it, or to attempt to reconcile it with our American belief that the ruler derives his right of governing from the people. This delicate question should not be the subject of bungling discussion: it needs clear, sharp, decided treatment. It is not a subject for discussion in any assembly of laymen. There is only one side to it: Rome belongs to the Holy Father and to the Christian world. Leaving out the question whether or not the present Italian situation was brought about by the votes of the people of Rome—for it is very well understood that the *plébiscite* that gave Rome to the Radicals was as worthless as that which, in France, approved of the Empire of Napoleon III. before his fall,—the voice of the people to whom Rome belongs is not that of the population of the city of Rome at all, but of the Catholic world. Rome, as the Rev. Dr. Schroeder put it, in his admirable article in the current *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, "belongs to the Church, to her visible Head, and therefore to the whole Catholic world."

The Holy Father must be free. He can not, therefore, be subject to any temporal ruler. The present bondage of the Head of the Church has worked evil to Rome and to Italy; and it is only through the supreme wisdom of Leo, and the childlike devotion of modern Catholics, that it has not brought evil to the discipline of the Church. As it is, the position of the Holy Father is intolerable; his anxieties are terrible; his means meagre; his ministers exposed to insults; and hymns to Satan, composed by the favorite poet of the Italian court, are chanted at his very gates.

But there is no need to appeal to the hearts of Catholic Americans on this subject of the freedom of the Pope. Their hearts are all right, but their heads are sometimes bewildered by the newspapers; and they ask, with some of the newspapers: "How can the restoration of the city of Rome to Pope Leo XIII. be reconciled with the principle of republican government, which declares that the voice of the people concerning their own rulers is the voice of God?" In the United States the "people" means all those who vote. The word has not the same meaning all over the world, and it would be narrow and bigoted for us Americans to say it ought to have; we can not force our political ideas on other countries, or assume a political infallibility which we do not possess.

But the position of well-instructed Catholics on the Roman question is corroborated by the position of the United States as to the District of Columbia. What would be the amazement of the people of the United States if the inhabitants of the District of

Columbia should insist on voting,—if they should suddenly claim a right to the franchise for the purpose of interfering with the exclusive rights of Congress over that District? But how much more amazing to thinking people is the claim made for the Romans that they have the right to deprive our Holy Father the Pope of a sovereignty which they never gave him, and which he possesses as the Head of the whole Catholic world! When he blesses his people, it is the city and the world that receive his blessing.

Even if it were true that the people of Rome—those few with votes—gave the city to the invaders (though this is not true, as the breach in the Porta Pia showed), it would not change our view of the matter. The "right" of the people of Rome to declare who should rule them does not exist. It is as shadowy as would be any claim that the inhabitants of the District of Columbia might make to the franchise, national or municipal. And, besides, the "people of Rome" are not the inhabitants of that city, but the people of the Catholic world. No power on earth can deprive the Holy Father of his patrimony, which he holds by the constitution of the Church. When he is robbed, the Catholic world is robbed—all Christians are robbed, whether they realize it or not. And this is well understood by those great European powers, that are beginning to see that when they condoned but did not accept the spoliation as a fixed fact, they opened floodgates of anarchy.

For a clear and satisfactory explanation of the question as to whether the position of Catholics contradicts the theories of American republicanism, we refer the good listener to Dr. Schroeder's article in the January *Catholic Quarterly*.

UNDESERVED praise is dangerous to the weak; unjust blame may turn even the strong from the right way.

John Gilmary Shea.

BORN, July 22, 1824. DIED, Feb. 22, 1892.

DR. JOHN GILMARY SHEA, whose death occurred last week, was not an old man when he died, as we compute the time of age in a century which is and has been remarkable for its illustrious old men. But his close attention to his favorite pursuits, his habits of research and study, and the necessity under which he unfortunately labored of earning his living outside of the work he delighted in, made him appear old before his time. And, then, his memory went back so very far, it seemed impossible that he could have gathered so many details of the past without having lived in it. He delighted in tracing history to its source; he was the one man in all this country who had the knowledge, the zeal, and the energy to save the rapidly disappearing records of Catholic history from utter neglect. He led the way where others, equally devoted, now follow; but no one except himself and those immediately near him—his wife and daughters—understood the cost of his absorption in a thankless cause. No man ever worked more humbly for the honor and glory of God, and with less thought of self. Trained by the Jesuits, he had imbibed their devoted spirit. His love for the Church, his devotion to Our Lady, and his desire for the honor of God's house, knew no bounds. The name he adopted—"Gilmary," son of Mary—showed how anxious he was to be, in very deed, the client of the Mother of God.

The extent and value of his work have not yet come to be appreciated. It is inestimable, and the future will call it so. And we must remember that this work was done in the pauses, as it were, of most exhaustive labors. Dr. Shea was compelled for many years to earn the money necessary for the prosecution of his unique work by stringent editorial labors. It seemed a reproach on the Catholic public,

so ready to be generous, but not always so anxious to be just, that this great man should not have been entirely relieved of all the grinding anxiety that made the most difficult, delicate, and careful work even harder than it would have been.

Fortunately, Dr. Shea had the happiest of homes, where affection and intelligence and culture bent themselves to the blunting of those thorns which impeded the way of the historian. It was the life-work of those dear to him to deaden every sound that could disturb him, to make him comfortable under all circumstances; and if his usefulness was prolonged even longer than his frail health would have seemed to promise, we owe it to the sedulous care of those immediately of his own household.

It would be untrue to say that Dr. Shea did not suffer keenly from the neglect of those from whom he had a right to expect encouragement. But this suffering was never shown, except when some token of encouragement revealed to him the contrast between the cold light of unencouraged toil and the warm glow in certain hearts.

The present writer had the honor of presenting the Lætare Medal to him, on behalf of the University of Notre Dame. The presentation took place quietly at his home at Elizabeth, N. J.; he had refused all public display, though the occasion would have been appropriate for the voicing of general praise. He looked at the beautiful work of art, and tears rolled down his cheeks. "At last!" he said; "at last!" Then, after a pause: "From my childhood I have been misunderstood, and I have suffered; but, a 'son of Mary,' I trusted in her intercession,—and I thank her!"

Could any set speech be more moving than this? Could any poem have better expressed the soreness of a heart from which those who ought to have known and appreciated it turned away? Non-Catholics had long admired and valued Dr. Shea; they were eager to employ his pen, anxious to shower social honors on him and his family. But ten years ago he said: "I have never yet been invited to the house of any of the prominent Catholics of New York." To a man reared in an atmosphere of intense refinement, where hospitality waited on merit, accustomed to special attention from non-Catholics, this announcement, made in a rare burst of confidence, meant much. He longed for the sympathy and praise of his own people; it came during the last ten years—in a measure.

A great man has gone from among us, an annalist of more importance to the world than Commines or Monstrelet or Froissart, and of very much more importance to us Catholics. Dr. Shea was not a man of style: he cared as little for the literary dress of his researches as he cared whether the dust of libraries was on his coat; but well might the mere rhetorician say, with Browning:

> "Bless us all the while
> How sprucely we are dressed out, you and I!
> A second and the angels alter that!"

The second has passed, and the angels have changed it all for this son of Mary. He is gone, with his great scholarship, his zeal, his crystalline simplicity, his kindliness, his singleness of purpose, his love of God. But he has left those to whom we owe gratitude; and why should that gratitude stop at the grave? May he rest in peace!

> "Here had been, mark, the general-in-chief,
> Thro' a whole campaign of the world's life and death,
> Doing the King's work all the dim day long."

M. F. E.

A Lesson for Organists.

A WRITER in a Canadian exchange, after stating that the musical education of a Catholic artist should teach him to sing or play in church with the spirit of faith and for God, narrates the following incident:

At the archiepiscopal residence in St. Boniface we had the pleasure on one occasion of a visit from Mgr. Marty, missionary Bishop of Dakota. The distinguished prelate had come to spend a few days with

Mgr. Taché for the purpose of taking some much-needed rest.

The cathedral organ had just been erected; and as it was something new in Manitoba, it was the subject of much comment. Mgr. Marty desired to hear it. He asked me one morning whether our organist would do him the favor of playing in his presence. "Certainly, Bishop," I replied. "I will send for him at once." The organist could ask nothing better. I accompanied Bishop Marty to the Cathedral, and we seated ourselves in the nave near the sanctuary.

His Lordship expected to hear graceful modulations on each of the registers, so that he might have an idea of their timbre, and learn something of the details of the instrument. An organist who knew his business would have proceeded in this manner; ours did not stand upon ceremony. He opened the great organ with all the couplers of the claviers, and with tremendous vigor attacked—the overture of the "Caliph of Bagdad!" It was a veritable tornado; the windows rattled, and the Bishop half started from his seat.

After a moment or two he said to me: "Let us go up to the organ-loft." We went up. I supposed that his Lordship desired simply to examine the instrument more closely; but what was my surprise when he asked the organist to let him take his place for a moment. The Bishop took the seat, settled himself in true artistic fashion, pushed back all the registers and surveyed the mechanism of the organ; then, drawing out the stops one after another, he treated us during a half hour to the richest of harmonies. We were astounded. Bishop Marty was a pupil of Rinck's school, and, unknown to us, had been an organist for twenty years.

When he had finished playing, he turned to the organist, and modestly remarked: "My dear sir, when you play the organ, always play it for Him who dwells in the tabernacle."

Notes and Remarks.

We like to believe that our leading article this week will inspire every reader of THE "AVE MARIA" with a devotion to the Blue Scapular. Its appropriateness especially to American Catholics, and its suitability to the needs of our time, will be plain to all. It is, besides, a richly indulgenced devotion, and one that, far from interfering with any others that we may practise, will be found to supplement them. One of the most eminent prelates in the United States writes: "I have had the happiness of wearing the Blue Scapular for thirty years; and if the idea is presented to our people in the light in which you see it—that this Scapular is the proper badge for the Catholics of our country, consecrated as it is to Mary Immaculate,—I can not but believe that the great majority of them would respond to the call, and put on this sweet and holy livery." A venerable Archbishop has also given his most cordial approbation to the project. May it result in a union of prayers for the conversion of the people of the United States!

We noticed recently in an English exchange a contradiction of the statement that Cardinal Manning had any Irish blood in his veins. Be this as it may, his appreciation of the Sisters at Hammersmith savors of Celtic warm-heartedness rather than "Anglo-Saxon phlegm." "They are unspoiled Irishwomen," said the Cardinal; "and you can not easily beat that."

A joint pastoral, recently issued by the hierarchy of Quebec Province, treats of the conduct proper to be observed by the faithful in time of elections. After enumerating the evils incident to intemperance, especially at such times of excitement, and deploring the spread of bribery and corruption, the Bishops continue: "We forbid, under pain of grievous sin, the giving, selling, or distributing of drink during the three days that precede and during the three days that follow an election; whilst such conduct during the election we condemn as a grievous sin, which we make a case

especially reserved; the absolution from which can not be had but from us alone, or from our Vicars-General. The same rule shall apply to those who sell their votes or ill use their neighbor for election purposes; or who give money or anything else to buy a vote, or to prevent any one from voting."

These measures are stringent, but assuredly not disproportioned to the evil which they seek to remedy. The shameless venality which marks elections in the United States and Canada can not be too severely censured. The tone of public morality on this point is lamentably low; and what is sadly needed is the education of popular sentiment, and the convincing of electors that they are men, not merchandise,—that he who is offered a bribe is grossly insulted, and he who accepts one degrades his manhood.

The current number of *Harper's Monthly* has in its Easy Chair an eloquent plea for the Humane Society, and an indignant and fervent protest against sundry forms of cruelty toward the horse, that faithful friend to man. "There was one loiterer," says the editor of Easy Chair, writing of the late Horse Show in New York city, "to whom the memory of St. Francis was precious, and who looked at the spectacle in the Franciscan spirit,—

"And ever since, all loving hearts which heed
The woes of dumb things, as they toil and bleed
Beneath man's cruelty and life's hard chances,
In grateful memory of the legend old,
Offer love's incense to the tender-souled,
Gentle, and dear St. Francis."

The Rev. Richard Schofield, the centenarian English priest, lately mentioned in these columns, died ten days after completing his hundredth year. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis. *R. I. P.*

Miss Henrietta Channing Dana has very unexpectedly, and in the best possible form, shattered one of those idols whose worship was extending. Some of us had begun to believe that the ideals of Gerton and Vasser are entirely superior to anything imagined or practised in convent schools. And as for education in France under Catholic auspices, it was impossible. It went out of fashion with the monarchy, and the supremacy of the Faubourg St. Germain. But Miss Dana, whose whole tone is so firm that even those opposed to her must give credit to her statements, exposes the system of education in French convent schools in a way that by contrast, makes the iron-clad methods of American instruction-factories seem poor and ineffective. Miss Dana's description of the thorough, yet plastic, methods of the French schools ought to take the breath away from some of our educators, who fancy that a devotion to the "text-book" is the beginning and the end of instruction. Miss Dana's paper appears in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February. On the other hand, we find in a recent number of the *Home Journal* an article on German schools—not Catholic, by the way,—which is as pessimistic as Miss Dana's is optimistic; and in the current number of *Littell's Living Age* there is praise of the educational system of such convents as the Zion at Paris, the Annunciation at Auteuil, which hitherto has been reserved only for government schools. Henceforth let critics make themselves familiar with the ways of convent schools before criticising them.

The steps preliminary to canonization are traditionally and necessarily tedious, so that it may be long yet before the English Martyrs are proclaimed saints in the technical sense in which the Church employs that term. Their Cause, however, has been advanced so far that there are now fifty-four of their number who enjoy the title of Blessed; and no fewer than two hundred and sixty-one, that of Venerable. Among other candidates for beatification in the near future are mentioned Cardinals Bellarmine and Baronius,—the former a Jesuit, the latter an Oratorian. It is possible that both will be proclaimed Blessed on the occasion of the coming Episcopal Jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff.

On Washington's Birthday ex-President Grover Cleveland addressed the students of Michigan University on "Sentiment in Our National Life." The advice given in the following paragraph merits the serious consideration of all young men, and is especially

timely in an age and country notable for the lack rather than the superabundance of genuine sentiment:

"I beg you to take with you when you go forth to assume the obligations of American citizenship, as one of the best gifts of your *alma mater*, a strong and abiding faith in the value and potency of a good conscience and a pure heart. Never yield one iota to those who teach that these are weak and childish things, not needed in the struggle of manhood with the stern realities of life. Interest yourselves in public affairs as a duty of citizenship; but do not surrender your faith to those who discredit and debase politics by scoffing at sentiment and principle, and whose political activity consists in attempts to gain popular support by cunning devices and shrewd manipulation."

The Rev. Edmund J. Young, S.J., whose death occurred recently at Santa Clara College, California, has for many years past been identified with that prosperous institution, and to him in no small measure is due the success which it has achieved. Father Young was the brother of Bishop Josue M. Young, of Erie, Pa., who died in 1866. Their family belonged to the old *Mayflower* stock, and were strict Methodists. Josue, who was by trade a printer, was converted by a young Irish fellow-workman; and he in turn converted his brother Edmund and other members of the family. Both brothers studied at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmettsburg. Father Edmund entered the Society of Jesus in 1848, when twenty-six years of age. Throughout a long life he enjoyed the love and esteem of all with whom he was thrown in contact. *R. I. P.*

A notable loss to the Catholic Church in England is that involved in the death of Sir John Lambert, K. C. B. The obituary notice of this eminent legislator and Christian, which we find in the London *Tablet*, recalls another glorious English Catholic, Sir Thomas More. Dwelling on the habitual piety and reverence that characterized Sir John Lambert's life, our contemporary says:

"His favorite devotions were the *Salve Regina*, the *Dies Iræ*, the *Miserere*, and the *Jesu Dulcis Memoria*. When starting on a journey he always said the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the *De Profundis*, and taught his children to do the same. His early and strong devotion to the Passion is known to have influenced the life of at least one very near to him to its very end. And quite recently an old schoolfellow wrote to him: 'I can never forget your having once written on my copy-book, as you passed me one day, those words of the wise man: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Gratefully do I recall them on this my seventieth birthday.' The fear of God, which includes faith, hope, and charity, is a special glory when found in union with great temporal wisdom."

Cardinal Gaspar Mermillod, whose death occurred at Berne on the 23d ult., was one of the most effective workers among European prelates. The marvellous change operated during the past few decades in the public sentiment of Geneva as regards Catholicity was due mainly to his eloquence and zeal. An indefatigable laborer, a thinker of rare power, and a thoroughly earnest ecclesiastic, his loss can not but be severely felt, and, although expected for some months past, has elicited widespread manifestations of profound grief. *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —Heb., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mrs. Anna S. d'Invilliers, who departed this life in peace on the 19th ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. John Condon, of Hoosic Falls, N. Y., who passed away on the 9th ult.

Mrs. Martin Bergan, whose death took place on the 3d ult., at Manhattan, Ill.

Mrs. Catherine O'Brien, of St. John, N. B., whose life closed peacefully on the 2d ult.

Mrs. Mary Molloy, who breathed her last on the 4th ult., at Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. Catherine Betts, of Haverhill, Mass.; Mrs. Peter Koch and Mrs. John Cummings, Columbus, Ohio; Miss Rose Flynn, Miss Nora Sullivan, and Mr. Thomas Toole, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Dennis Gleason, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. R. Heizmann, Reading, Pa; Mr. James Guinan, Hyde Park, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth Shea, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lyons, Petoskey, Mich.; Mrs. Jane C. Gallagher, E. Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Daniel S. Healy, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Miss Lizzie G. Murphy, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. John Mackin, Cleveland, Ohio; and John McDonald, Chester, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Little Folks' Lent.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

WHAT shall little children do to mark the Lenten season?
How shall they best please Our Lord, who kept the first sad Lent?
Fasting is too hard for them, but that is not a reason
Why this time of prayer may not by them be wisely spent.

Hardest of all children's tasks is just the prompt obeying
Of their parents' wishes during all the livelong day:
Little ones who practise this in study, work, or playing,
Spend these days of fast and prayer in just the proper way.

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XX.—THANKSGIVING.

FROM what has been told, can you paint the next scene in your mind? The battered ship, with her blue-eyed commander standing calmly on the deck; the people running to see if this was some phantom bark, or one of the quaint vessels which had long ago been given up as lost; the good Father Perez advancing to clasp his dear friend in his arms. The Guardian of La Rabida had never for one moment given up the expedition, but had spent his leisure hours in the observatory, his hands busy with his Rosary, his lips moving in prayer, and his eyes ever turned to the west for a first glimpse of the sails he knew so well.

And so the sailors cheered until they were hoarse, and every church bell was set to ringing; and the tears of joy of those who saw their beloved friends again flowed freely. But, alas! where was the *Pinta*,—the strong, brave *Pinta*, with so many Palos sailors on board? Was she lying at the bottom of the ocean, or safe in some

strange harbor? They were soon to know.

While Columbus and his men were in church, chanting the *Te Deum* for the favorable end of their perilous voyage, the *Pinta* entered the harbor. But when she reached the quay, Martin Alonzo was not on her deck. She had been tossed about in the storms and had lost sight of the *Niña*, which the captain concluded had gone down; so, being driven into port at Bayonne, France, he had dispatched a courier to the Spanish court to say that *he*, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, had discovered India by sailing to the west. On coming in sight of Palos his eyes fell upon the *Niña*, there before him as by a miracle; and he took a boat and left the ship without a word, reaching his home without seeing a familiar face. There he stayed until Columbus left Palos; and shortly after, upon receiving a cool reprimand from his sovereigns, he died of a broken heart. And that was the last, as far as we are concerned, of Martin Pinzon. We must not blame him too severely. He had done much toward making the expedition of Columbus possible.

And now in the little seaport there was great rejoicing; for every man and boy who had sailed from there was back again, safe and well, and a hero besides. We should like to know what the Indians thought of the strange land and people; but can only guess, for no one tells us. We are sure, however, that we can safely imagine the feelings of the man who had planned and carried out so great an enterprise, as he went with his sailors, all in penitential garb, to give thanks at the shrine of St. Mary of Rabida. "Not all the congratulations that poured in upon him," says Father Knight in his admirable Life of Columbus, "could make the faithful servant of Mary forget the vows pronounced in the hour of his deep distress."

XXI.—Triumph.

It is easy to picture in our minds the occupations of Columbus during the next few days. There were his people—his wife and boys and his old father in Genoa—to write to; there were letters of particulars to be dispatched to the King and Queen, who were at Barcelona; and there were his religious duties, and long conversations with good Father Perez in the white-washed room in the observatory. There the friends, with maps and charts spread out before them, talked long into the pleasant nights; and from the wall a statue of the Blessed Virgin, with the words *Ave Maris Stella* interwoven with flowers at her feet, looked calmly down. You will remember that several times when the beans were shaken in the sailor's cap, it was the Admiral's hand which brought forth the marked one; and so there were pilgrimages to make to shrines of Our Lady, and to the Spanish sailors' patroness, Santa Clara, at Moguer.

And then he was ready to go to Seville, where he hoped to receive a message from Ferdinand and Isabella. Seven of his Indians went with him. One poor savage had died on the voyage, and two were taken ill at Palos; probably as much from nostalgia—the learned word for that sad disease, homesickness—as anything else.

When a cordial letter reached Seville from the court it seemed as if the fortunes of Columbus were at flood-tide. For eighteen years he had begged help from princes, only to be laughed at by all but a few believing souls; now he was addressed, in that letter sealed with the royal arms, as Don Cristoval Colon, Admiral of the Ocean Sea and Viceroy and Governor of the islands discovered in the Indies! It makes one's heart beat faster to read those words, and to think of the hopes, the daring and the perseverance of which they were the acknowledgment. The letter expressed the satisfaction of the royal pair, and requested Columbus to repair to Barcelona at once, that another expedition might be fitted out without delay; and was signed as usual, "I the King, I the Queen," and was dated March 30, 1493.

You may be sure that Columbus lost no time in tearing himself away from the wondering crowds in Seville, and proceeding to the city where the court was established. For many years afterward old people were fond of telling to children the story of that procession, which was nearer like one of the Roman triumphal parades than anything else. Its progress was necessarily slow. The route lay through a thickly settled district; and from far and near the people gathered to gaze, awe-stricken, upon the strange sights. It is like describing the street parade of a modern menagerie to tell of that pageant; only that one was real, with no dressing up of people in gay clothes to make believe.

First came the royal ensign; then every sailor, each one bearing a sharp pole or staff, on which was impaled a curiosity of the New World,—animals, birds, fruits, grains, nuts and reptiles; among the latter a monster iguana, stuffed, which Columbus himself had killed. This attracted great attention. "It is a kind of crocodile," the people said; "and it must be India that the Genoese has found." Then came all the weapons of the Indians and their musical instruments, and the garments made of feathers, and masks and images of gold. The Indians themselves came in their turn, tall, erect and sad-eyed, looking for safety toward Columbus, their protector. The shouts of the multitude were strange music in their ears. Last of all came the hero of the day, the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, stately and calm as ever; his blue eyes ranging over that mass of surging humanity as composedly as they had swept over the unknown waste of waters.

When near Barcelona a retinue of young nobles came forward to meet this strange cavalcade; and soon Columbus was before the dignitaries assembled to do him honor,—no longer a waiting suppliant, but the honored guest of the haughtiest court in Christendom.

(To be continued.)

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

X.—The Feelings of an Aunt.

Mrs. Danby was surprised when the boys did not answer her call to breakfast on the morning after Hans Gewitz's visit. She called several times:

"You Miles! You Reginald!"

There was no answer. This was unusual. It was the morning on which, according to her fixed rule, there was always beefsteak for breakfast. This occurrence three times a week always made Miles get up without calling. As for Reginald, he made it his business to get up first, and beat the steak with a wooden mallet,—for the butcher did not always have tender steak at the price which Aunt Danby preferred to pay.

While engaged in this occupation Reginald always sung "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower." When Mrs. Danby listened, and heard neither the sounds of the wooden mallet nor the notes of "Rosalie," she was astonished. What could it mean?

Again she called: "You Miles! You-oo! Reginald!"

No answer. She was struck with amazement. She climbed upstairs; they were gone! She almost fainted, it was such a shock. But when she read their messages she sat down and cried. Then she hastily made a search through the closet in which Reginald kept his clothes.

"Dear boy!" she said. "How thoughtful he is! He has taken his rubber shoes and red flannel. As if I should let him go to jail! The idea!"

She did not think much about Miles: she felt that he could take care of himself.

After breakfast—the steak was very tough—she paid a visit to Hans Gewitz. He had just returned from his calls, and was tired and sleepy, as anybody would be who had served several hundred loaves

of bread. But after Mrs. Danby had said a few words to him he was not so sleepy. He stood with his mouth open, staring at her, while she scolded him in a way that made him turn almost as pale as his own flour. At last Aunt Danby gave him a chance to speak. He explained then that he had found Reginald's ten-cent piece among the fragments of the glass, and concluded that some other boy had broken the pane. He told Mrs. Danby that he had met the boys, and had tried to call them, but that they had run away from him.

Mrs. Danby asked question after question; and as words followed words with great rapidity, Hans became sleepy again. He answered "Yes" and "No." She could not get more out of him; for Hans, unlike most of us, knew when he had said enough. He was willing to tell what he knew, but he never tried to tell what he didn't know; and this was the reason why Hans was so highly respected.

After a time Mrs. Danby concluded to go home. She had given Hans a piece of her mind, and a very peppery piece it was. Besides, customers might be waiting for her. She said a few parting words to Hans, who was so pleased to see her go that he gave her an extra Dutch cake.

Mrs. Danby found a string of people waiting, with buckets in their hands, to buy coal. They were surprised by the delay, as she had never kept her customers waiting. As she measured out ten cents' worth of coal to each person, she explained the fatal event that had taken place. But she did it in such an agitated way—it was sad to see the tears in the poor woman's eyes as she thought of the flower of the flock,—that there were some among her customers who got the idea that Hans Gewitz had actually kidnapped the boys; and it took at least ten minutes to convince them that they ought not to smash his windows.

Mrs. Danby talked with various friends during the day, but they gave her no comfort. She was glad when evening came; for with it came the two old ladies to tea. She locked the front door, and hung upon it a card on which was written, "Closed. Back in five minutes," and prepared to take counsel. She had thought for a long time over the words of the card. "Back in five minutes" seemed a polite way of telling people that she was not at home to them. She had seen it on the office doors of lawyers; and, of course, it must be right. And if folks did come back in five minutes, the exercise would do them good. Besides, it was dark, and folks could not read the card anyhow. You see that Aunt Danby was a very conscientious woman.

The two old ladies, gathered about the little round table in the firelight, were lonely without their favorite, Reginald. It was hard for them or for Mrs. Danby to kneel beside the grate and make the toast. They were too old for that.

"But," said the first old lady, as she helped herself to the preserved tomatoes, "I always told you, Mrs. Danby, that you ought to have a little girl to wait on you. Of course, I am not saying anything against Reginald: he was almost as good as a girl. Boys, even the best of them, are not to be depended on. You don't know when they'll take a sudden turn."

"That sounds ungrateful," said Mrs. Danby. "Just remember, Malvina Ann, how that boy has toasted your bread many a time. And I've sent him out a hundred times for cream when the cat was greedy and we ran short; and he never stopped on the way once to take a mouthful."

"True," said Malvina Ann Terry; "but I'd rather have a little girl here now to wait on us than half a dozen boys, that you can't find when you want them."

"Accidents will happen," replied Mrs. Danby; "and this is one of them. Of course nobody that isn't an aunt can be expected to enter into the feelings of an aunt. Nobody! I have been an aunt for

so many years that maybe I am different from other people of my age."

The old ladies said that certainly when one was an aunt, it made a difference. After tea, they all took out their knitting, and began to consider how the boys might be found. They came to the conclusion that it would not do to send the policemen after Miles and Reginald, as that might only frighten them.

What was to be done? Where had they gone? Mrs. Danby knew that Reginald would never venture "down the Neck," though she was not sure Miles was incapable of it. At any rate, as Reginald had taken his rubber shoes, she was sure no harm could come to him.

It might be that the boys had gone to Fairmount, and fallen into the Schuylkill River. This was suggested by one of the old ladies. But Mrs. Danby laughed at it: Reginald had never been known to go near the water in his life. Altogether, Mrs. Danby did not worry about the boys as other aunts might have done. Reginald was so correct, and Miles so capable of taking care of himself, that she was sure nothing could go wrong.

Still, the question remained, Where were they? How could they be induced to return? It seemed to Mrs. Danby that she could not long stand Reginald's absence. And how could the tea parties go on once or twice a week, unless Miles were home to tend the shop? For even Miles had his uses. Mrs. Danby said several times that there never was such a good-hearted boy. But still nobody thought of any means of finding him. Malvina Ann declared that in *her* time a watchman was sent out with a bell for lost children; but Mrs. Danby said that the city had grown too large for that, though no doubt it was a good plan. Suddenly a thought occurred to her, and she exclaimed:

"Why not advertise in the *Ledger?*"

The old ladies wondered that they had not thought of this before. The only thing now was to write the form of the advertisement. At last Mrs. Danby found a form that suited her.

"Reginald and Miles, return. All is forgiven."

When this had been looked at from every point of view, it was put into an envelope, and laid away behind the clock, to be taken up to the office of that newspaper on the next day. It was the opinion of the three ladies that if the *Ledger* could not find them, nothing could. After this the old ladies went home, Mrs. Danby counted the pennies in the drawer, looked after the bolts and bars, and went to bed. Having written the advertisement, her mind was hopeful. She would not be surprised to find the boys waiting to be let in when she awoke in the morning.

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A day passed. The boys were sent to bed in the attic, through which the wind howled all night. It was a very different attic from Mrs. Danby's lavender-scented place. Her attic was warm, and well-lined with all sorts of odds and ends,—from the first rocking-horse Reginald had played with to the last poker that had been broken. In spite of the cold, the boys slept. Reginald was pursued all night by Cæsar, but Miles had no dreams.

Molly had appeared at supper, which consisted of mush and milk; but she did not speak. Her eyes were red, and she was sent out of the room by Mrs. Spinks as soon as she had eaten her last mouthful.

"Did you whip her?" asked Miles of Mr. Spinks, who, with his feet propped up against the front of the kitchen stove, had begun to smoke.

Mr. Spinks looked at Miles in surprise. "Boy," he said, "ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies. I once knew a boy who asked questions. What was the consequence? His grave is in the cold, cold ground."

"How was he killed?" asked Miles.

"He was not killed by a locomotive,

nor yet by a runaway horse, nor yet by drowning."

"Well," said Miles, "I don't care how he was killed. Did you whip Molly?"

"That's *my* business!" said Mr. Spinks, angrily. "And I'll whip you if you talk too much. You've a good home, and no board to pay; and your business is to be grateful."

Miles was silent, and Reginald's heart sank. The next morning they were aroused by a great noise below them. Mr. Spinks was pounding on the floor and calling them. It was dark yet.

"Turn out, boys!" he said; "turn out! There's two hours' work before breakfast, and the early worm must work here."

"We must run away," said Reginald. "I'm afraid of that man."

"Not at all," answered Miles; "at least not yet. Aunt Danby would not want us to leave that little girl to be whipped by *him* whenever he chooses. I'll stay a while, and see the thing out."

(To be continued.)

A Brave Sailor.

It is just a simple little story about an ignorant sailor, but it is true. There had been a furious assault at Acre, where the French and English were in deadly conflict; and the dead body of a French officer was left in so exposed a position between the walls and the besiegers' trenches that no one dared to risk his life in an attempt to carry it away.

The war-ship *Tigre* lay off the shore; and on board was a simple-hearted Jack Tar, by the name of Kelly. To him the sight of that unburied body was unendurable, and he asked leave to go on shore, which was granted. When he was safe within the walls of the beleaguered town he procured a shovel, a pickaxe, and some rope; and walking straight to the ramparts, and declining all offers of assistance, he lowered himself to the ground.

The enemy, mistaking his intention, covered him with muskets; but a French officer, wiser than the rest, divined the motive of the brave fellow, and ordered his soldiers to refrain from firing. Then everyone, friend and foe alike, watched to see what he would do next. He quietly dug a grave, put the officer's body into it, said a prayer; then took from his pocket a piece of board and a bit of chalk, with which he wrote, "Here lies a poor Crop." Without appearing to hurry in the least, he put this board at the head of the rude grave, and then took his tools and walked back into the embrasure, with as little fuss as if he had been weeding his garden. "Crop" was doubtless meant as a brief way of saying *crapaud* (toad),—Johnny Crapaud being a nickname applied by English sailors to all Frenchmen, from a fondness they were supposed to have not for toads, but for frogs.

The firing, which had ceased long enough to permit Kelly to perform his kind offices, now recommenced with renewed fierceness. Sir Sidney Smith sent for the sailor and questioned him.

"I don't see, your honor," said Kelly, "why they all wonder at such a small thing."

"It was not a small thing," answered the admiring Commodore. "I am told that you performed that brave deed alone."

"Oh, no!" protested Kelly: "I was not alone."

"But I was told that you were," said the Commodore.

"Then you were told wrong, begging your pardon! I was not alone, your honor; for God was with me, and I didn't fear."

PERSEVERANCE is a great element of success. If you only knock loud enough and long enough at the gate, you are sure to wake up somebody.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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Christ to the Children of Zebedee.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM J. KELLY, C. S. C.

CAN ye drink the chalice that I shall drink?
Can ye face derision, and never shrink
From the taunts of men and blows of scourges;
From the words men utter, the thoughts they think?
Can ye quit forever the way of fame,
And unsullied walk in a path of shame,—
In a path which purifies and purges,
And through anguish leads to a fairer name?

If ye can not, children of Zebedee,
In My kingly train is no place for ye.
In My kingly train are those who sorrow
And endure all things in their love for Me.
I will give them honors, and they alone
On the right and left shall surround My throne;
And to deck their crowns some gems I'll borrow
Of the rarest ones which adorn Mine own.

The First Celebration of the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes.

THIRTY-FOUR years ago, on the 11th of February, four years after the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, our Blessed Lady deigned to appear to Bernadette Soubirous, a humble peasant girl of Lourdes. The history of that wonderful event is well known to the world now, through the famous work of M. Lasserre. Eighteen different times the apparition was repeated; and Our Lady conveyed to the Catholic world, by means of Bernadette, her wishes that a chapel should be erected there, and processions made in her honor to the rocks of Massabielle. Finally, in answer to repeated requests, she made known her identity by the words, "I am the Immaculate Conception."

Every kind of opposition was made to the story of Bernadette, not only by the government officials of France, but even by the ecclesiastical authorities. Years passed by before the truthfulness of the visions was established; but at last the ingenuous, straightforward and fearless assertions of the little peasant of Lourdes baffled every attempt of those who would make her contradict herself. Her story was carefully examined by a commission appointed by the Bishop of Tarbes, and pronounced worthy of credence. Permission was given to build a chapel, and the crowds that visited the Grotto increased every day. On April 7, 1858—the date of the seventeenth apparition,—it was estimated that from nine to ten thousand people looked on Bernadette while she gazed in ecstasy on the Queen of Heaven. Since then hundreds of thousands have come every year, from every quarter of the globe, to render homage to the Immaculate One, and countless miraculous cures have re-

warded the faith of those who came to bathe in the water of Lourdes' perennial fountain.

To-day, however, February 11, 1892, seals the triumph and adds the most graceful crown to the humble Bernadette. It has been declared a solemn feast by the highest authority of the Church, our Holy Father himself. A new Office and Mass have been granted, under the title of "The Apparition of the Blessed Virgin Mary Immaculate"; and the name of Bernadette will be sung throughout the world for time to come, as the favored child of the Mother of Purity.

Since the last days of January rain has fallen incessantly and in torrents here, and the prospect of a disappointment seemed almost beyond doubt. What a dreary festival it would be in the rain! Many prayers were offered up that the Holy Mother might obtain pleasant weather for her *own* day. So yesterday the clouds began to break, and long before the hour of Vespers (3 p. m.) Lourdes was deluged with another flood, one of delicious sunshine. Train after train brought hundreds of eager pilgrims to celebrate the new feast.

The neighborhood of the Basilica was alive with joyful faces. All wore a gala look; decorations were displayed on every side. Tall masts, with banners of yellow and white and blue suspended above, and garlands of evergreen below, surrounded the entire square before the Church of the Rosary. Banners of the same color also floated from the pinnacles of the Basilica and in a semicircle before the Grotto. The interior of the Church of the Rosary, where all the solemn offices were celebrated, was very tastefully decorated. A temporary altar of white and gold was placed just in front of the centre chapel. Behind it was a raised platform for the choir. On the Gospel side a throne of crimson velvet and gold was prepared for the Cardinal; and a pulpit of the same material, on the opposite side, with places for the visiting bishops. In front, benches for the clergy filled nearly all the space under the dome. High up in the dome was a huge circle of gas jets; and below it, hanging in the very centre, was an enormous crown, a triple crown, fully fifteen feet in diameter, made of evergreen and roses. It was symbolic of the mysteries of the Rosary, representing, in its three tiers of red, white and yellow roses, the Sorrowful, Joyful and Glorious Mysteries. The fifteen Chapels of the Rosary were also decorated with garlands of evergreen and roses in the same manner. Countless chandeliers hung from the ceiling; and banners, with *ex-voto* offerings, covered the walls. The whole effect was most graceful and tasty.

Just before three o'clock a procession came from the parish church of Lourdes and entered the Rosary Church: men, women and children, bearing banners and lights and crosses; the girls with white veils, and all in holiday attire. Soon after them arrived the choir, composed of men and boys from the college at Garaison, under the direction of a Father from the celebrated community of Benedictines at Solesmes, who had prepared all the music for the occasion. At three the clergy, to the number of nearly five hundred, followed by the bishops and the Cardinal Archbishop of Reims, entered the church, singing the *Magnificat.* When the Cardinal reached his throne, he laid aside his scarlet *cappa magna,* and was vested in pontificals for the first Vespers of the new feast. The music was plain chant, the choir and clergy singing alternate verses of the psalms. The *Ave Maris Stella* was sung by the choir alone, and was too sweet and full of feeling to be described in words. The *Magnificat* was something superb: a real rendering of the words, full of majesty and joy combined.

At the versicle "*Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata,*" a boy soprano sang. Had an angel flown down from heaven to join the melodious throng, he could not have produced sweeter sounds. There was a tone of tender and loving pleading in the

voice, which brought tears to one's eyes. Surely the *Immaculata* could not be deaf to such a prayer from one of her innocent children! Complin immediately followed Vespers. It was very simple and solemn. Again that boy's voice seemed an echo from heaven, as in soft—almost the tearful accents of one who bids farewell to this world—he poured out the words, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*"

At the termination of Complin, the Cardinal Archbishop of Reims preached a lengthy discourse from his throne; but though I was in an excellent position to hear and see, had I been in any church of the United States, I could only manage to catch a word occasionally, and see the scarlet robes once in a while through the mass of living, moving and *talking* people, who stood upon the benches before me. The customs of the French peasantry in church are far from being as respectful and reverent as with our people; in fact, even the so-called upper classes might profit by a short stay in the United States; for they would at least learn that it is considered becoming to *kneel* during Benediction,—something almost unknown to *men* in some parts of France. There seems to exist in the male portion of the population some chronic and very widely spread affection of the knee-joints.

One day last summer it chanced that some expressions of disparagement escaped my lips while speaking to an Abbé from Bordeaux on the subject of external reverence, or rather the lack of it, in France. And he retorted by saying, "Nevertheless, Our Lady loves the French very much; for see how often she has honored them by her wonderful apparitions. Remember La Salette and Lourdes. No such favors are recorded of your country, are they?" His statement seemed unanswerable; but my reply surprised him exceedingly, and he hid whatever irritation he may have felt behind the laughter he yielded to. "It is true," I answered, "the people of France have been highly privileged,—wonderful miracles of love have been worked for them, and Our Lady has done for them what she has never yet been pleased to do for my countrymen. But did it ever occur to you that her appearance at both places, La Salette and Lourdes, was accompanied with distinct declarations of how——well, that unless you reformed——? At La Salette, it was the non-observance of Sunday and blasphemy which made her state that she could 'no longer hold back the arm of her Divine Son, ready to strike and punish.' At Lourdes, 'Penance, penance, penance'; and 'Pray for sinners,' 'Kiss the ground for sinners.' No doubt we are bad enough in my country, but, it would seem, not yet so wicked that Our Lady should have to come down from heaven to reproach us."

But this is all foreign to our present subject. The sacrilegious Government of France has succeeded during the last twenty years in undoing much of the glory of the past, and stifling much of the faith, which the holy Grotto of Lourdes still helps to restore and build up. The whole Catholic world comes here to atone; and, besides the wonders done for *bodies*, many, many *souls* are gained to God.

After the sermon there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which the Bishop of Bayonne officiated. The ceremonies had lasted three hours, when the clergy and prelates returned in solemn procession to the residence of the Fathers of the Grotto. In the evening the illuminations were beautiful: the Basilica, the Church of the Rosary and the great semicircle about it, the Grotto, the long avenue as far as St. Michael's statue, the convents on the opposite hillside beyond the Gave, and even the hotels, shops, and private residences, were ablaze with many-colored lights. The effect was charming. At eight o'clock in the evening the office of Matins and Lauds was sung in the Rosary Church with the same choir as at Vespers; and

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with it ended the vigil of the first Feast of the Apparition.

To-day the weather has been perfect. At sunrise the three bare crosses on the Petit Gers stood like those of Calvary on Easter morn, surrounded by an aureole of golden light,—one could not help comparing them. It was the triumph of Our Lady at Lourdes, and the acknowledgment of her victory. Bernadette, whom Our Lady had promised to make happy in the next world, must have looked down with joy on this accomplishment of the work she was chosen to inaugurate. From a very early hour the new Mass was offered up by hundreds of priests at all the altars of the Basilica, the Crypt, and the Church of the Rosary. At nine o'clock Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Montauban, with the Cardinal presiding.

The beautiful and appropriate words of the Gradual in the new Mass seemed like a prophecy of Lourdes fulfilled: "*Surge, amica mea, speciosa mea, et veni; columba mea, in foraminibus petræ, in caverna maceriæ*"; and, "*Ostende mihi faciem tuam, sonet vox tua in auribus meis: vox enim tua dulcis, et facie tua decora.*" Poor little Bernadette, the unknown peasant!—did she not share the love of the Spouse of the Canticle?

Though it was nearly noon when the Mass ended, many immediately repaired to the Grotto, to offer a prayer at the hour when our Blessed Lady first appeared.

At three in the afternoon second Vespers were sung. All was the same as yesterday, though thousands were unable to enter the church, so great had been the influx of pilgrims during the morning. The sermon (a long and able review of the history of the apparitions, presented as a divine reproof against the error of our century, "that the Supernatural does not exist") was preached by Mgr. Germain, Bishop of Coutances, who supplied the place of the lamented Mgr. Freppel, the prelate appointed to deliver the discourse, but called to his reward only a few short weeks ago.

In the evening the same illumination as yesterday, and a procession by torchlight, with the familiar strains of the hymn peculiar to Lourdes—"Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!"—sung by hundreds of devout pilgrims. On the steps before the Rosary Church, after the Beads had been recited at the Grotto, the Cardinal and bishops, in turn, gave their blessing solemnly. So ended this beautiful and memorable feast, another page in the history of wonders accomplished for religion in our own days.

It seems to me that this feast should become particularly dear to the Catholics of the United States; for Our Lady, under the title of her Immaculate Conception, is our chosen Patroness. Perhaps before many returns of this day, the bishops of our dear land will avail themselves of the privilege offered by the Holy See, by adopting it, and celebrating it with the Mass and Office granted. Thousands of faithful and devout children of Our Lady of Lourdes would welcome the event; and then the name of Bernadette would be echoed throughout the length and breadth of a distant land, uniting all Catholic hearts in thanksgiving for the favors brought, through a humble peasant, to the knowledge of Christendom.

Doubtless one good Bishop of our country, who is so ardent a lover of Our Lady that his very seal and coat of arms bear the image of the *Immaculata* in her grotto shrine, will be one of the first to introduce the feast into his diocese, and at the lovely altar of Our Lady of Lourdes in his cathedral keep the yearly memorial of this blessed day.

It will be possible even for those who could not be present at Lourdes to-day to gain the Jubilee indulgence granted by our Holy Father Leo XIII. for the occasion. The time has been prolonged, so that those who can afford to travel so far, may come here from the United States. All during the month of May, and from the 15th of

August until the 15th of October next, the indulgence of the Jubilee will continue.

What a grand thing it would be to have a special pilgrimage come from the United States to join in this solemn rejoicing! Let the devout clients of Our Lady pray that some such plan may be accomplished, to make the country of the Immaculate Conception, our own America, unite in this holy work as a worthy celebration of 1892. Four hundred years ago Our Lady's banner was unfurled upon our soil for the first time: let our countrymen of the old Faith bring with them another banner to wave in the Basilica of Our Immaculate Queen at Lourdes—an *ex-voto* from her loving children in America.

SEDRUOL.

LOURDES, Feb. 11, 1892.

Science in a Soutane.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONCLUSION.)

FATHER PERRY was an enthusiastic lover of science. On one occasion he said, in the course of a public lecture, that he was ready to lay down his life in the cause of astronomy. These words were no empty boast, as his conduct proved. He never thought of sparing himself when any work was to be done, and cheerfully undertook long voyages to distant parts of the earth in the interests of astronomy; although he was a martyr to sea-sickness, and thus life on board ship was utter misery to him.

During the transit of Venus expedition in 1874, when almost within sight of their destination, the vessels encountered a severe and protracted storm. The wind blew a hurricane, and during four nights and days enormous waves washed over the deck, exposing passengers and crew to great danger, and, in Father Perry's case, to great suffering. Nor did their hardships and discomforts cease when land was reached. Father Perry thus describes the island of Kerguelen, chosen on account of its geographical position for the station of observation: "The situation is most desolate, almost 3,000 miles away from any habitable spot. The dreary aspect of an island of rock and lake and bog, without man or beast or tree to break the monotony of its loneliness; and most of all the fearful approach through wind and storm, with waves the greatest in the world, and winds blowing a gale five days out of every seven,—all this ought to create sympathy for those who were entrusted with this important post."

The expedition in question, as well as another in 1882, was undertaken for the purpose of determining the exact distance of the earth from the sun, a primary unit in astronomical measurements. After the eventful day had passed, and photographs of Venus on the sun had been obtained, as well as the desired measurements taken, it was thought that the observers might return with all dispatch to more genial climes. Father Perry discovered, however, that to take all the requisite observations, it would be necessary to prolong their stay as long as prudence would permit. "Calculations were made on both sides; the question of provisions was weighed against that of lunar observations, and the balance struck was that observations might be continued until the end of February, even though it were needful to put all on half rations. More could scarcely be expected, and we settled down to a twelve weeks' work, with the pleasant prospect of a home journey of many thousand miles upon a scant allowance of even the necessaries of life. To be a martyr for science is all very well in contemplation, but all may not find it quite so agreeable in the practice. We must not deny that there was a little grumbling: 'tis an Englishman's birth-

right; but the work was done, and we hope thoroughly."

It was this determination, that no consideration should make him flinch when the astronomical interests of the expedition were at stake, as well as his ability, his skill and accuracy, that rendered Father Perry particularly well fitted to be entrusted with the leadership of these important scientific missions. The four last that he undertook had for their object the solution of problems concerning the physical condition of the sun, and the nature of the atmosphere surrounding it. They were made on the occasion of total solar eclipses. Only one was fruitless, in consequence of a thick curtain of clouds which entirely hid from view the solar corona.

It may here be remarked that when on board ship Father Perry was always on the best of terms with the officers and sailors; and, in fact, greatly endeared himself to them. On one occasion, when leaving the vessel that had carried him out on one of his distant expeditions, a stoker presented him with a poem he had himself composed as a mark of his esteem. It is difficult to repress a smile at the thought that the worthy man, begrimed with his prosy toil, was engaged in communing with the Muses, and that in honor of a Jesuit!

We have now come to the time when Father Perry started on his last scientific expedition to the Isles du Salut, off the coast of French Guiana, not far distant from Cayenne, in which, at the very moment of success, he was to be called upon to lay down his life. He arrived there on December 7, 1889. During the voyage the weather was very rough: the vessel rolled heavily, and Father Perry suffered terribly from sea-sickness. He was much exhausted when he landed; but, without allowing himself any rest, he went the same evening to see the site which had been selected for the observatory, and to introduce himself to the authorities. He took up his quarters in the hospital, and persevered in remaining there; although, about ten days later, the unhealthy climate of the island began to affect his health seriously; and the captain of the *Comus* urged him to sleep on board, and land each morning for his work. Had he complied with this request, in all probability his life would not have been sacrificed to his over-anxious desire to do everything to secure the success of the task confided to him.

The following is Father Perry's own description of the island and his life there, given in a letter to his sister:

"At present I am living partly on board, partly at the Military Hospital. I have had a slight fever, and am taking quinine and sulphur baths; but I hope to be quite well for the work next week. On Sunday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, I preached to the Catholic convicts. A convict serves Mass every morning at six, and all our surroundings are convicts and warders. Each evening the Arabs may be seen in every part of the island prostrating in worship, but I have not yet learned where the Chinamen pray. The vice in the islands is fearful. Dogs are everywhere, and revolvers in the hands of all the warders. Two convicts were executed last week, and two or three others are already sentenced. This morning one poor fellow, who had died in hospital, was given to the sharks, which swarm in these waters. Our station consists of three islands: Royal Island, on which are the worst criminals; St. Joseph's, where are the prisoners condemned for life, but not to perpetual hard labor; and the Devil, where the poor lepers are kept. Food is sent to these twice a week, and the doctors visit them occasionally. They are all in the last stage of misery, and I see them crawling about as best they can. The captain, officers and men of H. M. S. *Comus* are all kindness; and the officials on shore are doing everything possible for us. The French Government gave orders that we were to be treated with all kindness; and the Governor of Cayenne has

sent the most pressing invitations to Captain Atkinson and myself. Ask all the good nuns to pray for

"Your affectionate brother,

"S. J. PERRY."

On the morning of the day preceding the 22d, when the eclipse was to take place, a full rehearsal was held of the operations arranged for the morrow. Previous to this, Father Perry spent a portion of the night in a tent, instead of going to his rooms at the Hospital; as he wished to take a few trial photographs, and to sight the position of the sun at its rising. It is supposed that he got a chill on that occasion, as the dew falls heavily during the night on the islands; for at half-past three on the morning of the 22d, Brother Rooney, who accompanied Father Perry on the expedition, heard him moaning; and going to him, found him in great pain. He gave him some medicine, which seemed to afford him relief. He looked very ill, however, as, leaning on the arm of a blue-jacket who had been sent to assist him down the rough road to the observatory, he entered the camp about twenty minutes after seven in the morning; and having been told that all was ready, walked round to see that every man was at his post.

The sky, which had been cloudy, became suddenly brighter; the sun appeared when about half eclipsed, and before totality commenced was well out in a clear patch of blue. The corona stood out magnificently during the 129 seconds of the total eclipse. When the observations were finished, Father Perry remarked: "This is the most successful observation of the kind that I have ever had anything to do with." He then asked that three hearty cheers might be given; he could not cheer himself, but he waved his helmet. From the moment he entered the camp until the observations were over he seemed quite himself, and all hoped that he was not so ill as had been feared; but it was with great difficulty that he was got back to his quarters; and when he reached them he was quite exhausted. Frequently on the way he spoke with thankfulness of the providential manner in which the sky had cleared, and enabled them to photograph successfully what they had travelled so far to see; and declared that the magnificent sight they had just beheld well repaid them for all their toil and fatigue.

The same evening Father Perry was taken to the ship; he was so weak that he could scarcely walk. He had no sleep that night; and when Brother Rooney went to him for directions the next morning, he was told he was suffering from acute dysentery. Throughout the day he gradually grew worse; so that on Tuesday morning the order to sail was cancelled, and a priest was sent for from the island to give him the last Sacraments. Father Perry was not in the least disconcerted when told of his danger; but directed the Brother quietly to put everything tidy in the cabin, and arrange all as well as he could for the presence of the Blessed Sacrament; also to wash his hands and feet, out of reverence for the Holy Oils. At four o'clock in the afternoon the priest came, and with him the commandant and two nuns, who arranged a little altar in the cabin.

Father Perry had his crucifix and beads in his hands, and answered all the prayers with fervor and exactness. He received the Holy Viaticum with very great devotion, and then remained some time in silent prayer. He made his profession of faith, and thanked God he was dying in the Society of Jesus. He begged pardon of all present for any faults by which he might have disedified them, and of Brother Rooney especially for any impatience shown to him during the years he had worked under him at Stonyhurst. Later on he was again worse, and the doctors watched with him all night.

The next day was Christmas Day. It was a quiet Christmas for all on board.

There was a piano in the ward-room, but it was not touched during Father Perry's illness; and the greatest sympathy was manifested with the sufferer. In the morning he rallied somewhat: it was announced that he was almost out of danger, and that on the 26th the vessel would start on her homeward course. But the *Comus* had not been twenty-four hours at sea before there was another change, and all hope of Father Perry's recovery was at an end. By one o'clock in the afternoon, on Friday, he was dying. Perfectly calm and self-possessed, he asked Brother Rooney to read the prayers for the departing. He did so, and also recited the Litany of Our Lady, and the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart. Then he asked Father Perry if he would like to renew his vows. The latter appeared delighted at the suggestion, and said: "Yes, yes, thanks!" Holding the crucifix in his hands, he repeated the words after the Brother, and again said how happy he was to die a professed member of the Society. He kept repeating the holy names of Jesus and Mary; this he had done continually throughout his illness. Finally, about three o'clock he made an offering of his sufferings and of his life at the foot of the Cross, resigning himself entirely to the will of God; and exhorted the doctor and the Brother at his side to love God and His Blessed Mother with all their hearts. Again and again he kissed the crucifix with tender devotion until he became unconscious, and, after a short agony, rendered his beautiful soul to his Creator in peace.

Father Perry had been a great favorite on board, and all felt his death very much. On the evening of the day he died, one of the blue-jackets came to Brother Rooney, saying that he was deputed by the men on the lower deck to say how "cut up" they all were. The coffin in which his remains were placed was taken to Demerara, where the Governor, who wished Father Perry to lecture, was waiting to meet him, ignorant of the sad fact that his voice was hushed forever in the silence of death.

He was interred in the cemetery of the island; and there the simple-hearted Jesuit and learned scientist rests, far from the College he loved so dearly, and where his name will ever be held in benediction, because of the bright example of holy living and holy dying which he set before its inmates. Those who mourned for him may be comforted with the knowledge that he has now entered into the city that hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof.

For Daily Bread.

FROM THE POLISH OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, BY C. O'CONOR-ECCLES.

(CONTINUED.)

MEANTIME it had grown dark, and the travellers left the deck; but unusual excitement reigned on board. So beautiful a sunset was seldom succeeded by a calm night; therefore the captain's whistle sounded almost unceasingly; and the sailors moved hither and thither, tugging at the ropes, and making all taut. The last gleam of crimson was quenched in the sky, and a thick fog arose on the water. The stars glimmered and disappeared. The fog became visibly thicker, and veiled the sky, the horizon, and the ship. One saw only the funnels and the towering mainmast. An hour later all was wrapped in a dense white cloud; even the lantern at the top of the mast and the train of sparks from the funnel were invisible. The ship hardly moved; it seemed as though the sea were wearied and oppressed by the burthen of the fog.

The night so far had been calm. Suddenly a curious murmur was heard in the

stillness; from the farthest point of the horizon it seemed to come, like a heavy sigh from the bosom of an approaching giant. Now it sounded as if a voice called out of the darkness, again as if a chorus of inexpressibly mournful cries resounded in the distance; they all echoed, as it were, out of the darkness of infinite space. The sailors believed this betokened a tempest: that the voices of the storm summoned demons from hell. That the tempest would come, every moment showed clearly. The captain, clad in waterproof, stood on the upper bridge; an officer took his accustomed stand before the illuminated compass; none of the passengers appeared on deck.

Lorenz and Marysia had entered the third-class cabin. Here deep stillness reigned. The lamps suspended from the low ceiling cast but a feeble light on the dark interior, and the groups of emigrants cowering close to the sides near their berths. The cabin was large but gloomy, as the steerage generally is. It almost touched the frame planks of the ship; so that the sleeping places at the farthest end, divided by wooden partitions, resembled so many dark holes; and the entire cabin gave one the impression of a great cellar. The atmosphere was compounded of various smells—tarred sail-cloth, pitch, ropes, and damp.

What similarity was there between this apartment and the elegantly furnished first-class saloon? A voyage in this hole, though lasting but a fortnight, poisons the lungs with impure air, pales the complexion, and not unfrequently brings on scurvy. Lorenz and Marysia were only four days afloat, and yet no one would have recognized the fresh, rosy-cheeked maiden of Lipinska in this pallid girl weakened by illness. Lorenz, too, had grown as yellow as wax; for they had not gone on deck at all at first, thinking it was not allowed. How should they know what was allowed and what was not? They did not venture to move from the one spot, nor to leave their baggage.

At present, however, not only they but everyone else sat by their belongings. The whole cabin was filled with similar bundles of emigrants' gear, which added yet more to its ugliness and disorder. Bedding, articles of clothing, food, different utensils, tin vessels, etc., lay confusedly mingled, and, in larger or smaller heaps, covered the whole floor. Upon them sat the emigrants, almost exclusively Germans. Some chewed tobacco, others smoked, the smoke ascending to the low ceiling, and there forming thick clouds, dimmed still more the lamp light. Some children cried in a corner. To-night the usual murmur of gossip was stilled; the fog had filled everyone with anxiety and uneasiness. The more experienced travellers knew that a storm was coming on; hence all were aware that a great danger, perhaps even death itself, threatened them.

Only Lorenz and Marysia had as yet remarked nothing, although one could hear those ominous aerial voices every time the door opened. Both sat in the background, at the smallest end of the cabin, near the ship's bow. It rocked most there, and consequently they had been crowded in by their fellow-passengers. The old man was refreshing himself with a piece of bread brought from Lipinska; and Marysia to whom idleness was distasteful, was plaiting her long hair for the night. At last, however, she began to wonder at the general silence, broken only by the cry of children, and asked:

"Why are the Germans so quiet this evening, I wonder?"

"I do not know, dear," replied Lorenz. "It may be one of their holidays, or—"

Suddenly the ship lurched as if she had received a blow, and trembled as if something terrible stood before her. The tin vessels around them clattered noisily; the flame of the lamp flickered and brightened; several voices cried in terror: "What

is it? What is it?" But no answer came; although a second plunge, still greater than the first, threw the *Blucher* over on her side. She righted herself slowly, now rose, now sank, the waves striking sullenly against the little windows on one side.

"It's the beginning of a storm, I think," whispered Marysia.

Meanwhile the gathering tempest murmured round the ship like the wind in a forest, and, gaining force, howled like a pack of wolves. One blast after another threw the ship on her side, encircled her, raised her on high, and dashed her again into the depths. Every joist cracked; kitchen utensils, luggage, beds and furniture, flew here and there—out of one corner into another; many of the passengers fell to the ground; feathers from the pillows danced in the air, and the chimneys of the lamps clinked audibly. Louder and louder grew the tumult and the roar: the rush of waters streaming over the deck, the creaking of planks, the crying of women and children, the struggle to recover lost property; and amidst all this confusion one heard every now and then the shrill piping of the officer's whistle, and the dull tramping of the sailors' feet, as they hurried to and fro on deck.

"O Our Lady of Czestochowa, aid us!" implored Marysia.

The bow of the ship, in which father and daughter were cowering, now rose, and now plunged like a mad creature into the depths; so that, although they held on to the edge of the berth, they were dashed against the sides with every motion of the vessel. The waves grew more angry, and the cabin floor creaked, so that it seemed at every moment as if the planks must be wrenched asunder.

"Hold on, Marysia!" cried Lorenz, as loudly as he could, to be heard above the storm; but soon terror rendered him dumb like the others. Even the children ceased to cry, the women to lament; everyone drew quick breaths, every hand held fast to fixtures within reach. And all the while the rage of the storm increased, as if the elements were unchained. Mist and darkness, water and clouds, wind and sea-foam, were all commingled. The waves struck the ship like cannon-balls, dashing her at one moment to the right, at the next to the left; now lifting her on high, now burying her in the trough of the sea. Over her dashed the spume, and great masses of water swept the deck with a continuous uproar. The oil lamps in the cabin were well-nigh extinguished; it grew darker and darker, as if death were approaching.

"Marysia," began the old man in a feeble voice, for he was almost breathless, —"Marysia, I brought all this on you. Forgive me."

The girl pressed his hand silently.

"Our last hour has come," he went on. "Our sinful eyes will never again open on the world. We shall die without confession, without the last anointing. We shall not rest in the earth,—alas for us! we shall go from a watery grave to the judgment-seat."

Marysia understood only too well that there was no further hope. A thousand thoughts flashed through her brain, and her soul cried: "Yasko, my own Yasko, do you hear me in Lipinska?" Terror pressed so heavily upon her heart that she burst into a sudden uncontrollable sob, that echoed fearfully through the cabin, where all was silent as death. A single voice cried "Hush!" but ceased immediately, as if the sound terrified the speaker.

In the interval the chimneys of the lamps had fallen, the lights were extinguished, and complete darkness reigned. The terrified people crowded together to be near one another. Suddenly, amidst the anxiety and stillness, broke the voice of Lorenz:

"*Kyrie eleison*," he sang.

"*Christe eleison*," replied the sobbing Marysia.

"*Pater de cœlis Deus*,—God the Father of Heaven, God the Son Redeemer of the

world, have mercy on us!" prayed both.

In the blackness of the cabin the voices sounded solemn and inspired, broken as they were at intervals by the girl's sobs. Many of the emigrants covered their faces. Marysia gradually ceased weeping; the voices grew calmer and clearer, accompanied by the howling of the storm without, when a sudden cry broke from those nearest the door. A great wave had burst it in, and flooded the cabin to its farthest corner. The women clambered onto the berths to save themselves. To all it seemed that the end was near. Presently one of the ship's officers entered, a lantern in his hand, his clothes wet through, his face red-brown. In a few words he quieted the women. The water had only got in by accident; and although the sea still ran high, there was no immediate danger.

Time passed. The storm raged with increasing violence; the ship creaked, rocked, and lay over on her side, but did not go down. So the people became somewhat less alarmed; a few even composed themselves to sleep. The hours went on. At last a gleam of light made its way into the cabin through the barred window above. Day had dawned upon the ocean. Sad and gloomy enough it was, yet with it came hope and courage.

When they had murmured all the prayers they knew by heart, Lorenz and Marysia crept to their berths, and soon sank into a deep sleep. They awoke only when the breakfast bell rang; but they could eat nothing: their heads were as heavy as lead. The old man's spirits, however, were the lower; his head felt as if it would burst; it seemed to him as if he should never be well again. The German who had enticed him over to America had, no doubt, told him that he must cross the water; but he never imagined the water was so vast, and that the journey would take so long. He fancied he could get over in a ferry, as he had often forded lakes and rivers at home. Had he known what the ocean was like, he would have remained quietly in Lipinska. Moreover, a fear tormented him, that he had delivered over his own soul and his daughter's to destruction. Was it not a sin and a shame for a good Catholic from Lipinska to tempt God by venturing on this great water, over which they had now been making their way for five days without reaching the other side —if indeed there were another side? And seven additional days of the same doubts and terrors were still to be gone through.

For forty-eight hours more the storm lasted, and then for the first time the weather cleared somewhat. Our two friends ventured on deck; but as they saw the same raging ocean before them, the mountainous waves pressing onward toward the ship, and looked into the ever-shifting, bottomless depths beneath them, they felt again that only the hand of God could save them from these abysses.

At last it quite cleared up. But day after day passed, and still nothing could be seen but this never-ending waste of waters, now green, now bluish, with which the heavens seemed to mingle. At times there sailed high above small bright clouds, that glowed in the evening light and went to sleep in the west, while the ship seemed to hasten restlessly after them across the ocean. In his heart Lorenz believed that the sea had no end, but he took courage and resolved to ask. So one day he took off his four-cornered cap, and, bowing humbly to a passing sailor, said in Polish:

"Your honor, please, is the voyage nearly over?"

Wonder of wonders! the sailor did not burst out laughing in his face, but stopped and listened to him. His weather-beaten countenance betrayed that memory was at work, and recollections quickened within him that he could not at once put into words. After a moment the sailor said:

"What?"

"I asked if we should soon land, your honor."

"Two days more, two days," replied the seaman, with difficulty, at the same time holding up two fingers.

"I humbly thank you, sir."

"Where are you from?"

"From Lipinska."

"Where is Lipinska?"

Marysia, who was standing by during the conversation, colored, but raised her eyes modestly to the sailor's, and said in a low voice, and with a somewhat rustic air:

"We come from near Posen, sir."

The sailor looked meditatively at the sea-gulls that circled round the ship, and then at the girl, with her braids of flaxen hair; and something approaching sympathy might be read in his face. After a pause he said, earnestly:

"I was in Dantzig—understand Polish—your countryman—but that was a long time ago; I am German now."

With these words he raised the rope's end that he held in his hand, and, turning round, called out, "Yeo ho!" in sailor fashion, and drew the rope toward him.

Thenceforward he always had a friendly nod and smile for Marysia when he saw her on deck. She and her father were delighted; there was at least one creature on this strange ship with whom they had something in common. Moreover, the journey could not now last much longer.

Early one morning as the young girl came on deck an unlooked-for sight met her eyes. Afar off she saw something dancing on the waters; as the ship drew nearer she perceived that it was a great red buoy, that rose and fell gently with the heaving of the ocean. Farther on she saw a second, a third, a fourth. Sea and sky were both a little cloudy, but at the same time mild and silvery. The water was as smooth as glass, and on its surface more buoys were to be distinguished. Flocks of gulls followed the vessel, with shrill piping and screaming. There was unusual bustle on board. The sailors appeared in new jackets; some were swabbing and holy-stoning the deck, others polishing the brasses and the windows; the flag was run up to the masthead; a second, larger, fluttered at the stern; expectation and joy filled all hearts; every living creature appeared on deck. Many began to pack their things and cord them up. When Marysia remarked this, she said:

"We are certain to land soon."

She and Lorenz were in the best of spirits, as in the west appeared before them the island of Sandy Hook; and another, smaller, with a large building erected upon it. Farther off something rose from the sea, misty and dimly outlined, growing gradually in length and density, as if fog or smoke or clouds were there concentrated. At the sight there was a great uproar. Everyone pointed in that direction, and the steam escaped with a shrill cry, as of pleasure.

"What is that?" asked Lorenz.

"New York," answered the friendly sailor, who stood beside him.

The cloud gradually dispersed; and in its place, the nearer the ship drew the more distinctly visible were the outlines of houses, roofs and tiles. Spires stood dark against the sky; and high above them towered huge factory chimneys, with still higher columns of smoke losing themselves in space. Beneath, in the harbor, lay a forest of masts, decorated with thousands of flags, wherewith the sea-wind played as with flowers in a meadow. Nearer, still nearer, drew the ship to that city of marvels, that seemed, as it were, to rise from out the sea.

Great joy and astonishment moved the heart of old Lorenz. With uncovered head and open mouth he stared and stared, until at last he cried:

"Marysia, for goodness' sake, do you see it?"

"Yes, father, I see it."

"And are you amazed at it?"

"Yes."

"God be praised!" he cried. "If they

give us a bit of land just like that, close to the town, and a slice of meadow, we'll be all the nearer to the market; and at fair time we can drive in our cows and pigs, and sell them. People are as plentiful here as blackberries. In Poland I was a peasant, here I shall be a gentleman."

At this moment the National Park unfolded itself to his gaze in all its beauty. Lorenz could make out the thickets and clumps of trees, and added:

"I'll bow down to the ground before the Government commissioner—he'll be a very grand gentleman, you may be sure,—and I'll beg and pray of him to give me just two roods of that wood. It would be as good as an estate. Every morning I shall send the servant-man to town with firewood. Thank God, now I see the German did not deceive me!"

Marysia, too, smiled at the thought of meeting the kind commissioner. She did not know why or wherefore, but an old song came into her head, that in Lipinska was always sung by the bride to the bridegroom at weddings:

"What sort of a wooer are you, sir?
What sort of a coat have you got?
Have you got a good cloak and a hat, sir,
And a chicken to put in the pot?"

Perhaps before long she might sing that to Yasko, when he came over, and she was an heiress.

Meantime a little boat had put out from the quarantine station. Four or five persons climbed on deck and began speaking and shouting. Soon after another boat put out from the harbor, filled with agents from the different hotels and boarding-houses, with guides and money-changers. They all spoke at the top of their voices, pushing and shoving one another about. Lorenz and Marysia felt as if a mill-wheel were turning in their heads. With all this noise and confusion they knew not what to do.

The friendly sailor advised the old man to change his money, and promised to see that he was not cheated. Lorenz obeyed, and for all he possessed in the world received forty-seven silver dollars. Before this was over, the ship had come so near the city that one could see not only the houses, but the men working at the docks. Smaller and larger boats went by in a continual procession. At last the vessel reached the wharf in the inner harbor—the voyage was over!

(To be continued.)

Hymn to St. Gregory the Great.*

(*March 12.*)

BY THE REV. WILLIAM H. KENT, O.S.C.

FATHER, has the thankless land
Lost the light thy labor gave it?
Did thy chosen hero band
Cross the seas in vain to save it?
Was thy message vainly spoken,
All in vain our fetters broken?

Send us freedom once again!
Wherefore thus so long delaying?
Let not all thy love be vain.
Leave not still thy children straying.
May the heartfelt prayer be granted,
Save the vineyard thou hast planted.

Still it cheers our hearts to dwell
On thy life, our island's glory.
Fear forsakes us as we tell
Once again the tender story,
How poor England's darkness learning,
Burned thy heart with zealous yearning.

In the Roman market-place,
English boys for sale were standing.
Marked a monk each comely face;
And their land and race demanding,
Sweetly on the name he played:
"Angles shall be angels made."

When their monarch's name he heard,
"With the Alleluia singing,"

* Apostle of England.

Said he, playing on the word,
"Ælla's land shall soon be ringing;
And the soil of Deira be
From the wrath of Heaven set free."

From those little captives' pains,
See the heavenly freedom springing!
Happy children, happy chains,
Light and life to England bringing!
Was not theirs a sweet enslaving,
Souls from Satan's bondage saving?

Straightway, making no delay,
For our shores that monk was leaving;
Romans stopped him on the way,
At his flight too sorely grieving.
How could Rome her father spare,
Destined to St. Peter's Chair?

Raised to rule the See of Rome,
World-wide cares his soul besetting,
But our distant island home
In her darkness ne'er forgetting,
Soon by other's hands he wrought
Work his own had vainly sought.

Hither came his chosen band,
Here the fire of faith they kindled;
Swift it spread throughout the land,
And the darkness waned and dwindled,
As before the dawning day
Mist and shadows melt away.

Brightly in the days of old
Burned the flame our father lighted:
Gathered in the one True Fold,
English hearts were long united.
England was an Eden's bower,
Land of saints and Mary's Dower.

But, alas! she lost the light,
And to Satan's tempting hearkened:
Then was changed her color bright,
Then the purest gold was darkened.
Night fell on our island home,
Severed from her parent Rome.

Father, must thy cherished land
Lose the light thy labor gave it?
Was it all in vain thy hand
Stretched across the sea to save it?
Bring us freedom once again:
Let not all thy care be vain.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

V.—A Strange Experience.

IN the Home of which I write there were many more women than men, and Irish was the predominating nationality. I do not know whether the former is the case everywhere, but am inclined to believe it is. Probably because of their more temperate lives, women, as a rule, after a certain age, live longer than men; particularly if their lot is one of privation. And it is a well-known fact that the Germans, French, Swiss, and other continental folk, are far more provident in general than those of Irish birth. Among them a man or woman must have led a life of great hardship, or dissipation and extravagance, or misfortune must have visited one sorely, when one has not laid by something for old age. Far be it from the intention of this chronicler to insinuate, however, that even the greater number of these poor Irish pensioners on public bounty and the charity of the Little Sisters are destitute through their own fault. And such was not the case with my good old friend Mrs. Connell, the subject of this sketch.

After having lived alone for many years, with few acquaintances and no intimate friends, though greatly respected by the neighbors, her sight failed; and as her living had depended on the fine needlework she did so well, she was obliged to seek a refuge among the Little Sisters. She was of great assistance to them in knitting the numerous pairs of stockings required by their large family; and for a long time occupied the position of portress, or lodge-keeper; so that really most of her working hours were passed in solitude, a privilege she appreciated. Always smiling and affable, there was, nevertheless, a look of deep sadness in her eyes, and about the gentle lips, never opened save in kindness and charity.

I forget how it came about that I learned her story. I remember, though, that she told me she had kept it from all the world, save her confessor, for more than thirty years. I wish I could tell it as she related it to me; but I can only give the facts, more strange, as they are always in real life, than the wildest fiction.

"I was a girl of twenty," she said—"an orphan girl,—when I first met my husband. He was at least ten years older than I, but a lively, jolly fellow; while I never cared much for frolicking. But we were drawn together from the first, and were married after a courtship of a few months. My parents had come to this country when I was a little child, but John had not been in America more than five years when I married him. He was a carpenter, I a seamstress, and together we made a nice living; for, having no children, I had a good deal of spare time on my hands, and kept on sewing.

"Very soon we had our own little home, nicely furnished, with a garden full of flowers; for we were both very fond of them, and spent many an hour beautifying the place. There was not a happier woman in the world than I. My husband was kindness itself; I never saw a frown on his face, nor heard him sigh. If ever true love existed, it was between him and me.

"One day I was busy getting dinner, when through the open door, for it was summer time, I saw a woman coming up the walk. I have never forgotten it,—I can never forget it. I can see the roses on their long stalks; I can smell the peppermint near the doorstep; I can feel the breath of the soft, sweet, summery air. The woman was perhaps fifty years old, shabbily and tawdrily dressed; her bonnet was falling off her head, her eyes were red and bloodshot, her face repulsive. By the time she reached the threshold I could tell that she had been drinking.

"'Poor creature!' I thought. 'She wants a drink of water this warm day.' She walked directly in without knocking, and said, abruptly:

"'Is your name Mary Connell?'

"'It is,' I said. 'What is your business with me?'

"'And is John Connell, the man who calls himself your husband, a carpenter from the parish of X., Co. N., Ireland?'

"'The man who *calls* himself my husband!' I exclaimed. 'John'—for as I spoke he stepped into the room.

"With an oath—the first I had ever heard him utter—he greeted the woman, who had faced him as he came in; then, white as a sheet, he fell against the dresser.

"'He is *my* husband!' she shouted, with a drunken laugh. 'And he will not deny it,—he can not: I have my marriage lines in my pocket.'

"I thought he was going to die, there came such a look of age, of horror into his face. I pushed him into a chair, though I could no more than stand myself.

"'Is she your wife, John?' I asked; and I did not know my own voice, it sounded so strange and husky.

"'God help me and forgive me, Mary, she is!' he answered, his head falling on his breast like one in a swoon.

"'Then this is not the place for me,' I said, taking off my apron and going into the next room. He followed me there, crying and asking me what I was going to do. I did not answer him, because my heart was beating so loud that I could not speak. And the remembrance of it all now seems like a dream.

"'I was only a boy, Mary,' he said; 'and she was years older than I. I hated her, but she and her brothers ensnared me the only time I was ever drunk. And I believed her dead, Mary,—oh, I did! Can you think I would have done you such a wrong, my darling, that I love better than my life?'

"'You ought to have made sure,' I answered at last, my heart beginning to grow hard and cold.

"He rushed from the room, and I heard their angry voices outside, while I got together a few little things in a small satchel. I had fifty dollars in a purse in the drawer, my own savings. I put this in my pocket, and stole out softly through the hall. I wanted to catch the one o'clock Western Express. I was lucky enough to be in time; and I came to this city, hundreds of miles from my happy New England home. Thirty years have passed, and now it is near the end."

"And you have heard nothing of him in all that time?"

"Yes: there were advertisements in the *Pilot*, but I took no notice of them. Of what use? She was his wife; and, as I said that day, that house was no place for me."

"And you have felt bitterly toward him?"

"No, thank God. I believe he told me the truth. The only bitterness was that he did not tell me the story before I married him. It was my cross. God ordained it, and I have striven to be content."

"Have you never met any of your former friends?"

"Strangely enough, never. I used to fear it at first; but I aged rapidly: my hair got white, and my name is too common a one to excite any suspicion."

"Was it at first that those advertisements appeared in the *Pilot*, or of late years?" I asked.

"In the beginning, and at intervals long after. I had not seen any for a good while before I came here."

"Did it never occur to you that the other woman might have died?"

She looked at me in surprise. "I never thought of that," she said; "never, never, until this moment."

"Surely, if he were living, and wanted you to return to him, you would marry him again?"

"I would!—oh, yes, I would!" she answered, passionately. "He is as deep in this old heart to-day as he was the day I left him."

Though I said little, I thought: "Poor, faithful heart; dear, patient heart! If I can bring you help, it shall be done."

I went to Sister Emilia and told her the story. She entered with avidity into my plan, which was nothing more or less than the insertion of an advertisement in the *Pilot*, asking for information of John Connell, formerly of ——, Mass., who, if living, was requested to come, if possible, to the Convent of the Little Sisters in X.

Weeks passed; we heard nothing. But one bright June morning a messenger came to tell me I was wanted immediately at the Little Sisters. I hastened to obey the summons; and found, instead of the lodge-keeper, Sister Emilia waiting for me in the little room.

"It is well you are come," she said, smiling. "Now haste away to the wedding."

"What wedding,—whose?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Mrs. Connell's," was the reply. "Her husband came last night, all the way from Vermont; and they are only waiting for you to be bridesmaid. The carriage is at the door, the old couple in the parlor. Come and be introduced to the bridegroom, who wishes to thank you for his happiness."

We found them sitting on the old horsehair sofa, hand clasped in hand. He was a tall, fine-looking man of perhaps seventy. She sat beside him, shy as a girl with her first lover, a bright rose spot on either cheek.

Thanks, congratulations, and exclamations were in order. (I shall spare the reader.) And after the bride-to-be had taken an affectionate leave of the Little Sisters, and the prospective bridegroom had presented a substantial token of gratitude, we three entered the carriage, and in half an hour I had the pleasure of assisting at one of the happiest wedding ceremonies it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

After it was over they took an early train for the East, and I returned home,

marvelling at the strange ruling of earthly events, and the inscrutable ways of Providence. I afterward learned that the woman who had broken up the peaceful home lived only a few months after she had installed herself in the place.

One letter came from the old couple to say that they were well and happy, and very grateful; and then we heard no more of the pair, whose strange and sad experience had separated two loving hearts for so many lonely, weary years.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A DEFECT RESPECTING EDUCATION.

AT no time in the history of our country has there been more talk about Catholic education than at present. But there is one phase of Catholic education which seems to have been lost sight of in the dust of the contending chariots. Let us admit that public school secularism is destroying the orthodox opinions of the young Baptist, the young Methodist, and the Presbyterian. Let us regret that the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the other denominations who still believe in the divinity of Christ, have not aroused themselves to the necessity of combating these secularistic spirits; but let us not overlook the fact that these denominations are doing a great deal for education, as they understand it.

The Methodists have, in the last fifteen years, raised themselves immensely by their Chatauqua movement. They are no longer looked on as an illiterate sect; and, if the present rate of progress goes on, the time will come when the masses of Methodists will not tolerate the fierce and unreasonable anti-popery spirit of some of their leaders; for cultivation is a good antidote to bigotry. And the Baptists, without much talk, have managed to gain a great reputation as patrons of education —or instruction, if you prefer to call it so. And perhaps when the Presbyterians make up their minds that there is a place of purgation, and that the heathens, good in their own way, are not in danger of hell-fire, and that other people not Presbyterians may possibly reach heaven, they may emulate the Baptists, and turn their attention to the erection of new Princeton. The missionary collections will be turned in a new direction. At any rate, the Protestant sects, whether they be content with the public schools or not, are united in improving their educational faculties as far as possible. It seems to me a short-sighted policy to build great universities, and leave the young, at their most plastic time, to the mercies of non-religious schools.

We Catholics are doing the opposite thing: a network of parochial schools covers the country, but we have so far failed in making our colleges worthy of our numbers and resources; we have limited their usefulness by our parsimony; we have attempted to destroy their prestige by a snobbish attitude toward them; we have united only in criticising them, and we have dissipated the forces necessary for making a few great colleges.

When the Catholic University in Dublin was begun, American money poured into the hands held out to receive it; and this money was not contributed only by rich men. The Catholic University at Washington progresses slowly. A round million from some Catholic Rockefeller would give it an impetus, and the work of completing the other departments of the University would go on as another work is at present going on in Chicago. But why wait for the enormously rich Catholics to endow our educational institutions? Why not unite in some plan that would touch the imaginations and hearts of the people? "How long," Dr. Loughlin asked in a

recent address, "shall we continue in utter disorganization,—each one laying a separate foundation, and no one able to bring his projects to any respectable termination?"

It is the union of forces we need rather than the enormously rich man; and, above all, we should focus our attention on the needs of our own people. None of our colleges can reach full stature until they cease to depend solely on the fees of the students. They are doing good work; they have made forward steps; they are in line with the best thought and the most advanced methods. Self-sacrificing men have, happily, brought them so far. They need now such endowments as will enable them at once to take their right place in the eyes of the public.

The Tear Handkerchief.

AMONG the Tyrolese, who are singularly careful in preserving old and quaint customs, there exists a beautiful practice. When a young woman leaves her mother's house to go to the marriage altar, she is presented with a handkerchief, which has been duly blessed by the parish priest. This is called the tear handkerchief, and its first use is to dry the bride's tears as she leaves the home of her girlhood. When she pronounces her marriage vows she holds this bit of cambric in her hand; and when she is taken to the home which is to be henceforth her own, it is put away among her most sacred treasures.

Years pass, bringing joys and sorrows in their train. And when at last the bride of former days is laid in her coffin, with the benediction of the Church upon her, the tear handkerchief is brought forth and laid upon the closed eyes, which are to look henceforth upon the blissful scenes of Paradise.

Notes and Remarks.

During a recent violent storm a French fishing schooner of Fécamp lost her masts and threatened to founder. The crew made a vow to the Blessed Virgin, and awaited their fate. Despite the fury of the tempest, the dismasted vessel succeeded in reaching the port of Saint-Valery, whence she was towed back to Fécamp. Five thousand people were crowded on the piers awaiting the arrival of the crew, whom they considered miraculously preserved from shipwreck. The twenty-two sailors disembarked in silence, and, without greeting parents, wives, or children, proceeded at once to Our Lady's Chapel, there to accomplish their vow. The spectacle was a moving one, and its touching simplicity impressed all who witnessed it.

The old abbey church of St. Pantaleon in Cologne is at present being restored. While making excavations recently, the workmen discovered three sarcophaguses. They were opened, and the official identification pronounced one of them to be that of St. Bruno, Archbishop of Cologne, and brother of Otho the Great. St. Bruno died at Reims in 965; and in his last testament expressed a desire to be interred, not in the crypt of the Archbishops of Cologne, but in the Benedictine Abbey of St. Pantaleon.

The Lenten indult in force in the United States allows the use of lard in place of butter for the preparation of Lenten food. The question is often asked: Does this privilege extend to the days of abstinence throughout the year? The *American Ecclesiastical Review*, a reliable authority, answers this query in the affirmative.

The Anglican vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon states that the restoration of the chancel of Shakespeare's church has been completed at the expense of some Stratford ladies; and suggests that other people (Americans included) should assist in restoring the entire building. Catholics will probably consider that the Stratford church was excessively "restored"

some centuries ago; and they will not be enthusiastically jubilant over the fact that "the altar slab of St. Thomas of Canterbury's Chapel, erected by John de Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, has been recovered from the place where it had been hidden since the Reformation, and is now used as the high altar." Archbishop Stratford, were he alive, would probably prefer to have the altar slab remain hidden still, rather than see it put to its present use.

Of all the newspapers published in this country the *Chicago Tribune* would seem to be the most absurd in the treatment of Catholic subjects. Its misstatements are laughable when not offensive, but they are generally offensive. In an account of the consecration of the newly-appointed Bishops of La Crosse and Cleveland, under the heading "Bishops Made Sacred," it is said that the former is "the first Luxemburger who ever became a prelate of the Church." But still more surprising is the statement that Bishop Schwebach is "able to celebrate Mass in French." In a recent notice of a funeral by the same journal, if we mistake not, it was stated that the last Sacraments were administered to the deceased at the cemetery. But, then, accuracy is not a characteristic of reporters anywhere.

There is at least one happy pastor in France. Thirty-five years ago, when the present Curé of Marçay assumed charge of that parish, the village had among its population thirty-three Protestants. It was the earnest desire of the pastor to bring them into the True Fold. The average number of conversions for thirty years was only one a year. Five years ago there were three Protestants remaining in Marçay, of whose turning to Catholicism there seemed to be little hope. Recently, however, all three joined the Church; and the good Curé's wish is realized: Marçay is wholly Catholic.

The press comments on Miss Henrietta Channing Dana's well-written paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, on "What French Girls Study," serve to show what importance is attached to the education of American girls; and, in many cases, while admitting the thoroughness of the methods followed in France, parallels drawn place some of our convent schools on an equal footing with foreign seminaries, as regards literary and historical work; and far above them in the classics, mathematics, and the general sciences. One radical difference we find, however, in favor of France, in what Miss Dana calls "the element of stability in a school-girl's life"; for "there is always plenty of time and no hurry; things are taken quietly and gone into deeply." This is possible only where children are entered young, and remain at the same school until they finish their education. Among us too much freedom in the choice of schools and studies is left to the child; and, as a consequence, the restlessness of youth is developed into a discontented habit of thought, against which maturer years will have to do severe battle. The spirit of change characteristic of the country is instilled into the minds of the children, and concentration thus becomes an impossibility. It is this want of discipline to obedience, regularity and self-control in childhood, which places American girls, bright, good and winning as they are, below their French sisters in the housewifely and womanly qualities which contribute so much to the well-being and happiness of society.

The New York *Sun* had these kind words to say of the lamented John Gilmary Shea:

"His memory will long remain in the affection and reverence of those who knew him. A journalist of remarkable accomplishments, a historian who never substituted a conjecture for fact, a Christian whose sincere faith knew no stain of doubt, his character was as remarkable for its mingled gentleness and firmness as his conscientious scholarship for its accuracy and fidelity. The place he has left vacant in journalism will be difficult to fill, and in general literature we know of no one who can take up the service he has laid down.... But, to our thinking, it was his humanity, his broad, ever-generous but not uncritical sympathy, that most endeared him to his many friends."

The life of the Rev. Father Mendaro, S. J., who died lately in Madrid, was one of saint-like renunciation. He was the son of a wealthy family, the only heir of an immense fortune. From his early years he employed his riches for the benefit of the poor, to whom he was the best of friends and the most generous of fathers. When the liberal Government ceased

to pay the clergy their salary, he received Bishop Felix and all his attendants, and supported them in his house for a year. When the revolution of '68 drove out the Jesuits, he took forty of them into his residence, which he turned into a school, paying the salaries of the teachers, and teaching a class himself. Finally, he renounced all his goods in favor of the poor, becoming poor himself, and then entered the Society of Jesus.

An interesting and very important question is answered by the Rev. D. O'Loan in the current *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. It relates to the necessity on the part of a dying person who receives the Papal Blessing (to which a plenary indulgence is attached) of invoking the Holy Name. The Maynooth theologian says that a decree of the Congregation of Indulgences removes all shadow of doubt concerning the matter; and that "therefore when the blessing is given to a dying person having the use of his senses, he does not gain the indulgence unless he invoke the Holy Name, at least mentally."

Our missionaries in Africa will have another friend in the person of Mr. Richard Dorsey Mohun, of Washington, D. C., whom President Harrison, on the recommendation of Mr. Blaine, has appointed commercial agent from the United States to Bomba in the Free States of the Congo, the head of which is the King of Belgium. At his request, our readers will remember, Leo XIII. placed them under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Mr. Mohun, who is in every way qualified for the important position to which he has been appointed, is a grandson of Anna Hanson Dorsey, well known to American Catholics.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of ordination to the priesthood is an occurrence rare enough to warrant mention in our columns. The latest priest whose Golden Jubilee has been fittingly honored is the Rev. Charles McCallion, chaplain of the Convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Carthage, Ohio. Father McCallion was born in Ireland in 1815. He came to this country at an early age, and was ordained by Archbishop Purcell in 1842. During the earlier years of his sacerdotal life, his labors were of that severe order which marks the career of all pioneer priests; and Father McCallion has been noted for his spirit of self-sacrificing zeal. His Jubilee celebration took place on the 24th ult., at Mount St. Mary's Seminary of the West, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have to acknowledge the following additional offerings to promote the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars. The Very Rev. Procurator informs us that the beatification of the holy priest may be expected before many months:

S. M., in honor of St. Joseph, $5; J. Q., $1; Mrs. J. H., 50 cts.; A.G., $1; N.T. McC., $2; T.C., Columbus, Ohio, $1; Mrs. J. H. Z., $1; Friends, Libertytown, Md., $3; M. S., 50 cts.; Mrs. J. H., in honor of the Sacred Heart, 50 cts.; S. H., 25 cts.; M. K., in honor of the Holy Face, $1; Miss B. G., $1; N. N., St. Louis, Mo., $1; E. A. H., 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —Heb., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. Augustine, O. S. D., St. Catherine's Convent, Racine, Wis.; and Sister Anne, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Kenwood, N.Y., who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. John Kane, of Stony Creek, Mich., who departed this life on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Francisca Carrillo Vallejo, whose death occurred on the 30th of Jan., at Sonoma, Cal.

Mr. Bryan O'Donnell, of Glens Falls, N. Y., who passed away on the 20th ult.

Mrs. Eliza Conrad, whose happy death occurred on the 30th of Dec., at Newry, Pa.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy, of Watsonville, Cal., who breathed her last on the 15th ult.

Mr. John Mansfield, of Westernport, Md.; Miss G. R. Houston, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Mary Kernan and Mr. P. Hogan, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Edward Condon, New York, N. Y.; M. L. Stillwagen, Mrs. Jane Stillwagen, Claysville, Pa.; James H. O'Hara, Wyoming, Iowa; Mrs. Thomas Cassidy, Columbus, Ohio; Nora Beucher, Louisville, Ohio; Mrs. Marie Hutchings, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Margaret Sullivan, and Master Henry Parker, Frostburg, Md.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Little Alice.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

DEAR!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowen, more to herself than to the child playing on the carpet near her. "It is beginning to snow. I am afraid father will take a fresh cold if he is caught in a storm. He was hardly well enough to go to his office to-day, and I regret that he did so."

Chubby, five-year-old Alice dropped her toys, and a little frown of anxiety clouded her rosy face. Mr. Bowen had just recovered from an attack of pneumonia. To Alice it seemed so strange to have papa at home ill,—papa who had always been so strong, and could pick her up as if she were a doll, and let her ride around the room on his shoulder; who was generally so ready for a frolic with her. Then, when he was sick mamma looked so grave, and the house was so quiet. How dreadful it would be if he should "get himself sick" again! The little girl went to the window and watched the snowflakes for a while. Presently she tripped out of the room.

"Gone to Sarah to get a cookie, I suspect," laughed her mother, who was writing a letter. When she had finished, she went to the top of the kitchen stairs and called:

"Alice dear!"

Sarah the cook came out of the kitchen.

"The child hasn't been here, ma'am," she said.

Mrs. Bowen ran up to the nursery. Baby Louise was asleep in the cradle; Katie the nurse-maid was darning stockings. Alice was not there They searched the house from garret to cellar, but she was nowhere to be found.

"She must have gone out!" cried the mother, in alarm.

Then what a commotion there was!

Meantime Alice had flitted into the hall, caught up a shawl belonging to her mother, and hunted about for her father's overshoes and umbrella. Laden with these, and wearing the shawl over her head, as she had seen Sarah do when running out after dark to visit a friend in the neighborhood, she opened the door, and the next moment was in the street. For a second she stood irresolute and afraid; for she seldom went out alone, even to play on the sidewalk. But she knew the way to the ferry; for with mother she had often walked down there to meet father. All she had to do was to hurry to the corner, turn, go down three blocks more, and there would be the ferry-house right before her.

It was not snowing hard, but the flakes sported about in little flurries; and the wind played pranks with the clumsy shawl, whisking it first to this side and then to that; so that she had no easy task to hold it together under her chin with one hand, and at the same time to keep the overshoes

from slipping from under her arm. With the other hand she grasped the big umbrella, which she was forced to drag behind her, letting it fall every now and then.

In spite of these difficulties, with rare patience she kept on steadily, her little mind busy with one kind thought; while almost unconsciously, and quite heedless of the passers-by, who glanced after her curiously, she prattled to herself, saying, as she had said every day while her father was ill, "God bless papa, and don't let him take any more cold."

Shortly afterward the ferry passengers, as they came from the boat, beheld shrinking against the side of the slip, a comical little figure, enveloped from head to foot in a green plaided shawl, the ends of which draggled on the ground like a train. This quaint, tiny creature, who might almost have been taken for a fairy travelling incog, held tightly clasped in her arms a pair of capacious rubber overshoes and an unwieldy umbrella. Those who peered under the shawl saw an expectant, smiling face, a pair of soft, hazel eyes, and a tangle of brown ringlets, which the owner from time to time tried to push back from her dimpled cheeks.

Several persons stopped to question her.

"My little girl, what are you doing here in the cold?" asked the burly policeman at the gate.

Alice's eyes flashed. "I's not *his* little girl," she said to herself. But to everyone she made the same simple answer: "I's waiting for papa."

He was not on that boat, nor on the next. Alice nearly grew discouraged. She began to feel cold. Would he never come? It was so tiresome to stand there holding that big umbrella. The boat came in for the fifth time. Ah, there he was now!

In another moment Mr. Bowen was amazed to have a small vagrant rush up to him, thrusting out a pair of overshoes and an umbrella. Still greater was his astonishment when he discovered that it was his own wee daughter Alice, who had always been so timid and fearful amid the confusion of the thoroughfare, but who had now braved its dangers almost without a thought of them, her loving little heart filled with unselfish care and solicitude for him. A mist came before Mr. Bowen's eyes as he caught her up, overshoes, umbrella and all, and took her into the waiting-room. Here, to satisfy her, he equipped himself for the storm which had not come; then he bundled her up in the shawl and carried her home as quickly as possible.

When they reached the house, to Alice's surprise, her mother seized upon and half smothered her with kisses. Mr. Bowen had to go out and telegraph to all the police stations of the city that the lost child had been found.

Yet, notwithstanding the anxiety she had caused, who could chide little Alice, who had meant so well? Not mother nor father, at any rate. The small girlie willingly promised that she would not go out again without leave. Her mother gave her a light, hot supper, and put her to bed, wrapped up in blankets. The next day Alice was as well and as merry as usual; and, fortunately, no harm came of her runaway adventure.

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XXII.—Honors.

The Admiral advanced toward the throne and bent low; but as he was about to kneel and kiss the royal hands which had been held out to help him when hope was nearly dead, the King and Queen arose and received their guest standing, as if he had been a prince of the blood royal. For seven years or more he had been a laughing-stock among that crowd of courtiers, and now they beheld him receiving

favors never before accorded a subject. Soon he was bidden to tell his story, which he was neither slow nor unskilful in doing. And as he finished, the King and Queen, and all those grandees of haughty Spain, fell upon their knees, while the royal choir sent upward upon the soft air the glorious strains of the *Te Deum*.

If we could only leave our mariner here, his wildest dreams so far true, at the height of earthly glory! But it may not be. There is more to tell,—a story in telling which the historian's pen falters and his heart sinks.

All those who had been most unfriendly toward the penniless adventurer now vied with one another in doing him honor; and Columbus, ever magnanimous, seemed willing to forget the harsh things said and done before he had proved his earnest words to be true. Everyone, as became a loyal subject, followed the example of his sovereigns; and when the hero of the day dined out, he was served with covered dishes, and given the seat belonging to the guest of distinction. We fancy that he often laughed in his sleeve at this sudden change in treatment; but he kept the same unaltered demeanor, as became the dignity of an Admiral of Spain.

It was at this time that a famous and time-honored incident is said to have occurred. In many of your geographies there is a striking picture of Columbus making an egg stand on end by breaking it, and saying, "It is easy enough to do when some one has led the way," to the jealous courtier who intimated that it was no great feat to have sailed across the ocean. It is hard to give up a cherished illusion of childhood, but we are really afraid that the egg incident never happened,—at least, the most reliable writers are sure it never did; but from a life so full of events it can easily be spared.

Columbus now worked harder then ever, if that were possible. He would perhaps have been grateful for a season of repose, for he was sadly worn by exposure to the elements; and his old foe, the rheumatism, seriously punished him for those nights spent on deck in the midst of storms which would have conquered any other man. But from the time he began his quest of a new world there was no such thing as rest for him, until he said "Into Thy hands—" and went home to heaven.

At this time his mind was chiefly occupied with his vow to reclaim the Holy Sepulchre, and not a man in all Spain was harder at work than he in the fitting out of his second expedition. He wished to visit his father, but that was out of the question; for it was feared that the jealous King John of Portugal might be fitting out an exploring squadron of his own. And so our Admiral contented himself with sending for his young brother Giacomo, who, much to his own astonishment, immediately found himself made aid-de-camp to his distinguished brother, under the title of Don Diego Colon. Thus the poor youth, an obscure wool-comber, became a grandee of Spain; and his first act in that capacity was to become godfather to one of the exiled Indians, who was baptized Diego.

XXIII.—"In the Name of Our Lady."

The news of the voyage across the awful sea soon spread throughout the civilized world,—carried by merchants, sailors, embassadors, and travellers of all descriptions. One wishes that there had been newspapers in those days. How we would pore over the Seville *Post* or the Barcelona *Morning Tribune*, with its intelligence concerning the Admiral in the column of "Personals"; and, in its advertising department, calling for stores wherewith to stock the new fleet! It was to be a gallant fleet indeed. No longer was there difficulty in procuring ships or crews,—the trouble was the other way: everybody seemed to wish to go. Young men of fortune, idlers who longed to dip a hand into the gold of those far Indies, men with a thirst

for adventure,—the only problem was how to keep away the applicants. This is best shown by the fact that three hundred stowaways concealed themselves until the squadron was well out at sea.

Honors continued to be showered upon the master-spirit of all this excitement, and he was granted a coat-of-arms with the motto: "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a new world." Strange wording, was it not?—for no one imagined that a new world had really been discovered. If in this little history this fact seems to have undue repetition, it is that you may never lose sight of it. Not a person in Europe imagined the full truth, and Columbus himself died in ignorance of it.

There were other gifts bestowed upon Columbus. The prize-money for first sighting land was duly awarded to him, athough he saw only the flickering light on that eventful night. The sailor on the *Pinta* who had called "Land!" when the clouds rolled away from before the face of the moon, claimed the reward also; and much sympathy has been bestowed on him because he did not receive it. But even if he did run off from chagrin and become a Mahomedan, as is said, no one surely can grudge the prize received by the gallant leader, without whose efforts no man of the fleet would ever have seen the islands of the Western Sea.

One of the most gratifying results to a good Catholic like Columbus was the hearty co-operation of his Holiness the Pope, who favored the second expedition in every possible way. The conversion of the natives was naturally to him of supreme importance; and a number of priests were appointed to accompany the Admiral,—Father Boil, a Benedictine, at their head. It is pleasant to believe also that our old friend, Father Perez de Marchena, was with his beloved Columbus. He has never received his dues at the hands of chroniclers; for beyond doubt it was he, a son of St. Francis of Assisi, who first offered the Holy Sacrifice in the New World.

There were in the new fleet three large caracks and fourteen caravels, laden with everything—animals, seeds, tools, fabrics—that could be of use in colonization. Columbus' own ship was named the *Maria Galante*, and this expedition was undertaken in the name of the Blessed Virgin.

The last of the small boats to return to the shore when the fleet was about to weigh anchor contained the Admiral's boys—Diego, a manly youth; and Ferdinand, yet a child. They had come to Cadiz to say good-bye to their father; and, like many others, had rowed out to where the ships were moored. We wish we had a fuller record of the childhood of these lads.

At last all was ready, and there was a favoring wind; and, taken leave of by a multitude that swarmed upon the quay, on the 25th of September, early in the morning, in the name of our Blessed Lady, the gallant fleet weighed anchor and sailed toward the Land of Sunset.

XXIV.—Clouds with Silver Linings.

Columbus kept no journal on the second voyage, which we can not help regretting; but there was a physician from Seville on board, who wrote down many impressions of the journey, which time has fortunately spared us. This journal is by no means as direct and simply-worded as was that of the Admiral.

One of the first results of greatness is usually a crop of enemies, and Columbus had already begun to give offence. Back in sunny Spain, Juan Rodriguez de Fonseca, an ecclesiastic high in the confidence of his sovereigns, had been appointed to manage Indian affairs at home; and Ferdinand and Isabella had already, in one misunderstanding about those affairs, taken sides against him, and dismissed him from their presence with a reprimand. He never forgot what he deemed an injustice; and much of the consequent trouble of Columbus was due to the breach, which con-

tinued to widen. In the ecclesiastic Father Boil, who is said to have been appointed through an error in spelling his name, Columbus found another opponent. As to Father Perez, he seems to have been appointed solely because of his friendship for the Admiral, a most delicate and valued compliment. We know that he was of great help and comfort to his friend; and that he blessed a cross and celebrated Mass for the first time in the New World, as has been said; but after that he disappears almost entirely from the pages of history. Good Father Perez de Marchena!

"His soul is with the saints, we trust."

The fleet met with no mischance, except one brief and violent storm, which was truly frightful while it lasted. On Saturday, November 2, land was sighted. They took in sail and waited until morning, when a group of islands was plainly seen. The sailors were tired of the long voyage, which they had begun with such enthusiasm; and gathered on the decks to give thanks to a merciful God, and to unite in singing the *Salve Regina*, which was never neglected in any stress of danger or discouragement. "It was certainly one of the most solemn and imposing spectacles that can be imagined," writes Tarducci, "the breaking of the monotonous silence of the ocean by the mariners' strong voices, bearing to Heaven the tribute of their gratitude."

The largest and most elevated island in sight was named Dominica, by reason of the day of its discovery. The second one was christened Maria Galante (Gracious Mary), after the ship which bore the captain general. He never missed a chance to do honor to the Blessed Virgin. You remember that he promised the friars of Our Lady of Guadaloupe to name an island after that sanctuary; so the next one in turn became the island of Guadaloupe. Strange sights were to meet the eyes of the whitemen upon that newly found isle.

(To be continued.)

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XI.—A Scene by the Fireside.

Another day passed. Mr. Spinks never spoke to Molly without threatening her; and Mrs. Spinks scolded all the time. The boys did the chores about the place, and Mr. Spinks was not too hard on them at first. Nevertheless, the life was very different from what it had been at home. The weather was changeable—half-rain, half-sleet; and the boys suffered most from the effects of the cold. Reginald's hands were as red as boiled beets, and Miles' teeth chattered all day long. The wind from the Delaware sent the sleet whirling against their faces, as they watered the cattle and did all the out-of-door work. How often during that day did they wish night would come!

"Be the long day ever so long,
At length it ringeth even-song."

The Spinks' house was not very attractive inside; but the big kitchen was warm, and, thanks to Molly, it was tidy. The supper, which consisted of mush and milk, was soon over; and, to the children's delight, Mr. and Mrs. Spinks announced their intention of going, on Saturday evening, to attend a meeting of a society in Philadelphia. Consequently, as the ferriage and car fare must be made, and as Mr. Spinks said they were very expensive, the family could not afford to amuse itself. A large bag of carpet rags was brought out, and the group went busily to work in making them into balls. Molly was so tired that she fell asleep; and, unluckily, she snored. Mr. Spinks raised his head—he had been smoking and doing no work,—and gave a deep groan.

"Idleness!" he said; "idleness! How all the good people in the world hate idleness! It is the mother of misery."

He jumped up, seized a knotted stick

that stood in the corner, and advanced toward Molly. Miles was startled; he dropped the ball of rags his stiff fingers were trying to wind, and looked helplessly at the angry face of the man; he was too sleepy to be sure whether he was in a dream or not. Mr. Spinks threw up his arm, with the stick in it, over Molly's unconscious head.

"Serve her right!" snapped Mrs. Spinks.

To Miles' surprise, Reginald, after a look at him, rose. "Mr. Spinks," he said, in a voice that trembled a little, "you must not hit Molly."

Mr. Spinks lowered his cane and glared at Reginald. "Who's to prevent it, hey?" he asked.

"We will—Miles and I; and we want you to know it. Of course," Reginald continued, "I don't mean to be disrespectful to one older than myself—the catechism says that's against the Fourth Commandment; but I feel that I should sin through human respect if I allowed you to hit that little girl."

Mr. Spinks rolled his eyes.

Mrs. Spinks cried: "Well, I never!"

Miles became fully awake. "We won't work a day for you," he said, "if you whip Molly for nothing."

"I'll skin you both!" said Mr. Spinks, in a rage. "She's a bound girl, out of an asylum; and I'll whip her if I want to."

"I'll tell the police, then!" exclaimed Reginald.

"You can't," observed Miles. "You—"

"Yes, I will, even if I go to jail for it. I'll tell the police, Mr. Spinks; and they'll make you suffer."

Molly awoke, and looked about her. Mr. Spinks raised his stick again. The little girl uttered a piteous cry, and threw her hands over her head.

Reginald forgot himself, and for the moment suffered all the dread that oppressed Molly.

"Miles," he said, earnestly, "we must do something."

Miles was a clever boy for his years. He saw at once that two boys had not the ghost of a chance against a man like Mr. Spinks. At the same time he knew that Mr. Spinks would think twice before he let them go.

"If you touch Molly with that stick," he said, "Reginald and I shall leave the house at once."

Mr. Spinks laughed. "You whipper-snapper! you midget! I could grind you to powder!"

Reginald trembled; but Miles rather enjoyed this. There might be a chance for a fight, and Miles enjoyed fighting whenever he could conscientiously take a hand on the side of the right.

"Grind away," he said; "but don't touch that little girl."

Molly rose from her chair, crying. "Let him whip me," she said; "he can't do more than kill me. And I'd rather be dead. There is no one to be kind to me in the whole world,—no one!"

Mr. Spinks looked at the boys and lowered his stick; he could whip Molly at any time, and he felt that he had better not force the boys to run away: they could be useful to him.

"I have been a father to that girl," he said; "haven't I, Mrs. Spinks?"

His wife nodded. "Indeed, you have. "She's had butter three time o' week, and rice-pudding o' Sunday."

"And yet she goes to sleep when she ought to work; and upstarts come into my house to tell me that I can't treat her as a father!"

Mr. Spinks sat down, and took his pipe; but Reginald was frightened by the look he gave Molly.

The kitchen was warm; a cheerful glow shone from the open front of the stove; rashers of ham and bacon hung from the rafters; and the perfume of the dried lavender which Mrs. Spinks was putting into bags scented everything. The rain pattered on the roof outside; and Reginald thought

to himself that, in this place, where there were warmth and light and plenty, how sad it was that there was not peace! And he said, in his mind, that people might have all the peace they wanted, if they would be good and cheerful.

XII.—The Tea Party.

On Saturday Mr. Spinks and the boys had another discussion. They were in the barn. Mr. Spinks was cracking walnuts to be sent to one of the market stalls; Molly was pulling the sprouts from some potatoes, and the boys were carrying a large tub of food for the cattle toward the stalls, when Mr. Spinks looked up. His face was dark, his lips compressed.

"Oh, don't make him angry to-day!" Molly said. "He is in one of his bad humors. If you make him mad, *he might stay at home to-night.*"

Reginald's heart sank at this. "*You* speak," he said to Miles.

Miles cleared his throat. "Mr. Spinks," he began, "will you lend us the horse and buggy for a while to-morrow? It's Sunday, you know."

"Whose horse and buggy?—*my* horse and buggy?" asked Mr. Spinks, with a harsh laugh. "And what has Sunday got to do with my horse and buggy?"

"We want to go to church," answered Reginald, seeing that Miles hesitated,—for Mr. Spinks' manner was that of an expert bully. To tell the truth, Reginald's courage was very low; he was not naturally brave, but he was determined that he would meet any danger rather than not go to Mass. He was sure that Mr. Spinks would prevent them from crossing to the Philadelphia side, and the nearest church was seven miles away.

"To church!" exclaimed Mr. Spinks, laughing again. "My horse and buggy don't go to church, for *I* don't go."

"Oh, don't aggravate him!" whispered Molly. "I am sure he will never let you go to church."

"The church is seven miles off," said Miles. "We can't walk that far and be in time, one of the neighbors told me yesterday. If we can't go to church, you can do your own work. We'll find another place."

Mr. Spinks looked at the boys. Boys that would brave him to go to church!—he had never met such boys before. He tried to force Miles to drop his eyes. Miles kept them on him very coolly. But Reginald, on whose mind was the shadow of jail, lowered his.

"I guess you'll change your mind about going to church, my boy. I suppose you want to go to the Irish church?" he remarked, sneeringly.

"There isn't any Irish or German or French or Italian church: there's only one Catholic Church," replied Miles. "There's where we want to go. And if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head—"

"Miles," said Reginald, whose privations had made him more than usually religious, "don't be disrespectful. It's wrong: it's against the Fourth Commandment."

"Don't you be afraid of my doing anything I'll have to tell in confession!" said Miles. "But if I wasn't a Catholic, Mr. Spinks, I'd make your life a burden, for the way you've acted. Can I have the horse and buggy to-morrow or not? We *must* go to Mass."

Mr. Spinks reflected. He would have given a great deal to make his big stick answer Miles. He was boiling over with rage. But he had seen Mrs. Danby's advertisement in the morning's *Ledger*. These boys were good workers, and they seemed to be foolish enough to work for nothing. Besides, he might be able to get a reward for returning them to the address in the paper. But he had no patience with them,—boys that wanted to go to church! How ridiculous!

Molly was turning white and red while this talk was going on. She had not been in a church since she had been in the orphan asylum, and she never expected

to enter one again. Even if Mr. Spinks would have let her go, she had no clothes fit to wear. She rejoiced in the attitude of the boys; yet she feared Mr. Spinks' vengeance on them.

Reginald became a better boy the moment he began to forget his own troubles in the sufferings of Molly; and Molly's better nature controlled her more when she forgot her fears for herself, and began to fear for others. As for Miles, he had no desire now to kill Indians; if he were once home he would work, he said, and let no day pass without learning something that would make him more powerful. He felt a great desire to help the oppressed. As for Reginald, he wondered how he could have been so selfish all his life, when there were children like Molly in the world. Ah, if he had no fear of the shame of going to jail, how bold he could be! But with that fear on him, his hands were tied. He resolved that he would never again do anything that he need conceal.

Mr. Spinks shook his fist at Molly, and then said to the boys: "Yes, you may go; but if the horse doesn't come home in good condition, I'll break every bone in Molly's body."

"Of course you'll let Molly go to church, too. She's never been to our church, and she might like to see it."

Miles was amazed at his own boldness. Molly gasped.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so!" answered Mr. Spinks, after a pause; "or else you'll be telling people I am cruel. Remember, when you are lying about me, that I let you go to church."

"Thank you, sir!" said Reginald.

Mr. Spinks raised his fist; but, seeing that Reginald was in earnest, he dropped it again.

That Saturday afternoon was one of great suspense to the children. Mrs. Spinks brought out her velvet bonnet, with great red roses on it, and dusted it carefully. At dinner she said she did not think she would go, because it "looked like rain." Miles told her he was sure it would clear up; and Reginald offered to lend her his rubber shoes. At four o'clock the sun came out.

Miles and Reginald had seen a peddler passing, and had bought six lemons, three oranges, and some cakes and candy. Molly herself had managed to acquire from a neighbor some ounces of tea and a loaf of Dutch cake. But if at the last moment Mr. and Mrs. Spinks should conclude to stay at home, there could be no tea party.

Hopes and fears chased one another in the children's hearts. Would the Spinkses go or stay? Reginald put up fervent petitions that they might go; and at last, when all the chores were done, they announced that they would go. And little did the boys dream that they were going, not to their meeting, but to see Mrs. Danby!

(To be continued.)

A Story with a Moral.

To illustrate the power of evils which are not resisted in the beginning, the Arabs tell the following fable:

Once a camel walked to the door of a tent and stuck his nose in; no one seeming to object, he put his feet in; meeting with no obstacles, he followed with half of his body; delighted with his success, he followed with the other half. Then the inmate of the tent shouted: "Get out of here, you great, awkward creature! Don't you see that this tent is not large enough for two?"—"Is it not?" asked the intruder, now grown quite bold. "Then I see no way but for you to leave; for I intend to stay."

THE following lines are from the Arabian:

On parent's knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou wert, while all around thee smiled:
So live that, sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm may thou smile, while all around thee weep.

THE AVE MARIA
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Fidelio.*

BY GEORGE F. X. GRIFFITH.

THOU master of the mysteries of Tone,
My spirit hath drawn nigh thee! Fierce and sweet
Thy blaring brass and thrilling viols meet,
E'en as this awful world, whose pregnant moan
And purest joy are in thy Sound-Life known.
Faithful—aye surely! Faithful, with the beat
Of loyal heart to heart, which here do greet
Our grovelling thought in glorious unison.

List to this harmony of Heaven-born minds!
This holy heritage of man on earth,
And pledge of peace. Mark how the full stream winds
Resistless through our souls. Fair Love and Mirth,
Hatred and Sorrow in its floods; but most
That power of Faith—humanity's great boast.

The Sanctity and Greatness of St. Joseph.

THE glorious Patriarch whose festival comes like a gleam of sunshine athwart the sombre gloom of the Lenten season, offers to our consideration a splendor less refulgent than that which robes his blessed Spouse; but the very retiredness of his life and character proves a charm that is singularly attractive. Descended from the royal race of David, he transmitted his hereditary rights to Jesus, son of his Spouse, —nay, his own son by an adoption tacit and voluntary, if not legal and solemn. The mission and dignity of St. Joseph were so exalted and so exceptional, that he must have been predestined to enjoy every species of grace and prerogative. Indeed, it is believed that he, like John the Baptist, was purified and sanctified in his mother's womb, and that throughout his life he preserved his original innocence. He was "a just man," which expression when used in Holy Writ signifies the assemblage in one person of all the virtues.

Destined, however, to cover and conceal all—the virginity of Mary, the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, the greatness of the Son, and the secret of the Father,—he himself was hidden and obscure. He is a cloud, a shadow,—the shadow, as has been said, of the Eternal Father. A son of David, he hides his royal birth in the lowly occupation of carpenter—a worker in wood. Undoubtedly there was a certain congruity between this vocation and his function as master of Jesus, who, by working with wood during thirty years, prepared Himself for the great work which was to be consummated on the wood of the cross. In the eyes of God, the supreme Worker of the universe, the Architect of tabernacle and ark, there was in this trade nothing

* Beethoven, Overture in C, No. 3.

low or mean; but by the eyes of the world, the nobility of the man and his labor could not be discerned through the shadows environing the joiner's shop of Nazareth.

His ministry, higher than himself who is so elevated, since it is his to command that which is infinitely or incomparably above him, he seems to exercise as though he were an impersonal agent. His personality expresses and asserts itself neither by words, since not a single one of his utterances is known; nor by actions, since he never takes the initiative nor enjoys the full possession of his liberty. He is always rather passive than active, and does not so much act of his own will as he is made to act by that of others. Nevertheless, in virtue of that divine antithesis which is at the very basis of Christianity, St. Joseph's splendor springs from his very obscurity; his elevation, from his abjection; his glory, from the contempt in which he is held by the world.

Of that virginity of Mary which it was his to cover, he is also, as her husband, the guardian and possessor; and by the safeguard of his own personal virginity he acquires a new right to the fruit which is to spring therefrom. In this sense, Jesus, whose virginal and divine conception he still conceals from men, is not only the son of Mary: He is Joseph's son also. Jesus is his son, too, in this sense that Joseph fed and nourished her from whom the Divine Infant took His substance.

Finally, the glorious Patriarch was not the Father's shadow only, but His lieutenant as well. He replaced the Eternal with full authority; and neither Mary nor Jesus Himself acted save by his orders and under his control.

All these alternate obscurities and splendors surround St. Joseph with an undefinable atmosphere, wherein we discover indeed many abysses of sanctity, but can see nothing distinctly. Joseph is as the centre and the summit, in which is accumulated and perfected all the sanctity of the Old Testament, the homage of which he renders to Jesus in his own single person; and from which springs all the holiness of the New Testament, abounding likewise in him so fully that it can not be surpassed except by that of Jesus and Mary. He had, in truth, at his free disposal the source and channel of all grace in the persons of his Spouse and his putative Son, who were moreover bound to him by motives of justice and gratitude. If we think for a moment of the services rendered by him, and of the solvency and generosity of his debtors, we are confronted with a whole world of grace, whose altitude and immensity may be conjectured, but whose almost infinite scope is beyond our conception.

In the husband foreordained for her by the Almighty, the virginal and supernaturalized eye of Mary discovered, far better than we can do, all these gifts and beauties; and this is one reason why she accepted him so willingly and quickly. With the eyes of the body, however, she saw in him only the artisan broken by toil and years, whom tradition and art have described for us.

It is incontestable that Joseph was much older than she, but he was not the decrepit old man whom certain artists have painted. An old man, he could not have covered the maternity of the Virgin; nor, consequently, have saved her honor and life. Far from that, his disproportioned age would simply have exposed the young and beautiful Maiden to ridicule. An old man, he could not, even in ordinary life, and much less in journeyings and dangers, have accomplished in behalf of the Mother and Child his ministry of breadwinner, guardian, and defender.

It is probable, then, that he was, at the time of his espousals, in the prime of life—about forty years of age; and, moreover, that he too was possessed of unusual manly beauty. We may believe that, in this respect, he was not inferior to his figure and namesake, Joseph, son of Jacob, of whom Genesis says that he "was of

a beautiful countenance and comely to behold"; and therefore that the face upon which Jesus was so long to fix His complacent glances, and so often to press His loving lips, possessed an attractive charm. His stature was majestic, his bearing distinguished,—his whole person, in a word, in perfect keeping with his origin, destiny, and functions.

Hidden for two decades among lowly artisans, his virtues maturing with successive years until they had grown into the perfect justness which Holy Writ ascribes to him, Joseph suddenly emerges from the darkness that had hitherto encompassed his name and worth, and appears in the Temple as the Heaven-appointed spouse of earth's fairest daughter. Indicative of the choice foreordained of God, the rod which he holds in his hands blossoms into a flower, thus literally verifying the prophecy of Isaias: "There shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise up out of his root." Henceforth Joseph is the spouse of Mary; and there is founded the ideal family, whose home-life, redolent of blended piety and love, is the perfection toward which Christian husbands and wives will always aspire.

For three decades more the "just man" blesses earth with his presence; and, though still humble and lowly, unknown to those who vainly fancy they are truly great, exercises during those thirty years the grandest ministry that has ever been confided to a son of Adam—that of protecting, guarding, sustaining the Mother of his Lord and that very Lord Himself.

Surely nothing can be more rational than that children of Mary and followers of Christ should confide in the patronage of such a Saint. Honored and trusted by God Himself as was no other mortal man, impregnated as was his whole being with the atmosphere of compassionate charity that exhaled from his thrice-blessed charges, none better than he can sympathize with the trials and troubles, the wants and woes that afflict mankind; and none enjoy in the estimation of heaven's King and Queen a prestige so capable of effecting the good his sympathy wills. Lovingly enshrined in myriad hearts as potent protector and beneficent patron, the foster-father of Jesus will enjoy forever the homage of all true children of Mother Church; and in the supreme moment of each Christian soul, his name will join with those of Jesus and Mary to dispel the terrors that assail the dying, to illume the pathway to eternal life.

For Daily Bread.

FROM THE POLISH OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, BY C. O'CONOR-ECCLES.

(CONTINUED.)

LIKE bees from a hive, the passengers streamed across the narrow gangway, beginning with the first-class, then the second; finally those of the steerage, laden with their baggage. As the old man and his daughter, after much knocking about, at last found themselves near the passage, they saw the sailor at their side. He shook Lorenz warmly by the hand and said:

"Good luck to you and the girl! God be with you!"

"God reward you!" cried both together; but there was no time for more. The crowd hurried them across the gangway, pressing them forward, until they found themselves within the walls of the Custom House. The Custom House officer, in a grey overcoat with a silver star, looked through their baggage, then said, "All right!" and motioned them to the door. They went out and stood in the street, looking at each other.

"Daddy," asked Marysia, "what shall we do now?"

"We must wait here, of course. The German said a Government commissioner would come to look after us."

So they stood by the wall, waiting for the commissioner; and meanwhile there flowed around them the trade and traffic of a great city. Never in their lives had they seen anything of the kind: these straight, wide streets, crowded with people; in the centre rolled cabs, tramways and heavy wagons; on every side echoed a strange, unknown tongue, and the voices of workmen and costermongers. Frequently they saw woolly-haired negroes go by, and at the sight of them they devoutly and tremulously made the Sign of the Cross. This city was too astonishing, too noisy, with its whistling locomotives, its rattling conveyances, and its loud-voiced people, who all walked as quickly as if some one were pursuing them whom they sought to avoid. They swarmed like ants; and how strange all these faces looked!—some coal-black, some olive-colored, some fiery red. Just by the dock, where our travellers stood, the bustle was the greatest. Men were unloading one ship, and shifting its cargo to another; wagons constantly rolled by, wheelbarrows rattled on the gangways,—the din was deafening.

Two hours passed thus, almost unperceived; and still they stood by the wall and waited for the commissioner. No doubt they might have seemed a strange pair to American eyes, had any one cared to regard them—this Polish peasant, with his long greyish hair and his four-cornered cap, edged with fur; and the maiden from Lipinska, in her red holiday attire, a string of coral round her neck. But people passed on, apparently without seeing them; for in New York nothing in face or attire attracts attention.

Another hour passed. The sky grew overcast, and showers of sleet fell at intervals; a cold, damp wind blew in from the sea—but still they waited for the commissioner. Peasants are patient; yet they felt it hard, and their hearts grew heavy. They had been lonely enough amongst strangers on board, and inexpressibly terrified at the wild waste of waters when, like lost children, they prayed God with all the fervor of their souls to lead them safe to land; for they thought that once on shore, all their troubles would be over. Now they had arrived in safety, and found themselves in the midst of a great city; yet amongst this vast crowd of people they were far lonelier and more frightened than they had been on the ship.

Still the commissioner did not come. What were they to do if he never came,—if the German had deceived them? At the very thought their poor hearts throbbed painfully. What were they to do? Were they to die here in misery? And all the time the wind cut them like a knife, and the rain wet them to the skin.

"Marysia, aren't you cold?" asked the old man.

"Yes, father: I am very cold."

Another hour struck from the city steeples; twilight began to fall; the bustle at the docks diminished. The lamps were lit along the streets, and the whole harbor flamed with the reflection of the city's multitudinous lights. The workmen sang hoarse snatches of song as they made their way homeward in groups. By degrees the wharf grew empty, even the Custom House was closed—but still father and daughter stood by the wall, and patiently waited for the commissioner.

At last night fell, and all was still around them, except that now and then they heard the puffing of a steamboat, and saw its train of sparks; or listened to a wave that rippled against the wharf, or a drunken sailor singing to himself as he made his way back to his ship. The light from the street lamps was blotted out by fog—but still they waited. Even had they wished otherwise, where were they to go, what were they to do,—where were they to lay their weary heads?

The cold grew sharper, and now they felt the pangs of hunger. If they had but a roof over their heads—for they were already drenched to the skin. Alas! the commissioner did not come. He never would come; for no such commissioners exist. The German was the agent of a bogus company, took his percentage on every emigrant, and troubled himself about nothing further.

Lorenz felt his knees trembling under him, as if a heavy burden weighed him down; and yet he waited and endured as only a peasant can. Then the girl's voice made itself heard, though it trembled with cold.

"Daddy."

"Hold your tongue, child! God has no pity on us."

"Let us go back to Lipinska."

"I'd sooner jump into the water than do such a thing."

"God! my God!" whispered the girl, in horror.

Then Lorenz repented. He sighed: "My poor orphan child!—may God have pity at least on you!"

She did not hear him, however. She had leaned her head against the wall and closed her eyes. Sleep overpowered her; and there she lay motionless, though she woke feverish and restless at intervals. In dreams Lipinska appeared to her like a picture in a frame; and she thought she heard Yasko singing,—

"What sort of a maiden are you, dear?
What sort of a gown have you got?"

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In New York harbor the first glimmer of dawn fell on the water, the masts, and the Custom House. The two figures that crouched against the wall were scarcely to be distinguished in the dim light. Their garments were covered with snow, and they lay motionless, as if frozen; their faces ashy and worn,—though Destiny had as yet but turned the first pages in the book of their sorrows.

II.

A stranger in New York, leaving the spacious Broadway and making for the harbor in the direction of Chatham Square and its neighborhood, soon finds himself involved in a labyrinth of streets, that grow poorer, barer, and more desolate as he proceeds. The lanes and alleys become narrower and narrower. The houses, built for the most part by the Dutch settlers, are partly tumble-down, and have grown crooked and dangerous with years. Their roofs in more than one place have fallen in; the walls, bare of plaster, have sunk so deep in the ground that the cellar windows scarcely appear above the edge of the pavement; and extraordinary deviations from the perpendicular replace the usual straight lines dear to the American heart. The bulging roofs and walls press close to one another, as if for mutual support.

This quarter lies close to the sea-shore. Consequently, the shallow puddles in the ill-paved streets are scarcely ever dry; and the little open spaces, thickly built round, seem like ponds of dark, stagnant water from one year's end to the other. The windows of the miserable houses look gloomily on this water, whose dirty surface is chequered by scraps of paper, card-board boxes, projecting fragments of glass and delf, wood and lead, mostly fallen from some ship's cargo. In this vicinity, entire streets—or, to be precise, the filth that covers them—are strewn with this refuse. Nothing but dirt, disorder, and human misery, is to be seen.

Hereabouts are numerous boarding-houses, where food and a bed may be had for two dollars a week. Here, too, are many bar-rooms, public-houses, where all sorts of riffraff are enlisted by whalers for their voyages, or inveigled by bogus agents to colonize Venezuela, Brazil, or Equador, and thus swell the annual offering of victims to yellow fever. Here, likewise, are cook-shops that present their customers with salt pork, half-rotten oysters and de-

caying fish, that the very sea would reject; secret gambling hells, Chinese wash-houses, and various other lurking places for the lowest class of sailors; and, finally, numberless dens of vice, of misery, of hunger and of tears.

Yet, withal, the busiest life reigns in this quarter; for here the entire body of emigrants who can not find lodging in the barracks at Castle Garden, and who neither can nor will take refuge in the so-called "workhouses," herd together to live and to die. If the emigrants include the scum of European society, the dwellers in these slums are the scum of the scum,—people who, partly from want of work, partly from slothfulness, have given themselves over to a life of idleness. At night revolver shots too often echo; cries for help, hoarse shouts of rage, drinking songs of uproarious ruffians, or the howls of fighting negroes, break the stillness. All day groups of tramps and loungers assemble, with battered hats and pipes in their mouths, to look on at boxing matches, and to bet from one to five cents on every black eye. Pale children, and little negresses with woolly heads, run about the streets instead of going to school; playing jack-stones, or raking in the gutter for scraps of vegetables, oranges, and bananas. Haggard women stretch forth appealing hands to the better-dressed pedestrians who chance to stray thither.

In this human Gehenna we find once more our two acquaintances, Lorenz Toporek and his daughter Marysia. The fine estate that they expected had proved but a dream, and had vanished with dreamlike swiftness. Reality took the form of a narrow little room, half underground, with but a single window, and that broken. The damp walls were covered with mould. On one side stood a worn-out stove, full of holes, and a three-legged stool. In the corner lay a little barley straw, that served as a bed. There was no other furniture in the room.

The old man knelt before the stove, and felt all round to discover if, by some happy chance, a potato was not hidden somewhere in the ashes. Alas, this was the second day that his search proved vain!

Marysia cowered on the straw, her elbows propped on her knees, and stared motionless at the floor. The girl was ill and wretched-looking. She was the same Marysia, but her once rosy cheeks were pale and sunken; her whole countenance was pinched, while her eyes seemed unnaturally large and bright. The effects of bad air, of sorrow, and of insufficient food, were plainly visible on her face. If she had only had sufficient potatoes! But, as we have said, their stock had run out two days before; in fact, they no longer knew what they were to live on. They had now subsisted for three months in this hole, therefore their money was all spent.

Old Lorenz had gone every day to seek for work; but no one understood what he wanted, since he knew not one word of English. He had gone to the harbor to carry luggage, or to help in loading the ships with coal; but he had no truck, and the other dockers nearly picked his eyes out. He wanted to help in cutting wood to make a dock; but here again nearly got a broken head. What sort of workman was this fellow, who could not understand what any one said to him? Whatever he tried his hand at, wherever he turned, he was laughed at, sent off, or knocked about and beaten. He had therefore found no means of earning or begging a cent. His hair had grown white with trouble, his hopes were exhausted, his money at an end, and now starvation had come to stare him in the face.

In his native country, amongst his own, even if he had lost all—if sickness had prostrated him, or if he had been driven out of his cabin,—he had only to take a stick in his hand and stand by a wayside Calvary, or at a church door and sing a hymn. The gentlemen who passed by

would give him alms; the ladies in their carriages would send one of their children with money in its chubby little hands, and would look pityingly at the beggar with their beautiful eyes. Every peasant would have given him a bit of bread, every woman a piece of bacon; and he might have lived, if only like a bird. Moreover, standing by the crucifix, its arms extended above him, he would have had the heavens over his head, and the fair meadows around him. There, amidst the peace and quiet of the country, God would have heard his prayer. But here, in this great city, there was a constant turmoil, like the grinding of mill-stones,—everyone pushing and shoving, occupied with his own affairs, and unconcerned as to those of his neighbor.

Here the peasant's head reeled, his arms were paralyzed, his eyes unable to take in the kaleidoscopic view. Here all was strange and wonderful, repellent and extraordinary. He could not understand it. In this whirlpool one should swim with the stream: whoever got out of the course would be shattered like an earthen pitcher. What a difference between this place and peaceful Lipinska! There Lorenz was a landlord; he was in possession of a little farm, the respect of his neighbors, and his daily bread. Every Sunday he went to church with his wax-candle. In America he was a nobody; like a stray dog in a strange yard, he was forced to tremble, to cringe, and almost to starve. Often, in the early days of his misery, did he say to himself: "I was better off at home." And his conscience cried: "Lorenz, why did you leave Lipinska?"—Ah! why, indeed, had he done so?

With all a peasant's patience he would have carried his cross, and borne all, if he could only see an end to this way of sorrows; but he knew well that with every day his position grew more terrible, and that every coming dawn would bring greater misery to his daughter and himself. What was to be done? Should he twist a rope, say a prayer, and—hang himself? Death in itself has no terrors for a Polish peasant. But the girl—what would become of her? When he thought of all this, he felt as if not only God but his senses had deserted him. Not a ray of light seemed to fall on this darkness.

To the greatest pain of all he could, however, give no name; and this pain was homesickness. Night and day it tormented him; and was the harder to bear, in that he did not know what ailed him, nor for what he yearned. He missed his fir-wood, his fields, his thatched cabin; the gentlemen, the peasants, the priests, and all that lay under Polish sky,—all that had grown into his heart so that it could not be torn out without his life-blood flowing. Many a time in his despair he longed to do something desperate—to tear his hair, to dash his head against the wall, to throw himself on the ground, to howl like a chained dog, to call everyone round him like a lunatic, and then—but what next he himself did not know. This unfamiliar uproar had already half killed him; soon he would die—and the great city around heeded him not, but went noisily on its way. The poor, bewildered, dazed mortal sighed deeply, and invoked the holy name of Jesus. But here there were no wayside Calvaries,—no one understood him. And still the roar of the great city went on.

(To be continued.)

MAY it not be a comfort to those of us who feel that we have not the mental or spiritual power that many others possess, to notice that the living sacrifice mentioned by St. Paul is our "bodies"? Of course that includes the mental power; but does it not also include the loving, sympathizing glance, the kind, encouraging word, the ready service for another, the work of our hands,—opportunities for all of which come oftener than for the mental power we are tempted to feel envy?

A Pope who Died in Exile.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

ABOVE all the other historical personages of the eleventh century there towers the figure of one person of such pre-eminent calibre, that some historians have felt themselves compelled to designate that century by his name. Being ready to accept any true glorification of the earthly head of the Church, we also would be willing to call that age the Hildebrandine; but when Protestant authors and court-theologians use this term to qualify the century which was fructified by Pope St. Gregory VII., they mean to cast a slur upon that period. If we may credit their assertions, Gregory VII. simply tried to subjugate the universe to his temporal behests; they would have us think that Hildebrand would have better consulted his reputation for sanctity had he tried to be merely a learned and virtuous monk.

Alexander II. having died in May, 1073, the cardinals immediately elected to the pontificate the Cardinal Hildebrand, who, born at Soana in Tuscany, had been taken from among the monks of Cluny by Leo IX., and attached to the immediate service of the Roman Church. His diplomatic and other labors during the reigns of Leo IX., Victor II., Stephen IX., Nicholas II., and Alexander II., had already shown him to be worthy of the encomium of St. Peter Damian, who, writing to Pope Nicholas II., pronounced him "a man of most holy and most pure counsel." A man of mortified habits, and inflexible in everything concerning clerical discipline, he was scarcely seated in the Chair of Peter before he launched the lightnings of the Vatican on all simoniacs and all concubinary priests. So widespread were the disorders of simony and concubinage among the clergy of that day—thanks to the iniquitous system of princely investiture, which filled the ecclesiastical benefices with incumbents who possessed no other qualification than the good-will of the great,—that everywhere, more especially in Germany, the decrees of the Pontiff were productive of tumults and even bloody outbreaks. Before the storm in Germany burst forth in its utmost fury, Gregory was greatly afflicted by disorders in Lombardy, and by an outrage in Rome against his own person; both these events being produced by his inflexibility in the matter of ecclesiastical celibacy. Erlembald, Archbishop of Milan, having adopted rigorous measures against the violators of the Canons, was attacked in the open street by these gentry and their friends; and, after a bloody and obstinate resistance on the part of his cortege, was stretched dead on the pavement. In Rome, on Christmas Eve, while the Pontiff was assisting at the Divine Office in St. Mary Major's, one Cencio, prefect of the city, burst into the sanctuary at the head of an armed band, dragged the Pope from the altar, and carried him prisoner to a fortified tower, which the noble brigand possessed in the city. When the sacrilege was made known to the people, they rushed to arms, forced an entrance into the tower, and found the wretched Cencio kneeling before Gregory, begging him to save his life. The Pontiff forgave him, and assisted him and his family to depart from Rome; imposing upon him, however, the penance of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.*

With reference to the question of investitures, we shall merely observe that Gregory VII. was too far-seeing a man not to know that an endeavor to wrench so great a power from the hands of the usurping princes would be attended by apparently insurmountable difficulties. He knew that Henry IV., the young King of Germany and expectant Emperor, had tri-

* Lambert of Aschaffenburg and Paul Briedensis.

umphed over all his enemies at home, and was free to send his victorious troops into Italy. But, under God, he relied upon the greater part of the clergy, who were desirous of throwing off the yoke of this terrible usurpation; and upon the aid of the powerful Matilda, Countess of Tuscany; as well as upon that of Robert Guiscard, who was bound by gratitude and vassalage to the Holy See. In the year 1076 the question of investitures* resolved itself into open war between the Pope and the German King. Gregory had tried every peaceful measure to induce the young Henry to renounce the usurpation of his predecessors; but the haughty monarch was inflated by his recent victories over the Saxons; and was, besides, not very scrupulous in religious matters. Hence he loudly proclaimed that the conceding of investitures to bishops, abbots, etc., was an inalienable right of his crown; and he was eagerly supported by the many whose interest it was to perpetuate what was a source of immense revenue to both King and courtiers. At length, tired of advising, praying, and threatening, Gregory published a decree against investitures which had been issued in his second Roman Synod of 1075. Henry grew furious, and in his turn called a diet at Worms, composed of his partisan bishops and many of the higher German nobles. By this convention the Pontiff himself was declared excommunicated; his election was pronounced null, as having been made without the consent of the King, and his deposition from the pontificate was proclaimed. To this presumptuous and sacrilegious proceeding Gregory answered with a solemn excommunication of Henry and all his abettors, declaring the monarch deposed from his throne, and pronouncing his subjects free from their obligation of allegiance. Henry now sent emissaries through Germany and Italy to excite the princes, bishops, and people against the Pontiff. He even sent an audacious ecclesiastic into the Pope's presence, who, in the name of the King, ordered Gregory, "the intruder," to make room for a legitimate Pope. The people would have torn this miserable man to pieces, had Gregory himself not protected him. But the censures of the Vatican soon told upon the Germans; although many of the clergy were incontinent and simoniacal, the idea of being governed by an excommunicated monarch was horrible to them; and although Henry now showered favors upon them, he experienced the mortification of beholding a diet, convoked successively at Utrecht, Oppenheim, and Tribur, proclaiming his deposition from the throne. With few exceptions, the great princes immediately abandoned

* According to ancient custom, the election of bishops had depended on the votes of the clergy, the testimony of the people, and the consent of the provincial prelates. But in course of time sovereigns arrogated to themselves a right of interference in these elections. The piety of the great and wealthy had endowed the churches and monasteries with lands; and the interest of sovereigns had caused them to give the rank of temporal lords to men upon whose fidelity they could depend. Every possessor of a fief held it by virtue of an investiture from his lord or suzerain; and this investiture was conferred with certain ceremonies, more or less symbolical according to the nature of the fief. Before he received his investiture, the elect gave *hominium*, or homage for his fief, and swore fidelity to his suzerain. So long as the sovereigns were content to exercise the right of investiture within these limits, the Church did not complain. But in time Cæsar became dissatisfied with the possession of only those things which belonged to him: he laid his hand upon the things of God. He did not always confer the *regalia* of his spiritual fiefs upon the canonically elected person; then he began to ignore the election altogether; hence came an opening to favoritism, simony, and every species of irregularity. Too often the successful candidate had no merit beyond the love of the sovereign or a plethoric purse. In all countries where the feudal system had obtained, the granting of the *regalia* was effected by the suzerain's presenting the staff and ring to the beneficiary; until that ceremony had been performed, whether he was canonically elected or not, no bishop or abbot could enter upon the duties of his office. In resisting this method of investiture, the Pontiffs derogated from no legitimate right of a sovereign: they simply insisted on the divinely-accorded right of the Church to elect her own pastors, and on the investiture being granted in a manner which would not imply that the suzerain conferred spiritual jurisdiction.

the disgraced Henry; some even prepared to attack him and compel his abdication. Then it was that the cowering monarch resolved to submit to necessity, and throw himself at the feet of the Pontiff. Disbanding his troops, he crossed the Alps with a small retinue, in the midst of a most rigorous winter, and prepared to yield to his priestly adversary.

At this time Gregory had left Rome with the intention of proceeding to Germany, at the request of the princes, to there pronounce sentence upon all points in dispute between the Holy See and the Empire. He was resting in the strong fortress of Canossa, one of the strongholds of the "great Countess" Matilda, when an embassy from Henry appeared at the gates and besought an audience. The embassadors were Amadeo, Count of Savoy, Albertazzo, Count of Este, and the Abbot of Cluny. They informed the Pontiff that Henry had come, almost alone and without arms, to beg pardon from his spiritual Father and to be reconciled with the Church of God. Then Henry presented himself outside the fortress, dressed in sackcloth, bareheaded and barefooted, in spite of the cold, and begged for admission. After some delay he was introduced, entirely alone, but only into the outworks; and there he spent three days and three nights, no one approaching him even with a word of comfort. On the fourth day he was admitted into the presence of the Pontiff; and was absolved, on condition that he would conduct himself as an excommunicated person until the assembling of the diet at Augsburg, when a definite judgment would be pronounced in his case.

Concerning this episode of Canossa, which must ever rankle in the hearts of ultra-imperialists and anti-clericals, the historian Leo, a German and a Protestant, feels constrained to write: "Some authors describe the event as an insult of an arrogant prelate to the German nation. This blindness is unworthy of an enlightened people. Let us lay aside, for an instant, the prejudices born of Protestantism and national pride, and let us entertain a truly Protestant freedom of thought. We behold in Gregory a man issued from a class enjoying no political privileges, a man relying only on the force of his own genius and of his own will, raising a vilified institution, the Church, out of abjection, and giving to it a splendor hitherto unknown. In Henry, on the contrary, we see a man—if he merits to be styled one—whose father has bequeathed him an almost absolute power over a brave and rich people; and who, in spite of such plenitude of external means, has been drawn by his base character into the mud of the worst vices;—we see this person become an abject suppliant, and, after trampling on all that men hold as most sacred, trembling at the voice of an intellectual hero. Of limited spirit, indeed, is the one whom national vanity can so blind that he will not exult at the triumph, effected at Canossa, of a most profound genius over a vile and characterless man." *

When the tidings of this humiliation of Henry reached the ears of his partisans in Lombardy, who were even more bitter than the Germans against Pope Gregory, they became so indignant at what they called the monarch's lack of firmness, that on his passing through their country on his return to Germany, he often found the gates of the cities and castles shut in his face. Then it was that Henry showed how insincere had been his submission at Canossa. In order to prevent his partisans from entirely abandoning him, he listened to the suggestions of the excommunicated Archbishop of Ravenna, and openly and publicly violated the conditions of his absolution. He appeared before the army clothed in his royal robes, and declared his intention to vindicate the royal dignity outraged by Gregory. When the Pontiff learned of this action, he renewed the

* "History of Italy," b. iv, ch. 4, 5.

excommunication, and, sending legates to Germany, convoked a diet. Henry was there deposed, and the crown was offered to Rudolph, Duke of Suabia. The papal forces were then joined to those of the Countess Matilda, and our Pontiff was fairly embarked in secular as well as spiritual war. Henry and Rudolph struggled with alternate success for three years; and in their numerous battles perished many bishops and other clerics, who, according to the terms of their tenures as civil barons, owed military allegiance to the King, either personal or by substitute, for their domains, and who were frequently willing to don the cuirass. In his seventh synod, held at Rome in 1080, Pope Gregory declared Henry deposed from the German throne, confirmed the election of Rudolph, and sent to the latter a golden crown inscribed: "The Rock (*Petra*) gave the diadem to Peter, and Peter gave one to Rudolph." When Henry heard of this decisive step in favor of his adversary, he convoked at Brixen a pretended synod, composed of both his Italian and German partisans; and he issued a proclamation to the effect that Gregory was deposed, and that in his place Guibert, the excommunicated Archbishop of Ravenna, was elected, under the name of Clement III. While Guibert was enrolling soldiers for a march upon Rome, Henry and Rudolph met, for the fourth time, in pitched battle, and the latter was slain. About the same time the heroic Countess Matilda, ever true to the cause of the Church, saw her troops defeated by those of the anti-pope. Henry now descended into Italy, at the head of a large army, with the avowed intention of installing Guibert in the Chair of Peter, and of receiving from him the imperial crown. Many of the papal counsellors, seeing the present inability of Matilda, the main earthly reliance of the Pontiff, to assist the Holy See, urged Gregory to come to terms with Henry. But the wise and resolute Pope replied that even if he could bring himself to so humiliate the Holy See, which he would never do, it would be imprudent to confide in the promises of the perjured Henry. He therefore sent legates into Germany, who convoked a diet of bishops and princes; and Hermann of Lorraine was chosen as King of the Germans. The news of this election showed Henry that the Pontiff was inflexible in his regard; therefore he detached part of his army to occupy the attention of Matilda, and ordered the rest to march on the Eternal City. When he arrived in the Meadows of Nero, he found that the walls and towers of Rome were well manned by an ardent citizen-soldiery, whom the harangues of the Pontiff had induced to aid in the defence. The monarch presided over the siege for a short time; but, growing tired of inactivity, he turned over the guidance of this operation to his anti-pope, and withdrew with a portion of his army to join the other one operating against Matilda. But he was able to do no more than devastate the outlying districts of Tuscany; for the Countess, perceiving that her troops were too few to cope successfully with Henry in the field, kept them within her castles and fortified cities. The enraged monarch now returned to the siege of Rome. In vain he ordered many assaults: always repulsed, he had resolved to await the slow effect of hunger upon the Romans, when treachery came to his aid during the Lent of 1084.

The Emperor of Constantinople, Alexius Comnenus, hardly pressed, not only in his Sicilian dominions, but nearer to home, by his enemy Guiscard, had offered Henry a large sum of money if he would direct his arms against the Norman. This money Henry had in his camp, and he resolved to use it to immediate advantage. He succeeded in corrupting some of the Roman citizens, upon whom the horrors of a strict blockade had begun to tell; and on the Thursday before Palm-Sunday the Lateran Gate, now called St. John's, was opened. With his anti-pope and army Henry entered

the city, occupied the Lateran Palace, and seized the bridges and most of the strategic points. Pope Gregory had shut himself in the strong Castle of San Angelo; and Henry, having received the imperial crown from Guibert, awaited the reduction of the fortress. But the monarch now learned that Guiscard had suddenly left the theatre of his victories in Greece; and that, having entrusted the prosecution of his designs against Alexius to his son Bohemond, he was coming to the aid of his suzerain at the head of a powerful force. Henry felt that the previous campaign had left him too weak to meet Guiscard in the field, and he knew that Rome was not yet sufficiently provisioned to warrant its undergoing a new siege. Therefore, taking with him his precious anti-pope, he evacuated the city, and directed his march to the north. Guiscard entered the papal capital on the following day, and unwisely and wickedly allowed his soldiery to punish the treason of a few Romans by a wholesale sacking of the city. The Pontiff tried in vain to prevent the devastation; and as the people were naturally infuriated, he deemed it wise to accompany Guiscard into that prince's Sicilian dominions. Proceeding first to Monte Casino, he finally made his residence in Salerno. In May of the following year, feeling that death was coming upon him, he summoned all the cardinals to his presence, and earnestly exhorted them to recognize as his successor only a canonically elected person. Being asked whom he would prefer for that office, he suggested as his first choice the Cardinal Desiderie, Abbot of Monte Casino; and as his second, the Cardinal Otho of Ostia, or Hugh, Archbishop of Lyons. Fortified by the last Sacraments, he passed from a stormy life, his final words being: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile."

Sigebert (d. 1112) asserts that he "found it written" that when Pope Gregory VII. became aware of the approach of death, he rescinded his condemnation of Henry IV.: "The Apostolic Lord Hildebrand, or Gregory, being at the point of death, called to himself one of the twelve cardinals whom he loved more than the rest, and avowed to God and St. Peter and the entire Church that he had greatly sinned in the pastoral office committed to him; and that, by the persuasion of the devil, he had excited hatred and anger in the human race.... He then sent the aforesaid confessor to the Emperor and to the whole Church, that he might obtain pardon; for he saw his end approaching.... And he abrogated all his decrees against the Emperor," etc. But this interested discovery of the imperialist Sigebert is shown to be valueless by the testimony of grave contemporary authors, such as Paul Briedensis and Hugh of Flavigny. The first writes: "The blessed Pope Gregory, being asked whether he wished to absolve those whom he had excommunicated, replied: 'I absolve and bless all who believe without doubt that I have this special power as holding the place of the Apostles Peter and Paul;—all, that is, *excepting the said King and Guibert*, the invader of the Apostolic See, and the principal persons who have aided their iniquity by counsel or assistance.'" Hugh, Abbot of Flavigny, says: "Knowing that the day of his summons was at hand, long before it he called together the cardinals, bishops, and his other fellow-captives, and predicted the time of his death. Having arranged all the affairs of the ecclesiastical government, on the 15th of the Calends of June he urged the aforesaid brethren, in the name of holy obedience, to presume not to keep silence if they knew of anything that he ought to correct. And when they commended his course of life and his holy teachings, his morals and the fervor of his zeal, he forced them, by his apostolic authority, to give him their hands, one by one, and to promise that they would never receive that heretical invader of the Holy and Apostolic Church, unless perchance he

canonically repented, and, having given up all dignities of the ecclesiastical order, should tender a pure confession to the cardinals and bishops. And he affirmed and attested that all should be forever condemned who would presume to communicate with the arch-pirate Henry, the usurper of the Empire, unless, having laid aside the kingly dignity, he should do penance according to command."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Way of the Cross.

BY M. NADIN.

HARK to the Master's voice so sweetly calling,
Come, follow Me,
O'er the dim moorland where the dews are falling,
O'er hill and lea.
Forsake for Me the dear, familiar faces,
Thy father's house, thy cherish'd, shelter'd places;
Out in the stormy night,
Far from the warmth and light,
I have a cross for thee.

Arise, for in the east the dawn is breaking,
And come away;
My burden on thy shoulders meekly taking;
Nor even stay
To kiss once more, thro' blinding tears, thy dearest;
To clasp, with bleeding, breaking heart thy nearest.
Hands must unloose their hold,
Earth's joys grow faint and cold—
I must be all to thee.

Have I not trod life's bitter road before thee,
With bleeding feet,
Bearing alone the cross that shineth o'er thee,
With message sweet?
For thy sake have I wander'd faint and weary
Thro' crowded city ways and deserts dreary;
High on the mountain bare,
Thro' the long nights of prayer,
Have I not thought of thee?

When night is darkest and the way seems longest,
Press onward still;
Striving, in thickest fight where foes are strongest,
To do My will.
Look not behind thee to thy soul's undoing:
Urge on thy footsteps,—"faint, yet still pursuing."
Though waves above thee close,
Whisper to Me thy woes,—
Am I not near to thee?

'Tis but a "little while," and then the dawning,
When I will come,
In the bright sunrise of eternal morning,
To call thee home.
Do thou but follow Me thro' gloom and sadness,
And I will comfort thee with joy and gladness.
When life's dark days are o'er,
There on the shining shore,
Awaits My crown for thee.

The Patronage of St. Patrick.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

FLUSHED with the glow of victory after the surrender of Fort Donelson, the Union troops marched on to new fields. But the life-blood of many a brave soldier lent its color to the triumph; and for weeks after, Death was busy in the military hospitals, where each dawn and each sunset claimed fresh victims. Thirty years have passed since then, and yet there are heart-memories which renew themselves as anniversaries recur. One of these, as related by an eye-witness, seems especially appropriate to St. Patrick's Day; for it marks a spiritual favor obtained through the intercession of Ireland's patron Saint.

Toward the close of February, 1862, a young soldier was brought to the military hospital at Mound City, Ill., which was in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and which at that time contained about eight

hundred patients. He was suffering from a slight wound, and a slow fever brought on by exposure; and at first his case did not seem critical. Early in March, however, his symptoms awakened the apprehensions of the Sister in charge of his ward; and when the doctor on his rounds confirmed her fears, she ventured to inquire of the young Federal if he had ever been baptized. He did not seem pleased at the question, and answered that he had not been, and had no wish to be, baptized; adding that if such a ceremony were necessary, his mother would not have neglected it. The Sister said nothing further for some days, when a conversation with a comrade again introduced the subject of religion; and she asked him once more if he did not wish to be baptized, telling him frankly that the doctors held out but slight hopes of his recovery. This time he seemed annoyed, and answered: "No, Sister; and if I knew I were to die to-morrow, I would not be baptized."

Suffering brings hearts close together. During the long and weary days of pain in the hospital ward, the sick and wounded grew to be quite friendly; and all took kindly to poor George M——, who, though so young, was fast nearing the end. The hours dragged slowly, and any diversion was welcomed; so when, on the 16th, Sister —— told "the boys," as the patients were called, that she was going to decorate the ward in honor of St. Patrick's Day, all became interested at once. Many a brave Irish heart beat quicker at the proposal; and as the men who were able twined branches of evergreen into garlands and hangings, tears dropped upon them as holy dew,—tears that told of hearts in exile. All, irrespective of nationality, were eager in the work; and soon the ward, with its pretty white curtains and green arches and trimmings, looked like a fairy bower. George, who was too weak to use his hands, smiled on his companions, and remarked to the Sister that all these preparations were because of his eighteenth birthday, which would be the 21st.

The 17th dawned clear and bright; and as the morning rays touched the soldiers' votive offerings to St. Patrick, the green and the gold flashed out, as if Erin's Sunburst were waving from every wall. After the stir attendant upon the breakfast hour, and the duties of early day, the Sister Superior of the hospital passed through the ward on her regular round. On seeing the decorations, she asked what it all meant. The boys enjoyed her pleased surprise, and explained that it was in honor of St. Patrick's Day. "Why, this is charming!" she said. "And, Sister, you should go to the chapel and dedicate your ward to St. Patrick. Give him full charge of your patients." And with renewed exclamations of admiration at the graceful hangings, she passed into the next room.

The idea of giving St. Patrick charge of the patients seemed to Sister —— a very good one; so as soon as she was free she went to the chapel, where she offered fervent petitions to the great Apostle of Ireland; and, as she herself relates, she told him he was to be responsible for every patient in the ward,—that he was to see that no Catholic died without the Sacraments, and that none should die unbaptized. Then, after recommending Ireland, the land of her birth, and America, the land of her adoption, to his intercession, she returned to what was now St. Patrick's own ward. The following day Sister —— spoke of removing the decorations; but as the soldiers begged her to leave them a little longer, she said, smiling at their eagerness: "Well, we will celebrate St. Patrick's Day with an octave."

The fever was slowly but surely consuming the vitality of "our George," as the men now called him; and though he often alluded cheerfully to his birthday, his comrades felt that it would likely mark his birth into a new life. On the morning of the 21st the doctor made his usual

rounds, detailed the ward assistants for the day, and Sister —— was free to go to the pharmacy on the next floor to attend to some needed prescriptions. She had been there but a short time when she was hastily summoned back to the ward by a messenger, who said: "George is dying, Sister!" Hurrying to his bedside, she found it was indeed true; and before the doctor could render any assistance, there was a long sigh, a quivering of the young soldier's lips, a shuddering of his frame, and then all was still.

A hush fell over the men in the ward, and many a stout heart almost ceased beating, lest it might be heard by Death, that dread visitor who had come so near. The doctor passed on, and the Sister sent the assistants to bring the bier, that the body might be taken to the "dead-room." The sudden call and the incidents following had not given her time for reflection; but while waiting her eyes caught sight of the green garlands, and the thought flashed upon her that the patron of the ward had not done his duty, and her heart instantly framed this reproach: "Are you in heaven at all, St. Patrick? If you are, you are not so zealous as you were on earth. Here you have let this poor young man, who sacrificed his life for his country, die without Baptism!" At that very moment George M—— sat up in bed, grasped the Sister's habit and said: "Quick, baptize me, Sister!—baptize me! I am dying!" Every man in the ward started at the sound of that voice; and the Sister, with that death-hold on her habit, reached over, and with trembling hands poured the water upon his head, as her white lips pronounced the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." His fingers relaxed, he sank back upon the pillows, and, with a smile on his face, his spirit passed from earth.

For hours the soldiers scarcely spoke; and when one of the convalescents silently broke off tiny sprays of the evergreen and gave one to each, not a man but took it with a sort of veneration, as a reminder that

"More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of."

The doctor heard of the occurrence with unfeigned surprise; but soon mastered the expression of his face, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something about "suspended animation." But the Sister knew it was all due to St. Patrick, to whom she made a most humble apology, as she offered her prayers of thanksgiving; feeling sure it was his powerful intercession and zeal for souls that had wrought the marvel of that memorable day.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE GARLAND OF ROSES.

THERE are too many etiquette books,—too much about the outward look of things, and too little about the inward. Manners make a great difference in this world—we all discover that sooner or later,—but later we find out that there are some principles which keep society together more than manners. If manners are the flower, these principles are the roots, which intricately bind earth and crumbling rocks together and make a safe footing. To-day the end of preaching seems to be to teach the outward form, without the inward light that gives the form all its value. By preaching I mean the talk and advice that permeate the newspapers and books of social instruction.

Manners are only good, after all, when they represent something. What does it matter whether Mr. Jupiter makes a charming host at his own table or not, if he sit silent a few minutes after some of his guests are gone, and listen to the horrors

that one who stays behind tells of them? And if Mrs. Juno, whose manners at her "at home" are perfect, sits down and rips and tears at the characters of the acquaintances she has just fed with coffee, and whatever else answers to the fatted calf, shall we believe that she is useful to society?

There is harmless gossip which has its place; in life it is like the details in a novel; it is amusing and interesting, because it belongs to humanity,—and what that is human is alien to us? So far as gossip concerns the lights and shades of character, the minor miseries and amusing happenings of life, what honest man or woman has not a taste for it? And who values a friend less because his peculiarities make us smile?

But by and by there comes into the very corner of the fireside a guest who disregards the crown of roses which every man likes to hang above his door. The roses mean silence,—or, at least, that all things that pass under them shall be sweetened by the breath of hospitality; and he adds a little to the smile of kindly tolerance, and he paints it as a sneer. "You must forgive me for telling you," he whispers, when he is safely sheltered beneath your friend's garland of roses; "but Theseus spoke of you the other night in a way that made my blood boil."

And then the friendship of years is snapped; and then the harmless jest, in which Theseus' friend would have delighted even at his own expense if he had been present, becomes a jagged bullet in an ulcerated wound. *Sub rosâ* was a good phrase with the old Latins, but who minds it now? It went out of fashion when the public began to pay newspaper reporters for looking through keyholes, and for stabbing the hearts of the innocent in trying to prove somebody guilty. It went out of fashion when private letters became public property; and a man might, without fear of disgrace, print, or sell to be printed, any scrap of paper belonging to another that had fallen into his hands.

A very wise man—a gentle man and a loyal man—once said: "A man may be judged by what he believes." If we could learn the truth of this early in life, what harm could be done us by the creature who tears the thorns out of our hospitable roses, and goes about lacerating hearts with them? When we hear that Jason has called us a fool, we should not be so ready to cry out with all our breath that he is a scoundrel,—because we should not be so ready to believe that Jason, who was a decent fellow yesterday, should suddenly have become the hater of a good friend to-day. And when, under stress of unrighteous indignation, we have called Jason a scoundrel, the listener can hardly wait until he has informed Jason of the enormity; "and thereby hangs a tale."

But when we get older and wiser, we do not ask many people to sit under our roses; and those whom we ask we trust implicitly. In time—so happily is our experience—we believe no evil of any man with whom we have ever cordially shaken hands. Then we begin to enjoy life; and we, too, choose our acquaintances by their unwillingness to believe evil of others. And as for the man who has eaten our salt, we become so optimistic about him that we would not even believe that he could write a stupid book; and that is the *nirvâna* of belief in one's friends.

Less manners, we pray,—less talk about the handling of a fork and the angle of a bow, and more respect for the roses. Of course, one of us may have said yesterday, after dinner, that Jason ought not to talk so much about his brand-new coat-of-arms; or that Ariadne, who was a widow, you know, might cease to chaunt the praise of number one in the presence of number two. But do we not admire the solid qualities of both Jason and Ariadne? And yet who shall make them believe that, when the little serpent wriggles from our hearthstone to theirs?

Notes and Remarks.

Jane Loring Edmands has recently translated an important addition to historical literature: Herr H. Zimmer's essay on "The Irish Element in Mediæval Culture." While it is somewhat vaguely known that Irish monks founded the first two Universities of Europe, those of Paris and Padua, the extent of their service to European learning is but little understood. "Scarcely any one," says the *Book News*, "clearly understands that, beginning in 563, Irish missionaries found their way, by the trade routes of the Rhine, during the heathen darkness of the Merovingian period, and established during the next five hundred years a score of monasteries in Northern Italy, Switzerland, France, and Bavaria, which formed the earliest centres of religion and education for the communities in which they were founded. The last of these monasteries—St. James of Ratisbon—only closed its door in our own day, 1860."

The importance of the service which the children of St. Patrick rendered to the nations of the Continent will be readily perceived by readers of this little volume.

Every Friday during Lent, after a sermon on the Passion, the great relics called Reliques Insignes are exposed to the veneration of the faithful in the Cathedral of Paris. Throngs of devout worshippers attend the exposition. These precious relics consist of a large portion of the True Cross, one of the Holy Nails, and the Crown of Thorns, which were brought from the Holy Land by St. Louis, who built that exquisite Gothic gem, the Sainte Chapelle, as a reliquary in which to deposit them. Each relic is enclosed in crystal, framed with gold and ornamented with precious stones.

We are indebted to a friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in England for the following extract from an unprinted discourse delivered many years ago by the late beloved Cardinal Manning in the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington. These striking reflections on the *Confiteor* are timely, we think, and will cause every reader to recite that familiar prayer with a fuller understanding and with greater profit to his soul:

"The *Confiteor* bids us look upon God, and contemplate His character, and reflect how we have defaced His image within ourselves; it bids us cast ourselves at the feet of His Immaculate Mother, and see how unlike we are to her in purity of heart. Then we turn to the angels, who are inflamed with the love of God, prompt in their obedience to the divine will; how does this contrast with our coldness and carelessness? Next we look upon St. John Baptist, the man of penance, the Saint of purity and austerity; let his life rebuke ours. Afterward behold the Apostles Peter and Paul, who both fell,—for the one denied, the other persecuted his Lord; their repentance, their subsequent zeal and devotion should be our example. Lastly, we behold the whole court of heaven, all the saints, greater and lesser in their present glory, illustrious or obscure during their life on earth; let these encourage and invite us to follow their example, to ask their intercession, to strive manfully after the happiness to which they have already attained."

In the course of a lecture recently delivered before a London audience, an eminent physician made the statement that out of every one thousand deaths five are suicides. If statistics of such a nature can properly be said to possess any consolatory features, it is consoling to see that the ratio of self-murder is lowest in Catholic countries. The marvel is that any one once possessed of Catholic faith should, under any circumstances, commit a crime so irreparable in its consequences. The suicide is the legitimate outcome of practical atheism and moral cowardice, and the product is becoming alarmingly abundant.

The advanced age of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., and the recent deaths of many of his generation, render natural perhaps speculation as to the length or brevity of the period which his lease of life has yet to run. Still more naturally the thought of his passing away engenders surmises as to his probable successor in the Chair of Peter. We are of the opinion that comment on the first point is rather premature, and that many of the conjectures relative to the second are more extravagant than well grounded. Last month, while cable dispatches were daily announcing the serious illness, fainting spells, dangerous relapses, etc., of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Holy Father himself said to the Marchese

Serlupi: "Thank God, notwithstanding our eighty-two years, we feel ourself as robust and strong as when we first entered upon the pontificate." Leo XIII. is an octogenarian, but a vigorous one, whom it will not surprise those who know him best to see complete his ninth decade.

As for the nationality of the next Pope, there are those who predict that he must be a foreigner, and will most likely be an American. The average citizen of the United States would probably be pleased at the election of an American Pope, regarding it as a distinction which properly belongs to "the greatest country on earth." But we fancy that the glory of seeing an American Cardinal elevated to the Papal Chair is one reserved for some century later than ours. Among those who have spoken on this subject, there is not one better qualified in all respects to discuss the matter intelligently than the Rt. Rev. Monsig. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D. In the current *Catholic Quarterly Review* this distinguished writer has an able and timely paper on "Nationalism, the Conclave, and the Next Pope." To those who would form an intelligent opinion of the questions involved, we recommend an attentive perusal of that paper. They will at least learn that many of the conjunctures predicted by the great dailies as to the papacy are extremely improbable; if they do not quite agree with the forecast of Monsig. O'Reilly that the 'next conclave will be held in Rome, that the next Pontiff will continue to reside in Rome, and that the said Pontiff will be an Italian.'

By the death, which took place on the 4th inst., of the Rev. Father J. J. Murphy, the Society of Jesus in the United States has lost one of its most distinguished members. He held various important offices in the Order, and was widely known as a devoted teacher and zealous missionary, respected and beloved by thousands of the faithful. At the time of his death Father Murphy was rector of Trinity Church, Georgetown, D. C.

The dispensation from fasting and abstinence enjoyed by many of our readers during the present season, carries with it a species of obligation to be unusually generous in the performance of other good works. Almsgiving is not the least meritorious of these works; and to any reader who is at a loss to find worthy recipients of his alms, we would suggest the Ursuline nuns at St. Peter's Mission, Cascade Co., Montana. The work of these devoted Sisters among the Blackfeet Indians is worthy of all praise, and could be carried on with fuller success were their material condition improved by the receipt of some of the dollars that should be disbursed "for sweet charity's sake" during this holy season. They are greatly in need of resources at the present time. Though their own home is a rude log-cabin, these self-sacrificing daughters of St. Ursula ask nothing for themselves, only means to enable them to finish a house for the Indian children, and to plaster its walls. It is a case when to give quickly is to give twice. We feel sure that the readers of THE "AVE MARIA," always so ready to respond to our appeals, will not be indifferent to this one.

"The crusade of the polemical Protestants in this country against the Roman Catholic Church is saved from being a crime only by being a folly," says the *Christian Union* of New York (Protestant). "No other church," it continues, "has so won the respect—sometimes the fear—of those who, but for the wholesome restraints of religion, would threaten the integrity of society." Quoting these observations, the *Pilot* remarks: "It would be interesting to find how this unique prerogative of the Church is explained by those who repudiate her own account of herself."

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has addressed to the archbishops and bishops of the country a circular letter dealing with the suggestion that the twelfth day of October next, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, be celebrated with solemn religious observances. The Cardinal expresses himself in favor of such a celebration, and advises concerted action on the part of the hierarchy in order to enhance the solemnity of the function. The project should commend itself to all Catholic Americans; for assuredly no other class of people in the

country have so strong reasons for commemorating the momentous event as have we, who are one in faith with him who undertook his great voyage for the glory of God, and signalized his success by planting in the virgin soil of a New World the glorious standard of the Cross.

The proverbial generosity of the American people was again exemplified last week in the forwarding to the starving Russians of more than four million pounds of flour and meal. Not the least gratifying circumstance in connection with the publishing of this charitable deed is the following comment of the New York *Sun:*

"There should not be too much boasting in the papers about the kindly act of the Northwestern millers in sending a cargo of grain to the starving peasants of Russia. Deeds of charity should be performed in a modest spirit, without the blowing of trumpets in the streets or upon the high-seas. 'Charity vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up.' A very large sum of money has been subscribed by the merchants of this city during the past three months for the relief of the Russian famine; and we are pleased to say that no noise has been made here over the raising of this money, which is already in Russia."

There are no bank failures in China, it seems, and for reasons which are plain. The law is that when a bank fails, all its officials, from the president down to the porter, are to be beheaded, without mercy, delay, or appeal. For the last nine centuries, it is said, no bank has failed in that country.

The *Glasgow Observer* chronicles the death of a famous Catholic soldier, Col. James McDonald, who passed away on the 16th ult. He was one of the heroes of the Old East India Company, and for many years an officer of the 66th Regiment of Goorkhas. By his daring promptitude and decision of character at Umritsir, he quelled the first movements of a Sepoy revolt, and saved the Europeans from a general massacre. For this service Sir Charles Napier gave him the command of a regiment of irregular cavalry, and in promoting him wrote: "You have won it, if ever a man deserved well of his chief." It was said at the time that if other officers had acted with the same daring promptitude, the story of the Indian Mutiny might have been a different one. After recovering somewhat from his wounds, Col. McDonald led his regiment to the nearest European depot to be disbanded. They obeyed his every word until evil counsels prevailed, and they bolted one morning and joined their countrymen at Delhi. They were the only natives before whom an equal force of Europeans ever turned their backs. Shortly after the Mutiny Col. McDonald retired on half-pay. He married a Miss Morgan, daughter of the late Mr. E. Morgan, by whom he had two daughters; one of them is dead, the other is a nun in Ireland. The Rev. Father Chisholm, of Blairs College, and the Bishop of Aberdeen are his nephews. *R. I. P.*

The *C. T. A. News*, in an account of a Temperance lecture delivered by Editor James W. O'Brien at Middletown, Conn., states: "A novel spectacle followed: two hundred ladies and gentlemen arose and publicly took the pledge of abstinence, 'in honor of the Sacred Thirst of our Lord.'"

New Publications.

THE WORKS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. Translated by David Lewis, M.A. London: Thomas Baker, Soho Square.

St. John, the glory and strength of the Church in Spain during the latter half of the sixteenth century, has left to religion a number of works which serve as the best guide and consolation to the devout soul in its progress toward perfection. The maxims of mystic theology which they contain impress deeply upon the soul the advantage and necessity of trials, by which it is led to the destruction of all self-love, and thus prepared for the special graces and favors with which God blesses those who live in perfect conformity with His will. None could write better on such subjects than St. John, having experienced in himself the most bitter trials, interior and exterior; and having acquired thereby a most heroic patience, a most ardent love of God, and a constant, sweet realization of His divine presence.

In the present volume Mr. David Lewis has

given us three of the great treatises in which the Saint has recorded, for the satisfaction of the spiritual-minded, the interior trials by which the soul is freed from self-love, and favored with the communications of the Holy Spirit and all the degrees of divine union in prayer. They are written in poetic form, revealing the heavenly inspirations of the writer, who gives at the same time a full explanation of each stanza and line. The first of these is entitled "The Dark Night of the Soul," and deals with the imperfections and the trials of souls even in a union of love with God. These trials constitute the "dark night"; but through all, in the words of the Saint, "the soul goeth forth from all things and from itself, ascending upward unto God. For love is like fire, which ever ascends, hastening to be absorbed in the centre of its sphere." The second treatise is entitled "A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul and its Bridegroom," which treats of the divine favors which the soul receives in union with God. The following passage from the treatise may be taken as an explanation:

"God is pleased with nothing but love.... All our works and all our labors, how grand soever they may be, are nothing in the sight of God; for we can give Him nothing; neither can we by them fulfil His desire, which is the growth of our soul. As to Himself, He desires nothing of this, for He has need of nothing; and so if He is pleased with anything, it is with the growth of the soul. And as there is no way in which the soul can grow but in becoming in a manner equal to Him, for this reason only is He pleased with our love. It is the property of love to place him who loves on an equality with the object of his love. Hence the soul, because of its perfect love, is called the bride of the Son of God, which signifies equality with Him. In this equality and friendship all things are common, as the Bridegroom Himself said to His disciples: 'I have called you friends, because all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father I have made known to you.'"

The third treatise, "The Living Flame of Love," speaks also of what takes place in the intimate union of the soul with God. "The soul," says the Saint, "when transformed and glowing interiorly in the fire of love, is not only united with the divine fire, but becomes a living flame, and is itself conscious of it, dwelling upon the marvellous effects wrought within it." The description of these effects forms the subject matter of the different stanzas. They result from the "flame of love, the Spirit of the Bridegroom, the Holy Ghost, of whose presence within itself the soul is conscious, not only as a fire which consumes it and transforms it in sweet love, but as a fire which bathes it in glory and recreates it with the refreshment of everlasting life.... It seems to the soul that its life everlasting is begun, and that its acts are divine in God."

To these treatises is added a series of "Instructions and Precautions," intended for the guidance of those who seek to be truly religious and to arrive quickly at great perfection. There are also given the "Letters" and the "Spiritual Maxims" of the Saint, and his "Poems" translated in elegant English verse. The whole volume—a quarto of more than six hundred pages—presents in an English dress what one might style a perfect exposition of mystical theology, or the science of divine love. Mr. Lewis has done a great service to religion, and one that can not fail to be appreciated by all who are thoroughly imbued with that spirit of faith and devotion which should be the end and aim of the true Christian.

SIDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POESY. Edited by Alfred S. Cook, Professor of the English Language and Literature in Yale University. Boston: Ginn & Co.

SHELLEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY. Edited by Professor Cook. Same Publishers.

Professor Cook's discrimination, tact and good taste commend his labors to us. His notes on Cardinal Newman's "Poetics of Aristotle" prepared us to look with interest for any other work from his pen. He has done full justice to the famous apologies of Sidney and Shelley for their beloved art. In comparing them, the careful reader can not help contrasting the richness and the solidity of Sir Philip Sidney with the erratic, brilliant, and sometimes fantastical expressions of Shelley. One has much the same feeling when reading an essay of Emerson's after one of Bacon's. Nothing shows better the firmness of thought and the strength of expression produced by centuries of Catholic teaching than the superiority of Sidney and Bacon over Shelley and Emerson. Take Bacon's essay on "Friendship" and Emerson's on the same subject, and compare them. Nothing can show better the superiority of Elizabethan prose, or the advantage which a man trained, like

Bacon, in the school that produced the Blessed Thomas More, has over the man of uncertain principles. Shelley makes fireworks in defence of poetry; but for definitions—which are the basis of most things—we must go to Sidney. Shelley claims too little and too much. He tells us that "Lord Bacon was a poet"; and that Cicero tried to be, but failed,—thus depriving prose of one of its strongest supports, and adding nothing to poetry.

These two little books, admirably annotated, should be included, with Professor Cook's extracts from Newman, in the list of books for higher English classes. It is a healthy sign that, among teachers of English in this country, the tendency is to a return to the considerations of the classical writers in English.

STARLAND. Being Talks with Young People about the Wonders of the Heavens. By Sir Robert Stawell Ball, F. R. S. Same Publishers.

This is by all odds the best juvenile work on astronomy that we have yet seen. "Starland" is for youthful readers what the author's magnificent "Story of the Heavens" is for students of a maturer age—a masterly exposition of the facts and phenomena of the most interesting of the sciences. To a comprehensive knowledge of his subject Sir Robert unites that lucidity of treatment and a charm of style which have rendered so popular the writings of the well-known French astronomer, M. Camille Flammarion. The diagrams and illustrations are numerous and apposite; most of them are new, and specially prepared for the work. We are sure that young people everywhere will be delighted with "Starland." It reads more like a romance than a book on exact science, and is just the work that our young astronomers have long needed.

LEGENDARY FICTIONS OF THE IRISH CELTS. Collected and Arranged by Patrick Kennedy. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Readers interested in folklore can not but be entertained by legends that have so long beguiled the evening hours at many an Irish fireside. Though most of the tales in the present collection are of pagan origin, masquerading under Celtic names, a large number are racy of the soil, and illustrate the simplicity, faith and purity of the Irish race. Legends of the "Good People," forming so large a portion of the Irish story fund, have here a prominent place; tales of witchcraft, ghosts and fetches, also abound, proving, through the narrative of the dispassionate historian, easy of explanation. Ossianic tales, in which figure chiefs of wonderful prowess, are followed by legends of the Celtic saints, many of them being marked by great beauty. The compiler, by his zealous labors in the field of Celtic archæology, has done a good work in collecting legends and tales, through which may be learned so much of the circumstances, habits, and language of the early Celts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, of St. Vincent's Church, South Boston, Mass., whose happy death took place on the 26th ult.

The Rev. Christopher Kelly, of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, deceased at Brodhead, Wis., on the 7th inst.

Sister Mary of St. Fidelis, Akyab, British Burmah, and Sister Mary Edith, St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame, Ind., Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sisters Mary Cornelia, Francis, and Blandina, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who were lately called to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mr. William Connelly, who departed this life on the 25th ult., at Brockton, Mass.

Mrs. Mary Hearn, who died a precious death at Campus, Ill., on the 30th of Jan.

Mrs. Michael Otis, of Southport, Conn., who passed away on the 8th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Peter Rourke, whose fervent Christian life closed peacefully on the 25th ult., at Abington, Mass.

Mrs. Henry Fruy and Mrs. J. Barry, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. John Devine, Newark, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Cummings, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Thomas Flatly, South Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Mary O'Keefe, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mr. P. Kelly, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John McCullough, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. D. Lynch, Vincennes, Ind.; Mrs. Helen Farrell and Mr. Hilary Matingly, Washington, Ind.; Mrs. Elizabeth Shields, Stockton, Cal.; Mr. James Murphy, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Frank Brown, Ayer, N.Y.; Thomas, Cornelius and Margaret Reardon, Margaret and David Walsh, Margaret Farren, Mrs. Catherine Kennedy, and Mrs. Rachel Myer,—all of Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Katherine McQuade, Mrs. Felix Bryan, and Mr. Peter Dempsey, San Francisco, Cal.

May they rest in peace!



These Little Ones.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THIS is the time when robins come
And at the window beg a crumb,
And by the window-pane will wait,
And crave the warmth of the glowing grate;
When water-fowl, with frightened eye,
And moor-fowl wander homelessly,
Their nests all frozen in the snows;
And through the rookery Famine goes.

Who bears in mind the hungry nest,
The birdie with the bleeding breast,
The moor-hen and the water-hen,—
Who feeds and makes them strong again:
'Tis he doth feed the Lord of all,
The Heir to stable and to stall;
Doth warm the trembling feet and hands
Of Him who lay in swaddling bands.

This is the time when robins come,
And at the window beg a crumb;
Take heed ye pass not careless by,
Lest it be Him that ye deny!

The Flowers of St. Patrick.

AWAY back in the fifth century, while the Apostle of Ireland was spreading the Gospel of Christ throughout the island of his love—planting the Cross among the Shamrocks,—another prelate, St. Martin of Tours, to whom St. Patrick is thought to have been closely related, was filling the Christian world with admiration of his eminent sanctity and the wondrous miracles which he daily wrought. St. Patrick conceived the design of visiting the Gaulish Bishop, and at the first favorable opportunity put it into execution. After spending some days as the guest of St. Martin, he set out again for Ireland.

It was Christmas-time, and the winter was a severe one. Having arrived at the left bank of the river Loire, he asked two watermen to row him across, promising them in return the blessings of Heaven. The men refused, and answered the Saint with insolence. Then St. Patrick spread out his cloak on the river; and, breaking off a branch from a bush, stepped on the cloak, and, to the great astonishment of the watermen, paddled safely over to the other side. There he planted the branch that had served him as oar; and, kneeling down, returned thanks to God. The branch took root, and grew up to be a fine bush; and every winter since that time it has blossomed in honor of the Saint.

So runs the legend; now for the fact. Well, the fact is that in a locality called St. Patrice, on the bank of the Loire, at a short distance from Tours, there *is* a bush which every Christmas is covered with flowers. Some years these flowers have bloomed during the whole octave, while the mercury in the thermometer was below zero. It not unfrequently happens that the bush is covered with flowers and snow at the same time. Thousands visit the place

to gather these flowers of St. Patrick; and these marks of the sanctity of Ireland's Apostle are objects of veneration to the faithful. The saintly M. Dupont, better known as the Holy Man of Tours, always kept a sprig of these flowers hanging in his chamber.

In the thirtieth volume of the Annals of the Society of Agriculture, Science, etc., for the department of Indre-et-Loire, M. Chevalier, President of the Archæological Society of Touraine, writes thus on the subject:

"On the bank of the Loire, a few leagues from Tours, a very remarkable phenomenon annually takes place, and has been repeated from time immemorial. This phenomenon, too little known, is the fact that in the dead of winter a bush vulgarly called "sloc" becomes covered with flowers. I have examined the matter, and certify that the occurrence really takes place. I could call as witnesses thousands of persons who in the month of December have seen this prodigy; what is more, I myself have gathered some of these flowers.

"This bush is found at St. Patrice, on the side of a hill, a short distance from the Castle of Rochecotte. The circulation of the sap, which should be arrested in winter, is evinced by the humidity of the bark, easily removable from the wood which it covers. The buds grow and the flowers bloom as in the month of April, emitting a delicate perfume; while at the same time some leaves expose their verdure to the bleak north wind.

"The blossoming of these flowers is comparatively unknown, although it is repeated every winter. The oldest residents of St. Patrice have remarked that it has always occurred at the same date, no matter how rigorous the season; and such is the tradition received from their forefathers. The bush, however, appears to be young, which leads me to conclude that it is renewed at its roots. The phenomenon is restricted to this village of St. Patrice, and to this particular bush. Branches that have been transplanted blossom only in spring."

M. Chevalier goes on to state that the theory which accounts for the prodigy by alleging the nearness of a hot spring is not tenable, as the grounds roundabout remain covered with snow, and the other bushes do not bloom. Science, he says, has failed to account for the wonder in a satisfactory manner.

It is possible—is it not?—that the pretty legend of the cloak and branch that served as boat and oar to the great Apostle of Ireland contains "more truth than poetry."

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIII.—Molly Learns Something.

The departure of Mr. and Mrs. Spinks lifted a great load from the hearts of the young people; and when they had disappeared altogether, Molly began to sing at the top of her voice.

Reginald and Miles had done their chores for the night. And as they entered the kitchen, Reginald covered his ears with his hands.

"You must not sing that way," he said. "Girls ought to be nice and quiet."

Molly stopped singing and looked at Reginald doubtfully. She was about to "answer back" when he spoke again.

"Aunt Danby wouldn't like a girl to sing that way about the house. It isn't ladylike."

"The woman in the circus sang that way," replied Molly.

"Oh, the circus!" remarked Reginald, contemptuously. "That is not the place in which to learn good manners; and you can't get on without good manners."

Miles in the meantime had filled the shining wash-basin from the pump, and

had begun to splash his face and head with it. Reginald looked at him in disgust.

"You wouldn't wash yourself in that way at Aunt Danby's. She wouldn't let you splash about in her kitchen."

"Mr. Spinks does it this way."

"Mr. Spinks!" said Reginald. "The idea of copying Mr. Spinks!"

Molly and Miles remained silent. They acknowledged Reginald's superiority, though he was more afraid of the black bull than either Molly or Miles.

Reginald and Miles went up to their attic; and, with wise forethought, attired themselves in their best suits of clothes. Once inside his Sunday garments, Reginald felt himself master of the situation. Now Mr. Spinks might return, and have no terrors for him. Thanks to Molly, the boys were able to find their precious treasures under a bedstead in the spare room.

Molly, having set the tea-table, attired herself as best she could. Her one piece of finery was a bow of faded pink ribbon. This graced her hair. A plume of turkey feathers nodded above her brow; but Reginald remonstrated so strongly against this decoration, that she was obliged to take it off.

The fire was made to burn briskly; and after tea, served in a stately manner under Reginald's direction, the children sat about the table cracking walnuts and drinking lemonade flavored with molasses, Mrs. Spinks having locked up the sugar.

"*She* said we might have as much molasses as we liked," began Molly.

"Well, it is better than nothing," answered Miles.

"Oh, I think it's just too lovely!" said Molly. "If *they'd* only stay away always, I shouldn't care whether I was a long-lost dookess or not."

"There's no place like home, especially when you have a home like Aunt Danby's," observed Miles.

Reginald sighed. "I wonder if we shall ever get back again?" he said. "If we do, Miles, I'll not tell on you, or be so silly again. I didn't like you before this; but now I think you're a brave, kind boy."

Miles stretched across the table and took Reginald's hand affectionately.

"You used to be such a sissy, Reginald; but I know that you mean well, or else you wouldn't have stood what you have here. I think that if we ever get home, we'll both be better boys."

"And what's to become of me?" asked Molly. "Will I never see your aunt?"

"Don't say 'will': say 'shall.' 'Will' is never used in the first person singular in asking a question," replied Reginald.

"You're getting sissified again," said Miles. "We don't want to hear anything about grammar at present: we want to enjoy ourselves."

"Shall I never see your aunt?" asked Molly, meekly.

"When *we* go, *you* go," said Reginald, pulling up his clean collar, and feeling very much of a man. "We'll make Mr. Spinks let you go."

Molly sighed and shook her head; tears dropped into her lemonade.

"I wish I had a mother, or even an aunt. I am sure I shouldn't talk back to Mrs. Spinks, or 'sass' anybody, or whistle, or sing loud, or want to run away with a circus," said Molly. "Of course it would be nice to have brothers. Since I have seen you, I know there must be some good boys; for you've never stuck out your tongue at me once, or called me names, or tried to stamp on my feet. But it's a mother I want, or even an aunt."

"We all have a Mother in heaven," Miles said, very seriously. "She took care of the Child Jesus, and she'll take care of you, if you ask her. She knows all about children; and though, of course, I think she must be fondest of boys, still she will look after any little girl that loves her."

"You mean the Lady whose little statue Reginald gave me?" asked Molly. "She has a beautiful face. And did she really

take charge of the little Child Jesus? And was she His Mother?"

"Where were you brought up?" asked Reginald. "Goodness gracious! where?"

Molly's eyes flashed. "I was brought up as well as you."

"Oh, now, don't quarrel!" said Miles.

"I went to church in the orphan asylum chapel every Sunday," Molly added; "and I heard all about the Bible, but I never heard about the Mother. I think they might have told us. It's hard to be going about without a mother when there is one waiting for you all the time. I never saw my own mother,—nobody ever saw her in the asylum. I should like to see a good picture of the Child Jesus' Mother. I know all the story about Christmas, of course, and the Stable; but I never thought she would help us."

"She just asks God; and as she is His Mother, and took care of Him on earth, He lets her have everything she wants for us; and, of course, she doesn't want anything for herself."

"Isn't that nice!" exclaimed Molly. "I didn't think of that *ever*. It makes heaven seem so near."

"And there's St. Joseph," said Miles. "He was just like a father to the little Child; he did everything for Him; he told Him stories at night, and he carried Him around in his arms. He knows all about girls and boys, especially boys; and all you have to do is to ask him. He gives you everything you ask for in March, if you're good."

"I'll go to the Mother for what I want," said Molly. "St. Joseph can't understand girls as the Mother does. Suppose I asked him for a new frock. What would he know about it? He might send me something I couldn't wear. St. Joseph may know all about boys' clothes; but if I want anything, I'll ask the Mother. But how do you ask her?"

"Say the 'Hail Mary,' of course," answered Reginald.

"I never heard of it. What is it?"

The boys looked astonished.

"Never heard of the 'Hail Mary'!" exclaimed Miles. "Why, it's the prayer, or rather the words, the Angel said to the Mother when he told her that the great God was to be a little child for us."

"Well, I never heard it."

There was a pause. Neither of the boys cared to repeat the "Hail Mary" out loud. They did not exactly know why. After a while, Reginald said that he would write it out for Molly.

"And when he does," said Molly, "do you know what I shall do? I'll just pray it as hard as I can—not to go to the circus, but to live with your Aunt Danby."

"Then you couldn't put brickdust on your face, and sing loud," answered Miles.

"You'd have to sit on a chair and sew, and perhaps make toast at the grate; and she'd make you wear a backcomb instead of that ribbon," said Reginald.

"I don't care for the ribbon," declared Molly, throwing it on the floor. "I'd do anything for a home,—a real home."

"You wouldn't throw ribbons about that way," Reginald went on, cracking a nut. "Not at my aunt's house,—oh, no!"

"I shall learn to do what is right. I want to, I want to!" Molly cried. "Quick, write out the prayer; and I'll go to church with you to-morrow and pray it,—that's if they'll let me in, with my old clothes."

"Oh, we don't mind clothes at our church!" said Miles, proudly. "We're mostly all poor people, and nobody looks around during Mass; so if we keep in the back of the church, people won't know whether you are dressed in rubies and diamonds or not."

"But don't tell Mr. Spinks what I am going to pray for. Don't, please! He'd try to stop me."

"That's one thing he can't do," said Reginald. "You can pray anywhere. And if I couldn't write a word of the 'Hail Mary,' you could ask the Blessed Mother.

But, of course, she likes to hear the words of the Angel better than common words, just made up, with bad grammar in them."

"I don't think she cares at all about the grammar,—in fact, I *know* she doesn't," said Miles. "It's the heart she cares for."

"Well," continued Molly, stirring more molasses into her lemonade, "I'm going to your Aunt Danby's, if prayer can take me there,—and I rather think it can."

Reginald found a sheet of paper, and wrote the "Hail Mary" with a rather greasy lead-pencil. Molly put it into her pocket, and began, with a lighter heart, to tell the story of Rasselas, which she had read somewhere. But Miles would not listen. She had to stop; and he had started to tell of a terrible massacre by Indians in Cherry Valley, when a knock sounded at the door. The Spinkses had come back.

(To be continued.)

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XXV.—The Last of Fort Nativity.

Guadaloupe was the stronghold of the cannibals, against whom Columbus and his men had been warned. The houses, or huts, were better than any they had seen, and differed from them in another way; for there was none without its pile of human bones, which indicated that here men devoured one another. There was a strange silence everywhere, and only women and children to be seen. This was because the men were off on one of their marauding expeditions.

These cannibals, or Caribs, came from the North, possibly from the mainland; and had for many years kept all the other islanders in a state of terror. When they killed enemies in battle, they at once proceeded to eat them. The women they kept as slaves; and the little boys were fattened until thought worthy the fate of their fathers. These slave women and children fled in alarm at sight of the Spaniards; but Columbus, with his usual wisdom, succeeded in allaying their fears, caressing the children, and giving them pretty jingling bells and other trinkets.

At this time there occurred a piece of insubordination which came near having a very serious ending. One of the captains, Diego Marquez, impatient to explore that strange land, took eight sailors and left his ship by stealth. Days passed, and nothing was heard of them. Columbus, although anxious to be off, could not endure the thought of leaving them to the mercy of the bloodthirsty islanders; but at last concluded that they would never be seen again, and prepared to start. As the fleet was about to put off to visit Fort Nativity, concerning which all felt anxious, the wanderers returned, thin, weary and foot-sore. They had lost their way, and had given themselves up to die more than once.

The slave women came on board the ships in great numbers, eager to escape from their cruel masters. Leaving Guadaloupe, the ships continued to sail among the islands, to three of which Columbus gave names of the Blessed Virgin—Our Lady of Montserrat, Santa Maria la Redonda, and Santa Maria la Antigua. At Vera Cruz they had a hard struggle with some Carib women and youths, who seemed to fight equally well when their canoes were tipped over. Here one of the sailors received a poisoned arrow in his flesh, from the effects of which he died soon after.

Sailing on, they found so many islands in a cluster that the Admiral was obliged to name them collectively, calling them St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins. Porto Rico was on their route,—a large, beautiful, well-wooded island, where the inhabitants were deadly foes of the man-eating Caribs. Six Indians had been brought back from Spain to serve as interpreters, and but two of them were now

living. One of these was gaily dressed and put on shore when they reached Hispaniola, that he might give a good account of his new friends. He was never seen again! The other, the godson of Diego Columbus, proved faithful, and seemed proud and happy to stay with the Spaniards.

You can surely realize why Columbus was eager to press on. His mind was with the thirty-eight men left at Fort Nativity. Would he find them alive, or the victims of savage treachery? The answer soon came. Exploring parties began to find the dead bodies of bearded men; and as the Indians wore no beards, horrible suspicions mingled with the thoughts of the Europeans. At length one night they reached a place from which the Fort should have been seen, but no light came from the land. A gun was fired: only the echoes responded. At midnight some Indians came on board with contradictory reports, from which nothing could be gathered. In the morning the worst was known: the men in the Fort had been murdered, and the Fort itself burned to the ground. Not one remained alive of the poor fellows who had waved adieu to the *Niña* as she started back to Spain!

XXVI.—The Kind Cacique.

Had the Indian ally, the cacique Guacanagari, who wept when the *Santa Maria* was hopelessly fast in the sand, proved false? Ah, no! We, with Columbus, will believe in him. But there was a cacique more powerful than he—the fierce Caonabo, or the Chief of the Golden House; a Carib by birth, with all a Carib's unpleasant and murderous propensities. It was he who had ended a long series of difficulties between the islanders and the sailors at the Fort by a fire and massacre. Guacanagari had suffered too, and showed a wound in the leg as proof that he had tried to defend the whitemen. The whole truth was never accurately known, partly from the difficulty in understanding the natives, partly from their disinclination to tell the story; but of the main facts there can be no doubt.

Many of those left at Fort Nativity had thrown off all restraint, after the manner of bad sailors ashore, as soon as they were left to themselves. They had quarrelled with one another, and, each man for himself, had gone in search of gold. And they had conducted themselves in such a manner toward the simple natives that there was no longer any idea of their celestial origin. The lieutenants had rebelled, and, taking some of the men, left the commander. Caonabo had long been jealous of these white rivals, who had skimmed over the surface of the water from he knew not where, and watched his chance for revenge. At last, when only the commander and ten men were left in charge of the Fort, he fell upon them and killed them; then ravaged the island for the rest, some of whom, in trying to gain the shelter of the Fort, were driven into the ocean and drowned. Caonabo then burned the Fort and the village of his fellow-cacique. And that was the sad end of the *Santa Maria*, whose timbers had gone into the building of Fort Nativity. This was as near as the Spaniards ever got to the truth, and those accounts were probably correct in the main.

Father Boil refused to believe in the integrity of the wounded Guacanagari; but Columbus did not share this distrust, and went to pay the wounded cacique a visit. And such a visit! One hundred of the officers and *hidalgos* in procession, in their finest clothes, preceded by men with drums and trumpets. Columbus offered his gifts, and received those of the wounded chief in return.

When the amiable guest went back to his ship, Guacanagari insisted upon going also, and was carried there in the strong arms of his servants. It is not likely that the simple chief ever forgot the extraordinary wonders which greeted his eyes for the first time. In those sea islands

there were no larger quadrupeds than the little dumb dogs. Think, then, of the cacique's astonishment as he gazed upon the swine, cattle, and horses from Spain! And to see the sailors approach those monstrous creatures, and not only stroke them, but give them orders and be obeyed! No wonder the gentle savage put his hands before his face and trembled. Most wonderful of all were the Carib prisoners; and Guacanagari began to reconsider his last-formed idea of the strangers, and think that, after all, they must be more than mortal; for who before had ever captured one of the invincible cannibals, who had terrorized the region as far back as any one could remember? Among the female captives, one Catalina, who was especially beautiful, caught the mild eye of the visiting chief.

Columbus again pressed gifts upon Guacanagari. Among them was a little image of Our Lady; but when the chief found that she was an object of Christian devotion, he refused to receive it. Such was the result of the doings of a few bad men.

Guacanagari could not forget the lovely face of Catalina; and when it was dark he effected her escape from the ship, and fled with her to the mountains. And so we hear no more of the Spaniards' friend for the present.

(To be continued.)

A Language of Courtesy.

It must be very easy for the Japanese to be courteous; for, Sir Edwin Arnold tells us, it is impossible to use abusive language, or to revile any one, in the tongue which is used by the little dark people. If you wish to express your mind in Japanese in regard to some one of whom you have a very poor opinion, the worst you can possibly say is that he is a "fellow"; and the most vehement indignation can find no vent but in "There! there!"

A Higher Court.

Many times in the course of history men have been forced to appeal from the injustice of man to the Judge of earth and heaven.

When, in the year 1651, Ireton, Cromwell's representative, was besieging the city of Limerick, Terence O'Brien was Lord Bishop of Emly.

"Exhort your people to surrender," was the message sent to the prelate by the General; "and I will give you forty thousand pounds sterling, and guarantee your safety besides."

"I will do no such dastardly thing!" was the import of the message sent to Ireton in return.

The General then thought it better to change his tactics. He addressed himself to the besieged.

"Send me the head of your pompous Bishop," he wrote, "and twenty of the men who voted against surrender; and I will spare Limerick."

The citizens held a hurried meeting, and unanimously voted not to accept such humiliating and costly terms. They would stand or fall by their saintly Bishop and their beloved city. But no courage could hold out against the fanatical horde at their gates, and it was not long before Limerick was in the hands of a foe that knew no mercy.

The first act of the Puritan commander was to order the immediate execution of Bishop O'Brien. But death had no terrors for that faithful servant of God; he heard his sentence without a shudder, then calmly remarked:

"I summon Ireton, the arch-persecutor, to appear in eight days to stand before the heavenly tribunal and answer for his cruel deeds."

Eight days after that, terrible to relate, Ireton was dead. He had been stricken with the plague.



THE DEATH OF ST. JOSEPH.

From a painting by Signor Gregori in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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The Annunciation.

I.

A RIFT in the azure sky,
And a tender word stole through,
Like an angel's song on high
Adrift in the ether blue;
Afloat in the dreamy sky
Like a fleecy cloud moon-kissed,
Till a shadow of earth drew nigh
And it fell in a starry mist.

II.

It wrapped in its golden glow
A heart like a crystal vase,
Where life in its ebb and flow
Was a pulse of boundless grace.
The heart that was all aglow
Was a Maiden's, pure and mild;
And the word so soft and low
Was the name of her God and Child.

III.

A sea as of heavenly light
In waves of love caressed
That home so pure and white,
The Maiden Mother's breast.
When lo! as on wings of light
The word went forth again,
And the first glad Christmas night
Brought His name and sweet peace to men.

LENT has come again with all its graces. But of what use are the growing years if the love of God grows not also?—*Faber.*

St. Joseph the Patron of a Happy Death.

FROM time immemorial St. Joseph has been invoked by the Church as the patron of a happy death. It was his privilege to pass from this life in the arms of Jesus and Mary,—the happiest death which can be desired. This consoling truth, together with his office of adopted father to the Sovereign Judge, upon whose decree our eternal salvation will depend, has naturally inspired the Christian heart with a love for this devotion, and from the earliest times it has been preserved with undiminished confidence. Numerous confraternities, under his powerful patronage, have been formed in every country in the world, and enriched with many indulgences by the Sovereign Pontiffs. Signal favors, obtained through the manifest intercession of St. Joseph, have blessed these pious associations, and strengthened the faith and renewed the fervor of devout souls.

This devotion—known as the *Bona Mors*—to secure the grace of a happy death is one that should engage the attention of every Christian. It interests not alone a particular class of men, but every child of the Church without exception, who desires to secure his salvation, and obtain that important, decisive grace of

final perseverance. For it is certain that we shall all die, and our condition for eternity will depend upon the last terrible moment of life. The spirit of darkness will then redouble his efforts to lead us into some temptation; and our soul, troubled by his attacks, wearied by bodily pain and sickness, and agitated by a thousand fears, will then more than ever stand in need of assistance. How happy those who will have the most powerful of God's saints as their protector in that last decisive struggle! To die in the friendship of St. Joseph is the sure pledge of a happy death.

It may perhaps be said that as one lives so will he die. A good life is the guarantee of a happy death; while, on the contrary, the unfaithful Christian meets with an unhappy end. Such indeed is the general rule. As a sainted writer has justly remarked: "Life is but a preparation for death." However, one may lead a good life for a long time, and yet fall in an unguarded moment into grievous sins, and be surprised by death before he can be reconciled with his God. On the other hand, one may have led a disorderly life, and in his last illness, through a wonderful exercise of the infinite mercy of God, be converted, and die with sincere contrition and in the happiest dispositions. It would, indeed, be presumption to count upon so extraordinary a privilege; but who is authorized to despair of the salvation of a sinner so long as life remains, and it is in his power to do penance?

Finally, how many there are who, though full of faith and having the best intentions, remain in a kind of undecided, lukewarm state, which is neither the holy life of the true Christian nor the evil life of the sinner! Their career presents a series of dangerous alternations of struggle and rest, of victory and defeat, of courageous deed and cowardly treason,—in a word, of good and bad periods. If the justice of God were to strike them in their infidelity, their ruin would be certain; while if, in His mercy, He called them away during their period of fervor, they would be secure of salvation. These facts show very different circumstances in which the protection of St. Joseph can save a soul, even when through its own fault it may be in the greatest danger; for in asking of him the precious grace of a happy death, that of a good life is also included. Besides, there is no Christian who does not know that the best means to secure the patronage of the saints is to show oneself worthy of it. More especially is this true in regard to the protection of the adopted father of Our Lord, inasmuch as the measure in which the saints desire our salvation is in proportion to the love which they have for God.*

There is an expression in the Holy Scriptures that strikes terror into the holiest of souls as often as they reflect upon it. Speaking of the just whose works are the source of edification, the sacred writer says: "Nevertheless, man knoweth not whether he be worthy of love or hatred." The Apostle St. Paul expresses the same thought when he writes to the Corinthians: "Although my conscience reproacheth me in nothing, I am not justified in that; but the Lord is my judge." These words are clear. When an Apostle shows such uneasiness in regard to the judgments of God, where is the one who will dare to believe that he may be in peace? What sinner, after having more than once deserved the pains of hell, can become so blinded as to consider himself as one perfectly worthy of love? Can he be as certain of his pardon as he is of the sin committed? Besides, there is always before him the danger of a relapse, if he has learned to recognize his own weakness. The greatest servants of God trembled at the thought of death and judgment. St. Jerome, for example, used to think that the trumpet of the Archangel was ever

* "Vie de St. Joseph," par le R.P. Champeau, C.S.C.

sounding, and summoning him to appear before the dread tribunal of Divine Justice. And shall we have no fear?

The illustrious St. Ephrem, who meditated so long upon his last end, exclaimed: "My life is fast declining, and I am now at the end of my days. Already I see the ministers of death approaching, like eager hunters pressing on to seize their prey.... The day of harvest has come, and the granary awaits me. How well may I fear to appear before the Sovereign Judge as the useless cockle, when to the eyes of men I have seemed as wheat! And yet I have exercised the severest discipline toward myself. O Lord, confound me not with the impious! I have confessed Thy name, deal not with me as with those who have profaned it. I have renounced Satan and all his works, cast me not off with the number of the reprobate. Thou seest the tears I shed in Thy presence; Thou hearest my groaning and the cries of my sorrow.... Permit not that the abode of the damned should resound with my shrieks. Mark not for me a place amongst the enemies of Thy Cross,—that Cross to which I look as my refuge, and in which I have placed all my hope. I confess that I am but a sinner; Thou alone, O my God, art without sin! Thou art the God of all mercy, the only good, as Thy own Divine Son hath declared.... O my brethren, I beg of you to aid me by your prayers, that grace may be given me! Do not refuse me this, I implore you with tears. Intercede for me with the Lord, that He may show His mercy, that I may not be confounded before His tribunal." Such is the language of faith.

If you were soon to be called upon to appear before that tribunal, in the presence of which not even the just may be without fear, what protector would you desire to find there? Seek among all the saints for the one who inspires you with confidence by his goodness and power. Ah! if you could secure the patronage of him who seems to you the most highly privileged, the dearest to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, how happy would you not be! Now, such an one is not unknown to you: it is the foster-father of Jesus, the spouse of the Virgin of virgins,—it is St. Joseph whom the Church points out to us as the patron of a happy death. Therefore, cast yourself at his feet and entrust to him your salvation. Delay not until time may be wanting: fear a sudden and unprovided death, and regulate now your interests for eternity. Take counsel of your celestial advocate, and learn from him what there still remains to be done in order to gain your cause. Apply to yourself these words which Pharaoh addressed to his people: "Go to Joseph, and do whatever he will say to you."

If you are in a state of sin, see at once that the soul is made pure and free from all stain; if you have habits that are reprehensible, lose no time in breaking off from them and acquiring the good; if hitherto you have been too negligent in caring for your soul, be now converted sincerely, and above all things else make your eternal salvation the most important interest in which you can be engaged. Be careful not to limit yourself to some fruitless devotion, if you wish to gain the heart of St. Joseph; but practise the virtues of which he has given the example, and without which it is impossible to please God.

Those who presume upon certain exercises of devotion in his honor in order to continue their worldly, irreligious life, can only be displeasing to him. It would seem as though they wished to make him an accomplice in their depraved habits; or, at least, in their lukewarmness and indifference. One thing is certain: if we wish to secure the grace of a happy death, let us live as Christians. If, unfortunately, we have lost the time past, let us make reparation by a renewal of fervor. St. Joseph will protect us and assist us, remove all

obstacles in our pathway, and prepare for us a happy transition from time to eternity. Let us do penance, therefore, for our sins; offer to God the tribute of sincere contrition; fulfil all the duties of our state of life with exact fidelity; and when death approaches, we shall be found in these happy dispositions, and before the tribunal of Divine Justice our advocate will be St. Joseph.

For Daily Bread.

FROM THE POLISH OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, BY C. O'CONOR-ECCLES.

(CONTINUED.)

ON the barley straw sat Marysia, staring at the ground, and bearing her sufferings without a word, half starved though she was. No wonder that, though father and daughter often sat all day together, they seldom exchanged a word. It was as if they had quarrelled. Deep wounds are not to be lightly touched, and their sorrow was deep. What had they to say? That their pockets were empty? That there were no more potatoes in the oven? That they did not know what to do next?

There was no one to whom they could look for help. Although many Poles live in New York, none who have means reside in the vicinity of Chatham Square. It is true they had made the acquaintance of two or three Polish families the second week after landing,—one from Silesia, another from the neighborhood of Posen; but they too were dying of hunger. The Silesian had already lost two children; the third, though ailing, slept all the same with his parents under the arches of the bridge. They lived somehow on the scraps they picked up in the street. Later on they were taken to the hospital, and what finally became of them Lorenz did not know. With the other family matters were even worse; for the father drank. Marysia supported the wife as long as she could, but now she herself needed support. To be sure she might have gone with her father to the Polish church in Hoboken, and made herself known to the priest; but how was she to know there was a church there, or a Polish priest? How could she talk about it with any one or ask questions? Every cent they gave out was a downward step on the ladder of misery; so there they sat,—he by the stove, she on the straw.

Hour after hour went by. In the room the light faded; then, though it was only midday, there arose, as is often the case in spring, the grey, penetrating sea-fog. Although in the yard it was still warm, in the room they trembled for cold. At last, when Lorenz had given up hope of finding anything more in the ashes, he said:

"Marysia, we can not stand this any longer. I am going down to the shore to look for wood. We shall then be warm, at any rate; and perhaps I may find something to eat."

She did not reply, so he went. For a long time past he had learned to go to the harbor to pick up drift-wood on the strand. That is what all do there who have no means of buying coal. Sometimes when so engaged the others had assaulted him; often he was fortunate enough to find something eatable—the remains of spoiled vegetables, perhaps. As he strode through the fog, looking for what he had not lost, he forgot for a moment his misery and that yearning that was harder to bear than all. At last he reached the shore. It was the dinner hour, so there were only a few small boys about, who at once began to shriek after him and pelt him with mud and shells. A quantity of broken wood was floating on the water. One wave dashed the pieces on the sand, the next swept them away; but soon he had collected an armful. There was also green stuff floating: perhaps it was something that might serve for food. As it was too light, it did not

come to shore, so he could not seize it; but the boys hooked it in with twine and a stick. Lorenz had no twine, so he looked hungrily at them, waiting until they went away. On their disappearance, he went through what they left, and ate up all that appeared to be eatable, without thinking that his daughter too had had nothing for a long time. Fate smiled on him to-day.

Returning home, he met a wagon laden with potatoes, which had stuck fast in a rut on the way to the harbor, and could not be moved. Lorenz seized the spokes and shoved with the driver at the wheels. It was hard work, to be sure,—so hard that his back ached. But at last the horses tugged, the cart moved, and, as it was fully laden, a quantity of potatoes fell in the mud. The driver thought nothing of them; he thanked Lorenz for his help, cried "Get up!" to his horses, and proceeded on his way. Lorenz pounced on the potatoes, picked them up greedily, and with trembling hands filled all his pockets. At once he grew more hopeful and more courageous. If a hungry man finds a bit of bread, it seems to him that he has discovered a treasure. As he walked, the peasant murmured to himself:

"Thanks be to Almighty God that He has looked down on our misery! Now we have wood, and Marysia can make a fire and roast as many potatoes as she likes. God is merciful, after all. That room won't seem so bad now, and how glad Marysia will be! She has eaten nothing for a day and a half. Yes, God is merciful."

While he muttered these words he held the wood with one hand, and with the other kept constantly assuring himself that the potatoes were safe, and had not fallen out of his pockets. They were a real treasure-trove, and he raised his eyes thankfully to heaven as he still murmured: "I thought I should be forced to steal, but no! There they fell at my feet out of the cart, without my stealing; and now we once more have something to eat. The good God is merciful. Marysia will soon jump up when she hears that I have potatoes."

Marysia, from the time her father left her, had not moved from the one spot. When Lorenz brought wood in the mornings, she generally lit the fire, fetched water, cooked and ate something—whatever there chanced to be,—then sat for hours staring at the fire. She, too, had sought for work. She had even been engaged at a boarding-house to wash up and clean; but when the people found they could not make themselves understood by her, they sent her away after two days. She neither sought nor found anything else. She was afraid to venture out, because drunken sailors followed her; and the enforced idleness made her more unhappy than ever.

Regrets gnawed Marysia's heart as rust eats iron. She suffered even more than her father; for, in addition to hunger and to all her other miseries, she knew she would never again be free from homesickness for Lipinska,—from the heavy burden of thoughts about Yasko. True, he had sworn: "Where you are, there too will I be." She, however, in her desire to become a rich heiress, had left her home; and how differently all had turned out from her expectations! He was still in service at the Squire's, still owned the little farm where his ancestors had lived before him, while she had become as poor as any church-mouse in Lipinska. Would he follow her? And if he did, would he take her to his heart? Would he say, "My poor, poor child! what you have suffered!" or "Get away, you beggar!"

What marriage-portion had she now? Rags. The very dogs in Lipinska would bark at her. Yet thither her heart was drawn so forcibly that, if she could, her soul would have flown back across the sea like a swallow, if only to die at home; for there lived Yasko, her beloved. Did he think of her or not? With him alone could she find peace and joy,—with him alone

of all men in the world. When there was a fire in the stove, and when hunger tormented her less than to-day, the flames, as they hissed and sparkled and flickered, spoke to her of Lipinska, and reminded her of the days when she sat with the other girls at the spinning-wheel, and Yasko looked in from the next room, and said to her: "Marysia, come with me to the priest. I love you dearly." And she answered: "Hold your tongue, you saucy boy!" Many a time, when the fire told her of this, her cheeks were wet with tears.

To-day, however, there was no fire in the stove; and no tears were in her eyes, for she had wept them all away. She had a sensation as if they lay heavy on her heart and took away her breath. She felt so weak and exhausted that she had no strength even to remember. For the rest she bore all humbly and in silence; and only stared blankly before her with large, sad eyes, like those of a bird being tormented by a cruel boy.

As she sat thus on the straw some one crossed the threshold. Thinking it was her father, Marysia did not raise her head, until a strange voice cried: "Look here!" It was the landlord, an old, ragged mulatto, with lowering brow, his cheek plugged with tobacco. When she saw him before her she was startled. She still owed him a dollar for the last week's rent, and she did not possess a single cent. Only by humility could she appease him. She approached him tremblingly, threw herself at his feet and kissed his hand.

"I have come for my dollar!" he cried.

She understood the word dollar only too well, and shook her head, trying to find speech; looked at him deprecatingly and entreatingly, endeavoring to make him comprehend that she had already given everything she had, and that for two days she had not tasted food; that she was hungry, and that he should have pity on her.

"God will repay you, kind gentleman," she added in Polish, as she no longer knew what she should say or do.

The "kind gentleman," to be sure, did not understand her, but he guessed that his dollar was not forthcoming; so, taking with one hand the bundle that contained her few possessions, and seizing the girl by the other, he pushed her out of the door and into the street, and threw her belongings after her. In the same phlegmatic fashion he opened the door of the neighboring public-house and cried:

"Hi, Jake! Here's a room for you."

"All right!" answered a voice from within. "I'll come to-night."

The mulatto thereupon disappeared in the dark passage way, and Marysia stood alone in the street. She placed the bundle in an angle of the house, that it might not get soiled; and then stood beside it, waiting humbly and quietly as before. The drunken men that passed by left her in peace for to-day. In the room it had been dark, but the street was still bright; and in the light the girl's face looked white and haggard, as if after a long illness. Her beautiful flaxen hair was the same as ever; but her lips were bluish, her eyes sad and sunken, and her cheek-bones prominent. She looked like a fading flower. The passers-by gazed at her with a sort of pity. An old negress even asked her some questions; but, receiving no answer, went on her way as if offended.

Meanwhile Lorenz hastened homeward, with the blessed feeling that once more he had potatoes. He thought of nothing but how good they would taste, and how he would go to the cart again to-morrow. To the next day he paid no heed; for he was too hungry. As he saw in the distance his daughter standing on the pavement before the house, he was not a little astonished, and walked even faster.

"Why on earth are you standing there, Marysia?" he cried.

"The landlord has turned us out, daddy."

"Turned us out?"

The wood fell from the peasant's hands. Of what use was it now? Turned out, at the very moment when he had got wood and potatoes! What were they to do? Where were they to go? Where were they to prepare their dainty dish? Lorenz, in distraction, threw his cap on the muddy ground with the kindling, and cried, "Jesus, Jesus!" He ran hither and thither like one demented; then stopped and asked once more: "Did he turn us out?" Then he made as if to go, but came back again, and said, hoarsely and angrily: "Why didn't you beg him to let us stay, silly child?"

"I did beg him," she sighed.

"Did you throw yourself at his feet?"

"I did."

Lorenz writhed. A mist passed before his eyes. "My God! how ill you look!" he cried.

"Daddy, how can I help it?" replied the girl, looking sadly at him.

"Stay here. Don't stir. I'll go and speak to him, and beg him to allow me at least to roast the potatoes."

He went. Soon after there was an uproar on the ground-floor—the sound of footsteps, loud voices, and then suddenly Lorenz was hurled into the street by a heavy fist. He stood still a moment, then said briefly to his daughter: "Come." She stooped to take up her bundle. It was too heavy for her in her enfeebled condition; but he did not help her, seeming as if he had forgotten, or did not see that the girl could scarcely carry the burden; and thus they went their way. Two such miserable creatures as the old man and the girl would no doubt have attracted the attention of the passers-by had these latter been less accustomed to look on misery. Whither could they go? What darkness, wretchedness, and anguish of mind they were enduring! The girl's breath grew more difficult, and, gasping time after time, she tottered. At last she whispered, entreatingly:

"Daddy, take the things,—I can carry them no longer."

He seemed as if awaking from a dream, and cried: "Well, throw them away."

"But they may be of use to us."

"Not they." Then for the first time he saw the girl reel, and cried to her in a rage: "Throw them away, or I'll strike you!"

She was frightened, and obeyed him.

They went on. The peasant still kept murmuring, "I don't care what happens now." His look betrayed evil thoughts.

Through alleys increasing in squalor they gained the end of the harbor, crossed the great bridge, and reached a building with the inscription "Sailors' Asylum." It stood close to the water's edge, where a dock was being built. High scaffoldings for ramming in the piles raised themselves out of the water, and between the beams and planks the people who were occupied at the work bustled about. Marysia sat on a log, as she could get no farther; and Lorenz sat silently beside her. It was already four o'clock in the afternoon, and the whole harbor was full of life and movement. The fog had lifted, and the sun with pitiful beams shone on the two sufferers and warmed them. The breath of spring, full of freshness, joy, and life, blew in from the sea. Around them sparkled so much light and blue ether that their eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy. In the distance the waters mingled with the sky. Near at hand, in the harbor, the ships' masts, funnels, and flags stood out against the clear firmament. The colored ensigns fluttered lightly at every breath. On the horizon appeared ships hastening toward the land, now rising, now falling; their sails swelling like snowy clouds, and shining with dazzling whiteness against the azure of the water. Other vessels were outward bound, and the waves still foamed in their track. They were sailing east, where lay Lipinska, and therefore the lost happiness and peace of both the watchers.

(To be continued.)

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The Mystery of the Annunciation.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Mulier amicta sole.—Apoc., xii, 1.

"CLOTHED with the sun,"—robed with the living Light
From out th' Eternal Sun, resplendent, springing;
Erst inaccessible,—yet closely clinging
'Round Mary now as 'round a lily white;—
The garment of the Lord,—His vesture bright,
Veiling the Virgin Mother in its folds,—
The Sun hath clothed, to-day, with radiant might
The Maid whose womb the Sun of Justice holds!

O Heart of Mary! crystal lamp, enshrining
The fairest Fire that e'er to being bloom'd!
O burning Bush, amid earth's desert, shining,
Ever in flames, yet ever unconsumed!
Cast on these icy hearts one spark of thine,
And they shall melt and glow with love divine!

A Pope who Died in Exile.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

VARIOUS, indeed, must necessarily be the judgments of critics upon such a pontificate as that of Gregory VII. A modern author, much lauded by the unitarians now at the political helm in Italy, writes: "The seventh Gregory was a Pontiff of pure life, austere virtue, and indomitable will. If human prudence can reproach him for an inflexibility which savors of excess, and for pretensions to a supremacy which may appear unlimited, we must not forget the enormity of the abuses that he was obliged to correct, and the unbridled tyranny that he strove to repress. From his attack on the imperial power in Italy came the completion of the establishment of the Italian communes, which, because the schism had enervated the authority of the imperial counts and of the prince-bishops of the cities, now began to elect their own magistrates."* Imperialist and Gallican writers generally hold that Gregory VII. was so elated by his elevated views of the Roman pontificate, that he wished everything, sacred and profane, to be prostrate at his feet. Alexandre is more moderate, when speaking of this Pontiff, than most authors of his school. For while he contends that "Gregory was the first Pope who claimed the power to depose kings, and this also against the teachings of the Fathers and of Scripture," he admits our Pontiff's sanctity and single-mindedness; and believes him to have been influenced, in his course toward Henry IV., by the opinion, "held by Gregory, by certain other Popes, and by some authors, that a change had come over the Empire and the imperial dignity when the Empire was transferred to the Germans, and the confirmation of the imperial election devolved upon the Pontiff"; that, in fine, the Empire was, and had been from its very origin, a fief of the Holy See. Alexandre, quite naturally, is unwilling to concede this "opinion," though it is as old as the Holy Roman Empire itself; and even though he did concede it, he would deny the application of the principle to the case of any other sovereign than the Emperor; most especially to the case of his Most Christian Majesty of France.

Henke says of Gregory VII. that he was "a shameless and wicked man, full of tricks, and a rash innovator; although he had the prudence of a statesman, and the courage, energy, and firmness of a hero.... He was low and vile, although externally he presented a noble independence. He pretended to be a saint, and was adored by his partisans; but he was a man without

* Sforzosi: "Storia d'Italia," Florence, 1858.

religion, faith, or belief; one of his intimates called him St. Satan."* Schroek admires his perspicacity and his knowledge of the human heart; but reproaches him with dissimulation, an indomitable pride, unmeasured ambition, and obstinacy.† Bower says that our Pontiff tried to establish an absolute and universal despotism, and implies that he was a heretic, hypocrite, and impostor.‡ Sismondi says that he was dominated by an insupportable arrogance and an unlimited ambition, and that he sacrificed everything to these two passions.§ Villemain, that fortunate mediocrity who retained the perpetual secretaryship of the French Academy for thirty years, worked but little harm to the memory of St. Gregory VII., but he did nothing to glorify it. This historian, or rather *littérateur*, possessed too little of the spirit of Catholicism to be able to appreciate, and therefore to do justice to, such a character as that of Hildebrand.‖ And although he wrote his work on our Pontiff when he was in the maturity of his talent, such as it was, superficiality, not willingness to investigate, was his characteristic. Thus he accuses Hildebrand of surprising the confidence of the Countess Matilda, whose "confessor" he was; apparently ignorant of the fact that this "confessor" did not become a priest until after his election to the papacy. Villemain, however, must not be blamed for the publication of his History of Gregory VII. When he had completed it, and his innumerable admirers were anxiously awaiting the promised enjoyment, Eckstein, a Catholic *savant* of good sense and enormous erudition, declared that if M. Villemain dared to publish his "Gregory VII.," he would reply to it page by page. Then the manuscript was returned to oblivion, and was withdrawn therefrom only when the author and the feared critic were no more.

It was reserved to Voigt, a German and a Protestant, to discover and avow what even a Bossuet would not admit: that Gregory VII. was no fanatic, no vain braggart, no ruthless invader, no sorcerer; in fine, no Satan, but a truly great man. Of course he takes no cognizance of the divine truth which Gregory expressed during his entire career: he could not have been expected, Protestant as he was, to occupy himself with the Saint. Listen to the following reflections, which we would rather recognize as coming from the great Bishop of Meaux, instead of those diatribes which have injured our Pontiff's memory more than all the other calumnies vomited from the time of Henry IV., who accused him of sorcery, down to that of—the name is enough—Voltaire: "Gregory was profoundly convinced that religion alone can procure to the world safety, happiness, and universal peace; he was persuaded that the sole organ of religion is the Church, which is, in his eyes, the interpreter of the will of the Most High. But to attain this object, the Church should have some means of subsistence; the more she separated herself from the State, or severed the ties hitherto binding them,

* "Universal History of the Christian Church"; Brunswick, 1789–1804.

† "History of the Church"; Leipsic, 1772–1812.

‡ "History of the Roman Popes."

§ "Italian Republics."

‖ "Villemain was perfectly ignorant of the spirit of Catholicism, which he never considered, save from a literary point of view. I know that he praised it, vaunted its possession in his 'Cours de Littérature,' and that he translated and desiccated many burning passages of the Fathers in his own petty though varnished phrases. But it is certain that he had not the most elementary notions of the Catechism. At an age when he should have been studying it, the famous boy, the recipient of the Prize of Honor, was working in the cabinet of the Emperor (Napoleon I.); and it was not Catechism that was conned in that office. Raised in a Voltairian university, if he was not Voltairian in every fibre, he was such in his blood; and since that blood, being free from all passion save literary vanity, was not impregnated with bile, his Voltairianism resolved itself into a scepticism, which he used with impartiality. He who has no convictions can easily be impartial." (Barbey d'Aurevilly: "Les Œuvres et les Hommes"; vol. viii, p. 181; Paris, 1887.)

the more urgent it became to provide for her existence in some other manner. Restored to her liberty, the Church could rely only upon herself, upon her own rights, and not upon the favors of the State. . . . Gregory was a Pope, and acted as one. In this aspect he was grand and admirable. To form a correct judgment upon his actions, one should consider his object and his intentions, and should perceive what was necessary for his time. A generous indignation may seize a German when he beholds the humiliation of his emperor at Canossa; or a Frenchman, when he hears the severe lessons given to his king. But the historian, who regards the life of peoples from a general point of view, rises above the narrow horizon of German or Frenchman, and finds these things just, though others condemn them. . . . Gregory's has been the lot of all the great men of history; motives have been ascribed to him, the existence of which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove. . . . Nevertheless, even the enemies of Gregory are obliged to admit that his dominating idea, the independence of the Church, was indispensable for the propagation of religion, for the reform of society; and that, to obtain this effect, it was necessary to sever all the ties which had bound the Church to the State, to the detriment of religion. . . . The genius of Gregory embraced, and had to embrace, the whole Christian world, because the independence of the Church was a general idea; his action was necessarily energetic, for he acted *in his century;* his faith and his conviction were what they were, because the course of events had given them birth. It is difficult to give him exaggerated praise, because he everywhere laid the foundations of a solid glory."

Were we intending to give a detailed review of this wonderful pontificate, several subjects would claim our attention. Thus, we would dwell upon the freedom of papal elections, to restore which St. Gregory spared no labor; the question of investitures, the settlement of which may be regarded as the one object of his life; clerical celibacy, the enforcement of which excited in his heart more zeal than had been shown by any of his predecessors; and the right exercised by the Roman Pontiffs, during the Middle Age, to depose sovereigns. We shall, however, only ask the reader's attention to some passages from our Pontiff's epistles, which will illustrate the spirit which animated his whole career: "The Church ought to be independent of every secular power. The sword of princes is subject to the Pontiff, and is obtained from him; for it is a human thing. The altar, the Chair of Peter, came from God, and depend from Him alone." (B. III., 18; VIII., 21.) "The Church is now buried in sin, because she is not free: because she is attached to the world and worldly things." (I., 42, 55.) "To become free, the Church must be first free in her Head, the first person of Christendom, the sun of faith. The Pope holds the place of God, and governs His kingdom on earth. Without him there is no kingdom; government disappears like a leaking ship. If the Church exists by herself, she ought not to operate by herself. Just as a spiritual thing is visible only by an earthly form, and as the soul operates by the body, so religion does not exist without the Church, and the Church does not exist without the possessions which assure her existence." (I., 7.) "As the spirit is nourished by earthly things in the body, so the Church is maintained by temporal possessions. It is the duty of the emperor, who holds the supreme power, to see that the Church acquires and preserves these possessions; therefore rulers are necessary for the Church." (I., 75; V., 10; VI., 20.) "The Church exists only through the Pope, and the Pope exists only through God." (I., 39.) "The world is lighted by two luminaries: a greater one, the sun; a lesser one, the moon. The apostolic author-

ity can be compared to the sun, the royal power to the moon As the moon illuminates only because of the sun, so emperors, kings, and princes subsist only by the grace of the Pontiff, who comes from God. The power of the Roman See is immeasurably greater than that of princes; a king owes obedience to the Pope." (II., 13, 31; VII., 21; I., 75; VIII., 20 23) "As the Pope comes from God, everything is subject to him; spiritual and temporal affairs should be brought to his tribunal; he it is who should teach, punish, decide, correct. The Church is the tribunal of God." (I., 62, 35, 15; II., 51; VII., 21; IX., 9) "The Roman Church is the mother of all the churches of Christendom, all of whom are subject to her as daughters to a mother." (II., 1; IV., 28.) "As a mother, the Roman Church commands all churches, and all their members—archbishops, bishops, priests, emperors, kings, princes, and all the rest of the faithful. By virtue of her authority, the Roman Church can depose all these; she confers their power, and not for their glory, but for the good of the many." (I., 60; VIII., 21; II., 18, 32; VII., 4.) "He who holds the place of Christ on this earth may find much opposition; but he must stand firm in his position, and suffer, as did his Master. From the head of the Church must proceed all reforms; therefore, he must war against vice, and he must aid all who are persecuted for the sake of justice and truth. He who does violence to the Church, or who grieves her heart, is a son of the demon, and she must banish him from human society." (Appendix; II., 15; IV., 37; VI., 1.")

Convinced of the truth of these conceptions, Pope St. Gregory VII. devoted his life to their actuation; and while his frankness and vigor may astound men of to-day, they were adapted to the needs of his time, just as his sentiments were conformable to its persuasions. In full accordance with these latter, he asserted his right of high domain over the Two Sicilies, Spain, Sardinia, Hungary, and Dalmatia; the kings of which countries, recognizing the wisdom, justice, and protecting authority of Rome, had made their crowns feudatary to her, thus assuring to themselves and their heirs a protection against domestic rebellion and foreign attack. Our age, remarks Cantù, styles itself liberal; and yet it bases its constitutions on the inviolability, or rather the infallibility, of rulers; and it rages at the thought of their responsibility to a spiritual power for their acts. "Our ignorant ancestors saw infallibility only in that Church with whom Christ promised to abide forever. They thought that the Church possessed the right of watching the conduct of rulers, of correcting their sins, and of punishing their contumacy. The wisdom of to-day, in order to balance power, introduces a loyal veto, and a refusal on the part of parliament to vote the budget; and the Chambers not only call the ministers to account for their administration, but sometimes pretend to change dynasties and to send kings to the scaffold or into exile. Terms have changed; the substance of things remains In the days of Gregory no one had heard the maxim that ordinary morality and equity should not regulate government affairs. Then—and let it be noted by those who believe that liberty was born only yesterday—no man was born a king: he was elected a king, and merit was a condition of his election. Kings were not despots at that time, but were restrained by the assemblies of the nation; and the supreme authority of the Pope was acknowledged not only by the canon but by the civil law."

Much has been said of the violent disposition of Gregory VII. Bossuet descants upon this idea unto nausea; and even Voigt seems to accept the notion, and to apologize for his hero by saying that "every great man is violent; heavy blows are necessary to force an idea upon the world." This may be true of human ideas, and in the case of those great men

who are nothing more than men. But our Pontiff was something more than a great man: he was a saint. Powerful blows he certainly did strike, but the sweetness of the Eternal Lamb was never absent in his severity. He wielded the reforming sword as probably no one has ever wielded it; but he ever withheld the blow when the guilty manifested repentance. Superficial historians merely regard the excommunications and definitive depositions pronounced by Gregory VII.: they say nothing of the four hundred letters addressed to the wicked men who were ravaging the Christian world—pathetic exhortations to return to God and His justice. But well-instructed writers, from Baronio down to Mabillon, permit no doubt as to the gentleness of our Saint. Mabillon credits him with a proneness to "leniency rather than severity." And Natalis Alexander, by no means too favorably disposed to Gregory, says that "his tendencies were toward mildness." However, reforming Pope as he pre-eminently was, the mildness of St. Gregory VII. does not impress the ordinary observer so forcibly as does his stern determination to actuate the design he had formed even in his early youth. The very independence and pre-eminence of the Church were but consequences of the reformation which he was bound to effect, and to effect from within. As monk, he performed his task in his monastery of St. Paul's; as archdeacon and chancellor, he began the good work in the pontificates of Gregory VI., St. Leo IX., and Victor II., of whose elections he was the cause; and to its completion he dedicated every pulsation of his heart. He died in exile, but his work was accomplished

THE word of God is the spiritual nourishment which the Church offers her children during the holy season of Lent; therefore we should be assiduous in hearing it.—*Bourdaloue.*

The Crossing of Paths.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

IT was Saturday evening. The other clerks had long since taken their hats from the row of pegs behind the door, and disappeared into the chilly darkness; but Paffenberger still sat at his desk, though it was his usual custom to leave early. Something had gone wrong with a foreign account, and he was doing his best to straighten it out. After a while his brow cleared, the muscles about his mouth relaxed, his lips parted in a satisfied smile—the tangle was unravelled.

He put the books in their places, set the loose papers in order, and locked his desk. Then he arose from his chair, stretched his long legs, and shivered though the room was warm. He turned to the stove, an old-fashioned thing of rusty, cracked cast-iron. It was red-hot. Taking up the poker, he opened the door, and sat down in front of the glowing mass, saying audibly,

"I think it is better to wait a little till this fire burns down. It would be a bad thing if the place should take fire to-night, with so much tar and stuff on hand."

It was well known in the warehouse that, besides certain other oddities distinctively his own, Paffenberger had the habit of talking to himself; probably because—his fellow-clerks said—he lived entirely alone, having neither wife nor child, nor any known friend with whom to hold converse in his solitary abode.

Paffenberger's employers, Valentine Perkins Sons, dealt in tar, wool, and a certain class of ships' stores. It was the oldest firm in the "Bottoms." Paffenberger had been with them thirty years. The long, narrow warehouse ran from street to street, fronting on Water Street; the office, at the extreme end, faced the river. For the greater convenience of shipping, a broad

gangway, slippery with accumulations of tar and grease, led from the huge double-doorway to the river. Close to this door was another, of ordinary width, opening on a small, narrow platform, from which four or five rickety steps led steeply down to the levee. This was the usual mode of egress for river-men and sailors; the clerks generally came and went by it also. Both these entrances were provided with outer doors of heavily-studded iron. The windows were similarly supposed to be guarded from fire and thieves by massive shutters, which it was the hardest duty of the porter's life to fasten with their clumsy bolts and heavy bars.

At right angles to the narrower of the two entrances was the office door; its upper portion, of glass, nearly always standing open. In winter time, when it grew too dark to see without gas—and that was between three and four, for it darkens early on Perkins' Wharf,—the clerks kept up a pleasant fiction of letting down a tattered leathern curtain, supposed to keep out the wind which constantly blew in from the river. The office was not a cheerful place at any time. A large, grimy window at one end looked directly on the black, sluggish water; through another, high above the desks, a mere slit in the thick wall, the setting sun peered as with a gigantic eye, sending a solitary ray to rest just over Paffenberger's head, as he sat stiffly at his littered desk. The clerks called it "Paffenberger's glory." At present this pretence of a window was altogether darkened by drifted snow, that had frozen hard and black against the narrow panes.

The fire was still very hot. Paffenberger dozed, but awoke with a start at the sound of St. Stephen's clock striking seven. The Angelus followed; then a long, continuous peal. Paffenberger started again. What were they saying—the bells? "Come to confession! come to confession! come to confession!"

He had heard them hundreds of times, but had never thus interpreted the invitation. To-night, though all unwilling, his ears, strangely attuned, he thought so translated the sweet concordance of sound. He shook his head impatiently. What nonsense, what legerdemain was this? He go to confession! Bah! He had gotten rid of that, and all other superstition, years back, when he had stolen, like a thief in the night, from the ecclesiastical seminary, from which his pious mother—whether dead or living now he knew not—had hoped and prayed to see him come forth a priest of God.

The bells rang on: "Come to confession! come to confession!" One moment, only one, his world-worn soul put off its mask of hard indifference. As in a dream he saw his mother's face; but with both hands he pushed it away—that sad, unwelcome vision. Then the bells ceased. Starting to his feet, he put on his overcoat, looking about for his umbrella. As he turned toward the door, a shadow fell across the panes of the upper panel, and a little tangled head was thrust close up to them.

Paffenberger turned the knob. "Who are you?—what do you want?" he asked, not unkindly.

"Mister," answered the hatless, shoeless waif, holding the edges of his ragged jacket together with one blue, skinny hand,—"Mister, le' me in. I'm 'most froze and orful hungry."

"Why, how did you get here?" asked Paffenberger, dragging him into the light and warmth.

"Them fellers wot hauls the barrels left that there door open, an' I see the fire, an' come in. I didn't know but wot you'd all gone home."

"Why were you on the levee at this time of the night? You ought to have been in your own shanty long ago."

"Hain't got no shanty. I sneaks into boxes an' anywheres to sleep; specially since them wimmins been goin' about puttin' fellers into that there Home, where

they can't never get out till they're men. Besides, I just loves the water, winter and summer."

"Pity you do not touch your face with it now and then," remarked Paffenberger, looking down at him. "Here, sit in that big chair, and I will go and see if I can not find you something to eat."

Paffenberger had a kindly heart. During the day he had seen a bag of crackers lying on a large coil of rope in the warehouse, and he thought he could lay his hand upon it. But he lost his bearings groping about in the dark; and taking a match from his vest-pocket, struck it on the sole of his boot. It flashed and went out; he had no other. A red spark shone on the floor through the darkness; he stamped it under foot. He was now at some distance from the office door, walking slowly, with hands outspread so as to avoid any obstruction, and hoping soon to turn a corner where he might come in sight of the fire reflected on the glass half-door.

At last he saw it, a gleam in the distance; and, knowing his way, walked on assuredly. Having reached it, there was but a step from the outer door to the gangway. He took that step. The moon was rising in the face of a strong wind. As he paused outside the threshold to view the night, the clanging iron door swung behind him,—he was locked out, with the boy inside; and only Tibbs the porter could extricate him from his unlooked-for dilemma.

"Bother the little rat!" exclaimed Paffenberger. "Why did he come in at all? He may freeze before morning, though he need not, unless he is too stupid to see the coal-box behind the stove. Hungry too, poor little fellow! And he'll think I did it on purpose. To-morrow's Sunday. Worse luck! I'll have to hunt up Tibbs the first thing in the morning. Can't do it to-night—wouldn't know where to go. Jack Benton's porter is always down Sunday mornings. I'll have to get up early and forestall him. He'll be able to tell me where to find Tibbs. Poor little rat! He'll think it was a put-up job."

Thus soliloquizing—now apostrophizing the moon, and now the silver-barred water dashing against the gangway, for the tide was full outside,—Paffenberger threaded his way close to the walls of the tall buildings abutting, like Perkins Sons, upon the wharf. Turning a sharp corner, he soon came into a well-lighted street, where French and German restaurants invited the hungry wayfarer to enter and partake. Into one of these Paffenberger turned, and was soon eating his long-delayed meal with a keen relish, despite the picture of a barefoot, ragged boy that would now and then obtrude upon his inner vision.

II.

As Paffenberger passed into the warehouse on his hospitable errand, the boy, sitting far back in the leather-cushioned chair, stretched his naked feet to the blaze, and in a moment was fast asleep. When he awoke the fire had burned low, the room was full of shadows. Collecting his scattered wits, he jumped down and opened the door. The warehouse looked like an immense black cavern, so dark and gloomy that the child shrunk back, half afraid. He was only eight years of age; and, though accustomed to loneliness and dark nights, was not prepared for this new and singular experience. He felt that he was entirely alone.

"That bloke forgot all about me!" he exclaimed. "Or mebbe he's in with them wimmin at the Home, and went to tell 'em. Oh, if I only could get out, I'd fool 'em nice! Wonder if a feller can get anythin' to eat anywheres?"

Snatching a newspaper from one of the desks, he twisted it into some semblance of a torch; and, holding it aloft before him, shuffled into the gloom. Into corners and behind barrels he peered with his impromptu torch, hoping to find a forgotten lunch basket or stray crust of bread. He had gone some distance when his search was rewarded by the sight of a brown

paper bag lying on a pile of tarred rope. Clutching it eagerly, he hurried to retrace his steps, unheeding the wisp of flame and red ashes that fell on a heap of odds and ends piled close to the ropy coil. Back in the office again, he devoured the welcome crackers, which Paffenberger had sought unavailingly. His hunger appeased, he began to think himself the victim of unfortunate, perhaps premeditated, circumstance.

"He'll be sure to give me to the cops in the mornin'," he said, with a deliberate and convincing shake of the head. "He'll be sure to, or else to them wimmin in the black dresses at the Home. Them or the cops, and the cops means the Refuge."

Thus persuading himself that it was in contemplation to deprive him of his liberty, our gamin of the streets began to look about him for some way of escape. He soon discovered the unshuttered window, deep-sunken in the wall. Leaping like a cat from the floor to the top of the safe, and from thence to the bookcase, with one twist of his supple limbs he reached the broad, deep sill. The unused fastenings were rotten with rust and dirt. Flinging his body against the glass, the frame fell outward. Quickly following it, the boy dropped softly to the gangway, ten feet below; then the darkness swallowed him.

III.

Meanwhile Paffenberger had finished his dinner. Taking up the evening paper, his eye fell on the apparently insignificant words, "Fire Insurance." They were not insignificant to him.

"*Mein Gott!*" he exclaimed in his native tongue, now seldom used, "how did I forget it?—the first time in twenty years. And how if the old place should burn to-night? And the boy? *Ach*, it is a bad case!"

He had forgotten to renew the insurance, expired that day; though Mr. Perkins, who had gone home early, had reminded him of it before leaving. There was nothing to be done now until Monday. But how spend the hours that intervened? He would speak to the watchman on the square—no, he would walk about the neighborhood all night himself. But he could not spend Sunday, and all of Sunday night, walking up and down in the piercing cold. He must only wait till morning, hunt up Tibbs through his friend Jack; and, after the boy was well out of the place with some hot breakfast, go back and build a fire. What with books and the Sunday papers he could spend the day in the office, and stretch himself on the old haircloth sofa for one night, ready for the accident of fire. Having so resolved, he could only make the best of a bad situation. Buttoning his overcoat tightly about him, he lit a cigar, and drawing his hat well down over his eyes, set forth in the teeth of the wind for the dreary lodgings he called home.

In spite of his anxiety, he soon fell into a deep sleep, which lasted several hours. Suddenly, through the frosty midnight air, he heard the clang of bells, the cry of "Fire!" He sprang to his feet and ran to the window. The glow in the sky came from the direction of the river. Hurrying on his clothes, he was soon in the street. "Valentine Perkins Sons gone up!" cried a man, hurrying past him. No need to tell him that: he had known it when he heard the first wild cry of "Fire!"

In ten minutes he was there, to see the front warehouse one solid blaze, the firemen trying to save the adjacent buildings. Crowds ran hither and thither; people spoke to him, and called him by name; but he knew nothing, heard nothing, thought of nothing, save the terrible reality of the boy burning to death inside, and the unsigned insurance papers in his pocket.

Some one shook him violently. It was the watchman of the block.

"Paffenberger," he was saying, "how do you suppose it came that the thing started *in front* of the store? There's never any light or fire there."

Paffenberger looked at him with glaring eyes, faintly hearing, unable to speak,

stabbed as with a knife by an accusing thought. He saw himself striking a match on the sole of his boot, just over there where the blaze was fiercest,—where that heavy coil of tarred rope had lain. Flinging his arms in the face of the astonished man, he cried aloud: "I stamped it out! I thought I stamped it out!" and rushed, a frenzied madman, through the crowd.

The same hour, in his clean and cozy bunk at the House of Detention, a small boy stirred uneasily in his sleep at the cry of "Fire!" But, sleeping as he was with a clean conscience, undisturbed by any consciousness of a wisp of flame and glowing ashes dropped on a heap of tarred and ropy tinder, the child turned over and slept on; while Perkins Sons collapsed, a fiery ruin, from sun-baked, rain-swept roof to damp and slimy cellar.

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On a fair, green island, washed by waves eternal, two massive granite buildings face the bay. In one a man, a unit among hundreds, leads a harmless existence, save when, in rare spells of fierce insanity, he accuses himself of a double crime of which no one who knew him in the past believes him capable or guilty.

In the other, shielded from evil associations, fed, warmed and clothed by public charity in the hands of gentle ministrants, a bright-faced, clever boy is growing to useful, honest manhood. Unconscious of the existence of his neighbor, or that their paths have ever crossed to the ruin of the one and the regeneration of the other, each runs his alotted race. So is it in this world.

"It is destiny!"—phrase of the weak human heart. "It is destiny!"—dark apology for every error. The strong and the virtuous admit no destiny. On earth guides conscience, in heaven watches God. And Destiny is but the phantom we invoke to silence the one, to dethrone the other.—*Lytton.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE NEED OF HARMONY.

THE union of the Belgian Catholics is proverbial; and it is accounted for by the fact that Belgium is honeycombed by Catholic organizations of all kinds. These clubs do not act as rivals to one another: they are mosaics, as it were, fitted close together,—dovetailed,—each adding to the beauty and the strength of the whole.

They exemplify the value of organization. There is a false opinion among some of us that a great parade of numbers on certain occasions is effective. We forget that after the "show" is over—after the torch-bearers have been counted, and the number of men in line descanted on,—the big procession melts into units. A show of numbers may impress the politician; but, unless there is intellectual organization of the individuals that compose the mass, it counts for little.

Masses do not control themselves: they follow a leader; they act—if they act for good—on principles. *Vox populi* is only *vox Dei* when a high principle is heard in the tones of some man inspired by God. And the value of men to a cause can not be gauged merely by their numbers. It is not number alone, but harmony that tells; and harmony is the result of intelligently directed organization.

The success of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in parish work in this country has often been a subject of comment. Put the Jesuits anywhere in a city, let them have a parish or no parish, bind them by local lines or leave them free, and they soon draw about them great numbers of people, drawn surely toward the road of perfection. It can not be explained on the ground of personal magnetism. All Jesuits have not that quality. It can only be understood

through the fact that the Jesuits organize efficiently. Every man, woman, or child has a place in some society or other; and, what is more, every man, woman or child has a place which is adapted to him or her. And so the whole machine moves smoothly and easily; and people ask one another why the Jesuits keep so many diverse elements true to the principles of faith and practical good conduct.

A lesson may be learned from all this. The Jesuit policy is the policy of the Catholics of Belgium. It should be the policy of the Catholics of America; not that we might be as one on merely political matters—God forbid!—but that we might be entirely united on all questions which tend toward the progress of the Church. The mention of organization in this country always suggests politics. It should be divorced from that connection.

It is not votes that we need, but minds,—minds instructed by religion, and so clarified that on essential principles there can be no division. Interest in spiritual and intellectual things can best be brought about by organization. There ought to be clubs or associations for the cultivation of all religious and higher human interests. Nothing that is human is too small for the attention of Christians. Religion ought to permeate everything, and religion is well served when all honest human interests unite in supporting it.

It ought to be understood distinctly that it makes no difference how many voters are Catholics: religion with us is not a question of party. But it makes all the difference in the world whether our people can give reasons for the faith that is in them or not, or whether they have the true spirit of brotherhood or not.

The Belgian's contact with his fellow-Catholics does not end when they have knelt near one another at Mass. He feels that he has a community of interests with his brothers, and he acts as if he had. Its duties are not supposed to end when he has put his hand into his pocket and contributed a certain amount of cash; the cultivation of harmony has killed envy. Now, Catholics as Catholics have no faults; what faults they have are due to the infirmity of poor human nature. And yet how does it happen that envy is a besetting sin among us? It is envy, and nothing else, that begets that perpetual criticism that follows the successful Catholic;—envy which influences the snobbish practice of underrating one another until the *imprimatur* of outside approval has been given—even then there are doubts and fears expressed. In England they have the same phenomena. Why? The answer, it seems to me, may be found in that condition of affairs which leaves Catholics bound together only by dogma, and which crushes out all feeling of brotherhood, except in a rather vague and abstract sense. And the remedy is intelligent harmony based on intelligent organization.

A Catholic Daily.

IN view of the fact that the Catholic Germans and Poles of the United States support three or four daily newspapers, it is surely a reproach to us that there is none in English. We should have at least one, and this would be the year in which to found it. It could count on a "boom" now. There are too many weeklies. One could well be spared, and *The Republic* might be easily metamorphosed into a daily. We instance our Boston contemporary because it is thoroughly Catholic, is ably edited, and has the characteristic of modernity. It is just what the weekly edition of our ideal Catholic daily would be. The members of its staff are unknown to us, but their work gives one the impression that they are trained journalists. If we were to have part in organizing the staff of a Catholic daily, we should think of these gentlemen

among the very first. Then, again, *The Republic's* political preferences are those of perhaps the majority of American Catholics. We should be glad to see a Catholic daily representing each of the great political parties; but that will come later. It may be affirmed further of *The Republic* that no other American Catholic journal has so careful and comprehensive a summary of news, or more timely editorials; and there is much else about it that would constitute desirable features of a daily paper.

We have always contended that New York is the only city in the United States where at the present time a Catholic daily would be at all likely to flourish. Should *The Republic* become such, Boston would still be well off with *The Pilot*, which we hope will never be anything different from what it is; and that, as every one knows, is something very excellent. Its character is established, and we should rather have it the best of weeklies than anything different. The *Catholic Union*, the *Mirror*, *Review*, *News*, *Citizen*, *Catholic*, *Columbian*, *Chronicle*, *Church Progress*, and other papers that might be mentioned, are well enough in their way, and are doing excellent work in their respective fields; but we need a daily paper for Catholic readers,—not a religious journal under clerical control, but a newspaper devoted to Catholic interests, with the moral tone that only a Catholic editor could impart to it. And now, we repeat, is the best time to start it.

Of course the old objections will be raised, and as usual many will be found to oppose what they do not approve of; but if we are to wait until everyone is in favor of a Catholic daily, willing to support it, and of one mind as to the city where it should be published, we shall never have one.

WHAT an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities!—*Addison.*

Notes and Remarks.

It is gratifying to notice the spread of convictions on many important subjects, which, until lately, were confined to Catholics, and so exclusively as to be considered Catholic teaching. The President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, is quoted as saying, "In my judgment, religion is the great and only cure for the disease of crime." A change has come over Mr. Gerry, and we rejoice thereat. Says the *Catholic Review* commenting on his utterance: "You may fine and imprison and otherwise punish the criminal, but he remains a criminal until you change his will; and religion offers to him the most powerful motive and the most effective aids to reform."

A church bell seven hundred and eighty-eight years old is to be one of the objects of interest at the World's Fair. It has been promised by Bishop Beffi, of Carthagena, Colombia. The bell is less interesting because of its antiquity than for the inscription in Spanish about its rim, "Mary Conceived without Sin,"—an inscription which is but one more proof of the fact often insisted upon in our pages, that belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin universally prevailed long centuries before the dogma was promulgated.

Writing of the vast and beneficial influence on public and private life by the maintenance of religious rites and observances, the eminent Anglican divine, the Rev. Frederick George Lee, says: "The unction and crowning of the sovereign; the implied admission of the coronation rite, that all power comes from God; the invocation of His sacred Name before the daily labors of each House of Parliament; the importance and sanctity of an oath; the proclamation against vice and immorality solemnly made in the law courts of the realm; the admission that our ships of commerce and war go forth under the protection of the Almighty; that death is 'the visitation of God,'—all tell of the Supernatural and of Religion." The same

thoughtful and able writer bears witness to the lessening of this blessed influence, and what he says is applicable to the United States as well as to England:

"Yet now an able and resolute minority—a minority which knows its own mind, and is determinedly bent on accomplishing its purpose—has been for some time laboring to abolish God from His own universe. In education, politics, law making, and the administration of the laws, the Almighty is as a consequence either scarcely recognized or contemptuously set aside."

The times are evil, and those who are half-hearted should not undertake to champion the cause of God. We may learn from the enemies of the Christian name: they are neither cowardly nor inactive. The Catholic who is afraid to express his convictions when the honor of religion is at stake, or who is too prudent ever to take action, can not be called a soldier of Christ. Human respect is at the bottom of many a man's reticence and inaction.

Interesting information on the subject of American converts to the Church is furnished by the *Catholic Mirror*. Our contemporary learns from the statistics of the chancery that out of an aggregate of about nine thousand baptisms in the Archdiocese of Baltimore last year, six hundred and sixty-five were those of converts. This result, if not surprising, is at least gratifying; and if the same or an approximate percentage is maintained in the remaining eighty archdioceses and dioceses of the country, it is clear that the eyes of our Protestant fellow-citizens are becoming opened to the fact that there is no position logically tenable between Protestantism and infidelity.

A letter from Honolulu informs us of the death of Mgr. Hermann, Bishop of Olba, which occurred on the 22d ult. He was about sixty-five years of age, and was consecrated in San Francisco by the late Archbishop Alemany in 1881. Bishop Hermann's death is a great loss to the missions of the Sandwich Islands; all the more so as his devoted Vicar-General is an invalid. The late Bishop was a native of Westphalia, and had been a missionary in Hawaii since 1854. He was a member of the Society of Picpus, to which the sainted Father Damien, of Molokai, also belonged. Being greatly beloved by his flock, the mourning for his unexpected death is universal and sincere. *R. I. P.*

So much stress is laid by some people upon the utterances of journals that are known as the organs of Catholic prelates, that it may not be amiss to quote the following paragraph from the pastoral letter issued by the Fathers of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, which paragraph is referred to and approved in the decrees of the Third Plenary Council:

"We wish to guard against the misapprehension which frequently arises from the bishop's name being connected with such papers, in so far as they are recognized as 'organs,'—that is, as mediums through which the ordinary communicates with his diocesans. This circumstance gives no sanction to the articles which appear in such papers, other than they may derive from the name of the writer when given; still less does it identify the bishop with the paper so as to justify the conclusion that whatever appears in it has his sanction and authority. It merely designates the paper as one in which the bishop will cause to be inserted such official documents as he, from time to time, may have to publish, and in regard to which it is obviously desirable that there should be some regular mode of communication."

The February *Lyceum* contains a paper, "Genuine Relief Works," which possesses exceptional interest for those who are laboring for the industrial welfare of the peasantry of Ireland. The writer speaks in terms of high approval of a technical woollen manufactory established in Foxford, County Mayo, by an energetic and devoted Sister of Charity—Agnes Morrogh Bernard. Foxford is a typical "congested district"; and the manufactory in question will undoubtedly prove a blessing, by affording employment to hundreds who would otherwise perforce remain comparatively idle. The far-seeing zeal of the devoted lady who has undertaken this arduous task is worthy of all encouragement, and it is to be hoped that Christian philanthropists will generously aid her in placing the enterprise on a good footing.

One of the most enjoyable sketches of Cardinal Manning that has come to our notice during the past month is that published in the *South African Magazine*, and written by its

reverend editor. Father Kolbe has so bright a style that one's only regret is that his sketch is not thrice its actual length. From a number of anecdotes related of the deceased prelate, we quote the following:

"Cardinal Manning was not without a keen and trenchant humor when he cared to use it. Once, when it was his turn to preside at the dinner of the Metaphysical Society—a Society which I believe resulted in the establishment of the *Nineteenth Century*, and which numbered Mr. Huxley and other prominent non-Christians among its members, but whose aim was the discussion of philosophical truth from every point of view,—the Cardinal had on his right and left the two Anglican Bishops, Ellicott and Magee. As dinner was about to commence, these two with exceedingly bad taste stood and looked at each other, as if to ask which of the two was to say grace. Whereupon the Cardinal quietly observed: 'Sit down, my lords. *I* never say grace *in partibus infidelium*.' A more thoroughly deserved double-edged cut and thrust I do not remember. Nor is that anecdote apocryphal; for the Cardinal told it to me himself."

The advantages arising from associations are recognized in Spain, if nowhere else; and we learn that the clergy are zealous promoters of religious organizations of all kinds. A Catholic Circle was lately opened in Granada for the moral improvement and the recreation of poor workmen. It already numbers five hundred members, and there is great enthusiasm among them. The Archbishop gives his blessing to the association, and directs efforts toward its success. His Grace is also striving to establish a savings-bank for the benefit of sick workmen. Another Ca holic association has been established in Madrid under the title of Apostolate of the Press; its object is to supply poor people gratuitously with good reading.

One of the most noted personalities among the foreign missionaries of the Church is the venerable John Chrysostom Kho, a Chinese Lazarist. Born in 1807, this good old priest has witnessed marvellous changes in the treatment offered by the Chinese Government to the Christian religion and its followers. A few years ago, when on the portal of a new Catholic church he read, "Church of the Lord of Heaven. Built by order of the Emperor," he could not restrain his admiration and joy. Father Kho, in his eighty-fifth year, can no longer say Mass, but still follows his rule with unvarying exactitude. His death, which can scarcely be far distant, will mean the entrance of one more saint into heaven.

With unusual promptitude the episcopal vacancy occasioned by the death of the venerable Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, has been filled, and the care of that important See is to be entrusted to Monsig. Charles E. McDonnell, secretary of Archbishop Corrigan and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York. The Bishop-elect is a native of New York city, and a graduate of the American College in Rome. He will be the youngest member of the American hierarchy, being only thirty-eight years of age. Monsig. McDonnell is thoroughly equipped for the arduous office that has come to him unsought, and his appointment gives general satisfaction.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —Heb., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Matthew Keary, of Boston, Mass., whose happy death took place on the 27th ult.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dallaher, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 6th inst., at New Haven, Conn.

Miss Georgia Houston, of Dorchester, Mass., who died peacefully on the 13th ult.

Mr. Charles McGovern, who passed away on the 24th ult., at Rockland, Mass.

Mrs. Mary Phelan, of Iowa City, Iowa, who calmly yielded her soul to God on the 10th inst.

Mr. Charles Korle, of Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Quackenbos, Newark, N. J.; Peter Fitzsimmons and Mrs. Catherine McInnerney, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John J. Smith and Miss M. A. Drury, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. John R. Rourke, Miss Mary Condron, Mrs. Patrick Cullom, Mr. John Healey, Miss Annie Mooney, and Mrs. Catherine McNulty,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mr. —— Gainer, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Hugh McCusker, Mr. James McGarrity, Mrs. Mary A. Fitzpatrick, and Mrs. Navina Colahan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Lynch, N. Abington, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine McCranor, Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. John Ford and Mrs. Mary Dolan, Albany, N. Y.; also Mrs. Daniel Hickey, Hawn, Co. Cork, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Nightingale's Voice.

A LEGEND OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

'TIS said the nightingale of old
Was voiceless till that wondrous night
When, from soft clouds of rose and gold,
It saw a vision dazzling bright
Descending on translucent wings,—
A herald from the King of kings.

Fragrant and pure, the twilight air
Through the high lattice gently stole,
Kissing the Maiden's soft, bronze hair,
As, head bent low, her spotless soul
Its sweet humility outpoured
Beneath the shadow of the Lord.

Silent the bird still swayed, content;
But as through heavenly pathways fair
Glad Alleluias came and went,
Caught and re-echoed everywhere,
Enraptured by the exultant throng,
The hidden voice broke forth in song.

So now, when from the lonely grove
When day is done there comes a note,
A strain, a rippling shower of love
Like liquid pearls from silvery throat,
The bird is singing, well we know,
Of that sweet twilight long ago.

To speak wisely may not always be easy, but not to speak ill requires only silence.—*Anon.*

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIV.—A FIGURE IN THE MOONLIGHT.

QUITE unexpectedly, Mr. and Mrs. Spinks returned home. Although the remains of the feast had disappeared, Molly declared that she was too nervous to open the door in answer to their knock; so Reginald shot the bolt, and let in a bar of clear moonlight. He started back; for he saw a figure behind Mr. Spinks, and it filled him with terror. He could not mistake it: there was even the dab of flour on the nose. He knew Hans Gewitz too well: his figure had haunted him ever since the fatal night when Miles had broken the glass, and he had taken the Dutch cake home. It was only a few nights ago, but it seemed weeks and weeks away.

Hans Gewitz disappeared, and Reginald gained his senses sufficiently to shut the door after the Spinkses. Mr. and Mrs. Spinks seemed to be in a cheerful mood. She nodded to the children, sent the boys to bed, and made Molly go to the shed for more wood. As the boys went up to the attic, Miles heard her say:

"Well, Spinks, it means a hundred dollars. The old lady isn't rich, but she's comfortable; and she dotes on 'em."

"You're right, Mrs. Spinks. I guess

we'll have roast pork for dinner to-morrow, as things are going so well; and a dish of pigs' feet. Pigs' feet boiled to shreds, with a mealy potato, is a dish for a king."

Miles cut a double-shuffle on the stairs; he liked pigs' feet. He turned to impart the news to Reginald; but Reginald shot ahead of him, and threw himself on the bed.

"It's come at last, Miles!" Reginald said. "And I'll have to go to jail. I saw Hans Gewitz just now; he knows where we are. I saw him—*himself*,—in the moonlight."

Miles was doubtful, but he answered: "Let him come. We're not afraid of him."

"But *I* am," continued Reginald. "I don't want to go to jail. Of course I'd rather go to prison than work here; but if I was put in jail, auntie would be disgraced."

"It is my opinion," said Miles, "that Hans Gewitz will think twice before he puts you into jail. He will not be such a fool as to make an old customer like auntie buy her bread somewhere else. I thought about that yesterday when I was feeding the cattle."

"We *must* go away," insisted Reginald. "We must walk and walk until even Hans Gewitz can't find us. If I could only spend Christmas at auntie's, I don't think I should care what happened to me. Miles, yesterday when I was piling up the winter cabbage, I thought I should die of home-sickness,—I really did." Reginald began to cry. "I suppose if I go to jail, I'll die there, and never see a Christmas-tree again, except in heaven."

Miles was touched; he, too, had begun to feel symptoms of homesickness. After all, it was a big world, and it would take many a weary walk to find the Indians and the buffalo. And in the meantime Reddy Smith had probably taken his favorite seat on the bench at school, and Tom Growly the spot in the schoolyard where he liked best to play marbles. A great desire to look after these important matters filled him, and he tried to find other reasons for clearing away Reginald's fears.

"But if we go, we shall have to leave Molly; and who knows what may happen to her? Mr. Spinks will take it out of her, if we go; and I thought you promised to stand by her."

"Well, I will," said Reginald, with a deep sigh. "But do you suppose, Miles, that any boy ever suffered so much as I have suffered?"

"Lots," answered Miles, promptly,—"oh, lots! How would you like to have your leg broken by a street-car? How would you like to fall off a lamp-post just on the day the circus came to town? How would you like to be blamed for something you didn't do, and see the other fellow praised by everybody, and him grinning and making fun of you? *I* suffered most the day I almost swallowed the jackstone, and the whole school jumped up and punched me on the back."

Reginald shook his head, unconsoled. "Ah," he said, "I shouldn't mind being punched! People think boys have no hearts,—that they don't suffer except when they're whipped, or they haven't enough dinner, or something like that. But grown-ups forget what they suffered when they were boys, and they give you a piece of pie or something when your heart is almost broken. And they don't know and they don't care. I am sure no boy ever had the sickness inside of him that I have. Auntie thinks mint drops or castor-oil can cure anything a boy has; but it can't. Oh, I am so homesick I can't help crying, though I know you'll call me a sissy."

"No, I won't," said Miles.

"There's no way out of it all. Oh, I was so bad at home! I'll never do a mean thing again, if I only get out of this scrape. But there is no use in talking of it. I can't get out of it,—there is no way."

"There is always a way. God sees ways that we don't see, and He shows them to us, when we are most gloomy."

Reginald said his prayers, and felt comforted.

XV.—Cæsar Again.

If it had not been for Cæsar, Hans Gewitz would not have seen Reginald at the door of Mr. Spinks' farm-house; and if Hans Gewitz had not seen Reginald, who knows what might have happened?

When Mr. and Mrs. Spinks started off for Philadelphia, Cæsar made up his mind to follow them. So far Cæsar had made only one friend,—that was Molly; she had been kind to him. But he distrusted Miles and Reginald. He had never learned to like boys, because, as he often said to himself, they were peculiar. When he was a puppy, they had not treated him with gentleness. He remembered a time when boys had thrown him from one to another as if he were a ball. Later, tin kettles had been tied to his tail; and his life altogether had been rough and unhappy. This was quite enough to sadden—even to sour—any dog's disposition.

Molly had been kind to him; and Cæsar, who was a dog of great experience, noticed that the Spinkses were unkind to Molly; consequently he snapped at Mr. Spinks whenever he saw him. And when the Spinkses started off, he felt that they were after no good, and he followed them. The ferry-boat was crowded, but he did not mind: he found his way to the bow, and waited patiently in a coil of rope until the boat touched the wharf with a great jolt. Then he jumped off with the Spinkses.

Mr. and Mrs. Spinks made their way to Mrs. Danby's with some difficulty. At last Mr. Spinks opened the green door; the bell jingled, and they found Mrs. Danby seated behind her counter. The coal-oil lamp lit up her cheerful face; and she raised her head from her knitting, to wonder whether these people wanted gum drops or popcorn. She saw that they were from the Neck, and folks from the Neck always bought candy for their children. Mrs. Danby, at a second glance, concluded that she did not like the looks of Mr. and Mrs. Spinks.

"We came—" began Mr. Spinks, resting his big umbrella against the counter.

"Oh, I hope that umbrella isn't wet! I don't allow wet umbrellas in this shop," interrupted Mrs. Danby.

Mr. Spinks looked at her. He saw that there was no use in trying to bully that little woman. Cæsar had squeezed himself in just as the door was closed, at the risk of being cut in two. At this moment Mrs. Spinks, with an air of absent-mindedness, raised the lid of a jar, and helped herself to two chocolate drops.

"One cent!" snapped Mrs. Danby. "I'd be in the poorhouse if everybody was to pick up one or two cream chocolates."

Mrs Spinks reluctantly fumbled in an old purse she carried, and laid one cent on the counter.

"We came," Mr. Spinks said, "to speak to you on a subject which concerns you. What is the consequence? You receive us with contumely. I come to speak of Reginald and Miles."

Mrs. Danby dropped her knitting. Her face changed. She became polite at once.

"Oh, come into the backroom! I'm almost ashamed to ask you: everything is upside-down, as I don't have time to house-clean more than three times a year. And I couldn't do any sweeping this week, as I have been so worried. You can tell what the feelings of an aunt are!"

"I am an uncle myself," replied Mr. Spinks, noticing the glowing grate, the brass candlesticks on the mantelpiece, the red table-cloth, and the pots of geranium in the window. "I have a dear little girl at home. She is almost a niece to me; in fact, Mrs. Spinks is a mother to her."

Mrs. Danby looked at Mrs. Spinks, and felt glad she was not a mother to her Reginald.

The Spinkses settled themselves comfortably on the sofa. Mrs. Spinks took off the stockings she had drawn over her shoes.

"It's not raining or snowing or hailing," she said; "but when I go out, I like to be prepared for anything."

"I may as well say," began Mr. Spinks, "that your boys are safe and well; but of course I can't, being a hard-working man, undertake to tell you where they are unless I am paid for it."

"They are safe and well!" exclaimed Mrs. Danby. "I am so glad! Has Reginald kept the porous-plaster on his chest, and does he take his tonic three times a day? He can't be well unless he does those things. Now, where is he?"

"Be careful, Ferdinand!" Mrs. Spinks said, warningly.

"Trust me," replied her husband.

Then turning to Mrs. Danby: "He is safe. I will not say that he will be safe long. Something may happen to him,—something dreadful." He shook his head. "I will return him for sixty-six and one-third dollars, or a hundred for the two."

"How much do you want for Miles?"

"Thirty-three and a third dollars," said Mr. Spinks. "He is not worth as much to you as the other."

Mrs. Danby looked closely at Mr. Spinks. The door-bell jingled.

"Excuse me," she said.

Hans Gewitz was in the shop. He came to ask anxiously for the boys; he said that if they were really lost, he would never forgive himself.

"Just you wait here."

"A hundred for both," Mr. Spinks repeated, as Mrs. Danby went back into the little room.

"I'll think about it," said Mrs. Danby. "Come again on Tuesday."

Mrs. Spinks took some time in putting the stockings over her shoes again. Mrs. Danby would say nothing more.

As they went out, Mrs. Danby whispered to Hans Gewitz: "Follow them!" He tried to, but lost them near the ferry. However, he saw Cæsar in the crowd, and kept close to that wise dog; and in this way he reached the Spinkses' farm-house, after a weary journey.

(To be continued.)

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XXVII.—The City of Isabella.

Of course the first impulse of the Admiral was to get away from that unfortunate spot. There his good ship had been wrecked, and there were the sad ashes of the ill-starred Fort. But it was necessary to have headquarters established at once; and a site was chosen for the new city some miles distant from what had been Fort Nativity. It was to bear the name of Isabella, the Catholic Queen. The streets and squares were laid out with as much precision as if Isabella were intended for a royal capital; and perhaps, in the ardent fancy of her builders, she had no less a destiny. The site of the new city was apparently perfect. There was a sheltered harbor, well defended by nature; and all about stretched beautiful plains, covered with a soil which promised well for future crops, without which no colony can prosper. Last year, when the officers of the Columbian Exposition, or World's Fair, sent a committee to see if anything remained of the city of Isabella, they reported that, with the exception of some of the old foundations, discovered with difficulty, there was not a trace.

The first blow which fell upon the eager Spaniards was the knowledge that they had been cheated in the provisions and goods brought from home. It is our habit to speak as if fraud of this kind were peculiar to the present age; but the shopkeepers of four hundred years ago seemed, it appears, to be perfectly skilled in the arts of adulterating their goods and using false measures. The wine had run out of the poorly-made barrels, most of the pantry stores were notably low-priced, and even the medicines partook of the general inferiority of the other commodities.

There was one ray of sunshine. Those detailed to explore the interior returned with golden reports; so there was something pleasant to relate in the letter written by Columbus when twelve of the ships, carrying a number of Carib prisoners among the other curiosities, went back to Spain. One thing in that letter has been made much of, to the discredit of the good Admiral—his suggestion that profit might result from the slavery of the hostile islanders. But we must consider that these were really prisoners of war, not peaceful natives like the Africans. Isabella, however, would not listen to the proposition. The cannibals, she decided, must be won with kindness like the rest.

The work on the new city proceeded slowly; and, to make things more gloomy, the Admiral fell ill. But he bore his weakness of body as he had his other troubles, and encouraged the rest besides. There was much for the men to bear without the sickness and hard labor. They were in great distress of mind: disappointed and discouraged, feeling that they had been led on what we would call a "wild-goose-chase." Instead of finding the nuggets of gold to be as plentiful as pebbles in a stream, they found hard toil and the worst of deprivation. One of the principal growlers, Bernal Diaz, got up a plot in which he interested others. His plan was to seize the five remaining vessels and sail away to Spain, with a story that Columbus had deceived his men as well as his sovereigns, and was in all ways unworthy the exalted honors bestowed upon him. The plot was discovered before it worked any harm, but Columbus was in a quandary. This was the first occasion he had had to punish any one. What should he do? He had no influence to throw away, and feared to take extreme measures. Finally, he put the chief conspirator on a ship and sent him to Spain, a letter going along with him to explain his misdemeanors. The other conspirators were let off with slight punishment, but did not love Columbus any better afterward.

This matter attended to, the Admiral placed his brother Diego in charge of Isabella, and led an expedition to the gold mines of Cibao. As on the occasion of his visit to the wounded cacique, he went in the greatest possible state, with drums and trumpets and flying colors. It was necessary to construct a road through a narrow defile, and the pass was called El Puerto de los Hidalgos,—or, in our language, the Gentleman's Pass.

When they had found a way through the rugged defile, a beautiful plain, making them think of Paradise, was spread out before them, which was at once named the Vega Real, or Royal Plain. Continuing their march, they sought the mountains of gold. The natives were everywhere alarmed to see the cavalry, thinking the horse and rider to be one person; but were kind and hospitable. The mountains proved stony and sterile, but to some extent rich in gold. A fort to guard the approach to the mines was built upon a suitable spot, and here one touch of humor lights the sombre story; for Columbus named it Fort St. Thomas, as a gentle reproof to the doubters who had denied the existence of the Golden Mountains.

At last, leaving Pedro Margarite and fifty-six men in charge of the hastily-built fortifications, the cavalcade wound its glittering way back to Isabella, through the peaceful villages which were soon to be but a memory; for, says Irving, "the indolent Paradise of the Indian was about to disappear forever." The whitemen, predicted by their traditions, had come,—and come to stay.

XXVIII.—Cruising around the Islands.

It was the last of March when Columbus got back to his new city, and the chroniclers tell us how pleased he was with the way the crops in the vicinity had been growing. But agriculture seemed to be

all that flourished at Isabella. The provisions brought from Europe were giving out, and the sickness amounted almost to pestilence. The proud *hidalgos* had not, they said, left their homes to grind corn; and when forced to take a turn at that humble employment, there were murmurings loud and deep.

To add to the rest, bad news came from Fort St. Thomas. As soon as Columbus' back had been turned, the old story had been repeated. The soldiers had conducted themselves in such a manner that Caonabo was threatening to go upon the war-path again. Father Boil made things more unpleasant by endeavoring to prejudice the *hidalgos* still further against Columbus. He was really, sad to say, a crafty politician, although a priest; and all biographers have united in declaring that he could not understand the lofty spirit of the great Admiral.

After sending reinforcements to Fort St. Thomas, Columbus prepared for an exploring expedition. Pedro Margarite was relieved of his command at the Fort, and sent at the head of a small army on a sort of triumphal tour around the island. Ojeda succeeded him. Then Columbus started, taking with him three ships; one of them was the faithful little *Niña*, her name now changed to the *Santa Clara*. Don Diego was left in charge of Isabella, with a council, or junto, to act with him, of which Father Boil was one. The expedition was full of startling adventures, and the accounts of it which happily survive form a stirring chapter in the history of the New World. One of its results was the discovery of the island of Jamaica, whose inhabitants seemed more civilized and also more warlike than the other islanders. As the explorers were leaving that island, a young savage begged to be taken on board Columbus' ship. No entreaties of his family availed to dissuade him, and so he sailed away rejoicing. We would like to know more of the lad, but history is silent.

The next step was the exploration of the coast of Cuba, which Columbus still supposed to be the mainland. At his request those aboard the ships signed a paper maintaining their share in this belief, when at that very moment, says one historian, "a ship-boy from the masthead might have overlooked the group of islands to the south and beheld the open sea beyond." Strange things kept happening. At one time some men brought the information that they had certainly seen as many as forty friars of the Order of St. Mary of Mercy, in their long white gowns, standing silent and motionless. There were Christian missions in India, and the story found believers. Probably the imaginations of the Spaniards had invested a flock of cranes with such unusual honors; for those dignified creatures look much like human beings when seen in an imperfect light from a considerable distance.

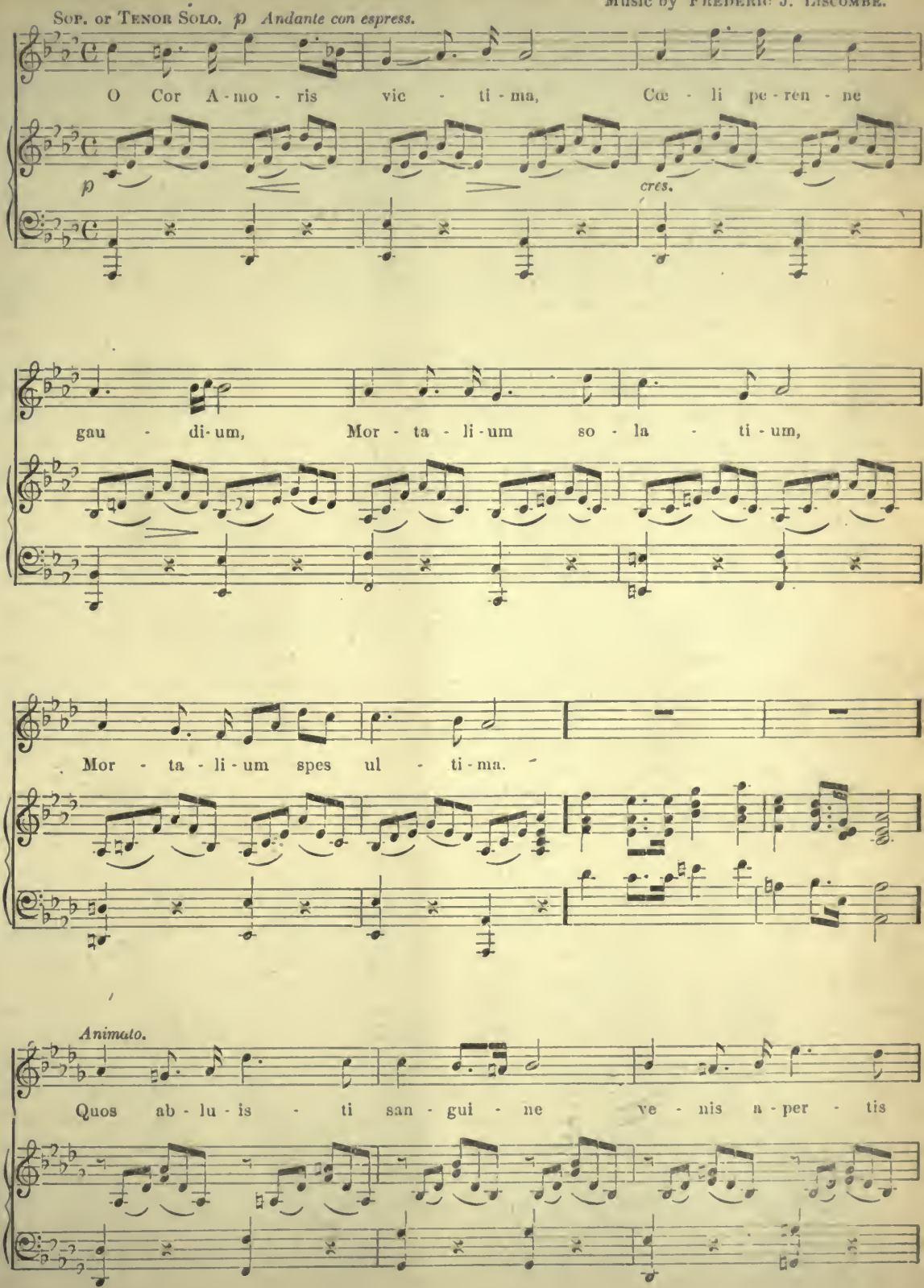
At one place in this singular journey an old Indian seemed to assist at Mass with great devotion; and was so impressed with the religious ceremonies of the Spaniards, that it was with some difficulty he was restrained by his weeping relatives from following the example of the young man, and going off—to heaven he supposed—with the whole fleet. He was obliged to content himself with delivering a sort of moral lecture to Columbus, which contained good doctrine, as far as it went.

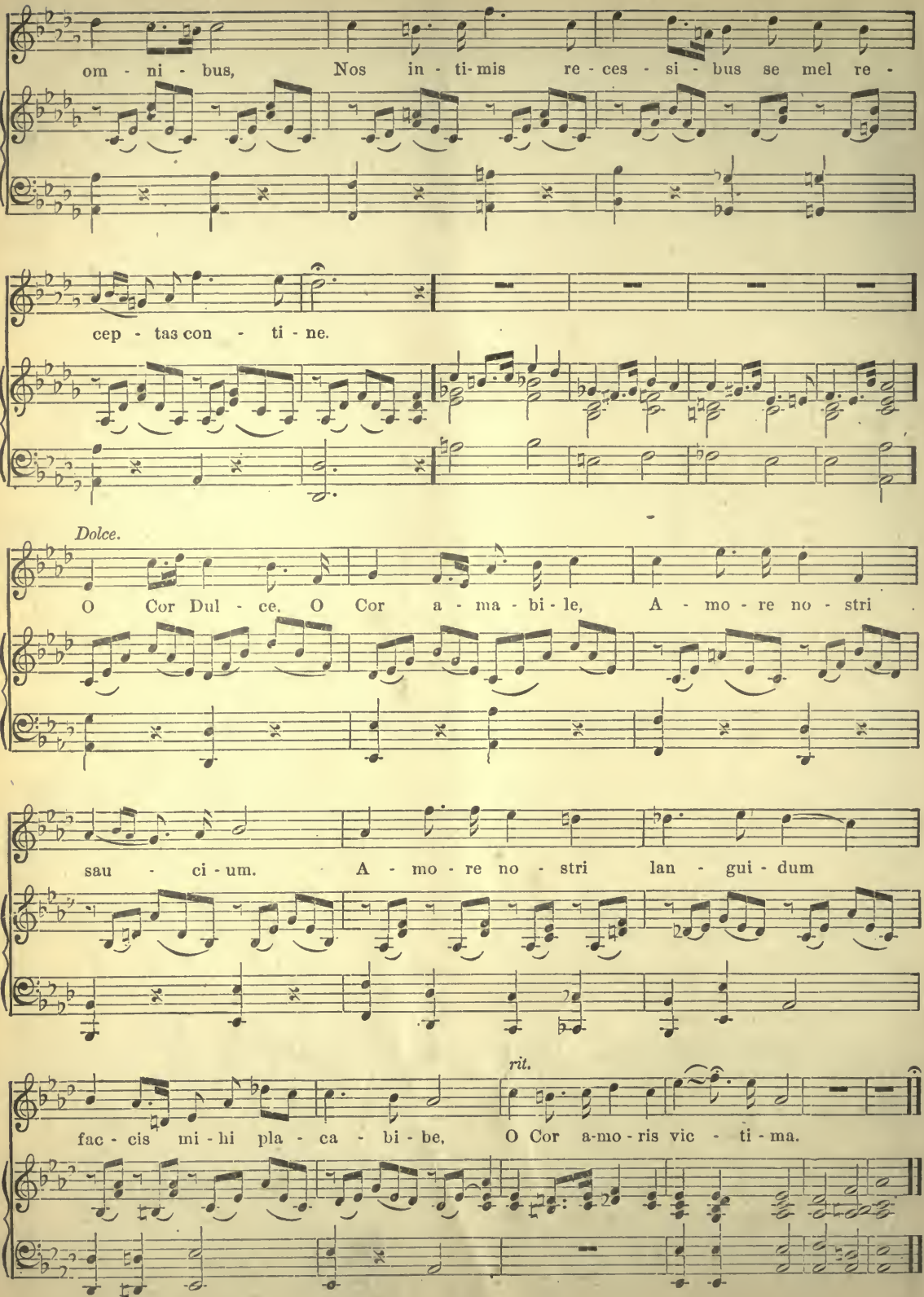
Thus passed several months, and this adventurous cruise might have lasted longer but for a strange and frightful malady which prostrated our Admiral. After untold hardships and lack of food and sleep, Nature, so kind to those who obey her, rebelled; and he was carried back to Isabella in a sort of lethargy, apparently more dead than alive. Was this to be the end of that brave life? No: Columbus had much yet to do and suffer before his release.

(To be continued.)

O COR AMORIS.

Music by FREDERIC J. LISCOMBE.




om - ni - bus, Nos in - ti - mis re - ces - si - bus se mel re -
cep - tas con - ti - ne.
Dolce.
O Cor Dul - ce. O Cor a - ma - bi - le, A - mo - re no - stri
sau - ci - um. A - mo - re no - stri lan - gui - dum
rit.
fac - cis mi - hi pla - ca - bi - be, O Cor a-mo - ris vic - ti - ma.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

VOL. XXXIV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 2, 1892. No. 14.

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With a Bunch of April Flowers.

CROCUS white and violets blue,
Pink spring beauties—early birth,
Lowly blossoms,—wood-stars sweet,
April's gracious gift to earth.
How they speak, these frail evangels!—
Bearing on each velvet face
Words divine of loving meaning,
Drops of golden, heavenly grace.

Yes, the same eternal Smile
Brought to being flower and man,—
Made the flower and you a part
Of the great Eternal Plan.
So these April blossoms bring
To my heart such thoughts divine,
That I write them from the flowers,
Seal, and send them on to thine.

MERCEDES.

The Church in Her Purple of Penance.

BY I. M. O'REILLY.

WHAT a privilege to know the Latin language, which allows us to enter into the enchanted avenues of the Catholic Ritual, with its wondrous variety, at every turn of the changing seasons during the ecclesiastical year! We say 'to know the Latin language'; because it is only through its magic sounds that the full meaning of that celestial harmony, which everywhere accompanies the Bride of Christ, can be realized. They are like the sounds of the mother's voice unto the child, possessing a charm of their own, quite apart from the meaning of the words when they fall from other lips. It were well worth the labor and sacrifice of any intelligent Catholic to gain a knowledge of this mystic tongue, if only for the purpose of realizing to the full the beauty, the lofty meaning, and the sweet pathos of our sacred Liturgy.*

But even without this golden key to a treasury filled to the gate with gifts that adorn the mind and nourish the heart, we may obtain something wherewith to satisfy our souls, ever craving for the beautiful which lies beyond or above them. Fortunately, we have translations of the Missal and Breviary for the laity. Our purpose here is to call the attention of our Catholic brethren to this storehouse of every good gift, in order to induce them to seek there what they may often long to have, yet elsewhere seek in vain. The Lenten Ritual especially offers a cordial which enters into our inmost hearts, and sets our blood aglow with the warm love of the spouse divine, who is not the least lovely when in tears, with the purple

* Father Faber, whilst still in communion with the Anglican Church, writes: "I do not wonder you should envy the Latin service books; for anything more elevating and magnificent than the Western Ritual is not to be conceived. There is not such another glory upon the earth. It gives to men the

of mourning wrapped round about her.*

The Missals for the laity contain such portions of the Office for each day of the penitential season as are used in the ordinary of the Mass. These alone, if read with devout attention, will not only render it easier to interpret the true spirit of the Church, but will impart quite a new intensity to our fervor. Turn, for instance, to the service as there set down for Ash-Wednesday. Read slowly and with heart-attention the prayers for the blessing of the ashes, and those for the Mass that follows. Are they not rich and sublime; and do they not, if carefully pondered, make the ceremony of having our foreheads marked with ashes seem a more impressive thing than heretofore?

In the Breviary, at this season, the entire Office reverberates with sentiments akin to those expressed in the keynote which had already been given as far back as Septuagesima. The ferial Lauds begin with Psalm l, that cry of a contrite and humble heart for pardon, *Miserere mei, Deus*, which has found an echo throughout the ages in every sin and sorrow-burdened breast,—"Have mercy on me, O God!" But the climax of beauty and sublimity is reached in the Friday offices. One of the chief desires of Mother Church in appointing forty days as a time for mortification, self-sacrifice and prayer is to induce her children to meditate more frequently, more lovingly, and more contritely on the sufferings of her Divine Spouse, crucified for our redemption. In furtherance of this aim, she devotes each of the Fridays during Lent to the consideration of some special feature of the Passion, and in moving words seeks to trace it indelibly on our hearts and memories. Thus we have, beginning with the Friday after Septuagesima, the Prayer in the Garden, followed on successive Fridays by the Memory of the Sufferings, the Crown of Thorns, the Spear and Nails, the Holy Winding-Sheet, the Five Wounds, and the Most Precious Blood; closing with that most pathetic commemoration on the Friday in Passion Week, the Compassion of Our Lady. The hymns throughout are

* The Marquis of Bute has made a good translation of the entire Roman Breviary, published 1879, London. As for Missals in the English language, they are numerous.

tongues of angels; it images on its bosom the attitudes of heaven, and it catches glorious shreds of echo from the eternal worship of the Lamb. It has a language of symbols more luminous, more mystical, more widely spread, than any other language on earth. I do not wonder you should envy the Latin Ritual." In truth, in the perusal of these two books, the Breviary and the Missal, every taste can find gratification. The antiquarian will discover quaint specimens of ancient lore; the *littérateur*, an incomparable charm of curious but fascinating diction; the poet, gems "of purest ray serene"; the devotee, prayers of unapproachable simplicity and strength. "No human genius can hope to attain to their beauty and sublimity. If we examine each prayer separately, it is perfect,—perfect in construction, perfect in thought, and perfect in expression. We are struck with the brevity of each, with the sudden but beautiful transitions, and the almost stanza-like effect with which they succeed each other, forming a lyrical composition of surpassing beauty. In it are combined all the powerful and the beautiful, the deep and the sublime, the holy and poetical, which minds and hearts alone gifted by Heaven with little less than inspiration could mingle together.... Everything is heartfelt, soul-deep. The sob of contrition, the *De Profundis* of the spirit, comes from the innermost caverns of a sorrow-worn breast; the song of thanksgiving, its *Te Deum*, springs blithe and light from quivering lips, as if a carol among heavenly choirs.... They partake of all the stateliness and all the solemnity of the places in which they were first recited; they retain the echoes of the gloomy Catacombs; they still resound with the jubilee of gilded basilicas; they keep the harmonious reverberations of lofty-groined vaults. The Church's sorrows and her joys, martyrs' oblation and confessors' thanksgiving, anchorites' sighs and virgins' breathings of love,—all are registered here. He that would muse on a skull, hath his *Dies Iræ;* she that would stand at the foot of the holy rood, her *Stabat Mater;* and they that would adore in concert before the altar, their *Lauda Sion*.... There is a fragrance, a true incense, in those ancient prayers, which seems to rise from the lips, to wind upward in soft, balmy clouds, upon which angels may recline, and look down upon us as we utter them. They seem worthy to be caught up into a higher sphere, and to be heaped upon the altar at which an angel ministers."

exquisite. Would that they, and in fact the whole of the Lenten or at least of the Friday offices, could be had in more convenient and less expensive form, for the use of such among the laity as leisure and devotion would lead to draw upon them for subjects of meditation, or to utilize as spiritual reading.

A few extracts will suffice to prove our assertion as to the peculiar charm and pathos of the hymns. The following is from one of those for the Friday after Septuagesima:

"Prone upon the earth, our Master
Prays for pardon for us all.

"O what anguish, what affliction,
Hemmed Him round on every side!
Who shall tell His dereliction?
While His suppliant accents cried:

"'O My Father, O My Father,
Let this chalice pass away!
Yet not My will, Thy will rather
Be accomplished this day.'

"'Neath that load of anguish sinking,
Drops of blood stood on His brow,—
Wondering earth in silence drinking
One by one the drops that flow." *

And this from the hymns of the next Friday:

"O'erwhelmed in depth of woe,
Upon the Tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

"See how the nails those Hands
And Feet so tender rend;
See down His Face, and Neck, and Breast
His Sacred Blood descend.

"Hark! with what awful cry
His Spirit takes its flight!
That cry it pierced His Mother's heart,
And 'whelmed her soul in night."

But we find that to quote in part is but to mutilate. The hymn for the Feast of Our Lady's Dolors is that lovely mediæval plaint, the *Stabat Mater*. It at least is so well known that mention of its beauties may be omitted without regret. Wherever over the length and breadth of the land Catholic souls mourn a crucified Saviour, there eyes weep tears of sympathy for the woe-worn Mother who "stood beneath the Cross"; there Catholic voices unite in the soft, pathetic cadence of the *Stabat Mater*. Here is a little incident which proves that a taste for the ritual and the liturgy of the Church should be cultivated not only for the intellectual pleasure which will surely be derived from it, but much more on account of the precious graces that it gains for the soul.

In one of our cities, a number of years ago, an army officer, advanced in years and the hero of many a battle-field, and an adherent of no particular religion, was invited by some Catholic friends to accompany them to a Lenten evening service at their church. He did so; and when the plaintive strains of the *Stabat Mater* began, what was the astonishment of his companions to hear the venerable soldier's rich basso voice join in the harmony, and to see tears course down his bronzed and weather-beaten cheeks! When the service was over he spoke in glowing language of his admiration for the hymn, and told how he could never listen to it unmoved, nor refrain from uniting in its soul-stirring melody. Years passed. In peace the brave warrior's end drew nigh. At his request a Catholic priest stood by his death-bed, and divine Sacraments fortified his soul for its last journey. Not in vain had been that love, not unrequited were those tears, not unanswered that fervent appeal—

"Christi, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriæ.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria." *

This Feast of the Seven Dolors concludes the offices for the Fridays in Lent, with the exception of the one for Good-Friday, and brings us to the eve of Holy Week. We presume that the majority of Catholics

* Translation by the Rev. Dr. Wallace.

* As translated by the Rev. E. Caswall:

"Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory.
Whilst my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise
Safe in Paradise with Thee."

who can possibly do so are present at the ceremonies of the Church during those dolorous days, and have become familiarized, through the use of Holy Week manuals, with the various psalms, lessons, hymns, etc., which form the Divine Office during that time; hence comment upon them would be superfluous. If we would be more loyal to our mother, we must know her better; in order to do this we should seek to acquire a greater love for her services, a keener insight into the spirit of her devotions, a better understanding of her liturgy, a more extended knowledge of her literature. Certain it is that a devout and attentive perusal, a prayerful pondering of the allotted exercises in Breviary and Missal for each day of the year, will leave a distinct impress upon the character of our devotion. It will be deepened, broadened, strengthened. Father Faber says that "in divine things light and love are coequal and inseparable." Let us therefore seek the light; the love will surely come with it. "Thou hast set Thy word as a light to my feet."

For Daily Bread.

FROM THE POLISH OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, BY C. O'CONOR-ECCLES.

(CONTINUED.)

MARYSIA began to wonder how they had sinned, how they could have offended God, that He, the All-Good, turned His face from them alone,—had forgotten them here among strangers, and cast them friendless on a foreign shore. And yet it lay in His hand to send them happiness again. So many ships sailed to Europe, but all without them. Once more her poor, wearied heart flew back to Lipinska, to Yasko. Did he still remember her? She remembered him,—oh, how fondly! It is only when one is happy that one's love is lightly forgotten. In misfortune and loneliness it clings to our thoughts as the hop-vine to the poplar. He perhaps had long since forgotten his old sweetheart, and married another. He would almost be ashamed to think of so poor a girl,—a girl that owned nothing in the world but her chaplet of rue, and whose only bridegroom would be Death.

As she thought thus, being ill, her eyes closed, and her pale face sank upon her breast in an uneasy slumber. Every now and then she awoke, and opened her eyes only to close them again. She dreamed she was wandering amidst chasms and precipices; and fell, like Kasia in the old ballad, into "the deep Dunajec."* She seemed distinctly to hear voices singing:

"When Yasko he saw her, he followed her track,
By a silk rope descending to draw her safe back.
As the rope was too short, Marysia so fair
Now offered to lengthen its strands with her hair."

Suddenly she awoke, and felt as if her long plaits were there no longer, and that she was falling into an abyss. The dream had vanished. Not Yasko, but Lorenz was beside her; and she saw before her not the Dunajec, but New York harbor,—ships, scaffoldings, masts, and funnels. Some vessels weighed anchor, and from them songs resounded. A peaceful, warm, bright spring evening reddened the heavens and the water.

The sea, with its endless stretches, was smooth as a mirror. Every ship, every pile, appeared as if doubled, so plainly was it reflected in the water. All around was wonderfully beautiful. Peace and happiness filled the air. The whole world seemed to rejoice,—only they two were unhappy and forgotten. The workmen made their way home,—they alone had a home no longer. Hunger gnawed at Lorenz's entrails. Gloomy and brooding he sat there, a terrible resolution imprinted on his features. Whoever had seen his countenance,

* The Dunajec rises in the Karpathians, and empties into the Weisdal.

would have been shocked; for starvation had given him the expression of a bird of prey. His face was, moreover, despairingly calm and rigid, like the face of a corpse.

For a long time the old man spoke not a word to his daughter. It was only when night had fallen, and the harbor was deserted, that he said, in a hollow voice:

"Come, Marysia."

"Where, daddy?" asked the girl, stupefied with sleep.

"To the bridge. We will lie on a plank and sleep."

They went. In the darkness they had to go carefully, almost crawling, in order to avoid falling into the water. American bridges often have many a corner and wooden corridor, at the end of which may be found a platform, and behind it a battering-ram for sending home the piles. On this platform, which is protected from the weather by a small roof, stand the men who work the battering-ram. Now, however, it was empty. As the father and daughter reached the farthest end, Lorenz said: "We will sleep here." Marysia laid herself, or rather sank, on a board; and, although a swarm of mosquitos rose about her, she was fast asleep in no time.

In the dead of the night she suddenly heard her father's voice:

"Marysia, my Marysia, get up!"

In this command was something that roused her at once to full consciousness.

"What is it, daddy?"

In the midst of the stillness and darkness of night she heard the voice of the old man, quiet, but hollow and terrifying:

"Girl, you shall no longer starve nor beg for bread, nor sleep upon the earth. God and men have forsaken you. Here the water is deepest. You shall suffer no longer."

She could not see him in the darkness, though her eyes were wide open through terror.

"I will drown you, my poor child. I will do it myself. There is no hope for us, no mercy for us. To-morrow you will no more want to eat; to-morrow you will be better off than to-day."

But she did not want to die. No. She was but eighteen years of age, and still possessed that attachment to life and that fear of death that come from youth. She trembled to her very soul at the thought that to-morrow she should disappear, drowned in the darkness, or lie at the bottom of the sea, amidst fishes and slimy monsters. No, not for the world! Indescribable revolt and terror filled her at the idea; and her own father, as he spoke so to her out of the night, seemed as an evil spirit.

Meanwhile his hands rested on her thin shoulders, and he went on, with the same dreadful calm: "No matter how loudly you cry, there is no one to hear you. I will throw you in, and it will all last scarcely as long as you would take to say two *Paters*."

"But I won't, daddy! I won't!" said Marysia. "Are you not afraid of Almighty God? My darling father, take pity on me! What have I done to you? I have never complained. I bore all patiently with you, daddy,—hunger and cold."

His breath came quicker; his hands seized her like pincers, but she fought more and more passionately against death.

"Have pity, have compassion on me! I am your child, and already so sick and suffering that I will not now be long in the world. Oh, I am frightened, I am frightened!"

While she sobbed she held fast to his coat, and pressed her lips entreatingly to his hands, that sought to push her into the depths; but all this seemed only to exasperate him. His calm disappeared in a wild frenzy, his teeth rattled like those of a dying man.

For a time both were silent. On shore there could only be heard heavy breathing and the creaking of the planks. The night was dark, and there was no help at hand; for this was the extremity of the harbor,

where even by day no one came except the workmen.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the girl.

He pressed her forcibly with one hand toward the edge of the scaffolding, while with the other he seized her head to stifle her cries; but her voice awakened no echo, only now and then a dog howled in the distance. She felt herself growing weaker; her limbs already hung over the scaffolding, her hands alone held fast to her father; but she was getting exhausted. At last she tore the lapels of his coat, and she felt herself falling. As she slipped from the platform, she caught hold of the planks and remained suspended above the water. But the peasant bent over, and—the pen hesitates to describe it—sought to detach, to wrench away her hands!

Like a flock of frightened birds, the thoughts flew through Marysia's brain in lightning pictures: Lipinska, the well, her departure, the ship, the storm on sea, the Litany, the misery in New York, and finally what was to become of her. She saw before her a mighty ship, and on it a great crowd of people, and from this crowd two arms outstretched to her. God in heaven! there stood Yasko! It was he who stretched out his arms; and above him in glory smiled our Blessed Lady. At this sight Marysia seemed to push her way through the people to the shore, and to cry: "Most Holy Virgin! Yasko, Yasko, wait a minute!"

Once more she raised her eyes to her father. "Daddy, see, there is the Mother of God!"

In another moment those hands that had sought her destruction seized her exhausted frame, and with supernatural strength drew her onto the platform. She felt once more beneath her feet the solid beams of the scaffolding, and was embraced by the arms not of her executioner, but of her father, on whose breast her head fell. When she recovered consciousness, she was reclining quietly near Lorenz. Dark as it was, she saw that he lay there as if crucified; she heard him sobbing and groaning as if his heart overflowed with agony.

"Marysia," he said at last, brokenly, "forgive me, my child—God forgive me!"

She felt in the dark for his hand, pressed it to her lips, and whispered: "Daddy, may the Lord Jesus forgive you, as I do!"

From out the pale light that for some time had glimmered on the horizon the full moon now appeared. And again something wonderful happened. Marysia saw how from the moon a whole troop of angels descended like golden bees on the silver rays, rustling softly round her, turning as if they danced, and singing with children's voices: "Poor, suffering girl, peace be with you! Poor, gentle, patient flower, peace be with you!" Then they scattered on Marysia white lilies and little bells of bright gold, and they sang: "Sleep softly, maiden,—sleep in peace!" She felt so happy, all seemed so clear and still, that she really did fall asleep.

The night was past. It was already dawn. Across the water shone the first rays of the sun. Out of the shadow the masts and funnels seemed to rise and to draw nearer. Lorenz bowed himself over Marysia. He thought she was dead. Her slender form lay motionless; the eyes were closed, with dark circles under them; the cheeks as white as wax, and the features as still as a corpse. But when he placed his hand upon her lips, he felt that she breathed. Her heart beat too, but so faintly that at any moment it might stop. And yet he hoped again that when the daylight appeared through the fog, and the sun warmed her, she would awaken. Above her the sea-gulls shrieked, as if anxious as to her fate; some of them perched on the nearest planks. The morning mist parted at every moment before the breath of the west wind, and this breath was as mild and warm as if it carried the spring on its back.

Then the sun rose. Its first beams gilded the tops of the scaffolding. Little by little they fell on Marysia's countenance, as if to kiss and caress it. In this glory, and crowned by her fair hair, tossed as it was by the struggle of the night and the wind of morning, hers was the face of an angel. Marysia, indeed, had almost become an angel through the misery and misfortune she had endured.

Meantime a wonderful rosy dawn spread over the placid waters. The sun's rays strengthened. The wind sighed pityingly round the sleeper; the gulls swept over her, shrieking as if to waken her. Lorenz drew off his coat, and covered her feet with it. New hope awakened in his heart. As he watched her he saw the greyness of her complexion disappear, and a faint red tint mount to her cheeks. She began to smile, and at last opened her eyes.

The old peasant knelt on the bridge, raised his eyes to Heaven, and a stream of tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks. Now he once more felt that this child was the apple of his eye and the soul of his soul,—a sacred possession, beloved above all. She was not only awake, but much fresher and better than yesterday. The pure sea-air had been more wholesome for her than the tainted atmosphere of their room. She had taken a new lease of life. When she had seated herself on a plank she said:

"Daddy, now I should like something to eat."

"Come, child," he said softly. "Perhaps we may find something across the water."

They went. Apparently this was to be an exceptional day amongst the days of their misery; for scarcely had they gone a few steps when they saw on the scaffolding, hidden between two planks, a cloth in which were tied a loaf of white bread and some salt meat. This might be simply explained by the fact that one of the workmen had put away part of his provisions, as the people there often do. However, Lorenz and Marysia found it still easier of explanation. Who had laid the food there? To their minds only Him who thinks of every flower, every bird, every insect—the good God.

Little as it was, they uttered a prayer of thanks, ate it, and, with renewed strength, made their way across the water to the chief docks, past the Custom House, up Water Street to Broadway. It took them several hours, for the way was long. Now and then they rested on a pile of wood or an empty box. They went without knowing why or whither. Marysia felt, somehow, as if she should go to the city.

(To be continued.)

Before the Cross.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

NOW have I kept the fast of Lent,
How sanctified these days
My Father hath in mercy sent
To mould me to His ways?

Have I been glad to seek His Face
Amid the world's turmoil,
Quaffing deep draughts of pardoning grace,
To sweeten daily toil?

Have I refrained from thoughts unkind,
Left scornful words unsaid,
And hourly in my heart enshrined
My Saviour's thorn-crowned Head?

Have I obeyed my Lord's commands
His little ones to feed,
In memory of those bleeding Hands
Reached out to every need?

And have I run with footsteps fleet
His errands day by day,
Following those sacred, blood-stained Feet
That mark the narrow way?

Have I, with Mary, lived apart
From earth's disquietude,
Pondering His words within my heart,
As close to her I stood?

Have I rejoiced to meet His will,
Though by a cross revealed,—
As to the ocean leaps the rill,
Far from its native field?

Alas! the little I have done
Seems but a mockery.
These hours of grace will soon be run:
What have they brought to me?

O Thou who on the shameful Tree
For three long hours didst lie,
Choosing in mortal agony
For love of me to die!

Forsaking sin, I turn to Thee,
'Neath Thy sweet yoke I bend—
Joy! joy! Thy love has ransomed me,
Thy lips have called me friend!

Traces of Travel.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—IN THE LAND O' BURNS.

YOU leave the Irish coast fading in the long, late twilight; and by five o'clock the next morning you are at Greenock, in the mouth of the Clyde. Here, if you choose, you can quit the steamer, take train and rush up to Glasgow in all haste. But I'd advise you to stop on board,—would advise it especially if the weather be fair; for after two hours' sailing—steaming I should say, but I hate to confess it—you will have viewed the double panorama of the shores, stemming the slow current of a very handsome river decked with hamlets, villas, islands. And all too soon you find yourself made fast to the docks in Glasgow, where the air is heavy with furnace and factory smoke, and your ears half deafened by the din of hammers and machinery.

Glasgow, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, is a city of vast wealth, though it boasts but little beauty. It has more than a hundred miles of paved streets, and many fine buildings, both public and private; among the former are the new University and the old Cathedral; they are well situated, and surrounded by parks that look their prettiest in a very depressing atmosphere. Astonishingly prosaic this city seems to me; and, under the circumstances, there is much too much of it. Glasgow may well be proud of her Cathedral and her University; for she is so eminently commercial that there is little besides these structures to interest the tourist,—little save the river Clyde, thronged with shipping from almost every port on earth, while hundreds of iron vessels are being built along the river-banks; they seem to have been spawned there, on each shore, for miles below the city.

The Cathedral, founded in 1136, was threatened with total demolition at the dawn of the Reformation. But the chief magistrate of the city—wiser in his generation than reformers are apt to be—advised the populace to erect a new church before they pulled down the old one; the consequence was that they grew so fond of the venerable minster that they forgot to erect a substitute. Thus Glasgow's one noble specimen of architecture was spared to it through the natural recovery of the people from the fever of fanaticism. The hundred and fifty-nine windows of the Cathedral have of late years been filled with stained glass, manufactured in Munich after designs by eminent British artists. Poetical in conception, harmonious in color, they are one of the chief sights in Glasgow. The choir —the only portion of the building now in use—is the meeting-place of a body of Scotch Presbyterians. As for the rest of the desecrated minster, men walk about it with their hats on, as if it were a stock-exchange. Even the grand old crypt, with its groined ceiling supported by sixty-five columns eighteen feet in height—some of

them are eighteen feet in circumference,—is a mere show for the curious. Here the body of St. Mungo, the founder of the See of Glasgow, was buried A. D. 691, long before the present structure was dreamed of; and there, let us hope, it will rest in peace forever!

The streets of Glasgow are crowded with busy people, and toward evening there is an astonishingly large proportion of them unmistakably "tipsy." I have seen more men and women under the influence of liquor in one week in Scotland than I saw during a two years' residence among the wine-bibbers of Italy. There is all that difference between the effects of whisky and of grape juice.

Ho for the Land o' Burns! The way is not long, by train, to Ayr. It is the Sabbath, a great day in the Land o' Cakes; for the railway fares are cut, and everybody goes somewhere and does something as a matter of course. No doubt this is the one breathing spell of the hundreds of thousands of toilers who spend six days per week in the grimy factories of the grimy burgh.

It seemed as if all the world were going to Burns' Land this morning, when I went thither. The Scotch mist, which has a knack of falling sidewise into one's neck and climbing up under one's coat sleeves, made not the slightest difference; no doubt it is a wholesome and a familiar feature hereabout. Car loads of children, with tin cups tied about their necks—children are such insatiate drinkers,—and having four sandy heads to every six of them, sang, laughed and cheered till they came to some station by the shore of the Frith of Clyde; and there they broke loose like a flock of wild goats, and went bounding over the fences to the sea.

We had still a large body of excursionists when we came to Ayr, notwithstanding we had been scattering them by the wayside ever since we left Glasgow. With banners, fifes, and drums, we fell into line, and marched through the clean little town toward Burns' cottage, two muddy miles away. Every inch of the road is precious to the lovers of the poet. Let us begin with Ayr,—

"Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest lads and bonnie lasses."

Here are the "Twa Brigs," sung by Bobbie himself. You will remember, in the "Twa Brigs," how the new bridge with its handsome arches of hewn stone, is reviled by the old bridge, five hundred years its senior. The old bridge, so narrow that it is used only as a footpath over the stream, was built in the latter part of the thirteenth century by two maiden ladies. It is the favorite resort of blind beggars, who sit blinking at the sun, with their legs stretched out in front of them halfway across the passage, and each with a large "blind-Bible" open upon his lap. As you approach within hearing of these helpless mendicants, they begin industriously fingering the rows of raised letters, and reciting the Gospel in a loud voice. There is neither dignity nor reverence here; yet somehow the heart is touched, and the clinking coppers are showered upon the readers.

At the very edge of the town we strike into the road Tam O'Shanter followed the night of his eventful ride. There is a little bridge over a stream, but Tam crossed here by

"The ford
Where in the snow the chapman smoor'd."

Just beyond this point we pass the cottage in whose garden were

"The birks and mickle stane
Where drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane."

The well where

"Mungo's mither hang'd hersel"

is close by the banks of the Doon. Next we reach the cottage where Burns was born; a quarter of a mile farther on, the ruin of

"Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

A little farther still, and we come upon the Doon, and see the old bridge whose keystone Tam O'Shanter made haste to

gain; for he knew the witches feared to cross a running stream, and so he was safe at last.

In a single hour you may grow familiar with the scenery of that poem; for it is all here, and just as the poet described it. The "Brig o' Doon" is half covered with ivy. Its one high arch spans a rapid stream, that flows between orchards and gardens. Each one, as he paces the gravel paths that follow the edge of the water, hums to himself:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

It's a fact! I've heard it twenty times with my own ears, and have caught myself joining in the low-voiced chorus.

The place was full of folk to-day. Bagpipes whined and snored lustily. Scotch lads, in brief petticoats, with big bare knees, and monstrous calves cased in plaid stockings, danced the highland fling under the monument erected to the memory of Burns, on the hill above the Doon. Scotch lasses, in full plaid skirts, with long plaid sashes thrown over one shoulder, their bright locks topped with Tam O'Shanter bonnets, joined in the fling, and put some of their masculine rivals to the blush.

A fine old gentleman, who was bent nearly double with the weight of years, saluted me with great dignity; and as I returned his salutation, he doffed his hat and carried it all over the premises, while in a trembling voice he recited "Tam O'Shanter"; and recited it so well that I couldn't understand more than one word in a dozen. Idlers gathered about us—men, women and children,—listening with breathless interest. "Here he stood," said the old gentleman, referring to Tam, "and looked through his window, which you see is now walled up. And there, in that very niche—do you see it?"—with this he dragged me to an opening in the wall, and pointed it out again, while he dropped into his monotonous sing-song and continued:

"'There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large;
To gie them music was his charge.
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.'"

And then he laughed at the idea of a church full of dancers; and the laugh went round, and we were indeed a queer lot to be standing in a churchyard full of graves.

A tree grows beside the old kirk; another one within its uncovered walls. A marble trough set against the roots of the outer tree extends through the wall into the church; this was originally the baptismal font; it is still filled with rain-water by the little streams that trickle down the tree's bark into the hollow of the trough.

Near at hand is the tomb of the poet's father, with the epitaph written by Burns, beginning,

"O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!"

Not far from it is the grave of Douglas Graham, the original of Tam O' Shanter. A footpath lies directly over this grave,—a path worn deep by the feet of thousands who annually visit the spot. Our printed Guide states that Graham, who was called "Tam" to his dying day, now lies buried with his wife Kate, in Kirkoswald churchyard, near the farm of Shanter; but the old gentleman at Alloway pointed to the headstone, and said that the dust of the only original Tam O'Shanter lay beneath.

The cottage where Burns was born is a small, low-roofed, "clay bigging," with two rooms on the ground-floor; it was built by the poet's father's own hands. It stands directly on the road-side, and has over the door a portrait of the poet and the following inscription: "Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born under this roof, the 25th of January, A. D. 1759. Died A. D. 1796, aged thirty-seven and a half years." The property has been bought by the corporation of shoemakers in Ayr, and is now devoted "to the sanctification of the national genius and the consumption of national liquor."

Let us enter the living room. It is about fourteen feet square; a kettle swings over the coals in a great fireplace at one end of the room: the hot water is for the accommodation of those who prefer a steaming stimulant. There are racks full of blue-figured dishes ranged upon one wall; a window with four small panes of glass in it looks out upon a homely garden behind the house. On the right of the window is a cupboard; and just beyond it, there in a corner of the room, is a recess only as deep as the narrow hall, and just big enough to admit a rather small bed—in that alcove the poet was born!

Nowadays snow-white curtains are looped back, disclosing a snow-white bed; but it is in reality hardly larger than a double berth on shipboard, and about as snug and uncomfortable as one. At the foot of the alcove, between it and the hall door, stands a tall, old-fashioned clock; the hall door is only high enough to suffer you to pass with a sense of danger. Maids fly nimbly about the room, mixing toddy and carrying brimming glasses to impatient customers. Everything about the place is as homelike as if we were members of one big surprise party, dropped suddenly in upon the Burnses, and only to find the whole family absent.

There is music in the street—bagpipes, blind-fiddlers, and one vagabond hand-organ. An opposition house over the way, where nobody seems to have been born, is doing a brisk business, because there are not hands enough at the Burnses to supply the demand. Those unable to enter either house might have been dull enough;

> "But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
> Put life and mettle in their heels!"—

to quote Tam O'Shanter once more. How can any one be dull to the long-winded, nasal blare of your native-born bagpipe!

In the room next to the poet's nursery—let us retreat into the Burns cottage for one moment more—you can get paper-folders, penholders, cups, napkin-rings, and a hundred pretty keepsakes, "warranted made of wood grown within the railing at Burns' monument," or "on the banks of the Doon," or "near Alloway Kirk." These are carried away by the cord every month—and not one of them but answers its purpose, be it never so great a fraud.

One wonders why the monument is thought so much of, inasmuch as Burns was buried at Dumfries, some miles away. To be sure, there are a few relics at the monument,—a very few; and everyone who visits Ayrshire feels in duty bound to climb into the small cupola, and smuggle a leaf or two out of the garden below, in memory of the well-beloved poet. And why is this the case, I wonder? No doubt it is because there is not a glimpse of the pastoral landscape hereabout but has again and again gladdened the poet's eyes—we are perfectly sure of this fact! The ripple of the Doon yonder, the whir of the leaves, every bird note that breaks the silence,—these are but echoes of the voices of Nature from which he drew his inspiration. His baby feet pattered across that threshold; his boyish rambles lay among these meadows and beside that purling stream; and here he toiled and suffered—poor enough, God knows, yet not unhappy!

It was over at Tarbolton, in his eighteenth year, that he met "Highland Mary"; and there, standing one on each side of a small brook, they laved "their hands in the stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced a vow of eternal constancy." Alas! that was their final parting. On the anniversary of her death the poet, who had all day been at work in the fields, and returned silent and dejected, wandered forth into the frosty night, and was seen to act like one wrapped in a deep dream. His watchful mother earnestly besought him to re-enter the house; and two hours later, when he did so, he went to his little desk in the corner and wrote those memorable lines, the nobility and

purity of which should atone for a multitude of sins:

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That loves to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn!"

At Kirkoswald, in his nineteenth year, "he studied mensuration, and first became acquainted with scenes of swaggering and riot." Ah, but that was a woful day! At twenty-three he removed to Irvine. Carlyle says: "His scheme of establishing himself at Irvine seems to have been honest and well calculated. Doubtless it failed; yet not, we believe, from any vice inherent in itself. His was no bankruptcy of the purse, but of the soul!"

Who can doubt that this country lad's reception in Edinburgh was the climax of his misfortunes? To be the literary lion of a season, and to find oneself losing cast from day to day, is not calculated to encourage self-respect in the bosom of a country lad, who was, to put it mildly, a child of nature, and simplicity itself even to the day of his death. From twenty-five to twenty-eight he resided at Marsgiel, and these years are spoken of as being "years of dissipation and degradation." Yet his genius was then in full flower; he composed at this time his "Halloween," "Address to the Deil," "Jolly Beggars," "The Vision," and "The Cotter's Saturday Night,"—that most touching memory of his own early life by the fireside in the rustic cabin we have just visited.

It was at Muchline that Burns married Jean Armour, who had borne him three children. All these villages lie within a half-dozen miles of one another. They are easy of access. Is it any wonder, then, that the land swarms with pilgrims, who gather about the haunts associated with the memory of Scotia's "darling Bobbie," and linger there lovingly, and think of him all the while with the elastic sympathy that one man naturally feels for a fellow-member of the great, frail human family?

(To be continued.)

A Vigorous Arraignment.

EXCEPTIONAL interest has been manifested by our Catholic papers during the past few months in the abstract theories regarding the respective rights of the State and parents to the education of children. Possibly the voluminous literature which this discussion has called forth, and the amount of space given up to notices of the various pamphlets, replies, rejoinders, etc, have caused our contemporaries to lose sight of an article in the *Catholic Quarterly*, which in less controversial periods would assuredly have been widely copied and commented upon.

When, some weeks ago, we read the article in question, "Secular Education," by the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D. D. (in the January *Quarterly*), we fully expected to see portions of it reproduced in at least many of our Catholic weeklies; but as the end of the quarter is approaching, and our expectations have not yet been realized, we venture ourselves to give additional publicity to a paper that merits the attentive perusal of all Catholic Americans.

"It is not the intention of the present essay," says Bishop Becker in his opening sentence, "to examine or compare the various methods of imparting instruction to youth, the branches which should compose the curriculum, the amount of time that the pupil should devote to each, or the nature and grade of ability requisite for the teacher.... The point is this: We believe, in all honesty, that the present system of public schools in the United States (and, wheresoever, under the control of government, no religious education and instruction are imparted simultaneously with the primary, academic, and scientific) is vicious, *per se*, and baleful to the individual so instructed, and to the community; and we propose, briefly, and in all candor, to give our reasons 'for the faith that is in us.'"

Commenting on the frequency of disputes arising from a misconception by the disputants of the terms employed on either side, the prelate proceeds to define two terms which are generally, though quite erroneously, regarded as synonymous.

"Now, *education* is, and ought to be, both by its derivation and the usage of the word among thinkers and writers, a disciplining of intellect hitherto untutored; the establishing of principles hitherto little known, unknown (or rather floating in vacuo); and the regulation of the sensibilities and moral affections hitherto sprouting forth in wild luxuriance. This is palpably very different from *instruction*, which may properly be defined as the imparting of a knowledge of facts, mental, physical, or moral, with the mode of using such knowledge for the greater advantage of the individual and of the community. . . . So much being premised, we contend that *instruction* without *education* is not only not a *desiderandum*, but an *abominandum;* not only useless, but really pernicious; and that better would it be to impart no specific instruction whatever to the rising generation rather than that which has been so very appropriately named 'Godless education.'"

Reviewing the results of Godless education in Greece, Rome, Prussia, and Scotland, Bishop Becker continues with the following paragraphs, which we think fully warrant the title prefixed to this article:

"In our own country, who dares contend that we have become purer or better; that crime diminishes as instruction is diffused; that religion prospers in sequence with such intellectual instruction; or that public or private faith is better kept? We make all admissible allowance for the rapid increase of our population by immigration, as well as for the deteriorating effects of the civil war upon morals; but with every possible grant of this and similar sort, we are constrained to admit the steady lowering of morals. Cunning and trickery become in business daily more shameless; honor and integrity are rapidly becoming bywords; a striking deterioration is going on both in private and in public life. Time has been within our own recollection when a high municipal office was considered a sufficient endorsement of personal integrity; when a State legislator was necessarily a man who could not be bought; when a member of Congress would have considered himself insulted by the mere suspicion of collusion with any 'ring' or 'alliance'; and when a Senator of the United States was really what he was firmly believed to be—viz., the impersonation of high moral and political honor! We only ask almost any observant and intelligent man: Is this so now? What is our literature? Instead of the 'Federalist,' we have buncombe orations sounded from Dan to Beersheba. Impeachments are made and the measure voted down by the selfsame parties. We say nothing of wholesale theft, even of the Presidency. Men sent by the people to vote manage to be absent when an issue of importance arises, or the tide is watched to find on which side it may be popular to vote; or if present, they discover suddenly, by the aid of tangible arguments to their credit in the banks, that Cimmerian darkness had hitherto absolved them. Trashy novels are the mental pabulum of readers; prurient pictures usurp the place of—we will not say pious or moral (it would be too ridiculous), but of simply innocuous reading. Our young men swear, drink, gamble, and manage to debauch themselves like young lords—where that style of cattle exists; our young women corrupt the tide of their lives, physical and moral, by gloating over the lascivious pictures or descriptions of the *bordelle*, or the ocular manifestations of shows and theatres. Orphan asylums and foundling hospitals are filled to repletion, and our ecclesiastical authorities find it necessary to warn publicly against infanticide *ante partum*, *post partum* and *in partu!* Truly our mode of instruction is diffusing information with a vengeance! Divorces have become most sickeningly common; the marriage-tie is held of light value, more easily dissolved than an ordinary trade partnership. Abandonment is of daily occurrence. Are not murders and burglaries rife? Is not intoxication by both liquors and opiates on the increase? Is prostitution declining, or does it not rather flaunt itself, with ever-increasing boldness, in the full face of day? We need hardly say anything of profane and blasphemous swearing—so common that one fears to take children or females of the family to any public place.

"Now, it may be said: 'These things are sadly patent in the large cities, but they do not pervade our whole country; they exist in the great marts of traffic, but are unknown in the rural districts and in the smaller cities and towns.' Unfortunately, this is not the case. The youth of Minneapolis and Omaha can and do curse and drink, talk slang and obscenity equally with the most proficient New York 'tough' or Baltimore 'plug.' 'They swear terribly in the army at Flanders,' quoth my Uncle Toby; but for the most appalling taking of God's name in vain, we could give a point or two to the Rev. Lawrence Sterne! As to honesty in dealing, among merchants and manufacturers we might waive the 'shoddy contracts' of the war, and the gambling in stocks and lands, the lotteries approved by law in some States, and pass on to the 'diffusion of intellectual attainment' in the adulteration of food, etc. If the *World's* chemist failed to find a pure article sold among all the grocers and druggists whose stock he sampled; if weight was scant and chicory superabundant in coffee at New York, what must the parents of our young Minneapolitans and Omahaians be drinking there, or farther on, beyond borders of civilization? No. Our large cities are but 'a large stock on hand' of the population, samples of which we have distributed North, South, and West to the Pacific. Having travelled over the country pretty extensively, we know in sadness what we affirm.

But it is a long story, nor likely to be a popular one. A very reliable authority has said: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Was the fall in common honesty a sequence of too much catechism?"

The limited space at our disposal prevents us from quoting as fully as we should like from other portions of Bishop Becker's very able paper; but we can not refrain from giving one paragraph, which embodies the common fairness and common decency and common sense of all that Catholics demand as their rights in this matter of education:

"It may be well also to bear in mind that while there are over 6,000,000 of Catholics, they are not the only persons aggrieved as individuals, or in their collective capacity. Many of the straighter sects of Presbyterians detest the common school, or pauper-school system, for reasons similar (*mutatis mutandis*) to those for which Catholics oppose it. That highly reputable, liberal and learned body of Reformed Presbyterians, whose synod seriously proposed setting the Deity on a proper basis by getting the matter lobbied through Congress to a constitutional position, certainly can not desire to debar the Omnipotent from the schools; the Jews can not and, from what we know of them, do not relish much the scraps of New Testament daily flung to them after the fashion in which the oath is administered at the Custom House. Badinage apart, there are hundreds of thousands of educated (not merely instructed) Protestants, of every hue and shade, who object to the system on account of its tending to materialism and infidelity, both leading directly to immorality; and in consequence they do not patronize it. Are, then, the belief and consciences of all these not to be taken into account at all? Would it not be infinitely better were the State to propose this: 'We will collect and hand over to you the tax paid by yourselves, with which money you *must* instruct but may *educate* the children of your own faith. We require all the children to be instructed; you want them also educated according to your views as parents. We will certainly, in this free land, not force you to support schools by which you can not benefit; and we stand ready to allow any considerable sect the same privilege, not as a matter of favor, but as a right. Meantime we shall run our own Godless schools for those whom they suit, *but also with their own funds.*'"

In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong. Honor that; rejoice in it, as you can; try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—*Ruskin.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE MINDERS OF OTHERS' BUSINESS.

THERE is great virtue in the person who minds other people's business, in spite of the platitudes directed against him. He may do some damage, it is true; but if he go about it artistically and with a certain tact, he is sure to perform a Christian work. Business neglected by its guardians proper must be minded by somebody, or its responsibilities fall heavily on the shoulders of others. Every man has his burden; and if he drop it, it falls on somebody, and very heavily too. If he let it drop, how much misery follows!

The minder of other folks' business is a more valuable member of a community than he who delights in reflecting that he is not his brother's keeper, and in the motto "I told you so, but I always mind my own business." In fact, we should all find the minders of other people's business very agreeable, if we could only command our tempers. When a man gives us a choice bit of advice, which shows us that he knows our affairs better than we know them ourselves, why get indignant? Sometimes he *does* know us better than we know ourselves, and it is simply irritation at our own ignorance that causes us to turn on him in unrighteous indignation.

It is better that he or she should take interest enough in his or her friends and acquaintances to warn them of pitfalls, real or imaginary, than that he or she should talk continually, *sub rosâ*, of the pitfalls visible only to a keen observer.

If the geese who saved Rome had minded their own business, they would not now be immortal. But they were awake when the Romans were asleep, and consequently every little boy's history book is adorned with a lively and inter-

esting anecdote. They were only geese, after all,—and yet geese to some purpose.

Seriously, the real dislike that we have to that kind of people who in modern times perform the part of the ancient geese is that we are under two false impressions: we fancy we know our own business best, and we are deluded by the belief that we can have secrets which nobody knows. Now, the world is a whispering gallery. You and I and all of us may think that we have in our hearts secrets that nobody knows,—that we conceal our opinion of this man and that. Not at all. Words, after all, mean very little alone; they are the impediments to speech. We talk with our eyes, with the curve of the lips, with that expression which our thoughts and experience have stamped on our faces. Words, if they contradict these things, amount to nothing. A glance of the eye, often unconscious, reveals as much as a flash of lightning on a dark night. And what words can hold their own against the lips? The lips tell everything before a man has spoken.

Words mean little, since their real significance must be interpreted by the look of the man. And when some one makes his way out of the crowd, and tells us what has been common property for years, we flare up, and are far from thanking the angelic messenger, who, if he had come with words of praise, would have had the door of our abiding place held open to him with both hands. Unfortunately, the minder of others' business does not tell us pleasant things, as a rule. If he did, we should love him; but of praise what does the Blessed Thomas More say? "Howbeit they that can not find in their heart to commend another man's good deed show themselves either envious or else of nature very cold and dull. But, out of question, he that putteth his pleasure in the praise of the people hath but a fond fantasy. For if his finger do but ache of an hot blain, a great many men's mouths blowing out his praise will scantily do him half so much ease as to have one little boy to blow upon his finger."

True, true; but if the attendant on the man with the blain were amiable enough to tell him certain pleasant things said of him—for there are a great many pleasant things said of everybody,—he would forget his ill and grin with enjoyment. Good Sir Thomas knew this very well, too.

Why should we not thank the man who lances a festering wound? It hurts, but he means well, and it does us good. It is a merciful thing that we have illusions; but so prone are we to illusions, that if it were not for the presence of those proficient in the gentle art of making enemies, we should all speedily be living in a fool's paradise.

Analyzed, our feeling against the busybody—would that we had a softer word for an estimable person!—is due to the momentary pain he gives us. And yet he does not warn us of our failings or of the pitfalls that beset us for the mere pleasure of giving pain: he has a mission; and if we were more reasonable and less emotional, more serene and less vain, we should thank him (or her), and learn to revere a quality which we now endure with impatience.

The Late Bishop Herman Koeckermann.

THE Catholics of the Hawaiian Islands have suffered a severe loss in the death of their beloved prelate, the Rt. Rev. Herman, Bishop of Olba. He took his place as usual at the breakfast table a few days before his death, and while seated there was suddenly stricken with paralysis. He lingered on till the 22d of February, for the most part in a state of semi-consciousness; and at six o'clock in the evening of that day went to receive the

reward of his labors. He appears to have had some lucid intervals; for on the morning before he died he spoke a few words to the Fathers who surrounded his dying couch, and afterward raised his hand as in the attitude of benediction.

He was in the sixty-fourth year of his age, a native of Osberen, Westphalia. He came to Honolulu in November, 1854. On the death of Mgr. Maigret, he was appointed his successor, and took the title of Bishop of Olba, *in partibus*.

"The loss of the Bishop of Olba," says the *Hawaiian Gazette*, "is one which will be seriously felt by the Catholic mission. As Father Herman, he was known and loved of many, years before he was elevated to the episcopal dignity. Though not a university man, he was the best educated and most intellectual among the Catholic clergy of these islands. He was a man of liberal views, less popular as a bishop than as a simple priest; through no fault of his own, but for the reason doubtless which he himself assigned—that the exercise of responsibility brings with it an odium from which one of humbler station is free. Of particular interest is the fact that he was one of the first members of the new Historical Society, having been voted in the first time that new members were elected. He expressed great interest in and sympathy with the objects of the Society, of which those who survive him feel that he would have made a useful and valuable member."

The funeral took place on Wednesday, the 24th. A Solemn Requiem Mass was sung in the Cathedral. The ceremony lasted nearly an hour and a half. The sacred edifice was filled to overflowing; and hundreds of people, Protestants as well as Catholics, followed his remains to the cemetery. Such a gathering has seldom been witnessed at Honolulu, even at the funerals of the most prominent dignitaries, not excepting royalty itself.

W. P. H.

Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

Notes and Remarks.

In connection with the work of the Apostolate of the Press in Great Britain, a correspondent of the London *Tablet* gives the names and addresses of more than one hundred Catholics in different parts of the United Kingdom who are willing to write letters to the press of their respective localities, or at a distance, whenever attacks upon the Church are brought under their notice. Readers who meet with such attacks are advised to send a marked copy of the paper "to the gentleman or gentlemen whose residence in the district in which the periodical circulates gives a strong recommendation to an editor in inserting replies." The idea seems to be a capital one, and will doubtless be productive of genuine good in the matter of promptly nailing anti-Catholic lies, and exploding false theories as to the Church and her practices.

When, toward the close of 1890, Cardinal Lavigerie made his celebrated speech to the officers of the French Marine, advocating genuine allegiance to the Republic, he was bitterly assailed by Frenchmen, lay and clerical, of the Legitimist party. Under the injustices and calumnies that have in the interval been heaped upon him, the Algerian prelate humbly kept silent, until the appearance of the Pope's recent Encyclical addressed to Catholic France. He now explains that his speech was delivered in obedience to the express command of the Sovereign Pontiff, who in his Encyclical repeats Cardinal Lavigerie's ideas, occasionally employing his very words. The vindication of the fearless prelate could scarcely be more glorious.

The gold medal which the University of Notre Dame for several years past has been accustomed to present to deserving Catholic laymen on Lætare Sunday has just been sent to Henry F. Brownson, Esq., of Detroit. The choice was an excellent one, and there is an appropriateness in the bestowal of the honor this year. Having lately published the concluding volume of a complete uniform edition of the writings of his illustrious father, Mr.

Brownson has further deserved well of the Catholics of the United States by giving us an English version of Tarducci's admirable Life of Columbus. He is also the translator and editor of Balmes' "History of Civilization in Europe," and numerous other works. It is not generally known that some of the ablest articles in *Brownson's Review*, though attributed to Dr. Brownson, were written by his son. We rejoice that the name of Henry Brownson has been added to the list of American Catholic worthies for whom the University of Notre Dame has shown appreciation while they were still living. As a rule, we are indifferent to our deserving men while they are with us.

Some of the daily papers have already announced in a few lines the death of Charles J. Van de Poele, one of the most eminent electricians in the world. He passed away at Lynn, Mass., on the 18th ult., in the forty-sixth year of his age. Mr. Van de Poele was a native of Belgium, and came to the United States in 1869. He was the inventor of a dynamo extensively used, and of an electric drill for mining purposes. The first successful street-car motor was his invention, and he was a pioneer in the incandescent electric light system. Mr. Van de Poele was a practical Catholic. May he rest in peace!

The far-reaching influence of the Roman Pontiff has of late been brought home to the American commercial mind in a novel way. Fish dealers in our large cities instance a notable depression in their usual Lenten trade, owing to the dispensation from fasting and abstinence granted by the Holy See. This is rather gratifying intelligence; any man who can influence the market to an appreciable extent is pretty sure of commanding the respect of the average American.

In the current *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the director of that admirable work, the Holy Childhood, has an interesting paper, "Evangelism by Little Ones," explaining the aim and scope of this association, and giving encouraging statistics as to the results already accomplished. "By the offerings of Christian children," says the writer, "priests, religious Sisters, and lay persons are maintained, and enabled to receive, search for, and buy, yearly, many thousands of the poor pagan little ones. They are laid at the doors of the Sisters, or found by the wayside, or in the marshes by the river's bank. . . . In every case they are prepared for baptism, should their age require preparation; they are baptized, and soon after, by reason of previous bad treatment, the greater number give up their souls. Year by year the number of baptisms is steadily increasing. The *Annals* of last September showed the fruits of one year as 451,362. A peculiar fact is disclosed with regard to the half-pence contributed to the society. Last year they made up the large sum of £136,918."

Surely thousands of our American young folk can help in this crusade to the extent at least of a nickel; and as nickels aggregate into dollars far more quickly than half-pence into pounds, the offerings to the Holy Childhood from this country might readily amount to half a million.

We deeply regret to announce the death of the Rev. Edward J. McCabe, rector of the Church of the Visitation, Brooklyn, N. Y. Father McCabe had been suffering from the *grippe*, and was on his way to Florida when the last summons came and ended a short but well filled life. *The Catholic Youth*, which he founded in 1881, is an excellent paper for the young folk, and has an exceptionally large circulation. The dead priest will be mourned by thousands of little ones who have never seen him; and as the prayers of the innocent are pleasing in the sight of God, let us trust that they will speedily procure for him eternal repose. *R. I. P.*

By order of the Holy Father, the Sacred Congregation of Rites have under consideration a complete practical reformation in sacred music. The most eminent musical professors of all nationalities have been requested to give their opinions upon questions germane to this subject; and the outcome of the examination and discussion will be the expurgation from church-music of all theatrical

and profane characteristics,—surely a "consummation devoutly to be wished." The reform is to begin, we suppose, in Rome.

Commenting on the marked change in public sentiment regarding the observance of St. Patrick's Day, the *Ypsilanti Sentinal* remarks:

"Time was when a green ribbon displayed on that day was the object of derision if not violence, while a public demonstration was almost sure to bring about a riot. On the last recurrence of the day, however, it was publicly honored by processions, speeches by leading men, and flattering reports in the papers, as never before; while the green ribbon might be seen on the breasts of all nationalities. It is even said that it was very generally displayed by the students of Hillsdale College, a Protestant denominational institution. Perhaps this was intended as a loud assertion that the Saint was a good Presbyterian; though if he were, why the Pope canonized . . . him, we can not tell."

New Publications.

MARY QUEEN OF MAY, AND OTHER "AVE MARIA" ESSAYS. By Brother Azarias. Notre Dame, Ind.: Office of The "Ave Maria."

The literary product of so eminent a scholar as Brother Azarias is assuredly worthy of more than the ephemeral interest that attaches to the usual magazine article; and hence we are confident that our readers will thank us for having published in book form these essays on our Blessed Lady, which he has from time to time contributed to our columns. Brother Azarias' position among American writers is so well assured that any commendation of the subject-matter of these essays, or of the fascinating style in which that matter is presented, would be quite superfluous. The keen philosophical insight manifested in "The Development of Old English Thought," "Aristotle and the Christian Church," and "The Philosophy of Literature," is in these briefer studies occupied with a subject which in grandeur and beauty transcends most others; and with the erudition of the scholar is blended the tender piety of the religious in proclaiming the glory and the worth of the Immaculate.

The book will prove excellent reading for Our Lady's Month, and can not fail to exert a salutary influence on the minds and hearts of those who peruse it, be they Catholic or Protestant.

MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY. By the Rev. T. Gilmartin, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. London: Burns & Oates.

It is not an easy matter to treat within the compass of a few short volumes the immense amount of matter that a History of the Catholic Church necessarily contains. Hence it is, perhaps, that we have so few manuals of Church History adapted for use in colleges and seminaries. Father Gilmartin, bringing to his aid his experience as a professor in Maynooth, and a judicial fairness of mind indispensable to the historian, has contributed a work which all students of Church History will appreciate, and which seminarians especially will find well adapted to the requirements of their course of study. In the two volumes thus far published, he has given a comprehensive view of the life of the Church in ancient and medieval times. It is to be hoped that another volume, dealing with the events of the last four centuries, will soon be forthcoming.

In a text-book one does not look for a highly ornamented style of diction. Clearness, simplicity, and as much brevity as is consistent with the nature of the subject treated, are mainly desirable; and Father Gilmartin, keeping in view the practical value of his work, has been careful not to violate any of these qualities. His selection of the synthetic method is also to be commended. In an exhaustive treatise, in which the historian feels justified in narrating facts the most minute, and explaining principles only remotely connected with the matter under discussion, it is undoubtedly better to present a complete picture, in which the various parts are so nicely co-ordinated that the reader can observe one event leading to another, and in which the whole furnishes a distinct view of an entire period. Such a work would, because of its length, be entirely unsuited to the class-room. Hence Father Gilmartin has seen fit to deal with the leading questions of a given period as distinct acts in the great drama which the life of the Church represents. By avoiding needless *minutiæ* and giving special attention

to subjects of controversy, as also by his accuracy and his scholarly exposition of necessary general principles for the solution of difficulties, he has made his Manual of Church History a valuable aid to the work of seminarians and students in general.

THE MEMOIRS OF RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN, M.D., F. R. C. S. Edited by his Son, Thomas More Madden, M. D., F. R. C. S. E. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

A life extending over a period of eighty-eight years—from 1798 to 1886,—and passed amid stirring scenes and eminent personages, can hardly fail to furnish much of interest to the ordinary reader. When, in addition to this, the subject of the life has been so celebrated an author and distinguished a philanthropist as was the late Dr. Madden, one's only surprise is that the editor of his Memoirs did not bring out a far larger volume than this book of three hundred pages. That abundant material for such a larger volume was in the editor's hands we can readily believe; and the skill which he has displayed in utilizing a portion thereof makes us wish he had laid his plans for a more voluminous work. Not that the present memoirs are lacking in completeness,—on the contrary, they furnish an excellent account of the life, work, opinions, and tastes of their subject; but simply that where there is so much that entertains, one naturally regrets that a further store is not supplied.

Dr. Madden was a traveller who visited many countries, and gave the world his own views concerning each,—views which attracted attention because of their unvarying originality and not infrequent luminous clarity. A persistent opponent of the slave-trade, he did much to effect its abolition in Jamaica and Cuba, in both of which islands he held official positions under the British Crown. His residence in Paris, Rome, Naples, the West Indies, Constantinople, Egypt, West Africa, and other quarters of the globe, brought him into contact with all classes of men; and his correspondence, a goodly portion of which is given in the volume before us, is full of attractive charm. As a *littérateur*, Dr. Madden is best known by his "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," "Travels in the East," "History of the Penal Laws against Catholics," "Life and Times of Savonarola," and "Shrines and Sepulchres in the Old World and in the New." He also published several volumes of poems; and although the selections given in the memoir are specimens of verse rather than of poetry in the highest sense, there is enough of poetic spirit manifested to warrant the belief that more assiduous attention to the Muse would have resulted in the production of work destined to live. Dr. Madden was an earnest Catholic, and a kindly Christian gentleman.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Joseph, O. S. D., St. Cecilia's Convent, Nashville, Tenn.; Sisters M. Redemption and M. Philomena, Sisters of the Holy Cross, Memramcook, N. B., who died precious deaths last month.

Mrs. J. M. Porter, of Frostburg, Md., whose happy death took place on the 13th ult.

Mrs. Rosa Lawless, who peacefully departed this life on the 11th ult., at Albany, N. Y.

Miss Mary Brennan, a devout Child of Mary, who breathed her last on the 19th ult., at Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. A. M. O'Donohoe, of Detroit, Mich., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 6th ult.

Rev. Father Boyleson, of Wexford, Iowa; Mr. Edwin Buggy, Mrs. Mary Cassidy, and Mrs. Ann Quinn, Waukon, Iowa; Michael Delaney, Thomas Toohey, Sr., William Towsen, Thomas Walsh, Mrs. Margaret Keilty, Mrs. Anne Flynn, Mrs. Anne McGovern, Mrs. Ellen Carlin, Mr. Denis Hickey, Mr. Charles McCaffrey, Mrs. Anne Purcell, and Mrs. Anne Rodgers,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Mr. George Tubman, Hammond, Wis.; Mr. John Lennon, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Michael Daly, Burnside, Conn.; Mrs. Cornelius Callaghan, Frankfort, Ky.; Miss Nannie Schilder, Chillicothe, Ohio; Mrs. Alice Bulger Usher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Timothy Higgins, Connellsville, Pa.; Florence O'Donovan, New York, N. Y., Miss Bridget Ward, Fall River, Mass.; Timothy Kinney, Deforest, Wis.; Mrs. Margaret Brady, Mr. Mark Neary, Mr. James O'Donnell, and Mr. Daniel H. McKeon—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mr. John O'Keefe and Mrs. Margaret Dolan, Westville, Conn.; and Miss Josie Donovan, Ansonia, Conn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

☞ Persons sending obituary notices are requested to write the name, etc., of deceased relatives or friends on separate sheets of paper.



In Springtime.

COME, let us ramble through the wood:
Once more the grass is springing;
Deep in the blithesome solitude
The happy birds are singing.

A tender west wind stirs among
The rushes near the river;
I hear the thrushes—happy throng!—
I see the birches quiver.

The squirrel hops from bough to bough,
Affrighted by our voices;
The busy gnats are humming now,
And all the world rejoices.

Come, let us softly sing to Him
Who such delight has given,—
Our chapel walls the forest dim,
Its roof the blue of heaven.

M. E. M.

A Heart of Stone.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

YEARS ago, the legend runs, there lived a boy who was so selfish and unkind that among his playmates he received the name "Stony Heart." He must have been very cruel and hard to have merited this title at so early an age. It clung to him through youth and manhood, when he had amassed great riches, and built himself a strong castle at the top of a high mountain, where he lived, surrounded by servants who were really slaves; for in those days masters had great power over their dependents.

A war broke out in the country; and at last things had come to such a pass, and the people were in such straits, that all the able-bodied men, except those who had money to buy a substitute, were obliged, if conscripted, to serve in the ranks.

In the town overlooked by the fortress-like castle of "old Stony Heart," as he had by this time come to be called, lived a tailor, a weakly man, with an aged and bedridden mother, a blind father, and a wife who was dumb, besides a child puny and ailing. As misfortune continues to visit the unfortunate, the tailor was one out of ten who were drafted. A strapping young fellow of the place offered to go in his stead for the sum of sixty florins, which the poor tailor found as impossible to raise as though it had been a hundred thousand.

The war had impoverished the people, never in comfortable circumstances. But the pastor gave five florins, the burgomaster five; and the doctor—though he could ill spare it, poor man, having a sickly wife and a large family,—not to be outdone by his kind neighbors, also contributed five florins. From door to door went the poor dumb woman, receiving here a penny and there a penny, and little more. The quest was, indeed, a weary one; and her heart failed her when at the end of the

second day she had only twenty florins.

You will readily admit that her husband could scarcely have made a brave soldier, since the very idea of it had driven him to his bed, where he lay quaking and moaning. On the other side of the wall was his bedridden mother, who, hearing his complainings, prayed, wept, and scolded by turns. (It is said, but I can not vouch for the truth of the statement, that it was long experience with the sharp tongue of his mother that had prompted him to take a dumb woman for his wife.) Meanwhile the blind father sat alone in his big armchair, shivering and shaking. For somehow his staff had gotten out of his reach; and he was afraid to grope about without it, otherwise he might have stirred up the fire.

You may be sure the dumb woman was further disheartened when she returned at nightfall to this doleful household.

"What luck?" called the tailor, as she set the child on the floor; for her poor arms ached with carrying it the whole day long. For answer she broke into a fit of weeping; in which, knowing it boded ill news, they all joined save the old blind man, who, having found his stick just where it had been lying all the time, beside his chair, thumped it up and down on the floor, in a rage at the noise.

"Dorothea, come hither," called the old woman at last, from behind the half-partition that separated her from the rest. The tailor's wife obediently went to her bedside. "I have been thinking," continued the grandmother, "there is yet one hope left. Thou art, as we all know, a seventh cousin on the side of thy mother of old Stony Heart, who may even now be cold in death in his mountain castle; so long hath it been since he and his retainers have been seen in the town. At least, that is what they tell me. Go thou up the mountain side in the morning, and take the child with thee. Get the pastor to write out thy errand for thee, as he truly knows how; otherwise old Stony Heart may well spurn thee,—with thy odd gestures and motions, which none save thy familiars can understand."

I know not whether the habit of obedience was so strong upon the dumb woman that therefore she prepared to do as bidden by her mother-in-law, or whether the old dame's mandate had made hope rise in her heart. However that may be, it was settled that such should be her course on the morrow. And the family went to rest that night in a more peaceful and hopeful frame of mind, as well as a more comfortable state of body; for during her absence some well-conditioned neighbor had left with the tailor a basket of eggs, which as a great luxury they cooked and ate, with their black bread and sour wine.

The dumb woman was up betimes in the morning, and hastened to the priest. The good Father was somewhat reluctant to give her the writing, fearing for her a rude and perhaps violent repulse. But her sad appearance melted his heart, and he hastily scrawled a few words which read thus. (I omit the high-sounding titles which were given to the rich in those days; they are of no use in this story.)

"Dorothea, thy kinswoman, craves thy assistance in the matter of forty florins; that she may therewith pay Fritz Godolph, the stripling, to take the place of her husband Michael, who, a delicate and frail man, has been conscripted for the war. On him are depending an old bedridden mother, a blind father, and sickly child; also this woman, Dorothea, his wife, who though brave is dumb, and therefore in some measure also an afflicted one. As thou dost unto her, so will the Lord reward thee."

Swinging her child across her shoulder, for there was no one at home who could care for it, Dorothea turned her feet toward the mountain path. It was not very cold, though a light snow was falling. It took her a good two hours' fast walking to climb the mountain.

A white-haired man stood in the court-yard, about to mount his horse.

"What wilt thou with me, woman?" he asked; "for I take it thine errand is with me."

For answer she handed him the bit of paper on which the good priest had written her need. By this time the child had begun to cry. She took a crust of bread from her pocket and thrust it into the little cold hand, fearful lest its complaints should anger the master of the castle.

And what think you, children, he said in reply, after he had with great labor mastered its contents?—for, in spite of his wealth, he was but a poor scholar. Think you he said to her, his stony heart softened by the sight of her condition and the tale of her necessity: "Go, my good woman, to the kitchen, where they will give thee bread and meat. And afterward, when thou art warmed and hast eaten, I will befriend thee, both for the sake of humanity and the tie of blood which, though distant, binds us together"? Nay, not so. But, stooping, he lifted a round, flat stone from the causeway, and, wrapping the paper about it, he said, as he flung it in her face, just grazing the shoulder of the child:

"There, take that to thy pastor, and bid him turn it into gold; for I am told he is a saint and a worker of miracles. By weight it should well net thee above a hundred florins; and thus thou wilt have not only for thy need, but to spare."

Then he laughed a long, hard, cruel laugh; and, putting foot in stirrup, prepared to mount his horse, now grown restive with delay.

Then, wonder of wonders, while she settled the child on her hip with one hand, the dumb woman flung back the stone against his very forehead; and her tongue was loosened, and she cried, as with the voice of a seer:

"O thou hard-hearted one, may thy body and limbs grow callous and cold as yon stone, till, the blood all frozen in thy veins, and the light fled from thine eyes, thou mayst stand till the judgment-day, as a sign and a token of the cruelty of man to man!"

So saying she lifted her child in her arms, and fled swiftly down the mountain, dumb as before. Nor is it recorded that she ever spoke again.

That day came news that peace was at hand, and the tailor's family were thereby relieved from the misfortune that threatened them. Indeed, he soon had more than he could do to make clothing for the returning villagers; so that he and his bedridden mother and the blind grandfather, and his wife the dumb woman, with their child, were thereafter happy and prosperous.

And down! from the mountain that night fled the servants of old Stony Heart, who had found him stiff and lifeless before his castle door. So heavy was he, glued to the earth as it were, that they could not lift the corpse to bury it, and there it stands to this day; though you, my children, were you to see it, could find in it no semblance of a man. But so runs the legend; and it conveys its own moral, that even a little child may understand.

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XXIX.—Ojeda's Raid.

Columbus did not die, but at last opened his eyes, and saw, sitting beside his bed, his brother Bartholomew. One account tells us that Father Perez too was there. We *hope* he was; while as to Bartholomew's presence there can be no doubt whatever. He had been to England to seek help for his brother, and his success had been uncertain. While in Paris he heard of the outcome of the marvellous voyage

over the Sea of Darkness; and it did not take him long to return to Spain, from whence he was at once dispatched to the newly-discovered world, in command of several vessels laden with supplies. Matters at Isabella had continued to grow steadily worse during the absence of the Admiral, and the arrival of Bartholomew was heralded as a Heaven-sent blessing. He was at once made *adelantado*, or governor; for it was evident that his elder brother would be long in getting well.

Meanwhile extraordinary happenings were going on near the mountains of gold. Pedro Margarite, it will be remembered, had been relieved of his command by Alonzo de Ojeda; he had found the Vega so delightful and comfortable that he stayed there with his soldiers, terrifying the inhabitants, and committing every known depredation and excess. Don Diego, hearing of this, sent a remonstrance, which Margarite answered by calling him an upstart. When Bartholomew Columbus arrived, Margarite and another conspirator, taking advantage of a dark night, stole the ships which he had brought, and sailed away to Spain to lay their complaints before the court. Meanwhile Caonabo, from his retreat in the mountains, was watching with an eagle eye the frequent massacres of the whitemen; and finally took the field himself, heading a large war party, whose purpose was the destruction of Fort St. Thomas.

The new commander of the Fort, Ojeda, deserves a few words all to himself. He was a small man, but appeared to combine in his little frame the energy of ten. He declared that he led a "charmed" life, and that no bullet or arrow could strike him. This he attributed to an image of the Blessed Virgin, which he was never without. Upon going into battle he implored her protection, and felt no fear. He had long served in the wars against the Moors, and was always selected to lead a hope so forlorn that no one else could be found to undertake it. For a month he resisted every attempt of Caonabo and his warriors to take the Fort, making occasional sorties against the besiegers with deadly effect; until at last they retired, admiring beyond measure the doughty Spaniard whom they could not conquer.

There now ensued a grand coalition of all the caciques, with one exception, with a view to massacre the inhabitants of Isabella; and this was made known to Columbus by no less a person than our old friend Guacanagari, thus once more proving himself faithful to the strangers. Columbus now determined to assume the aggressive, and his first problem was how to dispose of his arch-enemy Caonabo; for with him out of the way, the rest would be easy. At this crisis Ojeda the fearless proposed a plan so wild, and apparently so hopeless, that we might well doubt its success if we had not good reason for believing in it. Some writers have dismissed the subject by saying, "Ojeda with ten men kidnapped Caonabo and carried him to Isabella"; treating without due respect a very picturesque incident. This, then, is what Ojeda proposed to do and did.

Taking with him ten of his best men, all armed and mounted, he traversed the sixty leagues which lay between him and the haughty Carib, to whom he announced that he had come from the Admiral on a friendly errand. Columbus wished to meet him, Ojeda said; and, if he would go to Isabella to arrange the terms of peace, would give him the Angelus bell which hung in the church. This bell had always been a source of envy and wonder to the Indians; for they thought, seeing the Spaniards go toward it when it rang, that it possessed some magic power. The temptation to own the wonderful talisman, by which the Indians of the island might similarly be controlled, proved a temptation too great to be resisted. Caonabo agreed to go, but insisted upon taking his army with him; in order, he explained, to keep

up the state to which he, as cacique, was entitled. Ojeda was obliged to agree to this, and they started.

At their first halting place, the cavalier produced a pair of highly polished handcuffs, saying that they were bracelets which kings often wore in Spain; and offering to let Caonabo put them on his arms, which pleased him greatly. As an additional proof of his esteem, Ojeda allowed him to mount behind him on his horse. Then the adroit Spaniard began galloping about the camp in fine style; and ended, after a few circuits, by making a wild dash for the forest, followed by his men, who threatened the captive with instant death if he resisted. Thus they bore him over the wild country, through mountain passes and rivers, bringing him at last, bound hand and foot, into the city of Isabella. Again had the redoubtable Ojeda invoked the help of his Patroness in great danger, and again had he come out of it unharmed.

XXX.—Treachery.

Caonabo submitted sullenly, after the Indian fashion, always evincing the greatest reverence for his captor, but never treating Columbus with the slightest respect. His story is soon ended. He was afterward sent to Spain, and died on the passage. His was the spirit of a caged eagle, and he could not exist in captivity.

The Indians now prepared for a supreme assault; and while this was pending reinforcements came from Spain in four ships brought by Antonio de Tours. A message came with them from the sovereigns requesting the presence of Columbus, or some one whom he might send, to settle some important matters. The Admiral was not well enough to go; Bartholomew could not be spared; so the mild Don Diego was dispatched to do as well as he could, and with him were sent five hundred Indian captives to be treated at the discretion of the Crown. Historians have made much of this last fact, but we must bear in mind that the popular feeling was different four hundred years ago. Slavery is a grievous wrong; but some of us can remember that only a few years ago enlightened men were advocates of its righteousness. One could hardly expect Columbus to be four centuries ahead of his times. Then, again, the Indians were captives.

Don Diego well off, the Admiral turned his attention to the battle now imminent. It has been named the battle of the Vega, and the Indians concerned in it were in number almost like the leaves in the forest. It is said that more than one hundred thousand of them were engaged. As for the Spaniards, there were but two hundred foot-soldiers and twenty mounted men, who took with them twenty ferocious dogs, which did their share of fighting. It is not pleasant to write of scenes of carnage. The Indians, scared and dismayed by the firing, the fury of the horses and the attacks of the dogs, fled in confusion; and the day was easily gained by the strangers.

One story is told of that remarkable battle, although it does not form part of most standard lives of the Admiral. It is said that Columbus, not able to take an active part, but viewing the battle from a height overlooking the Vega, put the matter into the hands of the Blessed Virgin; and when the Indian arrows were flying fastest, the wind changed and blew them in an opposite direction. At any rate, the islanders were routed, and made no resistance to speak of for some time. They were now in a state of servitude, and a certain quantity of gold was exacted from each cacique. It is the old story. Savagery retreats and dies before the march of civilization; and soon the cheerful Indian songs were turned to wails, and their only theme was of the happy days before the whiteman came.

During all this time Margarite and his companion, who went off to Spain with Don Bartholomew's ships and a string of

complaints, were doing Columbus grievous injury at court. They accused him of divers things: of cruelty, of withholding food from the people, of compelling the sick to labor hard, and of insulting the *hidalgos*. Of the extenuating circumstances they said no word. There is always some one to believe a lie, especially if it is told of the successful; and there was just a grain of truth in the story of the rebels, which made it seem true. Juan Aguado was thereupon sent to investigate matters, and report upon the conduct of the Admiral. Aguado had been his friend, and was therefore esteemed a suitable person.

When Don Diego arrived in Spain with a story differing from Margarite's, Aguado's instructions were somewhat modified. He was, however, a narrow-minded man, inflated with a little brief authority; and when he arrived at Isabella and found the Admiral absent, he quite ignored his brother, the *adelantado*, and set himself up as the true representative of the Crown. Columbus not returning at once, he had the impudence to send a summons to him. Contrary to the expectations of all, Columbus was calm and yielding; and announced his readiness to meet all complaints, in proof of which he began preparations to return to Spain. During the interval which elapsed a terrific storm swept the harbor, destroying every vessel but the brave little *Niña*, as it seems natural to call her, although she had been renamed. She, too, was injured; but at last, together with a new ship constructed for Aguado's use, she started for home.

Both vessels carried a large number of colonists, who had had enough of the New World; and some prisoners, among them Caonabo; and the intelligence that some promising new mines had been discovered in the interior. East winds prevailed during the voyage, which lasted for months. To other dangers was added the prospect of famine; and the Indians would have been killed and devoured by the hunger-maddened sailors, if Columbus had not defended them at the peril of his life. They had sailed on the 10th of March: on the 11th of June they entered the Cadiz roads. Poor Caonabo was not with them, having died on the way, as we have said.

Such was the disappointing end of the second voyage of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea—beginning in hope, closing in distress and disappointment.

(To be continued.)

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVI.—At Mass.

Reginald and Miles were up early the next morning. They went to the stable before breakfast, and cleaned the carriage. Miles agreed to drive. It was a roomy, two-seated wagon, called a "German-town." Molly was up too; she prepared breakfast. Just as they were about to sit down to the table Mr. Spinks appeared. His forehead was puckered into a frown. It had suddenly occurred to him that the boys might have written to their aunt; and that, in spite of her apparent interest, she really knew where they were.

"Did you write to your aunt, boys?" Mr. Spinks asked, frowning on them like an ogre.

"Yes, I did," answered Reginald.

"Did you tell her where you are?"

"How could I?" asked Reginald. "I don't know myself.. There's no street on your farm, and no number on your house."

"That's all right," said Mr. Spinks, clearing his brow. "As it is Sunday, you may have flapjacks.—Mrs. Spinks," he called out, "will you make some flapjacks?"

Mrs. Spinks appeared, went to the stove, and very soon the children were supplied

with hot cakes and molasses. With a timid look at Mr. Spinks, Molly ran upstairs to get a faded green shawl and a battered red bonnet a neighbor had given her. When she came down Mr. Spinks frowned at her, and she trembled.

"Who is going to get the dinner, if you go to church?" he asked.

"Mrs. Spinks can get dinner ready; can't she?" asked Miles.

"But you needn't expect any," growled Mr. Spinks.

Molly looked imploringly at Miles; he saw the tears in her eyes. She said:

"Oh, I can stay at home, if you don't want me to go!"

"Very well," said Miles. "If you don't go, we shall find somebody else to work for,—that's all."

"And if you can't feed us, we will not work," added Reginald, gaining courage.

"All right, all right!" said Mr. Spinks, backing out. "But if you take my trap to church, I'll knock off ten cents from your wages to pay for it."

The boys smiled, and made their way to the stable. At the last moment, just as Molly was placed in the back seat, Mrs. Spinks announced that she would go too.

"I declare, Ferdinand," she said, "I haven't had any recreation for ten years. As going to church doesn't cost anything, I just guess I'll go."

"But how about the dinner?" asked Mr. Spinks, frowning again.

"There's pork and beans in the house, and pie. And you can just keep the coffee warm for us," she replied, going into the house to put on her bonnet and shawl.

Molly looked at her with admiring eyes. To think of anybody daring to talk to Mr. Spinks in that way!

The party drove off. Just before they started Mr. Spinks whispered to his wife:

"I think we had better send these young chaps up the river to-morrow, so that they'll be out of the way if anybody has found out where they are. And you ought to whip that Molly black and blue when she comes home. I have treated her as a daughter. What is the consequence? She gives us impudence."

"Very well," said Mrs. Spinks; "very well. I'll settle her when I come back. If you get hungry before dinner-time, you'll find the doughnuts in the tin boiler. And mind," she screamed, as the carriage drove off, "don't let the kettle boil dry!"

Mrs. Spinks soon showed that she was out for enjoyment. She kindly offered each of the young people a mint drop.

"I declare," she said, "I'm all agog. I am fond of all kinds of odd things, and I guess I'll be astonished at your church. I hope they will not say anything to hurt my feelings. A soothing sermon always gave me an appetite for dinner when I used to go to church; and if I should have my nerves unsettled, I'd be like a wet rag."

Reginald was afraid she would hear Miles whisper: "I wish she could go to a mission sermon,—*that* would settle her."

The farther they got from Mr. Spinks, the higher their spirits rose; and Mrs. Spinks became quite jolly as they went onward. She showed a tendency to stop and talk to neighbors; but Miles could not permit this, for fear of being late. Reginald's tongue was unloosened; they all talked, and it seemed as if a very short time had passed when they reached the church.

It was a frame structure, with a glittering cross on its spire. Mass had just begun. A number of children were singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Miles tied the horse to a post—there were several in front of the church,—and led the way to an empty pew, under a stained-glass window representing St. Elizabeth of Hungary with her apron full of roses.

Molly's eyes were at once fixed on the crucifix above the tabernacle. She knew what it meant, though she had never seen one before. At the orphan asylum she had heard the story of Our Lord's birth, Passion, and death; but she had never *felt*

what it meant before. She understood all about it now. And there, at the side, was the benignant Mother in a white robe and blue mantle, with her head crowned with stars. Molly felt that she was at home at last. Everything spoke of the lessons she had learned in her Bible. There was a picture of Abraham and Isaac over the altar. The solemn movements of the priest kept her attention. She was awestruck. She had never seen anything like it before. She said her prayers over and over again, and it seemed to her as if the ceremonies of the Mass were like magnificent music accompanying them.

Mrs. Spinks settled herself comfortably in the pew. She began by asking Miles a question in a loud voice. Miles put his finger on his lip, and did not answer. She was inclined to resent this at first, but soon she became absorbed in the ceremonies. They made her feel queer, she said; there was something about them that made her think of death. She shivered as the *Sanctus* bell rang; and felt alone and deserted as every head, even Molly's, was bowed at the Consecration.

After Mass the priest said a few words about the necessity of going to confession. Mrs. Spinks did not fully understand, but she began to think of her sins and to feel like crying.

Reginald had prayed with all his might during Mass. He was almost in despair: he saw no way out of the darkness; it did not seem to him as if any power could save him, except by a miracle. He thought of the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt,—there was a picture of it just opposite his seat. He remembered that Our Lord had been a wanderer; but, then, he knew also that Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin were with him. Ah, if he could only have his aunt with him! Again he called to mind the fact that he was not alone. Were not the members of this Holy Family always with him? He sighed, and said: "Thy will be done!" It was hard to be away from home,—harder for Reginald than for most boys, because he had been so much at home.

Mrs. Danby had not educated him to rely on himself. Now, boys must learn to trust themselves, to overcome obstacles, to correct their own faults. Until lately, Reginald had always been dependent on others; now he found it very hard to be deprived of his support. But even his short and unpleasant experience at Mr. Spinks' had made him manlier. He looked at life in a different way now: he saw that all the little, mean ways he had acquired must be dropped, if he ever expected to be a man. He hated to think of the unpleasant things he had said about Miles. When he looked back he blushed to remember how unkind he had been to him,—how proud, how full of disdain for the boys who wore rough clothes and did not take care of them.

All this had passed through his mind many times during the last few days. All he could do now was to pray. He hoped with all his heart that God would help him, but he could see no light ahead. And yet when Mass was ended he found himself repeating over and over again the words: "Lamb of God, give us peace!"

Miles, too, had prayed with fervor; but he had asked for strength of mind and body to do good in the world—to protect the weak and to help the poor.

Molly prayed, but with only one purpose: to get away from the Spinkses. Oh, if she only had a home like those little girls who were singing so sweetly, life would be happy! If she could only come every Sunday into a church like this, with its bright candles and beautiful pictures, she would be a new girl, and never wish to run away to the circus. This church, humble as it might have appeared in your eyes, was splendid in hers. The pictures on the walls were chromos; the stained glass was not the kind one sees in great cathedrals; but what did Molly know or care? Every-

thing was beautiful; and when it was all done, she sank back with a sigh.

They went out with the crowd. There was some delay in getting the horse. Father Delaney, passing out, put his hand on Molly's head,—choosing her because she was the most poorly dressed of all the children about.

"Did you sing loud?" he asked,—"did you sing loud, little one?"

"I did not know the words, sir," Molly answered, looking up at the kind face, framed in white hair.

He smiled, and gave her a little picture of the Blessed Virgin. Molly thanked him politely, and her face lit up with such pleasure that he gave her another.

"That's for your mother," he added, passing on.

Tears came to Molly's eyes. She turned, and gave the picture to Mrs. Spinks, who looked at it carefully through her spectacles; she was highly gratified by Molly's attention.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "Did he really give you this for nothing? What fine lace there is about the edges! A picture of the Mother of Jesus,—and very beautiful. I shall certainly come again."

Mrs. Spinks was in high good-humor; she had been afraid that the sermon would take away her appetite, but on reaching the carriage she declared that she was hungry enough to eat anything.

The drive home was enhanced by various stories told by Mrs. Spinks of her experience at camp-meetings. The children were silent. When they reached the stable yard, Reginald suddenly grasped Miles' arm. Miles looked up. In front of the door stood Hans Gewitz in company with Mr. Spinks.

"I shall make for the woods; let me out of the carriage!—let me out!" cried Reginald.

Before Miles could stop him, he had jumped to the ground.

(To be continued.)

The Wandering Jew.

There are several versions of this familiar legend. The oldest one, and one originating with the Jews themselves, tells that the clerk of the judgment-hall of Pontius Pilate struck Our Lord as He was led from that room, bidding Him to go faster. Our Saviour, the legend says, turned and answered: "I go, but you tarry until I come." The hard-hearted secretary afterward was baptized a Christian; but once in thirty years fell into a prolonged trance, the result of his audacity.

Another legend is this: As our Blessed Lord was bearing His heavy Cross to the place of execution, He stopped to rest and leaned His weary head against the walls of a shop occupied by a certain cobbler, who picked up a last and threw it at the holy Sufferer, crying, "Get away from here, I tell you!" Then, goes on the legend, Our Lord rebuked him, commanding him to become a wanderer until the Day of Judgment. This variation of the legend is spoken of by the Bishop of Schleswig as late as the middle of the sixteenth century.

There is still another tradition, which, like the others, is given as a curiosity of legendary lore. It relates that Our Lord was conducted into the judgment-hall of Pilate by one Ahasuerus, who insisted that his Prisoner should hurry faster. "Let Me rest upon this wayside stone for a moment," said Our Lord. His request was refused by the relentless Ahasuerus, to whom the Divine Prisoner made answer: "I shall go into eternal rest, but you shall wander until I come again."

And so, the legend ends, the cruel Ahasuerus has never ceased to walk from that day to this.

A GOOD deed knows nor age nor winding-sheet:
The centuries find and leave it quick and sweet.
Even the miser is remembered
By that one time he gave the beggar bread.

—*Anon.*

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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Good-Friday Night.

"IN the Name of the Father"—
But where is the Son?
In the tomb they have laid Him:
His mission is done.
They seized Him, they bound Him,
They scourged Him with rods;
With cruel thorns crowned Him
Whose birthright was God's.

To Calvary hurried,
With gibe, thrust, and goad;
Three times 'neath His burden
He sank on the road.
With hammers they nailed Him
On rough, crooked Tree,
The sign of Redemption
Henceforward to be.

Three hours He lay dying,
Three long hours of pain;
The tears of His Mother
Fell fast as the rain.
O night of Good-Friday,
O vigil of gloom!
The Master has left us,
He lies in the tomb.

"In the Name of the Father"—
But where is the Son?
He waits resurrection:
Salvation is won.

No life is a failure which is lived for God, and all lives are failures which are lived for any other end.—*Faber.*

Holy Week in Innsbruck.

BY THE REV. R. J. M'HUGH.

HOLY WEEK in Catholic countries is marked by a great spirit of recollection and intensity of devotion. On every hand, during that holy season, one meets with many things that bring vividly before the mental eye all the awful circumstances connected with the closing scenes of the earthly life of our Divine Redeemer. In a country where the Passion-Play still finds a home one naturally looks for touching symbolism and expressive, though unique, devotions during those three days when Mother Church clothes herself in garments of sorrow and mourns her Spouse's death. Nor is expectation baffled in the event. To the coldest and most unsympathetic heart there appeals many a rite where words would prove but meaningless and vain.

The last *Charwoche* that I had the great pleasure and privilege of passing in Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, is still as fresh in my memory as if its many and varied incidents were but those of yesterday. All the solemn and impressive ceremonies, all the beautiful and suggestive devotions, I find bearing back upon me with the sacred advent of Passiontide. From the Sunday of the Palms, when the younger boys and girls,

tottering to and from the several churches under the weight of lofty poles profusely entwined with evergreens and garlands of flowers, made one think that the Weird Sisters' prophecy of Birnam Wood's approach to "high Dunsinane hill" was being a second time fulfilled, till the joyous bells rang out on Easter morn, when the bread and meat and wine were blessed with special blessing, and the people on the street exchanged Easter greetings in tones that had the ring of truly Christian gladness,—it all comes before me in one unbroken vision.

On Spy-Wednesday, in the afternoon, we visited the Church of the Holy Trinity, to hear the seminarians sing the *Tenebræ;* and never did I hear that sublime office rendered with a more thrilling effect. The first lesson, or Lamentation, was sung, as the custom obtains among us, by one only; the second, however, was given in unison, and with perfect time, by a number of well-trained voices; while the third was rendered in parts by select singers of the sanctuary choir. As the solemn voices rolled up in perfect harmony from the dark-veiled, sombre sanctuary, whose gloom was rather intensified than relieved by the few wax tapers that faintly burned therein, they seemed to weave about the heart a holy incantation.

For the wonderfully expressive exercises of Maundy-Thursday we went to the magnificent parish Church of St. James. Here the repository, wherein the Blessed Sacrament was kept from the last Mass of that day till the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified on Good-Friday, differed considerably in many minor details from what we are accustomed to see on this side of the water. It is called the "Tomb," and is fitted up to represent our Saviour's sepulchre. It is arranged at one of the many side altars of the church, and in it is a representation of the dead Christ. Large-sized figures of Roman soldiers, leaning upon lances, are placed before the sepulchre, to represent the guard furnished by Pilate at the request of the high-priest. The chalice which contains the consecrated Host is placed in the Tomb; while the monstrance, containing another Sacred Particle, is placed high upon a throne above the supine figure of Our Lord. Besides the hundreds of candles that burn round the sepulchre, many various-colored lamps throw an ever-changing light upon the hallowed scene. Hither, during all hours of the day and until the sexton locks and bolts the massive doors late into the night, the people flock in mighty throngs to spend a few moments in prayer and silent adoration.

From Thursday noon until the same hour on Holy Saturday the Angelus is announced by means of immense wooden "clappers" in the towers of all the churches. The first time one hears this sound, the effect is most bewildering. I can think of nothing to which to compare it except some mighty bird concealed in the tower, and fluttering its huge wings in a fruitless endeavor to escape.

On Good-Friday—that Day so strangely entertwined with brightness and gloom, that reaches from the zenith of glory to the nadir of despair—we turned to the ancient Capuchin monastery (the oldest house of that Order in Austria) to witness and partake in the Veneration of the Cross. I shall never forget—at least I hope I shall never forget—that touching spectacle. Two by two the roughly-habited monks, with shaven crowns and bare feet, with faces so emaciated that they seemed to be actually pinched from starvation, and with weary eyes downcast in reverential awe, advanced to the foot of the altar, where they prostrated before the crucifix, and with love and tenderness kissed the feet of the sacred image. There was something in their manner of performing this pious act, at once so grand and simple, that appealed directly to the heart; and I am sure the rest of us, as we followed in turn to kiss

the symbol of Redemption, could not but have felt our great unworthiness all the more keenly, for having walked in the same aisle which the poor, cold, bare feet of the humble, self-denying monks had hallowed.

The ceremony of bishops and abbots and others in high station washing the feet of the poor, in imitation of Our Lord washing the disciples' feet, still exists to a pleasurable extent in the old Catholic cities. I need hardly remind the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" that the good old Emperor Francis Joseph has for many a year performed this act of humility and Christ-like love with unfailing regularity. The sight of the head of the oldest royal house of Europe kneeling, in the midst of his splendid court, to wash the feet of twelve of God's poor, while beside him kneels an Empress to wipe them with her own dainty hands, seems strangely out of touch with the spirit of these fastidious days—no doubt thinks my easy-going, self-loving reader; but I believe our age is better for it. Would to Heaven that we had more practical acts, such as this, of mercy and love and compassion; and less of talk and theory, which promise much and accomplish nothing!

How we have all felt our hearts rebound at that crash of bells and organ as they took up the strain of the *Gloria in Excelsis* on Holy Saturday! How the gloom fell from our hearts as the sombre veilings fell from statue and picture and mullioned window! How, involuntarily and unconsciously almost, we have found ourselves adding our earnest, though dreadfully inharmonious, voices to the triumphant swell of the *Magnificat* and *Laudate Dominum!*

But the solemnities do not end thus on Holy Saturday in the Tyrol. There is a popular devotion in the evening that fills every church to suffocation. (Mind! I do not say that I favor this part of the observance of Holy Week, though I must confess to have a weakness for whatever smacks of that dear, old, primitive, Catholic land.) Well, at the appointed hour the celebrant, with his assistants, proceeds to the Tomb, which is still resplendent with its countless lights, and recites a few prayers in unison with the congregation. He then intones the hymn "Christ is Risen." And just as the choir takes up the refrain, a dozen little fellows, who have been concealed goodness knows where, fall upon the wooden guards, upset them ignominiously, and beat them with their own spears; while at the same moment, by some mechanical contrivance, the figure of Our Lord is raised from the Tomb and is held suspended far above the heads of the people. Truly, the first time I witnessed this my breath left me,—and remained away for several seconds, too. But let us not be hypercritical; for we must bear in mind that, as in the case of the Passion-Play, what with us would be hideously theatrical and a profanation, with the simple, pious peasants of the Tyrol is oftentimes made a vehicle of good.

A learned Jesuit, with whom I spoke afterward anent this somewhat theatrical representation of the crowning miracle of our Redeemer, confessed that the priests greatly disapproved of it. "But," said he, "what can we do about it? It is part of the people's devotion. And if we attempted to do away with it too suddenly, they would declare that we were becoming lax in the performance of our duties; and, perhaps, with that as an argument, become lax themselves."

But at last comes glorious Easter, with that wealth of radiance and sunshine that it alone possesses of all the days in the year;—Easter so full of hope and joy and promise, when one is almost afraid to profane the food that is on the table by eating it; for it has just been brought from the church, after being duly blessed, after the pious custom of our forefathers. Yes, Lent, with its fruitful privations, has

passed away; and the gaily painted egg —in its frailty, fitting type of mortality; in its fecundity, glorious symbol of the Resurrection—that lies at every plate is another reminder that Easter has come again.

And as my paper fortunately permits, and I know the Rev. Editor will not object, let me wish THE "AVE MARIA" and all its friends all the joys and blessings of the holy Paschal season.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

VI.—THE STORY OF WILLIAM BODINE.

EVERYONE knows Bodine's planing factory, stair factory, mantel factory. They are the largest of the kind in the great manufacturing city of X——. The head of the firm, a prominent member of the Methodist Church, is distinguished for his large and generous charities. His name may be seen on all committees of investigation and amelioration of the condition of the indigent classes; he is also a large shareholder and director in various syndicates and bonded companies. His wife, too—a large, fair, blonde woman; a little overdressed, perhaps, and a trifle loud in speech,—is foremost in every good work, and has been especially prominent in connection with the Protestant Home for Aged Men and Women. To be sure, there have been whispers among the would-be four hundred of the metropolis that the Bodine family tree is but newly grafted, and a scrubby shoot at that; but people are often envious when their neighbors have made a success in life, even though outwardly maintaining the most friendly and sociable relations. One does not need to have lived in the world many years to have learned this.

At the Home of whose inmates these humble chronicles have essayed to relate some incidents it is customary for the old men to take an airing in a large park in the vicinity once or twice a week. I had often noticed an old man sitting alone on a bench in the yard, smoking his pipe in a contented, meditative way; yet with a half sad, half wistful expression that interested me. Subsequently I made his acquaintance, through the medium of a package of tobacco, one of many that had been given me by a generous friend for the poor old men. I discovered at once that he was English, and very soon afterward that he was not a Catholic, as he seldom or never attended Mass or Benediction.

One sunny morning in early spring I had met all those who were able sauntering down the road to the park, but found my new friend sitting in his accustomed place in the courtyard. After I had transacted my business with Sister Emilia, I said:

"Why does not that old Englishman ever go with the others to the park? He does not seem very feeble, but I have never seen him out walking."

"No, he is not too feeble," she replied; "yet far from strong. He must have been a fine specimen of manhood once; for he tells me he is past eighty." Then, after scanning me with her own peculiar, quizzical expression, a pleasant smile illumined her face as she continued: "He has a reason, which I believe he would tell you if you were to ask him. It is not mine to tell, though I know it. But you seem to have the gift of getting the confidence of the old people. Suppose you ask him, in a casual way, as you go out."

"Very well," I said. "I have already felt some curiosity about him. He seems so very decent and self-respecting; and I have wondered also why, being a Protestant, he did not make an effort to enter one of their homes for the aged."

"I believe a hundred dollars is required as entrance fee, recommendations also; and there are always many more applicants than there is room for. But our William had another good and sufficient reason.

Run away and ask him," said the Sister, as she left me at the foot of the steps. "He has a strange story he could tell you."

The Fates were propitious. William had just finished filling his pipe as I halted near the bench, and after a couple of strong pulls he said:

"Morning, ma'am. I always think of you when I take a pull at the pipe; for that tobacco you gave me was the best I've had since I came to the country. The pipe is a great comforter when one is sad, ma'am."

"I will have some more for you when that is gone," I said. "An invalid gentleman, who feels for the needs of his poorer friends, keeps me supplied with it."

"God bless him and you, ma'am!" he replied. "The world's not all hard and bad, after all; though there was a day, not long since, when I wouldn't have said it."

"But you are quite content in this pleasant home, are you not?"

"Yes, ma'am; more than content. Please God, I'll end my days here now."

"Why do you never go out walking with the rest?" I inquired, seating myself beside him.

Taking the pipe from his mouth, and looking at me from between half-shut lids, he paused a moment as if considering before he answered:

"I'm afeard, ma'am,—I'm afeard; and that proud that I wouldn't be seen for a thousand pounds; no, not if it was paid in hand."

"Afraid of what?" I asked. "Surely no one could have any reason for hurting an old man like you."

"You don't understand, ma'am," he said, becoming more excited with every word. "I'm afeard they'll find me, and I don't want them to. I want them to be uneasy. For her I don't care in the least; but I'd like *him* to be uneasy,—to feel that maybe he had my death at his door. I'm not a good Christian, ma'am; though in times past I thought I was among the best. I have a revengeful heart, ma'am; and I've never asked the Lord to change it."

He laid down the pipe that had been but now such a solace, and removed his hat to wipe the perspiration from his wrinkled face. The poor old hand trembled so violently that I took the handkerchief and wiped his forehead as gently as I could, sorry that I had unwittingly been the cause of so much pain.

"Don't go, ma'am," he said, pleadingly, —"don't go. I'll be over this presently, and then I shall be all right again. I'm bound to tell you the whole story, you've been so kind. But you'll not talk of it,—you're no talker?"

"You can trust me," I said. "Although a woman, I never talk for the sake of talk. And your story, whatever it is, will be safe with me—at least while you are living."

After restoring his pipe to its first condition by a few whiffs, he made me resume my seat beside him, and told me, as nearly as I can remember, the following strange, sad story:

"I know from the direction I've seen you come, and as they've told me you've lived long in these parts, that you have some knowledge of, perhaps acquaintance with, the family of Bodine—him that has the stair factory and so on."

"Yes," I replied. "I have met his wife once or twice, and I often see their names in the newspapers. They are very prominent people."

"So I've heard, ma'am; so I've heard. My name is Bodine,—William Bodine. The great B—— is my son."

"And you are here!" I exclaimed, involuntarily lifting my eyes to the tower of a massive stone residence, which could be faintly discerned through the trees that embowered it, though it was nearly a mile away.

The old man's glance followed me, and he looked in silence for a moment.

"Is that the place, ma'am?" he asked. "I've thought so many a time, though I

wasn't sure; never having seen the place but once, and that in a flash of lightning, as it were."

"Yes, that is it," I answered. "But how is it possible—"

"That's just what I'm going to tell you, ma'am. Forty years ago I was a journeyman carpenter at Leeds, with a fine family of girls about me. My wife was dead. There was only one lad; and he a bit wild, but a good workman. We were not very well off in the world's goods, but comfortable enough. Two of the girls were married to decent tradesmen; two of them worked at the milliner's trade; and Patty, the eldest, kept the house. 'Twas just before the Crimean War when my lad, with two others, heard strange tales of the pressgang; and as none of them cared for soldiering, one fine morning the three started for America. And, strange as it may seem, that was the last I heard of Willie for near forty years.

"Things went hard with me. I got the rheumatism in my left hand. My two fine girls died of the cholera. The married ones sailed for Australia, with their families, to better themselves; and the ship was never heard of again. Patty, the only one left, sickened after this, and went off in a decline. And so I lived from hand to mouth—a job here and a day there,—till my eyesight began to fail, and I saw nothing ahead of me but the workhouse. That is a terrible thing for an honest, decent man,—one, too, that was never beholden to any one for a shilling. Never a word came to me from over-seas; I made no doubt but my lad was dead and gone. I never thought he'd have deserted his old father like that; for when he was a boy he was very affectionate.

"One day, two years come this June, I carried a bag for a gentleman from one lodging to another. On the way he told me he was an American from this town. He asked me my name. I gave it to him in full as my father had me christened—William Cummis Bodine. 'Why,' said he, 'there's a rich fellow in our place at home with that very name! An Englishman too, I believe. I wonder if he's a relative? Such an odd name, you know.' I divined that minute that the man he spoke of was my own lad; but if he was rich, it wouldn't be me that would be the first to let a stranger know of the poverty of his poor old father. 'What trade does he follow, sir?' I asked. 'He is what we call a builder, and has window and stair factories besides.' I made sure from that, but was crafty enough to say nothing.

"As soon as I got back to my poor little place I wrote a letter to my lad, and after a month's time got an answer enclosing ten pounds. He had prospered well, he said, of late years; but in the beginning had met with many reverses, and was so discouraged that he could not write. Afterward he thought me dead.

"Oh, if I had only let well enough alone! I wrote back, asking him to send for me; that I wanted to see him once before I died, as he was all I had left in the world. When he answered that letter he told me to wait till spring, when he and his wife were coming over, and that they would take me back with them. This letter had a five-pound note. Crazy that I was, I wouldn't take the counsel of that good man the minister, who advised me to bide a little; but I feared that, old as I was and weakly, I should be dead before spring, and might never see my lad again. Says he: 'William, your son has lived forty years without seeking you: do not thrust yourself on him now. Wait till he comes over. And, more than that, how do you know what kind of a wife he has?' (This was when I told him my purpose of coming to America directly.) I would hear none of him, ma'am; but, after buying a few little things I needed, took steerage passage from Liverpool at once. I spent one day in New York, and reached this place with a couple of shillings in my pocket."

"And had you given your son no intimation of your coming?" I asked.

"None whatever, ma'am. I wanted to surprise him like," he said, with a bitter smile. "And I did; and he surprised me, too, I assure you.

"It was of a Saturday morning in late October, and I went to the factory—I had the address from the letters he wrote. He hadn't got down, the young fellow in the office said,—hadn't been there for a couple of days; was not feeling well. I asked for the address of his dwelling-place, which he gave kindly enough; remarking, though, that Mr. Bodine didn't like to be bothered that way. 'I promise you I shall not bother him,' said I; and went on my way rejoicing.

"The tram-cars, or street-cars as you call them here, took me most of the road. It was a long ride, and I hadn't had a bite that morning. When I found the place, with the name cut into the stone pillar of the gateway, I felt a bit flustered; for I had never imagined anything so fine for my lad. I went to the side door; a man servant opened it. I asked for the master. 'Sick,' said the lackey, short like that; and was about to shut the door in my face. A stout, handsome woman was passing through the hall.

"'What is it, my good man?' said she. 'Can I serve you in any way? Perhaps you are an applicant for admission to the Home for Aged Men. If so, I am sorry to say there are no vacancies at present.'

"I felt the red rise in my old cheek. 'No, ma'am,' said I. 'It is Mr. Bodine I want speech with. I have come many a mile, over land and sea, ma'am; and have longed for this day for forty years.'

"'An old family servant, perhaps,' said she, taking me by the hand. Then, giving a sharp look at the grinning footman, or whatever you may call him, beside her, she said, 'You may go, Hopkins.' Turning to me: 'Come into the library, and I will see if my husband can receive you.' She drew me into the room and shut the door fast. 'Old man,' said she, 'who are you?'

"'I am William Bodine's father,' said I, wishing myself back in England with every breath; for there were hatred and anger in the woman's eye, and there was no need to tell me she was my lad's wife.

"'Stay there!' she shrieked out, and went into the next room. I heard loud talking, the door opened and my lad came in. I knew him through all the changes of years.

"'Is it true?' she shouted,—'is it true?—is this old beggar your father?'

"'Yes, Amanda,' he said, trying to reach me; but she made a barrier of her hands.

"'William,' said I, 'what does it mean? Madam, I am no beggar.'

"'You are a shameful old wretch!' she said. 'I never heard of you before to-day. If you are his father, he will have to do something for you, no doubt; but in the meantime we shall have to hide you somewhere till we can dispose of you.'

"'Father,' said my boy, leaning against the door—he looked weak and ill,—'why did you not wait until the spring?'

"'So you did know of it, did you?' cried the woman. 'You haven't thought him dead all these years? Where shall I put you, old man, so that the servants may not know, until we can send you back?' And she tramped up and down the room like a mad woman.

"I was weak from fasting, and tired from my long journey; and I am a very old man, ma'am,—a very old man. But my blood was never hotter than at that moment, when I dashed the creature aside and strode up to my lad.

"'William,' said I, 'is that how it is to be? Are you ashamed of your old father?'

"'No,' he said,—'no, father; but it is awkward, and my wife never knew. Be quiet, and we will think about what is to be done.'

"With that I took up my stick. 'There is only one thing to be done,' I said. 'I was a poor fool, I know; but I am a man

again. May God forgive you—after He has punished you,' I said; 'but my face you will never see again!'

"Before either of them could speak, I rushed from the room. For indeed, ma'am, I was sore afeard they'd have me taken for a lunatic. I've read of such. I wandered up one road and down another all that day, eating a few beech nuts I found in the park. Toward nightfall I saw this place with the cross above it, and I knew they'd take me in if any one would. 'Twas lucky. An old man had died that day. I told the good Mother my story, and showed her the name in my hat, and on some of my linen. They sent to the station for my box, and here I've been ever since, happy and content. It's somewhat queer, though; I oftentimes study it over. I came from the dread of the poorhouse at home to the poorhouse here. But it's different: no one knows me."

"And what of your son?"

"Nothing, ma'am; only I never want them to find me, living or dead. I hope they think I've drowned myself, ma'am. I hope they're kept awake nights by the thought of me."

"And you will not allow the Sisters to make any sign?"

"I've told those good Sisters that the first wink they'd give, I was away to the lake in the park, ma'am,—as I would be," he said, with an air of grim determination that made me shiver. Then he added: "Living, a bite and sup, ma'am; dead, the Potter's Field,—that's all I ask. And I leave the Lord to do what He likes with those that left me this way. The Sisters won't betray me, never fear: I trust them. But I'll never put my feet out of this as long as they'll keep me, lest *they* should find out I was living. I want to torture them—hm! hm!"

The pipe was lying idly on the bench now, and the old man peered at me again through half-closed eyes, rubbing his hands together with a sort of savage glee.

"William," I said, after a pause, during which I was undecided whether or not to give him some information I possessed, "I think they have advertised for you—that they are still trying to find you. Your son, no doubt, is deeply sorry; and —and—perhaps I had better fetch you the daily paper."

"Do, ma'am, do!" said the old man, eagerly. "I'll be obliged to you."

"In the meantime try and get into a better frame of mind, and pray all you can. Do not let your last days be altogether clouded by this sad affair."

"I've heard many a preacher, ma'am, in my time," replied the old man, dryly; "and I'm old enough almost to be your grandfather. Only don't blab; and another bit of that fine tobacco when you come again, please. Why, bless your soul, I'm happy as the day is long!"

And so I left him. When I returned home I sought and found the advertisement referred to. It had appeared in the paper daily for months, and read as follows:

"If W. C. B., lately of Leeds, England, will communicate with his son, he will greatly relieve the mind of "W. C. B."

I took it to Sister Emilia, who laid it before the good Mother. After mature deliberation they decided that no one had any right to interfere without the permission of the old man. When I showed it to him, he seemed to gloat over it. He read it again and again, and asked permission to keep it. But my purpose entirely failed of its object. "I thought I could torture them," he said; "I *knew* I could." After that the subject was never renewed between us. We would talk together in a friendly way, and he often made room for me on the bench where he always sat, on fair days, smoking his briar-wood pipe.

But he grew feeble with the winter cold, and after the holidays took to his bed. When the Sisters became satisfied that he could not live much longer, they asked if he would have a minister. "No," he said. "Just ask that young priest that serves

here to step in of a morning and pray the Lord's Prayer with me."

The obliging Father spent several half hours with the old man after this; and on one occasion left him a crucifix, which he kept about him until the end.

One day, toward the close of Lent, Sister Emilia asked him if he would not allow her to send for his son.

"You know, William," she remarked gently, "you wish to die at peace with all mankind; and Christ on the Cross forgave His enemies."

He deliberated for a while, and thus replied: "Well, yes, Sister—for the lad's sake though, not mine. Send for him in the morning."

When Sister Emilia went to his bedside at the dawn of day, she found he had died peacefully in the night, without disturbing any one about him.

Released from their promise of secrecy by the permission of the day before, the Little Sisters sent at once to his son. What occurred I never inquired, but I know that an overflowing hamper goes from the stone house on the hill to the Home at Christmas-time; that on the annual list of contributions to the work of the Little Sisters there is always a cheque for one hundred dollars signed, "William Cummis Bodine"; also that on the large monument in the Bodine lot, in one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the land, are traced these lines: "William Cummis Bodine, Sr. Died 18—, full of good deeds and virtues, in the eighty-fourth year of his age."

Tardy reparation perhaps, yet who shall say unacceptable to the Almighty?

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning, an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow.*

The Legend of the Repentant Thief.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

WEARY and worn with desert dust and heat,
The Virgin Mother vainly sighed for rest;
The burning sands had scorched her tender feet,
The Babe moaned faintly on her shelt'ring breast;
St. Joseph placed her on his faithful beast,
Offering the pain as consecrated priest.

At last their eyes espy the sight they crave—
A green oasis in the desert waste,
And kindly palm-trees that inviting wave;
Thither, renewed in strength and hope, they haste,
And seek a shelter in the lowly spot,
By God remembered, though by man forgot.

Another mother there doth soothe her child,
Whose tiny limbs with leprosy are white.
She looks upon the stranger's beauty mild,
And hopes for mercy in the gracious sight.
Quick brings she water that her guest may lave
Her blessed Babe, that hath the power to save.

Her child was but a robber's infant son,
But mother-love knows not such thought to heed.
When the Maid-Mother's loving task was done,
She seized the water, praying in her need;
She plunged her babe where Jesus had been laid,
And, lo! her child was healed as she had prayed.

Their strength renewed, refreshed by food and rest,
The Holy Family went on their way;
The burning sun, low sinking in the west,
Enfolds the Mother in its last bright ray;
The robber matron, with a grateful heart,
Holds her fair boy, and watches them depart.

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On Calvary, beneath a dark'ning sky,
Once more the Mother stands beside her Son;
Upon His right hand, waiting too to die,
Hangs a poor thief, whose sands are almost run.

"Lord," breaks his voice upon the heavy air,
"Entering Thy kingdom, oh, receive me there!"

Backward the thirty years then seem to roll:
Mary once more doth see the desert isle;
Saved then in body, now he craves his soul,
That robber's son. And almost doth she smile
As Jesus speaks: "Take heart, 'tis well with thee:
To-day thou enterest Paradise with Me."

For Daily Bread.

FROM THE POLISH OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, BY C. O'CONOR-ECCLES.

(CONTINUED.)

ON the way Lorenz and Marysia met a procession of wagons going toward the harbor. In Water Street there was as yet but little life; people were issuing from their open doorways and hastening to their daily employment.

At one of these doors stood a tall, elderly gentleman, with a young lad by his side. As he saw the pair in their Polish costume he shrugged his shoulders; his face expressed astonishment, then he looked more closely and smiled. A human countenance in New York that smiled kindly at them was for the poor wanderers a marvel. Almost magical it seemed, and both were astonished at this glance.

Meantime the gentleman approached them, and asked in the purest Polish:

"How have you people come here?"

They were thunderstruck. The peasant, instead of answering, became white as a sheet, tottered as if about to fall, and could scarcely believe his ears. Marysia, who was the first to recover, fell at the feet of the stranger and embraced them in Polish fashion, as she cried:

"We are from Posen, honored sir,—from near Posen."

"What are you doing here?"

"We are living here in hunger, want and misery, good sir." And Marysia's voice broke.

Lorenz also threw himself at the gentleman's feet, kissed the hem of his coat, and held him as if he had dropped from heaven. This was a gentleman; and, moreover, a gentleman who would not let them die of hunger, but would deliver them.

The young fellow who was with the elder man stared in wonder. The people about stood open-mouthed to see one man kneeling before another and kissing his feet. In America, above all places, this is not customary. The old gentleman, however, cried angrily to the on-lookers:

"This is no affair of yours! Go about your business, please!" Then he turned to Lorenz and Marysia. "We'll not stay here in the street. Come with me."

He led them to the nearest hotel, asked for a private apartment, and shut himself in with the lad and them. They wanted again to fall at his feet, but he would not let them, and exclaimed:

"Make an end of all this stuff. Are we not from the same place, and children of the same mother?" Here the smoke of his cigar evidently got into his eyes; for he rubbed them with the back of his hand. Then he asked:

"Are you hungry?"

"For two days we have eaten nothing; to-day for the first time we found a little food by the water-side."

"William," he said to the lad, "let them have something to eat." Then he went on to ask:

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere, your honor."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"By the water-side."

"How was that?—were you turned out of your lodgings?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Have you nothing but what is on your back?"

"Nothing, your honor."

"And no money?"

"Not a farthing."

"And what is to become of you?"

"We don't know ourselves."

The old gentleman asked all this as hastily as if he were out of temper. Then he turned suddenly to Marysia:

"How old are you, girl?"

"I shall be eighteen on the Feast of the Assumption."

"And have already suffered so much!"

She did not answer, but curtsied humbly.

Again the smoke got into the eyes of the kind-hearted stranger.

Beer and hot meat were now brought in. The old gentleman ordered them to fall to, and called them foolish when they hesitated to do so in his presence. Despite his rough manner, he seemed to them like an angel from heaven. While they ate he took pleasure in watching them, then made them tell how they had come there, and what had induced them to emigrate. Lorenz hid nothing from him, but confessed all as if to a priest. The old gentleman was rather cross, and scolded him all the time. When Lorenz told him how he wanted to throw Marysia into the water, he cried:

"If you had, I'd have broken every bone in your body." And, turning to Marysia, he continued:

"Come here, girl."

When she drew near, he took her head in both his hands, kissed her on the forehead, reflected a moment, and then said:

"You have known great adversity; but this is a fine country, though one must know how to help himself."

Lorenz stared at him astonished. This distinguished and prudent gentleman actually said America was a fine country!

"So it is, you poor rascal!" the latter went on, as he noted the peasant's surprise,—"this *is* a fine country. When I came here, I had nothing: now I can make my bread. But you peasants should stick to your land instead of flying all round the world. If you emigrate, who is to stay behind? You are of no use here. It is easy to come, but it is hard to get back." After a pause he went on, as if speaking to himself: "More than forty years have I been here, and one almost forgets the old country after such a lapse of time; but the longing for it one never loses. My William here must go back, must learn to know the land where his forefathers lived. See, that is my son," said he to Lorenz. "Then, William," he added, "you will bring me a handful of earth from home. You will lay it under my head in the coffin."

"Yes, father," replied the youth.

"And on my breast, William,—here on my breast."

"Yes, father."

Again the smoke got into his eyes. They grew dim. Then he went on, angrily: "The rascal understands Polish perfectly well, but he prefers to speak English. So it has to be here. Whoever succeeds here is lost forever to his own country. Go, my son, tell your sister that we have visitors coming to spend the evening and the night."

The youth hurried away.

For a long time the old gentleman sat as if deep in thought. "Shall I send them back?" he mused. "That would be very expensive, and what use would it be? Whatever they possessed they sold; they would be beggars. And the girl at service! God knows what might become of her. As they are here, one must try to get them work, and send them to some settlement. The girl will soon find a husband, and both he and she will earn their bread. If they like to go back after a time, they can take the father with them." At last he turned and spoke aloud to Lorenz:

"Have you already heard of our settlement here?"

"No, your honor."

"But how on earth, good people, did you venture to come? As God is above me, you were bound to go to destruction.

In Chicago there are already twenty thousand like you; in Milwaukee as many; in Detroit and Buffalo the same. There they work in the factories: peasants should till the ground. On the plains of Nebraska they are now founding a New Posen; that is, however, very far away, and the fare too dear. Panna Marya in Texas is almost as far. The best place for you will be Borowina; the more so as I shall be able to get free passes for you, so that what I put in your hand you can spend on housekeeping."

After a pause for further consideration he continued, suddenly: "Listen. Now they are just making a new settlement—Borowina in Arkansas. That is a fine, warm country, almost entirely waste and empty. There you will get a bit of land and wood from the Government—about one hundred and sixty acres,—and the railway journey for nothing, or at most for very little. Do you understand? Whatever you will require for housekeeping I will give you, and also your tickets; for that I can do. You will go by rail to the town of Little Rock. There you will find wagons for the rest of the journey, and I will give you letters. I will gladly help you; for I am your brother. I pity the girl far more than you, old man,—do you understand? Thank God that you met me."

Then he turned and said, in a softer voice, to Marysia: "Here, my child, take my card; keep it safely; and if ever you are in want and misery, if ever you feel yourself isolated and defenceless in the world, seek me out. You are a poor child, but a good one. If I am then no more, my William will help you. But do not lose the card. Now come with me."

On the way he bought them linen and clothes, then brought them to his house and received them as guests. They were all kind people there; for William and his sister Jenny regarded them as relatives. Master William even treated Marysia like a lady, which greatly confused her.

In the evening came some friends of Jenny, who were gentle and refined, and elegantly dressed. They placed Marysia in their midst, admired her pallor, her beauty, and her flaxen hair; and laughed aloud as she respectfully bowed to the ground before them, embraced their feet and kissed their hands. The old gentleman moved about amongst the young people, shaking his white head, growling angrily to himself, partly in English, partly in Polish, and conversing with Marysia and Lorenz about the distant fatherland. He melted at old recollections, and secretly wiped his eyes more than once. The cigar smoke no doubt had got into them again.

The third day Lorenz and his daughter began their journey to Little Rock. The peasant fingered one hundred dollars in his pocket, and had long since forgotten all his misery. Marysia felt the Hand of God over her, and believed trustingly that this Hand would not allow her to perish; that it had drawn her out of misery, would guide Yasko to America, protect both of them, and in the end bring them back safe to Lipinska.

Meanwhile, through the carriage windows, she saw towns and country farms fly past. Here again all was different from New York: far and wide nothing but fields and woods, little houses overshadowed by trees, green meadows and waving cornfields—just as at home in far-away Poland.

Lorenz's heart leaped at the sight, so that he could have sung: "Hurrah for the woods and the green fields!" In the meadows oxen and sheep were grazing; in the forests they saw woodcutters with axes. The train puffed on farther and farther. By degrees the neighborhood became more sparsely inhabited. The farms disappeared, and a desolate steppe stretched out before them. Only grass waved, only flowers fluttered in the wind; now and then, in windings like golden ribbons, might be seen yellow tracks on which wagons had once been driven. High shrubs, such as thistles and wild cotton, lowered their heads as if

to greet the travellers. Eagles swept on mighty pinions over the steppe, and looked greedily for prey. But onward, ever onward, went the train, as if to fly to where this steppe disappeared from sight and seemed to melt into the sky. From the windows of the train one could see troops of hares and field-mice, and now and then a deer. Nowhere was visible a church tower, a town, a village, or even a house except the stations; between these and all round, not a living soul. Lorenz remarked this, and shook his head, as if he could not understand how so much splendid land should lie fallow.

Thus a day and night passed. Next morning they reached the woods, where trees and climbing plants as large as a man's arm formed such a thicket that one could only penetrate it by means of an axe. Strange birds flitted through the primeval forest. Many a time, too, there sprang from the mossy ground riders with feathers on their heads and faces as red as plates of copper. As Lorenz saw all this—these woods, these bare steppes, these unknown wonders and strange beings,—he could no longer contain himself, and spoke:

"Marysia."

"What is it, daddy?"

"Do you see?"

"Yes, I see."

"And are you astonished?"

"Yes."

At last they crossed a river thrice as broad as the Wartha, which they learned later was called the Mississippi; and in the middle of a pitch-dark night they reached Little Rock. Here they were to ask the way to Borowina. They were now abandoned in a moment. The second part of their pilgrimage for daily bread was ended. The third was to be in the woods, amidst the clang of axes and the hardships of a settler's life. Whether it will be marked by fewer tears, less sorrow and distress, the reader may soon learn.

(To be continued.)

Traces of Travel.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—THE LOCHS AND THE TROSACHS.

A BRIEF ride by rail from Glasgow brings one to the shore of Loch Lomond, the "Queen of the Scottish Lakes." The train runs unto Balloch Pier, abreast of the jaunty little steamer that plies up and down the lake among a hundred islands, touching here and there at small hamlets, that grow suddenly gay during the short summer season, and then as suddenly relapse into their long winter sleep. Loch Lomond! Dear old Kit North has chanted its praises in one of his poetical prose rhapsodies: "Sealike indeed it is—a mediterranean sea,—and these are the Fortunate Isles." Sir Walter Scott seconds the enthusiasm of the most enthusiastic of Scotch writers. And there is not a Scot of them all but adores the classic waters; and with reason, as any honest tourist must admit.

Thirty miles in length and ten in breadth, though it narrows to a single mile in some parts of it; sprinkled with islands of every conceivable description; surrounded by grand and gloomy mountains, grander for their gloom,—Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and others of that large family, some of them three thousand feet in height; its shores presenting every variety of romantic and savage beauty; its beauty heightened by cloud-effects that are forever changing; its fame associated with the adventures of Rob Roy and Robert Bruce; the theme of many a ballad by Scott and Wordsworth and a choir of nameless poets,—ah! Loch Lomond, with all that pertains to it, possesses an irresistible charm that no one can escape.

Cruising over the lake, which was anciently famed for three local phenomena—

"waves without wind, fish without fin, and a floating island,"—one naturally inquires for these celebrities. The waves without wind prove to be the ripples that follow the current down the lake and play along the lower shores; the fish without fin are thought to be the vipers that sometimes swim across from one shore to the other. As for the floating island, it was long ago drowned by the increase of the water in the lake; if it ever really floated, it must have sprung a leak. There are ruins of houses still visible beneath the water, a hundred yards from shore, in Camstradden Bay; and there are other evidences of a gradual and permanent rise in the tide.

The steamer almost grazes some of the delightful islands, sending long rollers tumbling up among the rocks, and awaking echoes that mock the plash of our paddle wheels. At Inch-Cailliach (the Island of Women) there was once a nunnery, but the nuns have all withdrawn to their dark cells under the sod; there is nothing but the graveyard left to tell the tale,—a graveyard choked with weeds and ivy, the burial-ground of the MacGregors. Inch-Tavanach (the Monks' Isle) has fared no better.

There is one island sadder than all the others—Inch-Lonaig. (You know *inch* is the Gaelic for island; but as for *lonaig*, I give it up,—it isn't down in my pocket-dictionary.) Until 1820 this island was used as a retreat for drunken wives. Their husbands—who were of course sober at the time—were wont to land them on the island, with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of cold water, for mercy's sake; and there they were held captive until each forgiving lord chose to take pity on his repentant spouse. Many of the islands were found convenient for the detention of troublesome relatives; and not one of them all but might tell a startling tale, if only we could interpret the tongues i' the trees that burden every zephyr with mysterious messages. At Inch-Cruin there was an asylum for the insane; Christopher North called it the Island of the Afflicted.

The times have changed of late. All these fairy haunts are now used as deer parks or picnic grounds. A fellow feels like sighing as he marks the glitter of the rifled sardine can, and the shell of the late hard-boiled egg; and thinks of the old days when monks and nuns and all the companies of gentle recluses paced each their several isle, secret and secure I trust —for people didn't seem to know how to swim in those days, and there were no ferries to speak of.

At Inversnaid there is a waterfall, with the customary hotel attachment. Steep mountains tower over the roof of the latter. A million gnats swarm out of the currant bushes by the garden wall, and cast a shadow on the Arcadian scene. Across the water other mountains *pose* handsomely, and change color in the lovely twilight. It becomes necessary to eat and sleep somewhere, why not at Inversnaid? One naturally drops off as soon as his interest begins to flag; and, then, the waterfall is a considerable attraction, inasmuch as Wordsworth has sung its praises. I asked for the "sweet Highland girl" of the poem; but find she married after W. W. had established her reputation, and left the waterfall to carry on the business alone.

Small boats steam up and down the lake. A coach comes rattling down the mountain road laden with professional tourists. Two or three dusty pedestrians, in knickerbockers and with knapsacks on their shoulders, join us. The twilight deepens, so do the gnats. We lounge about in the rustic ravine above the waterfall, and surprise one another in various stages of sentimental imbecility. We smoke, and beat the air wildly to make room for the smoke to escape. It is eleven p.m., and not yet dark. How long the twilight lingers in the Northland! I see pairs of people among the currant bushes: does one gather

berries at this hour, I wonder?—or do *two*, for that matter? Somebody, inspired by the beauty of the hour, attempts to sing; but gets stopped up with midgets. We begin to yawn audibly, careless of what the world may think of us; then, one after another, we rise and retire without saying "good-night" to anybody, quite as if the general sleepiness were a profound secret. But, oh, how that little waterfall sings of a summer night at Inversnaid!

Lochs are lakes, and lakes are very much alike. If there is anything prettier than Loch Lomond it is Loch Katrine,—smaller, daintier, even more picturesque; and, moreover, every ripple that falls upon its dreamy shore seems to rhyme with some couplet of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The approach is like a prelude. You come from Loch Lomond by a road that winds over the rugged highlands, past Loch Arklet alone in its rocky bed, and so down through the meadows, purple with heather, to the wooded shores of Loch Katrine.

Now here we are in the very midst of that delightful poem. We gather on the narrow deck, studying out every rock and tree, the living illustration of the truth of Scott's graphic pictures. The lake grows as we voyage; it is like a winding river, along whose banks the brilliant and variegated foliage trails its boughs in the placid stream. Water-fowl dart out before us, and wing their way across our prow; half-swimming and half-flying, they leave a long wake upon the glassy tide.

We all greet Ellen's Isle with speechless rapture. Probably there is not one of us but tries to picture the heroic Ellen as she, followed by the faithful hounds, bears the Knight of Snowdon to those delicious shores.

The landing at the Trosachs is a sensation such as one seldom receives in this practical age. You pass under a thatched roof, along a rustic bridge that is hidden away under a rocky ledge. On one hand a tapestry of ferns is dripping with spring water; on the other spreads the translucent lake, now narrowed to a mere rivulet; above you is a tropical roof of rushes, supported by light beams of wood that have not yet been stripped of their moss-covered bark.

We are at the mouth of the Trosachs. There are but two living beings to receive us,—two old Highlanders, who help to make the *Rob Roy* fast to the trees, and then assist in getting us well bestowed in three coaches that are to bear us on our way. Those old Highlanders talk to one another in Gaelic; they speak to us in Scotch so broad that we are lost in it.

The top of Loch Katrine is like a scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." You drift into it and out of it as if you were an involuntary actor in a pantomime. When daylight is so seductive, what may not moonlight be! It was from this point Scott wandered away into the realm of poesy, the secrets of which even the poet can not make wholly intelligible to the world. Let the charmer charm never so wisely, it is but the faint echo that he interprets to us,—the faintest echo of the song that is in his soul.

The United Kingdom rings with the fame of the Trosachs—a ravine, a wilderness of rocks and foliage, "totally unexampled, it is supposed, in the world," saith the guide-book. It is but a mile through the Trosachs; and a single mile of tragic scenery—be it never so tragic—can hardly hope to escape rivalry in some part of the globe. Had the British poets not struck their harps with such confidence and almost exhausted their vocabularies in praise of this one glen, I believe many a traveller would thread it without special wonder. It was here the Dermids and the Clan Alpin met in fierce combat. Out of this wilderness of birch, hawthorn, and oak tower the abrupt cliffs, and beyond their frowning brows the mountains lift their hoary heads crowned with sunlight. It is all very beautiful and very impressive while it lasts; but before we have fairly

begun to realize it, our coaches wheel out into the open country—and one of the great sensations of Scotland, and indeed of the United Kingdom, is at an end.

Highlanders are here, lost in admiration of the Trosachs, and looking very much as if they were a part of the landscape. Local worshippers at the shrine of Nature challenge the enthusiasm of the foreigner, who is usually too considerate to make odious comparisons. If the Trosachs may not be called an anti-climax, there is certainly nothing after it worth special mention,—nothing that appeals to us in any shape all the way down to Edinburgh.

As for myself, I begin to feel a little uncomfortable, and to wish that the crisis had not come so soon. To be sure we see the "Brig o' Turk," where the Knight of Snowdon outstripped his attendants; and a lake or two haunted of fairies—by the shore of one of them the hermit monk foretold the doom of Roderick Dhu,—and these are pretty enough, as all Scotch lakes are sure to be.

Then come the heathery moors and meadows, the lawns and streams; cottages, herds of sheep with shepherds in their plaids—the land and the outlook growing more and more commonplace until we reach Callander, which is the acme of stupidity. But there is consolation even here; for we get a bite of luncheon that serves to fill the aching void one is sure to feel after a season of emotion; and, moreover, we take train for *elsewhere*—always a pleasant feature in an unsettled life.

For some hours fellow-tourists have been hobnobbing with us amicably; we have encouraged one another in all sorts of extravagances. Together we braved the lakes; together swarmed on the tops of the high coaches, basking in the effulgence of pompous drivers clad in radiant scarlet, and wearing white hats with broad bands of gold. There was a degree of style in all this that kept us in a lively humor so long as it lasted; but at Callander we quietly and cautiously dropped one another's acquaintance, sought the first, second or third class "carriages," according to our preferences, and scattered in a dozen different directions, just as if there had been a social explosion in our midst.

These are daily, almost hourly, experiences; yet somehow they never cease to divert me; and wherever I meet a familiar face nowadays, I always feel like taking it by the chin and saying, "Where have I met you, old fellow?" But I don't do it; I merely cut the owner of that face, and go my way, chuckling under my breath as if it were a capital joke.

Do you know that you can leave Glasgow or Edinburgh in the morning, go through the whole round of experiences hinted at in this letter, and return to either city on the evening of the selfsame day? That is, you can do it if you want to; but it is much better to tarry a night or two by the wayside. For so sure as you rush it, you will feel that you are getting altogether too much for the money.

(To be continued.)

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

CONCERNING A CATHOLIC DAILY.

THE article in THE "AVE MARIA" of last week on the subject of a daily paper is full of "meat." It ought to create general interest. I do not accept one or two suggestions made in it; but the writer of it is sufficiently tolerant to allow for differences of opinion, if one accepts his main argument,—which is a burning desire for the diffusing of the highest Christian principles.

There ought not to be two opinions about the need of a daily, edited by Catholics, in certain localities. Mr. George

Parsons Lathrop recently showed how helpless the sub-editor or reporter is on a daily paper controlled by non-religious or anti-religious or anti-Catholic capital,—for the control of a daily paper is largely a question of money. The man that has the most stock in the concern holds the power. Special merit may weigh with him. Mr. John Hassard's influence on the New York *Tribune* was great in many directions; but if a crisis arose, for instance, such as in England brought out Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on Catholic citizenship and Cardinal Newman's rejoinder, who imagines that Mr. Hassard's influence would in any measure have moulded the policy of the *Tribune?* He would have been as powerless as Richard Doyle was when the London *Punch* attacked the Pope. Doyle's only resource was to resign, which, to his honor, he did.

In Philadelphia and Baltimore, Catholic daily papers are not needed. The faith is well protected there. Mr. Child's *Public Ledger* and Mr. Abel's *Sun* are ideal daily papers. They represent Catholics as fairly as possible; and none of those faction fights which sometimes bring discredit on us in the columns of our own papers ever get into their pages. As to the weeklies, the *Catholic Standard*, of Philadelphia, has only one blot on its reputation: it has never made a mistake. Once, in another consulate, it was supposed to have made a political mistake; but years have shown that the one presumed mistake was based on sound principles and the result of the wisest foresight; so that the only time it was put in the wrong it was wholly in the right. As to Baltimore, it has the *Mirror*, under the direct jurisdiction of the Cardinal; and what could be better?

There are other cities where the weekly papers are good and sound and well conducted—so far as great good-will and small capital will permit them to be,—but where the principles and morals of the Catholic populations are undermined by a licentious and often bigoted press. Between licentiousness and bigotry, give us by all means bigotry. Are some of our young people coming to think lightly about the marriage-tie? Are they ready to find sentimental reasons for divorce, and to wonder why it and the secret societies are condemned so rigorously?—both, in their opinion, being necessary to society. Read the superficial, principleless editorial paragraphs, or the leaders themselves, in the weekday or Sunday paper, and see the reasons. And what corrective are we offering to this? Generally a weekly paper, written by one man, with the scissors as sub-editor and local reporter, who, poorly paid, sacrifices his life to the grinding of the same old tunes out of his mental hand-organ. The *modus* was formerly something like this: First week in January, "Attack Round Dances"; second, "Horrors of the Public School"; third, "Wickedness of People who do not Pay their Pew Rents"; fourth (dry week), "Pitch into King Humbert." Item: Fill in all space with Fra Burke's sermons. All that is changed now.

And why is the man overworked so that he gets into a wretched routine, and why do many Catholic papers struggle so that they lose their vitality and influence? Not because there are too many of them, but because there are too many started with insufficient capital. The Methodists understand all this better than we do; and they know, too, the incalculable value of brains and printer's ink. Let me quote this pregnant paragraph from a recent letter of Bishop Merrill to the public at large:

"The publishing department of the Methodist Episcopal Church is perhaps the most powerful evangelizing agency on the continent. The literary work is something immense. The two publishing houses in New York and Cincinnati control capital to the amount of nearly $3,000,000, and the net profits of the past year exceeded $290,000. Of this amount the sum of $120,000 was distributed among the annual conferences to assist in the support of superannuated preachers."

Surely it is not beneath our dignity to take this lesson to heart. If John Wesley

had not borrowed the idea of the Sunday-school from St. Charles Borromeo, and the revival from the Catholic mission, the denomination he created would mean nothing. And we may return the compliment by pondering over that paragraph in Bishop Merrill's letter. What general provision have we for superannuated priests? We have local arrangements, for which the clergy pay; but what would become of them if they depended on the profits of our publishing houses?

The obstacle in the way of a Catholic daily and the production and diffusion of good literature lies not with the people, but in the lack of that interest, harmony, and common-sense among leaders, who will not see that capital is needed to control and nourish brains.

The Observance of Good-Friday.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—Among the Notes and Remarks of your number of April 11 of last year are these words: "It is a pleasure to note that the movement in favor of the suspension of business on Good-Friday is gaining ground among non-Catholics in this country. There is reason to hope that this most solemn day of the Christian year may yet be universally observed."

At first sight this may seem to be a cause for gratification to Catholics; but allow me to suggest that a deeper consideration of the question awakens serious doubt whether there be not greater cause for regret. Could we feel assured that "a suspension of business" would lead to the universal, or even general, observance of that "most solemn day" as a *religious one*, then indeed there would be reason to rejoice; but would a suspension of business produce that result? There is only one way by which we may judge, and that is by considering how all the other public days are kept in our country. A general suspension of business can only be effected by some public statute. It must be made a public holiday by law. Now, what follows when that is the case? The very contrary to that which we desire when, at first thought, in the fulness of our respect and veneration for the "solemn day," we wish to see it generally observed. To suspend business means to set free thousands and thousands of people who are eager for a holiday: it means, at least for the time, emancipation from labor and an opportunity for pleasure.

Look at our public holidays generally—our Thanksgiving Day, our Fast Day, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, and even Christmas. To how many do they suggest anything but relaxation and enjoyment? There are sacred thoughts associated with some of them, for they were established with such thoughts in view; but what have they become to the masses, especially in our large cities and towns? Only *holi*days, not *holy*days. The theatres are opened for double and triple representations; concerts, picnics, excursions, and all kinds of amusements, are multiplied in proportion to the greater popular demand. Crowds of idlers and sight-seers throng our streets, and the railroads bring scores of country cousins to share in the general bustle and jostle of the cities. Diversion is the order of the day; and often there are disorders—intemperance and other evils—associated with it. Such are the inevitable and regrettable adjuncts of all popular recreations and holidays.

Would such a public observance befit the "most solemn day" of the year? Is not the mere suggestion almost a sacrilege? Fancy how incongruous and out of harmony with our better human feelings it would be, at every recurring anniversary of the death of a darling mother, to invite our kinsfolk and friends to a splendid banquet, and to pass the evening with music and dancing, instead of asking them to unite in our Masses and prayers for the departed soul of her we love? Is not the mournful commemoration of Our Lord's crucifixion a far more sacred occasion,—one from which should be eliminated every suggestion of pleasure,—a day for tears and supplications for mercy and pardon for our sins? And yet, though ostensibly to suspend business would mean respect for Good-Friday, it would tend ultimately to destroy the sacred and awful character of the day. Our Lord's sufferings and death would be forgotten amid the joys of a public feast-day. It would seem better to keep *this one day at least* for the silence of our churches, and save it from profanation. Those who favor the movement to have the State recognize and sanction it, should remember that religion does not come within the province of our law-makers; and unless they could cause Good-Friday to be surrounded by more restraints than, alas! are now accorded in some places even to the Sunday observance, their touch would pollute instead of sanctifying it.

We do not conjecture, we *know*, what suspension of business has done for other days, and should hardly welcome such honor to the day we feel to be so holy. While the better feeling for the observance of Good-Friday may be gaining ground among non-Catholics and cause us to rejoice, we should not lose sight of the fact that the good sentiment which inspires *many* with a desire to show respect is only sentiment after all; and even were it something deeper and more practical, it can not bring the *masses* of the people to that true conception of religious feeling which should alone exist.

It would be interesting to know what our Right Rev. Bishops think of this movement. If not too conceited a thought, we would hazard the opinion

that few if any of them would favor a movement to make Good-Friday a public holiday, even if it were sheltered behind the misnomer of *a State fast-day*.

Would it not be well, therefore, to consider more carefully how great is the danger of profanation before giving encouragement to what otherwise, and at first thought, is so in harmony with our best Catholic instincts? And would not the quiet commemoration now prevalent among devout believers be a more acceptable and respectful one than the universal but far from religious observance which accompanies a State holiday with suspension of business?

M. A. T.

It seems to us that the arguments of our esteemed correspondent would militate as well against the observance of Sunday. Shall it be said that because some profane a holyday it should not be publicly observed? It is a great mark of respect for a day when an American suspends business on it; and we think the religious sentiment of our people would render the observance of a day like Good-Friday all that could reasonably be hoped. A national protest of allegiance to Christ would go far to arrest the spread of infidelity. The world is deluged with crime, because it has lost sight of Calvary. The observance of Good-Friday would be a reminder of Christ, and would emphasize the lessons of the Cross. The day, we think, would not be suggestive of pleasure or relaxation to any one to whom it was suggestive of anything at all. Time was when Christmas and Easter were days unknown among non-Catholics in this country, and when the observance of them was considered Popish superstition. They are not observed outside of the Church as we should wish to have them; still, a little honor paid to them is better than none at all. We rejoice to see a step in any direction toward external conformity with the usages of the one true Church of Christ.

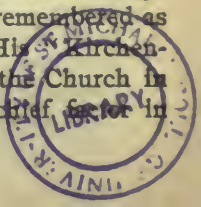
One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.—*Newman.*

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most important exhibits promised for the great Columbian Exposition, or World's Fair, in Chicago, is the original map of the New Continent made after the discovery. This is the map upon which much geographical interest is now centred, inasmuch as it shows the line of "demarcation" drawn by Pope Alexander VI. to settle the claims of Spain and Portugal. But two other maps were made, more correct in detail and outline, of which the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Howley writes in a late number of the *Weekly Review*. These maps are kept, not in the Vatican, as stated by the press, but in the Borgian Museum, Rome; and the great Ribero map is not the one upon which the supreme Pontiff *sua manu* drew the line. Mgr. Howley says very aptly in regard to the action of the Pope: "It is only natural to expect that many flippant writers, who do not properly gauge the temper of those past times, rail against Pope Alexander VI. for his arrogance and preposterous assumption in daring to slice out the world piecemeal to those imperial and regal potentates. But we must accept facts; and it is a fact that up to the time of the Reformation this arbitrating power was not only exercised by the Popes, but acknowledged and invoked by sovereigns and kings."

In explaining his address to the Mormons, President Eliot, of Harvard University, is quoted as having said: "I am not a Roman Catholic, for example; but I would not deny the Roman Catholics or any other sect their rights." A gentleman occupying the distinguished position of Mr. Eliot should be more precise in his language. Catholicism is no more a sect than a tree is a branch.

Professor Joseph Mohr, whose death occurred recently in Munich, was well known in Europe as a priest and pulpit orator, as a writer in the public press, and as a college professor; but he will be best remembered as a promoter of church-music. His "Kirchenlieder," or German hymns of the Church in the vernacular, has been the chief factor in



the improvement which for some time past has been observable in the matter of congregational singing in many parts of Germany. He compiled a number of other good hymn-books, one of which has gone through twenty-three editions; but his chief work in this field is the "Psaelterlein," or "The Little Psalter." This crowning effort of his life was hailed with delight by the musical world, and received the unqualified praise of the best German musicians. Father Mohr was publishing an edition, for the organ, of his "Psaelterlein" when he succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. *R. I. P.*

News that has been or will be read with joy by millions of devout Catholics throughout the world is given in the Lenten pastoral of Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin. He states that "proceedings have been commenced for the canonization of our heroic fellow-countrymen who gloriously suffered death for the faith in Ireland in the days of persecution." The proceedings now in progress will be concerned with some hundreds of cases, each of which must be individually dealt with. Years, of course, must elapse before an authoritative decision of the Church can be pronounced on these candidates; but it is gratifying to know that the initial steps have been taken, and that the old-time "Island of Saints and Sages," whose every foot of soil may be said to have drunk the blood of martyrs, is to see her religious glory revive in the highest of honors paid to her children.

In the current issue of the *North American Review*, Cardinal Gibbons has a paper on "Patriotism and Politics," in the course of which he inveighs strongly against an evil on which we commented recently in these columns. "Let the buyers and sellers of votes," says His Eminence, "be declared infamous; for they are trading in our American birthright. Let them be cast forth from the pale of American citizenship and be treated as outlaws.... I hold that the man who undermines our elective system is only less criminal than the traitor who fights against his country with the foreign invader." Not until public teachers and preachers shall have succeeded in imbuing the body politic with these and kindred sentiments, will one of the greatest dangers that menace the permanency of American institutions be removed. The trouble with patriotism and politics in this country seems to be that they are too often divorced. There are too many patriots who contemn politics, and an innumerable throng of politicians in whose vocabulary patriotism and egotism are synonymous terms.

In connection with the foregoing paragraph, the following words of Cardinal Newman on the clergyman's interest in politics may prove interesting reading:

"A more difficult duty is that of passing judgment (as a Christian man is often bound to do) on events of the day and public men. It becomes his duty, in proportion as he has station and influence in the community, in order that he may persuade others to think as he does. Above all, clergymen are bound to form and pronounce an opinion. It is sometimes said, in familiar language, that a clergyman should have nothing to do with politics. This is true, if it be meant that he should not aim at secular objects, should not side with a political party as such, should not be ambitious of popular applause or the favor of great men, should not take pleasure and lose time in business of this world, should not be covetous. But if it mean that he should not express an opinion and exert an influence one way rather than another, it is plainly unscriptural."

Those who are fortunate enough to be in Florence on Holy Saturday may witness the famous ceremony of the Scoppio del Carro, which is as ancient as it is dear to the hearts of the Florentines. A car laden with fireworks is placed opposite the great doors of the Cathedral, and connected by a wire with the retable over the high altar. And when the celebrant intones the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and all the bells begin to ring, a dove made of fireworks is ignited, gyrates rapidly along the wire, and sets a light to the *girandola* of fireworks in the car.

The Catholics of Scotland are mourning the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Smith, Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh. The venerable prelate succumbed to an attack of pneumonia and pleurisy on the 17th ult. Dr. Smith was born in Edinburgh in 1818; and, after attending the high school of that city for some years, went to Blairs College, Aberdeen, finishing his course at the Scots College, Rome. Ordained in 1843, and appointed Pro-

fessor of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in Blairs College, he was sent in 1852 to reorganize the Scottish College at Ratisbon. He subsequently held charges in Dundee, Edinburgh, Dalkeith, Dumfermline, and Perth. In 1885 he was appointed to succeed Dr. Strain in the Archbishopric of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh. Dr. Smith was an able administrator and a profound scholar. His work on the "Authenticity of the Pentateuch" is still regarded as a weighty authority. A man of most amiable character, his death is lamented by all ranks of society. *R. I. P.*

It seems almost perfunctory to say that the great question of our day is that of education. Circumstances and manners bring it home forcibly to us at every turn. We, as Catholics, have our own ideas on the subject; and we are glad to say they are heartily endorsed by the majority of right-thinking men, not excluding infidels—to wit, Herbert Spencer. All men of thought maintain, in one form or another, the necessity of the religious element to perfect an educational equipment,—to develop, as the term implies, the whole man. A recent number of the *Dublin Review* presents the Catholic view of education in so succinct and clear a manner that we can not forbear reproducing it. The *Review* says:

"Catholic education means the regular training of the will and heart upon the motives and principles set forth by the Catholic religion. It means teaching the young to love and to give their affections to the Divine Person, whose presence is to be brought frequently before their mind. The Catechism is a collection of axioms or propositions covering a science. It is the working them out, the applying them in detail, which constitutes the chief part of Catholic education. The mind and characters having to be formed upon the motives of religion, the whole life and conduct of Catholic youth must be moulded by, colored and seasoned with, Catholic principles. This is no easy task. It can not be accomplished during an hour's teaching in a Sunday-school. The wayward will and heart, the unformed character, must be the special solicitude of teachers, day by day, during the years given to education. If the mind and memory need constant attention during five days of the week for eight or nine years, in order to acquire a modicum of secular knowledge, it is not surprising that the will, the heart, and the character, should also require constant care and attention. In a Catholic school the indirect teaching and training are quite as important as the direct. Pictures, crucifixes, and religious emblems, little devotional practices that occupy only a few seconds—as, for instance, when the clock strikes,—all help to create the formative influences to which we attach so much importance. Then the motives placed before the children when they are corrected, aye, and the motives constantly placed before them for the performance of their most ordinary duties, belong to Catholic education. Hence the need of teachers trained in Catholic spirit as well as in the knowledge of religion; hence the need of a Catholic atmosphere in our schools; hence, again, the strongly-marked character peculiar to a Catholic school."

Public announcement is made of the conversion to the Church of Dr. William H. Ruddick, a prominent physician of Boston. He was a member of the Episcopal Church of the Advent in that city, and a prominent Freemason.

The Archdiocese of Montreal is to be divided; and Canon Emard, the present Chancellor of Montreal, will be consecrated Bishop of the new See of Valleyfield in June. The Bishop-elect has just completed his thirty-ninth year.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —Heb., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. R. J. Devins, of Montreal, Canada, who passed away on the 19th of Feb., fortified by the holy Sacraments.

Mr. Martin Keenan, who departed this life on the 27th ult., at Greenbush, N. Y.

Mrs. Ellen Phelan, whose life closed peacefully in Albany, N. Y., on the 20th of Feb.

Mrs. Ellen Dooley, of Troy, N. Y., who breathed her last on the 1st ult.

Mr. Edward Kelly, whose death took place in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 12th ult.

Mr. Michael Stevens, L. B. Duff, and William Quinlan, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Edward Donnelly, Mr. Patrick Kelly, Jeremiah, John, and Mrs. Johanna Hickey, Thomas and Mrs. Ellen McQueeney, and Michael O'Connell,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Miss Mary O'Leary, S. Boston, Mass.; Mr. James Dolan, Ballinamuck, Ireland; Mr. Patrick Fox, Boston, Mass.; Charles McGrath, Germantown, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Bradley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Maria Kahney, Glen Riddle, Pa.; and Thomas Kehoe, Newark, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Lesson of the Passion.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

HOW strange, as we read the Evangelist's story,
Seems the course of the Jews in the last week of Lent!
Palm-Sunday, Our Lord they acclaim with all glory,—
Good-Friday, enraged, on His death they are bent.
"Hosanna!" they shouted, their branches while strewing;
"Ever blest He who comes in the name of the Lord!"
A day or two later they wrought His undoing,
And "Crucify! crucify!" told their award.

Ah! yes; they were fickle, those Jews of the Passion;
Full well may we censure their cruelty fierce;
And yet do no Christians e'er follow their fashion?—
Do *we* plait no thorn-crowns our Jesus to pierce?
We greet Him with joy at His thrice-holy Table;
Our hearts sing Hosannas, we welcome His reign;
But how soon do those hearts, like the Jews all unstable,
Shout "Crucify! crucify!"—sin's base refrain!

No one can be generous with God who has not a great, broad love of his neighbor. —*Faber.*

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XXXI.—The Mainland at Last.

THEY were not an attractive set of men, those weary and famished sailors and homesick colonists; and their appearance was not adapted to improve the popular idea of the Genoese. Columbus on arriving wrote to the King and Queen, who took their time in answering. He waited a full month, with his usual sweet and unmoved patience; wearing meanwhile the robes of St. Francis, in which he seemed to find a certain comfort and peace of mind. But his star was declining. Enemies at home and abroad had undermined public and private confidence in him and his plans. Instead of the gold they had looked for, here were two shiploads of emaciated men and a few naked savages. The yellow countenances of the passengers were the only reminder that it was yellow gold they sought. It is not the best colonists who forsake the country they have tried to make their own; and "never," says Irving, "did a more miserable and disappointed crew return from a land of promise."

Pedro Alonzo Niño, who had been pilot of the *Santa Maria*, was about starting for Hispaniola with supplies; and by him

Columbus dispatched a letter to his brother the Adelantado, urging him to keep peace if possible, to be diligent in developing the newly-discovered mines, and to found a seaport at the mouth of the river Ozama, the site of Isabella having proved an unfavorable spot. The new city, duly established, is the San Domingo of to-day.

At last the sovereigns saw fit to attend to the claims of Columbus; and he presented himself at court (then at Burgos), taking with him the brother and little nephew of Caonabo,—the former decorated with a gorgeous chain of virgin gold, worth in our money thousands of dollars. The words of the good Queen were as comforting and sympathetic as ever; but she was much engrossed in family matters—her son and daughter being about to be married,—and could promise nothing in regard to a third voyage. There was grave need at home for every bit of money belonging to the crown. It was many months before any actual work could be done toward fitting out the eight caravels which Columbus asked for; but the delay was not the fault of the Queen, whose mind was racked and whose heart was wrung by the death of her only son soon after his marriage.

Columbus found time heavy on his hands, and used some of his leisure in drawing up a sort of will, in which he indicated that his son Diego was to succeed him; he provided largely for charity, and asked Diego to carry out his project concerning the Holy Sepulchre, and to build a church in the Vega Real to be dedicated to Our Lady of the Conception.

It was in June, 1496, that Columbus entered the harbor of Cadiz. In October, 1497, Niño came again from Hispaniola, and thoughtlessly announced that he had much wealth on board his ship. At that the King withdrew his appropriation for a third voyage, much to the dismay of Columbus; for it turned out that Niño's words were but an empty boast. He had only meant that the natives he brought would bring much gold if sold. Those words gave the Queen many pangs. She had consented that Indians guilty of the death of Spaniards should be enslaved, but was unprepared for this wholesale shipment; and her womanly heart went out to the poor creatures, startled captives in a strange land.

When, finally, the time came to find crews for the new voyage, the unpopularity of the undertaking was manifest. No one wished to go. It seemed like fitting out the first voyage all over again, and was widely different from the second, when the only difficulty was to keep men back. In this emergency Columbus made one of his few mistakes, by recommending that men convicted of minor crimes in Spain should be taken out for an exile of a year or more as punishment. Hispaniola needed no more pioneers of a doubtful class, and this arrangement caused much mischief later on.

In May, 1498, all was ready. You will recollect that to Fonesca had been given the direction in Spain of Indian affairs, and that he was no friend to the Admiral. One of his underlings, when the fleet was about to sail, thinking to please his superior, vilely insulted our Columbus, who, in spite of his years and dignity, turned and promptly gave the fellow a sound beating. Order had to be maintained, and there was no time for a trial. This affair, distorted by his enemies, worked evil against Columbus at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The first voyage had been undertaken in the Holy Name of Jesus, the second in the Name of Mary Immaculate. This was under the protection of the Blessed Trinity; and the Admiral took the vow to give the name of Trinidad, or Trinity, to the first land sighted; for a somewhat different course was now to be taken. The natives of Hispaniola had pointed south when questioned concerning gold; and Columbus, concluding that some part of the continent lay in that direction, wished to strike it near the equator, where he was sure that

treasure abounded. So he parted company with three of his vessels at the Canaries, sending them direct to Hispaniola with much-needed supplies; and with the rest sailed to the southwest, and in due time entered a part of the tropics where dead calms prevailed, and where his ships suffered great damage, and the crews the most agonizing tortures. Beneath that burning sun great seams yawned in the ships' timbers, the provision spoiled, and the commander saw that there was no way but to steer at once for the nearest land. The dry air had ruined the water casks, and thirst was added to other tribulations.

Now they steered due west, toward the island of the Carib, they supposed; but cannibals were no worse a terror than starvation. And when, at noon on the last day of July, a sailor cried "Land!" they saw what seemed to be three mountains lying off to the west. "The Blessed Trinity!" thought Columbus, his mind upon his vow; and he gave the island the name of Trinidad, which it bears to-day. Off to the south lay an unknown shore; and the eyes of the Admiral—those blue eyes, weakened now by exposure and the weight of years—turned that way, and saw for the first time the mainland of America!

XXXII.—The Land of Pearls.

The inhabitants of Trinidad seemed superior to any seen before. Their skin was white, and they wore some slight garments. They seemed very shy; and in order to attract them, the Admiral ordered a drum and other instruments to be played upon the deck of his caravel, to the sound of which some of the sailors sang and danced. This had a contrary effect from the one they intended; for to the Indians it meant a declaration of war, being their signal for going into battle. And they began firing their arrows at the Spaniards at a great rate, which of course stopped the concert.

Between Trinidad and the mainland there is a narrow passage leading into the Gulf of Paria. It was while undertaking to go through this that a great wall of water, equal to a tidal wave, and probably caused by the sudden swelling of a river, came with a fierce, rushing sound, and threatened to engulf the little fleet. Columbus thought that his earthly journeys were surely at an end; but in some mysterious way the danger was over almost as soon as it had appeared; and they found themselves safe, but badly frightened, in the beautiful Gulf. The water was fresh, much to the sailors' astonishment. This was caused by the great volume poured into it out of the many mouths of the river Orinoco. The mainland—Venezuela we call it now—Columbus took to be another island; and the natives said "Paria" when he made questioning signs in regard to it.

The Indians wore many ornaments studded with pearls, which caught the eyes of our treasure-hunters; and they entertained the Spaniards who were sent on shore in comfortable houses, with bread made from various grains, together with fruit and wine. The visit would have been more satisfactory, however, if hosts and guests could have understood a word the other said. As to the land, never before had such a beautiful country delighted the eager eyes of the Admiral, and the natives seemed worthy of it. Gladly would he have lingered in those charming regions, in that delightful climate, but his old complaint, the gout, was troublesome again; he was nearly blind, and his ships' stores were growing low. There was no safe exit from the Gulf upon the north; so once more the Serpent's Mouth—as he called the southern strait—was braved, and they were soon in the open sea again, bound for Hispaniola.

On the 20th of August he anchored at Beata, a little island off the coast of Hispaniola; and from there, sending a messenger overland to his brother Bartholomew announcing his arrival, proceeded on his way. Once he saw an Indian on shore armed

with a Spanish crossbow. This frightened him. Had the massacre of Fort Nativity been repeated? No: Bartholomew had passed through many trials while acting as Adelantado; but he still lived, and before long was in his elder brother's arms. Poor Columbus! Worn, emaciated, feeble, and nearly blind, he yet held fast to the unconquerable spirit which had never deserted him, and by his presence and his words infused new hope into the heart of the faithful Adelantado.

We must speak of some of the strange conjectures of Columbus. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that this land to the south that he had left was the true site of the earthly Paradise, about which people had wondered so long? Some of the early Fathers had admitted that the closed Eden, inaccessible to man, might exist still, having survived the Flood. And the fresh streams flowing into the Gulf of Paria only, the Admiral thought, lent color to the hypothesis that on some elevation far inland the home of our First Parents slept beneath a genial sun.

Columbus had now discovered the southern part of the Continent of America, although he did not know it. The English say that before this the Cabots had landed on the shore of North America, and on that they base their claims to the possession of the New World. However that may be, we hope that no one who has followed thus far this little true story, now nearing the end, will let one laurel be plucked from the brow of Columbus without a protest. *It was he who dared to lead.* Never forget that.

The affairs of Hispaniola were in a sorry condition, although Bartholomew, the Adelantado, had been staunch and brave in attempting to carry out his brother's wishes. Work at the mines progressed slowly. The Indians did not know how to labor, and were not inclined to learn. Soon the food of the Spaniards gave out. Meanwhile there were uprisings in the island, and the Adelantado undertook a journey of conciliation. Anacoana, the widow of Caonabo, lived now with his brother, another cacique, and it was thought expedient to make a friend of him. Anacoana means "flower of gold"; and the history of that beautiful savage, always the friend of Columbus, although it ended in a tragedy, is the one bright thread running through the dark story of the subjugation of Hispaniola.

While the Adelantado was away, Don Diego had a sorry time at the city of Isabella. His authority was disregarded, and he welcomed Bartholomew back with joy unspeakable. These brothers always loved each other, and the elder and greater one wrote to his son before he died: "To thy brother conduct thyself as the elder brother should unto the younger. Thou hast no other, and I praise God that this is such a one as thou dost need. Ten brothers would not be too many for thee. Never have I found a better friend than my brother."

(To be continued.)

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVII.—A Battle.

Reginald fled toward the wood, and Miles and Molly called after him; but he was a good runner, and fear lent wings to his feet. The pagan god Mercury, whose feet, according to the old stories, were really winged, could not have gone faster. Cæsar, yelping and barking, followed him.

Miles would have gone too; but how could he? For there, as large as life, as pleasant-looking as ever, appeared Mrs. Danby. She hugged him and kissed him several times. There was no doubt about it, she was glad to see him.

"Where is Reginald?" she asked.

"He has run away," answered Miles, holding Molly by the hand, and waiting for a chance to introduce her to Mrs. Danby.

"Run away!" cried his aunt,—"run away from *me!* What does it mean?"

"He caught sight of Mr. Gewitz, and of course he thought he would put him in jail, so he ran away. If he had seen you, I am sure he would have come back."

"Did he have his tonic and his porous plaster with him?" asked Mrs. Danby of Mr. Spinks, who stood near. Mr. Spinks frowned. Mrs. Danby looked at him as she was in the habit of looking at little boys who asked for a cent's worth of cream cocoanut*—a precious article of which she "made" no less than three-cents' worth. "I asked, sir," she repeated, "if my nephew was permitted to go to church without his tonic, his rubber shoes—I believe you Neckers call them 'gums,'—or his porous plaster?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied Mr. Spinks, awed by her manner. "But I think you've played a mean trick on me. Here I've fed and taken care of these boys like a father, when they were cast out into a cold, cruel world; and what is the consequence?"

"I don't care about the consequence," said Mrs. Danby. "If you want to ask questions, go to the City Directory or find a policeman. If Reginald has forgotten to take his tonic, or left off his porous plaster, or dropped his gums, he'll come back for them, I am sure; so we need not worry. There was never such a conscientious boy. Who's this?"

"Molly," said Miles, dragging the little girl to his aunt.

Mr. Spinks scowled at Molly and shook his fist. But Mrs. Danby had not for so many years kept an eye on the tray of "yellow jack" and another on the box of peanuts for nothing. There were those who said that she had eyes in the back of her head. Miles was not sure of it. At any rate, she turned to Mr. Spinks just as he had lowered his fist.

Mrs. Spinks approached at this moment.

"Ferdinand," she said, "let these people go; do not excite yourself over their impudence. They are no better than Hessians. Make way, while I prepare the noonday repast," she added, with a stern, cold air, that made Molly tremble.

Mrs. Danby took Molly's hand in hers; she looked at Mrs. Spinks with equal sternness.

"I suppose you mean dinner. *I* don't smell anything cooking. It's my candid opinion, ma'am, that you're not much of a housekeeper."

Mrs. Spinks almost reeled under this blow; she clutched at her heart with one hand and turned pale to think that this strange woman might find out that there was nothing in the house for dinner but cold pork and beans.

"I shudder," continued Mrs. Danby, "when I think what my Reginald must have endured in this place. And he used to *everything!*"

"Molly," said Mrs. Spinks appealingly, "don't we feed you well?"

"Butter three times a week," murmured Molly; "and I'm allowed to have dripping on my bread on the other days, if I do all the chores by five o'clock. And once," she added, anxious to please everybody, "we had lemon pie; but Mrs. Spinks thought it was too rich for me."

Mrs. Danby smiled. Molly saw that she had made a mistake, and clung closely to that good lady.

"I don't wonder, child, that you are all skin and bones," she said. "And what's that scar on your forehead? Oh, I see!"

Molly reddened, and tried to hide the scar with her hand. Miles thought it was time to speak.

"Aunt, you always said you wanted a little girl. Why not take Molly?"

* I am informed that this delicious substance, which used to look like white lead, and filled one's mouth with sticky sweetness, is no longer known to the young.

Mr. Spinks took Miles by the shoulder, and gave him a blow that made his head swim. He rushed at Molly with an outstretched fist, and would have hit her if Hans Gewitz had not put out his foot and tripped the angry man; he fell to the ground. Mrs. Spinks helped him up, and brushed the dust off his coat.

"Ungrateful child!" he said. "Wait till I get a chance at you when these invaders go! You know you are only a bound girl."

Molly turned white, and clung more closely to Mrs. Danby.

"You will not get a chance, Mr. Spinks. No, sir, no chance!" exclaimed Mrs. Danby. "Bound girl or no bound girl, that child shall not be whipped by you for nothing. Don't frown at me! You are going to talk about the law. Now, I know all about the law; and there's no law in this country that obliges me to leave a child in cruel hands,—no, sir; and no ma'am,—I say it. And I think Mr. Gewitz knows I mean what I say."

Hans Gewitz nodded. "Mrs. Danby always means what she says."

"I will have the law of you, ma'am," said Mr. Spinks, red with anger. "How dare you threaten me on my own farm?"

"I don't threaten anybody," answered Mrs. Danby,—"no, sir; but I shall take this poor child home with me just the same. I don't like the looks of that cut on her head, and I don't think she is dressed warmly enough for this climate. As sure as I am Mrs. Danby, she shall spend some time with me. I'll take her for a visit, sir; and when the law allows you to come for her, you can have her back. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I will say that the moment I set eyes on you I disliked your looks."

"It is no use to take me with you," said Molly, bursting into tears,—"no use in the wide world,—no use at all. *They* will only treat me worse when I go back."

"Do not worry," replied Mrs. Danby. "If you go back, they will take better care of you than they have hitherto done."

"And I have been a father to her," said Mr. Spinks; "and that is the way she talks! Oh, my,—oh, me! The best castor-oil given her when she was ill, and fried mush whenever she asked for it:

"'How thankless than a serpent's sting it is
To have a toothless child—'

I mean a *thankless* child!"

Mrs. Spinks consulted with her husband, but they concluded not to interfere with Molly. Mr. Spinks scowled at her as she went off, with Mr. Gewitz and Mrs. Danby on each side of her, and Miles bringing up the rear.

"Remember, ungrateful child," Mrs. Spinks cried out, "that you are not to expect the pink silk dress or the diamond earrings I intended to give you on your birthday. But Mr. Spinks and I will come for you as soon as we can see the officers of the law."

Mrs. Danby took no notice of this parting shot. Two red spots burned in her cheeks. She looked at Molly's thin face and tear-reddened eyes, and she felt very angry with the Spinkses. She took Molly's hand in hers, and clasped it warmly.

"Do not be afraid, my dear. You shall have a home, and a good one. Don't cry. These people will have to deal with *me*."

Molly felt comforted. She raised her head, like a flower touched by April rain. She said to herself that her prayer in the church was already answered.

Hans Gewitz had a carriage waiting for them at the corner of the road. They reached the ferry in good time, and Molly enjoyed the voyage very much; she stood in the front of the boat with Miles, and he showed her a whale in the Delaware,—or at least it might have been a whale, if it had not turned out to be a log.

When they reached Mrs. Danby's house, Molly was a little shy; but she soon became very much at home under the influence of Mrs. Danby's kindness. She helped to get dinner, and made herself so

useful that Mrs. Danby said to Hans Gewitz that she was almost as "handy" as Reginald.

Miles saw with joy all the old familiar things. The roast beef and baked potatoes were just right; but he could not eat. He was worried about Reginald. He knew very well that his aunt was wrong about the tonic, the rubbers, and the porous plaster; for Reginald had lost the bottle with the medicine in it, and he had the rubber shoes and the porous plaster with him. Miles did not dare to tell his aunt this: he was afraid it would take away her appetite.

"What is the matter?" Mrs. Danby asked of Miles.

"Oh, nothing—much! Aunt, if you don't mind, I think I'll go to look for Reginald."

"Nonsense, child!" answered his aunt. "What has come over you? Not long ago you had not very much interest in your cousin, had you?"

"It's different now. Reginald is a manly boy, aunt, when you know him. And all the foolishness is knocked out of him. He wanted to get away from the Spinkses just as bad as he could; but he would not desert Molly."

"He will come back," Mrs. Danby said. "I expect him every minute. Reginald was frightened, of course, at first; but when he returns to the Spinkses, and finds I was there, he'll come back,—never fear. He knows the way to the ferry, and he'll find his way home when he knows Hans Gewitz is not going to put him into jail."

Mrs. Danby put a portion of the dinner between two hot plates on the stove, and went to Vespers with Miles and Molly. She hurried home, expecting to find Reginald waiting for her. As she came near her own door, she fancied she saw him; but no—it was only a boy looking through the glass door at the candy within. Darkness fell, and still Reginald did not come.

(To be continued.)

A Legend of Our Lord's Cross.

The Greek Christians of Syria possess many quaint and beautiful legends, and among them we find this:

Lot had escaped from Sodom when an angel appeared to him, holding three cypress cuttings in his hand. "Plant these," said the angel; "and if they live and grow, your great sin shall be pardoned. If they die, you shall be punished as you deserve. The water with which you refresh them must be from the River Jordan, and must be brought fresh each day."

Here was a hard task, but Lot did not question its righteousness. Each morning he made a journey to the sacred river, bringing back with his own hands the water for his precious trees, which grew and flourished amazingly.

One bright morning, as he was returning to Hebron, a beggar met him by the roadside, and asked for a drink of water.

"I can give him a little," mused Lot, "and then have enough for my trees."

But when the beggar's thirst was quenched, there appeared another, then another, until the water was gone. Then Lot threw himself down and buried his face in the sand. When at length he raised it, another angel stood near.

"Why do you weep?" he asked. And Lot told him.

"Be not alarmed," answered the heavenly visitant. "Obedience is acceptable in the sight of God, but charity is even more so. You served Him in succoring His poor. Henceforth, as your reward, the trees shall thrive without water. Your long penance is over."

Thus it came about that the cypress trees grew without the aid of Lot. And when one of them was old and mighty, the Cross of Christ was made from it; that He, the story says, "who died for His charity to mankind, might suffer on the Tree which was blessed by the grace of charity."

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RESURREXIT!

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

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He Made Us Free.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

AS flame streams upward, so my longing thought
Flies up with Thee,
Thou God and Saviour, who hast truly wrought
Life out of death, and to us, loving, brought
A fresh, new world; and in Thy sweet chains caught,
And made us free!

As hyacinth makes way from out the dark,
My soul awakes,
At thought of Thee, like sap beneath the bark;
As little violets in field and park
Rise to the trilling thrush and meadow-lark,
New hope it takes.

As Thou goest upward through the nameless space
We call the sky,
Like jonquil perfume softly falls Thy grace;
It seems to touch and brighten every place,
Fresh flowers crown our wan and weary race,
O Thou on high!

Hadst Thou not risen, there would be no joy
Upon earth's sod;
Life would be still with us a wound or toy,
A cloud without the sun,—O Babe, O Boy,
O Man of Mother pure, with no alloy,
O risen God!

Thou, God and King, didst "mingle in the game,"*
(Cease, all fears; cease!)
For love of us;—not to give Virgil's fame
Or Crœsus' wealth, not to make well the lame,
Or save the sinner from deservèd shame,
But for sweet Peace!

For peace, for joy;—not that the slave might lie
In luxury,
Not that all woe from us should always fly,
Or golden crops with Syrian roses† vie
In every field; but in Thy peace to die
And rise,—be free!

* Tennyson. † Virgil.

The Feast of Hope.

RESURREXIT; *non est hic!*—"He is risen; He is not here!" cries the Church, in the words of the angel at the tomb; and the note of triumph in her accents tells of a joy that is all the deeper because immediately preceded by a sorrow all unbounded. Lent and Passiontide and Holy Week, with their mournful memories, doleful scenes, and bitter lamentations, have come and gone; and, jubilant as on no other day of the ecclesiastical year, nature and humanity alike sing Alleluias to the Risen Saviour.

The Passover of the Jews—the festival which in the Old Law corresponds to the Easter of the New Dispensation—was instituted by Moses to commemorate the departure from Egypt and the crossing of

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the Red Sea. This feast marked for them the passage from slavery to the freedom which they enjoyed in the Promised Land. Our Pasch was established to perpetuate the remembrance of the great mystery of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. It signifies that passage from death to life which manifested the divinity of the Redeemer; and it may become for us, if we know how to profit by Christ's delivering us, the means of passing from the death of sin to the life of grace.

Easter ranks first in importance among the festivals of the liturgical year; to all Christian antiquity it was known as the feast of feasts, the solemnity of solemnities. In his homily on Easter Sunday, St. Gregory says that the feast is called the festival of festivals, just as the most august of sanctuaries is called the Holy of Holies, and the most sublime of the inspired songs the Canticle of Canticles. The Resurrection of Jesus Christ, which we celebrate on this day, is in very truth the crowning work of His mission. It was in triumphing over death that He conquered the devil and wrought the redemption of the human race. This victory it was that put the seal of infallible truth on all the other proofs of His divinity which He had previously given to His incredulous enemies. This prodigy of His rising was the object of His mission on earth. For if He descended from His eternal home for our sake, if He veiled His divinity in our humanity, if He consented to drink even to the last bitter dregs the chalice of the Passion, it was in order that from the depths of these humiliations there should shine forth the glory of the Resurrection. *

Moreover, it is Easter which in the liturgical cycle dominates all other festivals. During Advent we awaited our Liberator, and sighed for His coming. At Christmastide and the Epiphany we celebrated His arrival and His different manifestations. In Septuagesima time and Lent, we meditated on His sufferings; but we have always foreseen victory at the end of the combat, and we mourned for a period only to rejoice with a fuller joy on the gladsome Easter morn. Upon this great festival, too, depend all the other movable feasts that we have still to celebrate—the Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity Sunday, and Corpus Christi. From the liturgical point of view, Easter is therefore the centre of Christian worship, just as from the point of view of dogma it is the basis of our faith and our hope. For, as St. Paul says: "If Jesus Christ be not risen, then our faith is vain; and if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

Easter falls on the Sunday following the fourteenth day of the March moon. The Pasch of the Jews was celebrated on that fourteenth day itself, no matter with what day of the week it coincided. One of the effects of the Resurrection being the substitution of Sunday for Saturday as the Lord's Day, St. Peter in the beginning ordered the celebration of Easter on the Sunday after the Jewish Passover. The example of the Roman Church was followed by all the other churches of the world, with the exception of those in consular Asia, who pretended that they had the authority of St. John for following in this matter the custom of the Jews. The immediate successors of St. Peter tolerated this dissidence; but the churches of Asia having gone so far as to censure the practice of the Roman Church, the latter condemned them. Owing to the intervention of St. Irenæus and other bishops, the sentence of excommunication was not pronounced, and the Asiatic churches conformed to the Roman practice. Later on the churches of Syria and Mesopotamia resumed their old custom; and this diversity endured until the Council of Nice, in 325 A. D. The acts of that assemblage condemned, under the name of *quarto-*

* "Histoire et Symbolisme de la Liturgie." Par A. Lerosey, Prêtre de Saint-Sulpice.

decimans—fourteenthists,—those who persisted in wishing the Christian Easter to coincide with the Jewish Pasch.

In the early ages of Christianity the faithful embraced one another on this feast, with the greeting "The Lord is truly risen"; to which "And has appeared to Simon" was the response. All thronged to the church at dawn; the priest intoned the canticle of the Resurrection, kissed the image of the Risen Christ, and then gave the kiss of *dilection* to the most worthy of the congregation, who communicated it to the others in order. The faithful performed the same ceremony among themselves, without distinction of age or rank or wealth, but only that of sex,—the men and women occupying primitively separate portions of the church. He who gave the kiss of *dilection* said, "The Lord is truly risen"; to which the answer was, "And has appeared to Simon," or "Thanks be to God!" Easter being at one epoch the first day of the civil year, these religious demonstrations corresponded to our exchange of good wishes on New Year's Day. This primitive custom still exists in Poland and Russia. In those countries the formula of salutation and response thereto on Easter Sunday is identical with that of the early Christians.

In some churches there was a Chapel of the Sepulchre, where on this festival a sort of dialogue was carried on between the Apostles and the holy women. "Tell us, Mary, what have you seen on the way?" To which the representative of Mary replied: "I have seen the sepulchre of the living God." This dialogue was borrowed, it will be seen, from the "prose" of the festival; as the other formula, "The Lord is truly risen," is found in the offices of Easter and its octave. In other localities, three young clerics, clothed in white, with their heads enveloped in large veils, stood behind the sepulchre, personating the three Marys. The dialogue being finished, the clergy retired, singing, *Scimus Christum surrexisse*,—"We know that Christ has risen."

The special period of the liturgical year known as Paschal Time, and comprising the fifty days from Easter to Pentecost, was celebrated originally as a series of continuous festivals. The Church desired that as her children had given themselves up to sorrow during the forty days of Lent, they should now give themselves up unreservedly to the joys of the Resurrection. This whole period being considered a prolonged Sunday, to it were applied the principles regulating the observance of Sunday itself. During these fifty days it was forbidden to fast, and even the most rigorous monastic rules yielded to this universal practice.

The whole scheme of worship among the faithful during Paschal Time was based on the sentiment of superabundant joy and glowing hope inspired by the one great fact of Easter morning. Alleluias without number blended with canticles of thanksgiving and praise; the singing was gayer and more animated than on ordinary occasions, and the altars were daily decked as if for a festival of the first class. The priest habitually wore white vestments, symbolic of the purity and innocence restored to us through the death of Jesus. The faithful prayed in a standing posture, and made no genuflections; thus manifesting by their attitude both the mystery of the Rising which they celebrated and the joy they experienced therein. This last custom seems to date from apostolic times; for it is mentioned in one of the works of Tertullian, who lived in the latter part of the second century. In the West this custom has long been abrogated, and at present genuflections are made during Paschal Time just as at other seasons.

The spirit, however, that dominated the Christians of the early Easters still continues to animate all faithful children of the Church. It is a spirit of joy in the triumph of Jesus Christ and of humanity

in His sacred person; of thanksgiving for the inestimable benefits secured through the Redemption which the Resurrection guaranteed; and above all of hope,—a confident, permanent hope, that looks undauntedly forward to the last great day, when to each of the race of men there shall come an individual resurrection, inevitable to all, and glorious to those who will.

For Daily Bread.

FROM THE POLISH OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, BY C. O'CONOR-ECCLES.

(CONTINUED.)

WHAT was Borowina? A settlement in the making. The name had apparently been taken from the neighboring mountain. For a long time previous, Polish and even English newspapers, published in New York, Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Denver,—everywhere, in fact, that one hears the Polish tongue,—had proclaimed to the world, *urbi et orbi*, that whoever wanted to be healthy and wealthy, to eat well, live long, die happy, and be eternally saved, had only to betake himself to that earthly Paradise, Borowina.

Further, these journals declared that, although Arkansas, in which State the settlement was to be founded, was as yet for the most part a wilderness, it possessed the finest climate in the world. To be sure, the little town of Memphis, that stood on the boundary near the other side of the Mississippi, was a hotbed of yellow fever; but neither this nor any other fever was capable of crossing such a river. The settlers in Borowina were, of course, planted between fever on the east and redskins on the west; but on entirely neutral ground, which had so great a future before it that in a thousand years Borowina would undoubtedly possess two millions of inhabitants, and the land which now sold for half a dollar an acre would fetch at least a thousand dollars the square rod.

Such promises and prospects were scarcely to be resisted. Whoever objected to the vicinity of the Choctaws was assured that this warlike race had a particular sympathy with the Poles, so that the most friendly relations with them might be anticipated. Moreover, it was well known that wherever a railway ran through the forests and plains, its telegraph poles rising like crosses, these crosses might stand as funeral monuments to the Indians; and as the land below Borowina would be bought by a railway company, the disappearance of the Indians was only a question of time. Indeed, as a matter of fact, the land had already been acquired by the directors. This would secure to the settlement a link with the outer world—a *desideratum* for the export of its products, and for its prospects of future development.

The papers, it is true, forgot to add that this railway was merely projected; and that funds had yet to be raised for the purchase of the strip of ground from the Government, and for beginning the necessary works. This forgetfulness, however, was easily forgiven in such a business. They omitted, also, to add that Borowina, instead of lying near this railway track, lay deep in the backwoods, and was only to be reached by wagon after considerable exertions. To be sure, many disadvantages might arise from such forgetfulness; but they would be transitory (thought the scribes), and would come to an end with the opening of the railway. Moreover, it was known that people should not take such announcements literally; for in America one is not supposed to winnow more than a grain of truth from a bushel of rhetorical chaff.

But apart from the so-called "humbug" that might be expected in these announcements as to Borowina, it was always understood that this settlement was in

nowise worse than a thousand others, whose foundation was greeted with at least equal exaggeration. The conditions in many respects seemed even more favorable than was generally the case. A crowd of people, therefore, all of Polish nationality—as they are to be found scattered throughout the United States, from the Great Lakes to the tropical forests of Florida, and from the Atlantic to the shores of California,—thronged as settlers to the newly established colony. Galicians, Lithuanians from the Government of Augustovo, inhabitants of Posen, and Masurs from the neighborhood of Warsaw, who worked in factories at Chicago and Milwaukee, but had long sighed for a free peasant's life in the open air,—all seized joyfully the first opportunity to leave their smoky, sooty towns, and once more to grasp the plough and the axe in the distant meadows, woods, and plains of Arkansas. Those for whom Panna Marya in Texas was too hot, or Minnesota too cold, or Detroit too damp, united themselves to the first party, and emigrated to Arkansas in a body some hundreds strong. This first party was composed mostly of men, but contained also many women and children.

Even the name, "Bloody Arkansas," had no terrors for them; although at that time, besides thieving Indians, there were many outlaws, who had fled thither to escape legal penalties; wild squatters who, in spite of the law, grubbed up the trees at Red River; and many other villains and adventurers who had cheated the gallows. But all this did not deter our settlers. The Masur, when he has his knobbed stick in his hand, a countryman beside him and another at his back, is not easily daunted. It was well known that the Masurs stuck to one another, and always emigrated together.

The town of Little Rock was the meeting place for most of the party; but from there to Clarksville, the next settlement, whose neighbor Borowina was to be, the distance was somewhat greater than from Warsaw to Cracow; and, what was worse, the road lay through deserts, forests, and swamps. Already many of those who had not waited for company, but set out alone to find their way, had disappeared, leaving no track behind. The chief caravan, however, had happily got through in safety, and had already pitched a camp in the midst of the woods.

Frankly speaking, the settlers were somewhat disillusioned when they saw the sort of place they had come to. They had expected to find at least land ready and prepared for colonization; but instead of this they found a wilderness to be cleared. Black oaks, redwood, cotton-plants, gay plantains and dark pines were crowded together. This forest was no joke. Apart from the dense underwood, the trees were bound together by lianas above, that climbed from trunk to trunk like suspension-bridges, or twisted and tangled themselves like knots and cords,—weaving here a veil, there a drapery decked with flowers; and growing so closely that the eye could not penetrate their mass, nor rove from point to point, as in European woods. Whoever made his way into these forest recesses could no longer see the heavens above him, but wandered in the twilight of dense foliage, losing his way only too easily, never more to find it, perhaps. Many a Masur looked first at his brawny fists, next at his axe, and then at the enormous oaks, feeling his courage give way as he looked. Timber for log-huts and for firing was here to be had in abundance; but to fell this forest, to grub the roots, to clear the land and finally to plough it, would be the work of a year. And yet there was nothing else for it; so many a one, the first few days after his arrival, shrugged his shoulders, moistened his hands, seized his axe and made the chips fly. Day by day the music of the axes rang through this Arkansas jungle, with the echo of the song—

"To the wood went Yasienko,
And loudly sang he:
Come, dearest Kasienka,
To the forest with me,—
The dark forest with me."

The caravan halted on the bank of the river, by a spreading meadow, on whose borders the log-huts were to arise, and in the centre of which were to be a chapel and a school; but all this was as yet far off. At present there stood only the wagons in which the settlers and their families had come. These wagons were placed so as to form a triangle, that might serve as a fortress in case of attack. Behind them, in the upper part of the meadow, grazed the mules and horses, the oxen and sheep, watched by one of the younger men, fully armed. The people slept in the wagons, or behind them in their barricade of trees, by the embers of the camp fires. The women and children remained all day at Tabor; but the whereabouts of the men was indicated by the ringing of the axes, which resounded through the whole forest. At night wild animals, wolves and jaguars, howled in the distance. Bears, who are less afraid of fire, often crept close to the wagons; and not seldom in the middle of the night there would be heard the sound of gunshots and the cry, "The brute has got something!"

Those who had come from the wilds of Texas were mostly practised hunters, who easily secured game for themselves, especially antelopes, deer, and buffaloes; for in spring these animals wander northward in herds. The remaining settlers lived on the provisions which they had procured at Little Rock or in Clarksville; these consisted chiefly of ground maize and salt meat. Moreover, sheep were slaughtered occasionally, and each family received a portion. In the evenings a great fire was kindled near the wagons, and after supper most of the youngsters danced instead of going to bed. Every musician fetched his fiddle, and played something by ear. If the violin died away rather too quickly in the depths of the forest and in the open air, some of the party accompanied the player on tin cans.

Owing to the heavy work to be done, the life was bustling and disorderly. The chief thing was to build the log-huts. Soon the framework of the houses rose above the green meadows; but the roofs were composed only of strips of bark, chips, and other stray fragments of wood; for though redwood is easily worked, it often has to be fetched from a distance. Meantime many constructed tents for themselves out of pieces of canvas that they had ripped from the wagons. Others—the unmarried ones, who were less concerned about having a roof over their heads, and who found uprooting too difficult,—began to plough in those spots where the underwood was not too thick, and where oaks and other hard-wood trees were scarcer.

Generally speaking, there was so much for the settlers to do that they did not know where to begin: whether first to build the log-huts, or to seize a hoe, or to go hunting. In the very beginning it was proved that their attorney had bought the land from the railway company with his eyes shut—without ever having seen the place. Otherwise he would not have purchased this veritable wilderness; for he might just as easily have had a bit of the plain, that was only partially covered with timber. Later, to be sure, he came, with the representative of the railway company, to measure out the land and to show each one his portion. When both saw how matters stood, they quarrelled with each other for two days, and then returned to Clarksville, ostensibly on account of their instruments for surveying. They never again showed their faces in the settlement.

Soon it became known that some of the settlers had paid too much and others too little for the land; and, what was worse, no one knew where his lot lay, nor how he was to measure what had fallen to him. Thus they stood, without any one in

authority who might have protected their rights and adjusted their differences. No one even knew how or where he should work. Germans, no doubt, would have combined without loss of time, cleared the forest, prepared a strip of land, put up their log-huts, and measured off a bit of ground by each house. Every Masur, however, wanted to seize on his own property from the very beginning; to build his cabin himself, and to work at his own bit of wood. Everyone likewise wanted to live, if possible, in the middle of the meadow, farthest from the forest and nearest to the water.

Hence arose innumerable dissensions, that grew and grew from the day when appeared, as if it had fallen from heaven, the wagon of a certain Herr Grünmanski. This gentleman might, in quarters where Germans dwell, say in Cincinnati, have called himself simply Grünmann; but in Borowina he added the "ski," for the good of trade. His wagon had a high linen roof, on both sides of which appeared, in great, black letters, the inscription, "Saloon"; and underneath which, in somewhat smaller lettering, might be seen the words: "Brandy. Whisky. Gin." How this wagon had reached its destination unharmed through the dangerous wilderness between Clarksville and Borowina, and why the Indians that scoured the country in small parties had not scalped Herr Grünmann, was his own secret, and so remained. Suffice it to say, he came, and did excellent business the very first day.

The unfortunate settlers continued to quarrel worse than ever. To the thousand disputes as to their lots, their tools, their sheep, and their seats by the fire, were added others about the most trifling occurrences. It was as if the patriotism of the American backwoods awoke in them. Those that had come from the Northern States praised their former abode, at the expense of the colony and of the settlers from the Southern States; and *vice versâ*. At last a regular fight ensued, in which people from one town or settlement united against their rivals from another. The elder and more experienced gradually, it is true, grew in respect and power, but could not always maintain the peace. Only in times of danger did the universal instinct of self-preservation put an end to discord.

One evening when a troop of Indians had stolen several sheep, the peasants set off after them in a body, without a moment's reflection. They took back the sheep from the redskins in triumph, and beat one of the thieves so severely that he was left for dead. This day perfect peace reigned; but on the very next there was a row over the stubbing. There generally was peace, too, in the evenings, when the violin played, not perhaps always dance music, but all sorts of songs, that everyone had heard before under the thatched roof at home. Then conversation was silenced; the peasants made a circle round the player; the murmur of the woods accompanied him; the fire on the hearth hissed and crackled and sent forth showers of sparks; but the men hung their heads in silence, and their souls were wafted across the sea. Often the moon rose high above the forest, and still they listened to the violin. With the exception of these few minutes, the settlement from day to day grew in disorder and in the hate of rival parties. This little commune in the midst of the forest, separated and, so to say, torn away from the rest of mankind, and deserted by its leaders, was at its wit's end.

Among the colonists at Borowina we find once more two well-known faces—the old peasant, Lorenz Toporek, and his daughter Marysia. In the beginning things went better with them here than before. A forest is not a New York pavement, on which nothing grows to support life. Here they possessed a wagon, some furniture (for which, by the way, they had to pay a high price at Clarksville), and the necessary agricultural implements. There homesick-

ness had tormented them; here constant work gave them no time for idle reverie. Lorenz had to fell trees from morning until night, or chop wood, or cut planks for the log-hut; while Marysia looked after the washing and the fire. Despite her hard work, the sweet forest air and the exercise gradually effaced from her countenance the traces of illness impressed on it by misery in New York. The warm southern winds tanned her lovely face, throwing a bronzed tint over its former pallor. The young men from San Antonio and the Great Lakes, who were ready to box one another on the least provocation, agreed about one thing—that Marysia's friendly eyes looked out from under her masses of flaxen hair like corn-flowers in the rye, and that she was the prettiest girl they had ever seen.

Marysia's charms benefited Lorenz. He sought out that portion of the forest where the trees grew thinnest, and no one hindered him; for all the lads were on his side. Many even helped him with the wood-cutting or in hewing the logs and making them ready. The sly old fellow saw through this soon enough, and said from time to time: "My daughter is like a lily; her path should be strewn with roses as if she were a lady, a queen. I'll give her to the man I choose, not the first that comes. Whoever is most civil to me and serves me best shall get her, but no loafer." Whoever helped him thought, therefore, he was helping himself. Lorenz in this way fared better than most of the others; and, on the whole, all had gone well, if the settlement had only had a future before it. As it was, things were growing worse from day to day.

(To be continued.)

BELIEVE me every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

Columbus and His Alleged Crimes.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, insists Count Roselly de Lorgues, one of the only two authors of satisfactory biographies of the hero-navigator, does not belong exclusively to Italy, where he was born; nor to Spain, which he served; but rather to Catholicity, from which he received inspiration, and which, reciprocating, surrounds him with incomparable splendor. This is well said; but we would take issue with the illustrious author when he adds that "to France, after Rome, it belongs, as the eldest daughter of the Church, to celebrate religiously" the fourth centenary of the discovery of America.* In the generous rivalry as to who will be foremost in proclaiming the glories of Columbus, no people have a better right to be in the van than the Catholics of the United States. It needs not that we join in that absurd spread-eagleism which would insinuate that the Church never found a proper field for her labors until this Republic came into existence; there is sufficient reason for congratulation in the past of the American Church, sufficient grounds for hope as to its future, to induce the American Catholic to enter, with more heart and soul than any other, into the joys of the coming celebration. And when the spirit of Columbus shall look down upon that recognition of his transcendent merits, it will approve of the American Catholic's part with more zest than it will feel for any other's share; for the great event of his life was not so much a voyage of discovery as a missionary enterprise. "The man who bore Christ in his heart,"

* In a late letter to the Committee of the International Federation of the Sacred Heart for the Religious Celebration of the Fourth Centenary of the Discovery of America.

says Roselly de Lorgues, "as he did in his name, raised His image also on his ship; he had the representation of the Crucified on the royal standard. In the name of Jesus Christ he issued his official order for departure; with that name he began the diary of his voyage; with that name he braved the horrors of the 'tenebrous' sea, and subjugated his mutinous crew; in that name he took possession of the first island to which the Divine Goodness led him. There he planted the Cross, and dedicated the land to the Saviour, imposing upon it the blessed name of San Salvador." *

It is a remarkable fact that while most of the contemporaries of Columbus seem to have been indifferent as to his glory, the Holy See was ever prodigal with its sympathy for his work. Three successive Popes manifested their affection for him; and at the time when he suffered so much from detraction, he was honored by the friendship of many members of the Sacred College. Pope Leo X. used to listen, during the winter evenings, to readings of his adventures as narrated by Peter Martyr of Anghiera. It was under the auspices of Pope Innocent XI. that the learned Oratorian, Bozius, published his "Signs of the Church of God," in which he applied many of the olden prophecies to Columbus. Cardinal Bernardine Carvajal held a correspondence with Peter Martyr of Anghiera in reference to the navigator; and Cardinal Louis of Aragon sent one of his secretaries to that *littérateur* to record what he had learned from the lips of the navigator himself. Cardinal Bembo devoted a chapter of his "History of Venice" to the voyages of our hero. It was by invitation of several cardinals that Julius Cæsar Stella undertook his Latin epic on the New World, which Cardinal Alexander Farnese caused to be read to his colleagues assembled for recreation in his villa. Cardinal Sforza-Pallavicino gave much space of his "Fasti Sacri" to Columbus. Cardinal Valerio, in his work on the "Consolations of the Church," glorifies the navigator, and applies some of the prophecies of Isaias to his mission. The poet Gambara sang of the wonderful voyages on the invitation of the famous statesman, Cardinal Granvelle. It was Cardinal Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, known as the "third King of Spain," who first presented Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabella. Among the first to applaud the design of the Italian sailor was Mgr. Geraldini, the papal nuncio at the Spanish court. The nuncio took up the cause of Columbus against certain theologians, who imagined that he implied the existence of other worlds not mentioned in Genesis; and he convinced Cardinal Mendoza that the Columbian theory did not contradict St. Augustine or Nicholas of Lyra, who, for that matter, he observed, were not cosmographers or navigators.* And while the Papacy was thus preventing even Italy, his native land, from forgetting the honor due to her illustrious son, perhaps the only circumstance that kept his memory alive in the rest of the world was that stupid story of the egg with the broken end.† "The story pleased children, and the first German narrative on the subject of Colum-

* Idem.

* Cantu: "Illustri Italiani," art. "Colombo."

† Lamartine, in his imaginative biography of Columbus, locates the scene of this exhibition in the banquet-hall of King Ferdinand. Others describe it as occurring at the feast given in honor of the Grand Admiral by Cardinal Mendoza. None of the Spanish historians speak of it; the first to do so was the Milanese Benzoni; and he, thinks De Lorgues, must have confused some of his childish recollections. For the story of the egg is, in all likelihood, of Italian origin. "It is attributed with much probability to Brunelleschi, the architect of the cupola of Sta. Maria del Fiore. In this supposition, the idea, inept as it is, is not impossible. At a table where are assembled a lot of Florentine artists, free-and-easy banterers and scoffers, such frivolity is comprehensible; but nowhere else." Nearly all smart sayings, observed Voltaire, recalling the application of this tale to Brunelleschi, are repetitions. ("Essai sur les Mœurs," ch. 145.)

bus was designed for their amusement."*

Until very late years, strange to say, few writers treated at all extensively of Columbus; indeed, only two such, Humboldt and Irving, were well known to English readers. Both of these being Protestants, it is not surprising that the religious aspect of the life of the hero was presented in a distorted fashion, or, at best, in a very inadequate manner. Nor did the scientific side of the navigator's career receive a strictly just treatment from the school represented by these two authors. For instance, Robertson consoles his insular jealousy with the assurance that if the sagacity of Columbus had not made America known to us, some happy accident would have done so at some other time. Otto contended that the Genoese discovered nothing, since America had been visited by Europeans long before his day. It was reserved to our times to produce two really satisfactory narratives of this wonderful and edifying life: one by the Frenchman, Roselly de Lorgues; the other by the Italian, Tarducci. These authors alone seem to have been willing, and, being willing, to have been able, to properly delineate the not easily appreciated career of him who, when presenting his gift of a new world to their Spanish Majesties, conjured them "to allow no foreigner to establish himself therein for commercial purposes, unless he were a Catholic; to permit entrance even to no Spaniard, unless he were a true Christian; for the design and execution of this enterprise have had no other object than the growth and glory of the Christian religion."† The Protestant and philosophistic school could not be expected to readily abandon the field which it had been used to regard as its own. It is not unnatural that a Harvard professor should have volunteered to restore the lagunes which De Lorgues and Tarducci had filled up, and to re-envelop the life of Columbus in the haze which they had dissipated. But the work of Justin Winsor is of too flimsy a nature to be welcomed by the scientific; indeed, one can discover no reason for its appearance, save that implied by the zeal with which the writer has endeavored to show that our hero was a very ordinary man, and the almost ghoulish appetite which he displays for the imperfections which his school has ever pretended to discern in an almost perfect character.

The faults of Irving in his treatment of Columbus are mostly of a negative kind. The deliberate calumniator is absent in his lucubrations; most of his sins are those of omission; and probably they would not have to be deplored, had his religious and political environment permitted him to see the appropriateness, if not the necessity, of avoiding them. Thus, it was a grave historical fault for him to commit when, treating of the landing at San Salvador, he said nothing of the erection by Columbus of an immense cross, in sign of his having taken possession of that territory in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.* However, most of his school can not be so leniently treated by the Catholic critic. Humboldt charges Columbus with inflexible severity and cruelty; with the violation of the personal liberty of the Indians, and with administrative incapacity. We shall briefly examine these charges, and thus see whether there is any justification for the sole *raison d'être* of Winsor's diatribe.

The charge of inflexible severity is based principally upon the Admiral's treatment of Bernal Diaz, who had formed a conspiracy, a plan of which was found upon

* De Lorgues, vol. i, b. 2.

† "Y digo que Vuestras Altezas no deben consentir que aqui trate ni haga pié ninguno extrangero, salvo catolicos cristianos, pues este fué el fin y el comienzo del proposito que fuese par acrecentamiento y gloria de la religion cristiana."

* "Per lasciare un segno d'haver preso la possessione in nome del Signore Jesu Cristo." Ramusio: "Delle Navigazioni e Viaggi," vol. iii, fol. 2.

his person, and which he did not disavow. But Irving finds that the course of Columbus was quite moderate, inasmuch as he abstained from exercising his undoubted vice-regal prerogative of inflicting condign punishment upon a confessed traitor; simply confining him to one of the ships until he could be forwarded to Spain for trial. His accomplices of inferior rank, adds Irving, were punished according to their degree of guilt, but not with the rigor it deserved.* From this moment, says Charlevoix,† this act of necessary justice, in which all formalities were exactly observed, began to entail consequences fatal to Columbus and his whole family. His enemies charged him with capriciously outraging Castilian gentlemen; but, remarks Irving, they took good care to be silent concerning the crimes and debaucheries of these gentlemen, and the seditious cabals which the Admiral had so often forgiven.‡ Modern philanthropists, Humboldt at their head, have affected horror at the punishment which Columbus, in his instructions, recommended as befitting robbers. But punishments vary with times and places. Oviedo, an eye-witness, tells us that among the Indians first found by Columbus, "the sin most abominated was theft."‖ The native code "prescribed impalement as its penalty." Charlevoix corroborates this account. When the Admiral found himself obliged, in time, to punish theft among the Indians, he substituted for their own penalty one which spared life, while marking the culprits as warnings to others. He cut off the end of the ear or of the nose; as was prescribed in those days by the Code of Valencia,§ and by that of the Hermandad.¶

(Conclusion in our next number.)

* B. vi, ch. 8.

† "Histoire de St.-Domingue," b. 2.

‡ B. viii, ch. 8.

‖ "Hist. Nat. de las Indias," b. v, ch. 3.

§ Tarazona: "Instituciones del Fuero, y Privilegios del Reino de Valencia," vol. viii.

¶ Saint-Hilaire: "Histoire d'Espagne," b. xviii.

Sorrow's Sweetness.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

THERE is sweetness even in sorrow,—
in the bitterest tears there is balm;
The weeping-willow sometimes looks as fair as a queenly palm.
Each aching heart has a sunny nook in the wastes of its starless gloom,
Where, over the weeds and noxious plants, the roses of hope still bloom.

Oh, Fate is not wholly pitiless! It leaves on the desolate face
The half eclipse of a sweet, sad smile, and an artless art of grace.
No: never was heart so cruelly crushed that it turned itself to a stone,
And the wistful eyes that swim in grief have a beauty all their own.

The sorrows that grow with the winter's clouds will pine on the lap of spring,—
God in His mercy has fixed a bound to human suffering;
For He hath decreed that grief, like joy, must pass into space away,
As the night and dawntide vanish in the light of a summer's day.

Little Easter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

I.

IT was a stormy night when Sergeant Rouzon was passing along the hilly road which led from the town of Asier to his village. Everyone called him Sergeant, though he had long since retired from the army, and lived in a little cottage in the mountain village of Bébelé. He lived all alone, and his wife and two children rested in the pretty graveyard beside the Church of St. Joseph.

As the Sergeant walked on, anxious to get home to his well-earned supper, he

heard behind him the patter of tiny feet. He turned and waited till a little girl, breathless from running, came up to him. She was about six years old, bareheaded and barefooted, and all in rags, carrying in her hand an old tambourine.

"Where do you come from all alone, little one?" asked the Sergeant, tenderly.

"I don't know," sighed the child.

"You *don't know?*"

"No. They buried my mother this morning; she died in a shed belonging to a farmer. He was angry because she died there. We were always travelling. She sang and I danced and beat my tambourine. Now she is gone, and I am all alone. I do not know where to go, and I am frightened."

"Very well. Walk beside me, and give me your hand. What is your name?"

"Kita," answered the little girl.

"What a name!" murmured the soldier. "Why, it's not Christian!"

At last they reached the village. The Sergeant stood still and scratched his head.

"Where will you go now?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Kita, sadly.

"How strange! You belong to no one in this world, really?"

"To no one," she replied.

"Goodness me! Well, suppose you stop with me? I'll be your father. I'm as lonely as a cuckoo, and it's dull enough."

"You look so good and I am so miserable!" answered Kita. "If you only would take me!"

"I will, child; I will. And how can I help it? I can't leave you alone in the night—turn to the left. Here we are—here's my cottage. Now God be with us! This is His business. He won't let us die of hunger."

"I know He won't."

They entered the cottage of two small rooms, with scanty furniture. Dry, black bread was all the Sergeant could give his little guest; and that seemed delicious to the starving child, who was soon asleep on some straw in a corner.

Next day the Sergeant remarked to Kita:

"I can't have you go by that heathen name. Where were you baptized?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Don't you know about the good God, and Jesus Christ our Lord?"

"No, sir. Where do these gentlemen live, please?"

The Sergeant struck his head. "The poor child!" he exclaimed, under his breath,—"poor in everything. My God, I will guard her for Thee!"

There was soon great talk in the village; and M. le Curé heard the news from his housekeeper, who had heard it from the baker, who had it from the road-menders. Tongues wagged fast. It was seldom anything novel happened in the neighborhood, and the Sergeant was well laughed at and criticised. He did not care, however; but soon took the little girl to the Curé. Before doing so, he bought a pretty kerchief and a hat for her. Ready-made clothes were not sold at Bébelé, but a good girl who took in needlework kindly consented to make a frock for the child.

"M. le Curé," said the Sergeant, "will you baptize this morsel of a child? She has neither father nor mother, nor house nor bread, nor any mortal thing. God has sent her to me, though I have not much more than she has. But two poor creatures together may perhaps trust more to His good providence. I want to get her made into a good, solid Christian first of all. I'll be her godfather; and I'm sure your housekeeper, in charity, will be godmother."

"You are a good man, Sergeant," answered the priest, shaking his hand warmly. "God will reward you a hundredfold."

"Bless me, M. le Curé, I'm not doing much,—only just a bit of a child! If God sent me a hundred, I should try to feed them for Him."

The Curé laughed.

Kita was taught her catechism. She was very bright, and learned rapidly; and before long she was baptized, and given the name of Rose.

II.

A new life opened for little Rose. When the Sergeant questioned her more fully about her past life, he doubted whether the person she called mother had really been her parent. She had been hard and cruel to the child, and Rose soon forgot her and the misery of her wandering life. Her godfather was very poor, but always kind and good; and Rose grew to love him with her whole heart, and was bent on pleasing him. She spent half the day at school. She kept the little cottage clean and tidy, and gained a few pence by gathering violets and other wild flowers to be sold to the chemists in Asier.

Sergeant Rouzon had a small pension, which kept him in clothes and tobacco. His cottage belonged to him: it had been his wife's dowry. In its little yard he had a few hens, and on Sundays and feast-days eggs were cooked for dinner. For the rest, the Sergeant lived by "his days," as the French say. He was clever at most things,—could doctor a sick horse or cow, do a nice bit of carpentry, mend a lock; transact a little business, as he could write and keep accounts; and was so perfectly trustworthy that he was employed whenever any one was in a difficulty. But difficulties did not often arise in Bébelé, and then his services were poorly paid; so the Sergeant had lived a hard life, and now lived harder to keep little Rose. Tobacco had to be dispensed with by the old man, and bread often was their only food for days; and if a morsel of something better came in the way, Rose generally had to eat it all, by the will of her kind-hearted godfather.

The industry of the village was lacemaking; and the little girl soon learned it, and in the winter was busy with her fingers on her cushion. In the summer the Sergeant took a long journey to sell all the lace of his neighbors; and Rose staid with Elise the seamstress, whose sight was not good enough for lacemaking. On Sunday afternoons she amused herself with the other children, and to their delight played the tambourine while they danced.

Rose grew up into a charming girl, and meanwhile her godfather was growing old. One day he said: "How good a cup of buttermilk would taste in the mornings! But I am as likely to get it as is one of our hens to lay eggs in M. le Curé's hat." Rose said nothing but smiled.

In these mountain villages it is customary on Low Sunday, which is called "Little Easter," for the young people to go round begging for eggs, and of these eggs an immense omelet is made for a general supper that night. One Little Easter the questing party was about to set out, when Rose with her tambourine passed by.

"O Rose," cried one of them, "if you come along with your tambourine, we shall get ever so much more."

"Oh, yes!" called out the others; "do come, Rose! You shall have your share."

"I'll come," answered Rose, "if each of you will give me an egg to do as I like with."

"Agreed! agreed!" they cried.

So Rose went with them, and came back at night with fourteen eggs, all of which she put for her hens to sit on. After a while she had chickens to sell; and so well did she dispose of them in Asier that she brought back a lamb. The lamb grew into a sheep, gave its wool, and was finally sold to give way to a pig. And the pig flourished and had a famous litter. And one day Rose took the "great pigs and the little pigs to the market," and returned with a cow. The Sergeant could not believe his eyes. To possess a cow! His fondest dream was surpassed. Rose had never forgotten his words about buttermilk; and as she led the pretty red cow up to the Sergeant she said:

"Godfather, the hen *has* laid eggs in M. le Curé's hat."

It was a happy, a delightful moment. The old man felt the sweetness of the girl's

gratitude, and she felt the joy known only to the grateful of heart. The cow was called "Little Easter," and she brought prosperity. Rose became renowned for her cream-cheeses, and one comfort after another came to the old soldier in his declining days.

Rose's skill and industry were known in all the country round, and she had plenty of suitors. She told the one she liked she would never marry any one who would not welcome her godfather to his home. "An easy condition," said Philip Creze.

So Rose and Philip were married; and when last we heard of them the old Sergeant was still living, the slave and the playfellow of two bonny children, who called him "Grandpapa." Little Easter is always a day of rejoicing in the household, and Sergeant Rouzon says the grace at dinner with special fervor.

Traces of Travel.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—THE GRAY METROPOLIS.

A WEEK in the "Gray Metropolis of the North," and I have not yet begun to exhaust its catalogue of historical and literary associations; nor have I yet grown used to the marvellous picturesqueness of this handsome and haughty city. The town is made up of hills and dales, crags and castles; of parks and terraces, where monuments are raised to the memory of the illustrious dead; of broad new streets and narrow old ones,—some of them so old and so narrow that they are completely buried away under rows of high houses, and are accessible only to such of the citizens as have learned to burrow like rabbits, and are not in the least afraid of dark and dusty corners.

In Edinburgh the scenic changes are very sudden and very striking. One drops from the stately Castle on the cliff, where Queen Mary gave birth to James VI., into the plebeian precinct known as the Grass Market. From the verdant slopes of the Princess Street Gardens, once upon a time the shore of a lake, one descends abruptly into the dry bed of that lake, now ribbed with railways, where billows of steam break noiselessly among the trees at the foot of the gardens; and there fifty locomotives rush to and fro like monsters sporting in their native element. Across this lake of vapor there are high bridges, that carry the streets on a dead level from the elegant and spacious squares of the new town into the broken and irregular blocks of old Edinburgh. Two centuries meet and shake hands above the keystones of the bridges that span the vapory lake.

On the heights of Calton Hill the eye takes in at a glance the ponderous and inelegant Nelson memorial; also the chaste fragment of the National Monument, which, by the way, is a reproduction in part of the Athenian Parthenon; it must ever remain a strikingly classical feature in a landscape that is almost unrivalled for stately beauty.

This morning, while the city was enveloped in a fog so dense that I could only guess at the nature of objects on the other side of the street, I went up to the Castle, three hundred and eighty-five feet above sea level. A fort stood here anterior to the Christian era; in the fifth century it was in possession of the Caledonian chiefs. Edwin, one of the Northumbrian Kings, rebuilt it in A. D. 626. Here the Scottish Kings sought shelter—Alexander I., David I., Malcolm IV., Alexander II., William the Lion, Alexander III., and others. In 1296 Edwin I. "pelted it night and day for a week" with three engines of war, and at last took it. For seventeen years it was in the hands of the English; then Randolph, Earl of Murray, retook it.

Robert the Bruce dismantled it. Edward Baliol ceded it to the English. In 1337 it was refortified by Edward III.; and in 1341 was again recovered for the Scotch by Sir William Douglas, the "Black Night of Liddesdale." Here James II. spent his minority, and here he was crowned. James III. was imprisoned within its walls; James IV. revelled in it. In 1566 James VI. was born here; and in 1650, after a short siege, the Castle surrendered to Oliver Cromwell. All this might easily be turned into an alphabetical nursery rhyme, and it would seem quite as real to me then as it now does—history reads so like a fable, even when you are tracking her heroes step by step, from chamber to chamber, on to their bloody deaths.

St. Margaret's Chapel, atop of the highest ground within the walls, is more than eight hundred years old. Here St. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm III., the successor of Macbeth, was wont to hear Mass. Malcolm, poor fellow! her loving but illiterate husband, who could not read a syllable of any tongue, had her missals gorgeously bound, and used to kiss them frequently to show his reverence for religion. St. Margaret's life, a sorrowful romance, abounds in thrilling incidents; and a little pamphlet, sold for a trifle in the chamber that was once her chapel, reads like a fairy tale. The fat, elderly woman who sat at the door of the chapel as I entered it said to me, plaintively: "I am old and short o' wind. If you would know the history of the Chapel of St. Margaret, you had best get it for a penny, and save me the trouble o' telling it."

In front of the chapel door lies the great gun called "Mons Meg," a relic of the fifteenth century. It is thirteen feet in length, seven and one half in circumference, and has a calibre of twenty inches. Some of the big stone balls once discharged by it now lie quietly at its side,—they were found three miles away, and are supposed to have been fired that distance. Mons Meg is constructed on almost the same principle as the modern Armstrong gun. This old war-dog had a voice in the siege of Norham Castle in 1497. After he had reposed in the Tower of London for seventy-six years, he was restored to the Castle through Sir Walter Scott's influence with King George. Escorted by the 73d Regiment and three troops of cavalry, with pipers piping gaily, and the whole populace wild with enthusiasm, old Mons Meg finally came home to his last rest, with a hole in his breech big enough to put your head in.

Everywhere one is reminded how thoroughly Sir Walter has grafted his memory upon the history of his native land. On the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, the insignia of royalty disappeared. The jewels were kept in the dark for more than a century,—at first purposely, for the Government feared to arouse the national feeling after the treaty with England; subsequently their hiding-place was actually forgotten. Now, Walter Scott was one of a committee that searched for the royal symbols. In 1817 an old chest in the Castle was forced open by the King's smith, and there, covered with linen cloths, were the treasures that had been so mysteriously concealed for one hundred and ten years. One sees them now under glass, where they appear to be as gaudy and unreal as stage ornaments; crown-jewels, we must remember, are very apt to look like so much glass and tinsel.

There is a little chamber on the ground-floor of the ancient palace within the Castle walls. It is a very little chamber, its greatest length being not more than eight feet. It is irregular in shape, and has a small window looking down upon the old city three hundred feet below; there was a flourishing village on that very site as early as A. D. 854. Now the chamber is dark and dingy; people crowd into it, and stare about at the antique wainscot panelling, and up at the ancient ceiling, where

the initials J. R. and M. R., surmounted by the royal crown, are wrought in alternate panels. Photographs and guide-books are on sale in the small chamber; and on one wall is a quaint inscription recording in three couplets the birth of James VI., with the date—19th of June, 1566. In Lord Herries' Memoirs is recorded the following scene, which was enacted in this closet-like room:

"The young prince was ushered into the world between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. Darnley came at two in the afternoon to see his royal spouse and his child. 'My Lord,' said Mary, 'God has given us a son.' Partially uncovering the infant's face, she added a protest that it was his and no other man's son. Then, turning to an English gentleman present, she said: 'This is the son who, I hope, shall first unite the two kingdoms of Scotland and England.' Sir William Stanley said: 'Why, madame, should he succeed before your Majesty and his father?'—'Alas!' answered Mary, 'his father has broken to me,'—alluding to his joining the murderous conspiracy against Rizzio. 'Sweet madame,' said Darnley, 'is this the promise that you made, that you would forget and forgive all?'—'I have forgiven all,' cried the Queen; 'but I will never forget. What if Fawdonside's pistol [he was one of the conspirators] had shot [she had felt the cold steel on her bosom], what would have become of both him and me?'—'Madame,' cried Darnley, 'these things are past.'—'Then,' said the Queen, 'let them go.' And so ended this singular conversation."

The sun was high when I went out upon the battlements, trying to "forgive and forget" half that I had seen. If a man were to remember only a small portion of all he sees and hears in these historical latitudes, his brains would still be stuffed as full of horrors as is the Newgate Calendar. I stood upon the battlements. The mists had dissolved; and out of the thin, floating fragments that were drifting slowly off to sea rose the splendid heights of the city. It seemed to bristle with turrets and towers; and, bathed in the rich morning light, it was as dazzling as an Eastern dream. Calton Hill was like a hanging garden, with its pale Greek temple rising naked above the groves. Near at hand the pleasure-grounds, wherein Scott's elaborate monument is erected, sent up to us the summer song of birds and the perfume of a wilderness of flowers. Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, still cloud-capped, watched over the city, as if it had been a child left in the keeping of these giant guardians. Away off in the horizon sparkled the Frith of Forth, with the Fife coast stretched like a thread in the distance; and Bass Rock seemed like a hard knot in that thread. It was an inspiration—the mere sight of it all!—and one never to be forgotten.

Standing upon the Castle wall, and looking over its roofs to Arthur's Seat, on the left are the highlands of the new town, with its grassy lake-bed and its billows of steam lying between us. At the farther end of the highlands, toward Arthur's Seat, but separated from it by the vale of Holyrood, rises Calton Hill. On the right, at our feet, is the valley of the Grass Market, the site of the ancient and original village that grew up under the Castle cliff. This portion of the town spreads over a rolling country, and reaches even beyond the hem of Salisbury Crags, where there are villas and villages hiding themselves among the hillocks. Between the lowlands on the right and the lake-valley on the left there is a ridge sloping to the plains under Salisbury Crags. It has often been compared to a wedge. Along the top of this wedge runs High Street, the chief thoroughfare of the old town; it extends from the Castle to Holyrood—and to Holyrood let us hasten; for there is a closet in that palace which has something to do with the chamber in the Castle. Indeed, Holyrood and

Edinburgh Castle are companion pictures, that, for poor Queen Mary's sake, should never be separated.

There is a chamber in Holyrood, and there one sees the couch of the unhappy Queen, her portraits, and bits of dainty embroidery done by her own fair hands. At two corners of the room there are closets; one of them is known as the dressing-room, the other was a private supping-room.

One night when the Queen and that handsome Italian with the operatic cast of countenance, who is usually painted with a mandolin in hand,—one night when Rizzio was supping with the Queen, innocently enough no doubt, a small door in the corner of the closet was pushed open and Darnley entered. He threw his arm fondly about the Queen as he seated himself at her side; then armed men entered, until the little supper-room was filled with them. All this was ominous. Rizzio, finding it impossible to escape, clung to the Queen's skirts for protection. Then and there the first dagger smote him; and how those murderers fell upon him as the sight of blood increased their frenzy! The wretched man was dragged through the bed-chamber and the audience-chamber, and dropped like a dead dog at the top of the stairway up which we came just now. To this hour there is a dark stain on the oaken floor, where he lay all that hideous night, with five and forty gaping wounds in his soft flesh.

What a scene was this to be enacted within walls that were once monastic! In an obscure corner of the ruined abbey adjoining, Rizzio lies buried.

(To be continued.)

PUT God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.—*Emerson.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

A "LONG-FELT WANT."

THE matter of a training school for parents has not yet received the attention it deserves. At present it is perhaps a dangerous thing to add to the fury of the discussion of education by any new suggestion; but this affair is so practical that there is no danger that the learned theorists who write pamphlets will touch it at all. The State—which, by the way, has done so much, and which is becoming more paternal every day—ought really to do something for the parent, especially for the father; but since the State can hardly do it now without undertaking the care of the whole family, the observer of the derelictions of the American father must appeal to him to reform himself.

If somebody should start a *Vatergarten*—in which, as in the *Kindergarten*, a father could be led up gently to the consideration of his duties,—what a blessing it would be! The mothers, in most cases, undertake all the burden of that most vital duty, the management of children. One must take with a grain of salt all that nonsense in the Sunday papers labelled advice to women, etc. From that one gets the impression that the highest thought of a woman is the question of what she shall wear to an afternoon tea, or how to make Louis XV. desks out of old flour barrels. But it really has no meaning. The women never mind it; it does not represent them. They never take advice except when they know it is wrong, and they can have the exquisite pleasure of blaming the adviser: they always take their own way of doing things, and they are generally right.

Now, the boys of a family need a father's care and attention when they have passed

the age of frocks. A woman may manage them, and be looked on as an angel of light by them; but the father must be their companion and director, or something is sure to go wrong. The boy who has been much with his father is sure to be a good boy. The boy who sees his father only at a distance, who looks on him as a policeman, who feels that he is without sympathy, is likely to be a repressed boy,—a "dark" boy, lacking that frankness at home which the unreasonable father is always demanding, but seldom encouraging. A gruff "Where were you, sir?" flung at a boy is not likely to encourage a gushing out of youthful frankness: it is more likely to encourage evasion or something worse.

There is an axiom, often quoted in the domestic circle, that the girls of a family are more fond of their father than the boys. The reason is plain. If a father has any gentleness at all in his composition, the daughters bring it out. They have not the shyness or the awkwardness or the sensitiveness of the boy. Of course they are sensitive; but a burst of tears relieves their sensibility, and papa becomes careful of their feelings at once. But the sensitiveness which hides itself in the boy, and often seems sulkiness, is just as worthy of attention. His father in the beginning is to him a demi-god. Why is it that this halo does not last? It is not the boy's fault; for the boy is always a born hero-worshipper. If he transfers this admiration to the baseball player, or the champion clog-dancer, or the witty dispenser of mixed drinks, who is to blame? The father who, with everything in his favor for keeping an influence over his son, allowed that influence to lapse.

A boy, whether he be clever or not, ought to be studied and considered. He has a vocation for something, and if he misses that vocation, it is, as a rule, his father's fault. If he goes to the "bad" through the missing of that vocation, it is, as a rule, his father's fault. If he is a disappointment, a burden, or a shame, it is his father's fault. For what right has any father to shift the burden of bringing up a son to the shoulders of the mother? The child's first claim on him is not that he should leave him a great deal of money, or give him luxuries; but it is that he should help to educate him. No boy is educated in a school: that is a modern fallacy. He may be instructed in a school, and, as he grows older, receive a moderate amount of education; but he can never be wholly educated in any school. If his father does not influence him, there is much lacking in his education.

That the American father thinks too much of his business and too little, in a rational way, of his children is a platitude. It has been repeated and re-repeated; and yet he fancies himself the ideal father. Has not Johnny warm clothes, and a bicycle, and spending money to an unreasonable extent? Is he not well clothed, well fed, and well warmed? "Other things?" *What* other things? Can't be bothered! His mother looks after the "other things."

When a father ceases to be a companion to his son, when he has no time to help him to think or to act, when he is too busy to assist him in finding his vocation in life, when he is too old to sympathize with his fears, his hopes, his amusement, then let him drop some of his engagements. The boy, gentlemen, may be ungrateful if he receives money after his father's death, and has nothing but money to be grateful for. But he will never be ungrateful for that interest, that companionship, that tender love, which glorify the relations of the father and the son, and of which we have the highest example in those of Our Lord and St. Joseph.

The mother, when she is not forced to stagger under a responsibility for which she was never intended, does her duty fully. But, in most cases, the father neglects his because he has never realized what it is.

Notes and Remarks.

Could the late lamented Dr. Shea have foreseen the many tributes that would be offered to his memory by the Catholics of the United States, none, we feel sure, would have gratified him more than the impressive services which were held last week at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass, in the presence of the students and faculty of the University, was offered by the President, the Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C.S.C.; and in the evening an address was delivered in Washington Hall by the Hon. William J. Onahan, of Chicago, Ill., who was an intimate friend and enthusiastic admirer of the great American Catholic historian. The hall was appropriately draped for the occasion, and a life-like oil-painting of Dr. Shea was placed on the stage in full view of audience and speaker. The address was an eloquent tribute to the work and worth of the departed author, whose self-sacrificing services to the Church in this country a future generation will more thoroughly appreciate.

The *Pilot* has a comment well worth quoting on the movement, steadily becoming stronger, of a large body of Episcopalians in this country toward Catholic practice. The latest feature of the movement is the restoration of the *Magnificat* to the Book of Common Prayer, of which the *Churchman* says:

"The restoration of the Song of the Blessed Virgin to its place in the Evening Prayer has given more quiet satisfaction to more people than any other single result of the late revision. If its use has not yet become universal, it has been chiefly because of the inconvenience of its not yet being printed in the Prayer-Book,—a hindrance which will cease after next autumn."

"Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," remarks the *Pilot*, "is more than tolerated now among the Episcopalians. In a moderately 'High' Church one will find a picture of Our Lady in the vestry, while she is openly honored in the Ritualistic wing; and at least one very 'High Church' in Boston has a society, the Little Sisters of Mary, under her patronage. The thoughtful Catholic looks on these manifestations with a divided mind. It is true that in many cases Ritualism has been a stage in the progress of earnest souls into the fulness of the truth. But, on the other hand, it has proved a dangerous soporific to the souls whose spiritual stumbling-block is the pride of life, by holding out what looks and sounds very like Catholicity, and can be had apart from the risk of association with the poor and humble, who are so unpleasantly prominent in the real Church Catholic."

A successor to Cardinal Manning has been appointed to the Archbishopric of Westminster in the person of Mgr. Vaughan, the present Bishop of Salford. The Archbishop-elect is a prelate of commanding ability, whose practical energy and administrative powers have long marked him out for promotion in the hierarchy of England. He comes of a family numerously represented at the altar and in the cloister, five of his brothers having been priests, and as many of his sisters nuns. Dr. Vaughan, it is said, manifested a disinclination to his removal from his present see, but his nomination to Westminster was nevertheless confirmed. May he prove a worthy successor to the great son of the Church whose work he is to assume and continue!

The second annual report of the corresponding secretary of the American Catholic Truth Society contains an interesting summary of the work accomplished by that efficient organization during the past year. Within the past three months the Society has published 45,000 copies of original pamphlets and leaflets. The parent Society at St. Paul has associated with it seven conferences and twenty-four affiliated societies. The number of members in the United States alone is 944, of whom 110 are priests. We have frequently commented favorably on the excellence of the objects aimed at by the Catholic Truth Society, and once more heartily commend it to the consideration of our readers.

It really seems embarrassing to the managers of the World's Columbian Exposition that the great discoverer and the Queen who so materially aided him in his enterprise should have been Catholics. Had Columbus and Isabella been Theosophists or Esoteric Buddhists, things would be vastly simplified.

But there is no getting over the fact that the chief personages to whom honor accrues in connection with the discovery of America were devoted children of the Church, and loyal adherents of the Pontiff who, in their day, occupied the throne whereon at present is seated a "weak old man," according to Mr. Butterworth. This creature, by the way, after publicly insulting one-sixth of the people of this country, has been promoted. He is now one of the World's Fair directors. Blatant bigotry, it would seem, is one of the qualifications for such a position. In any case, bigotry has undoubtedly been, and is still being, manifested in the manipulation of the Columbian Exposition's affairs. Catholics are, in Chicago parlance, "emphatically not in it."

The latest manifestation of this tendency to ignore any distinctively Catholic feature in the great event commemorated, is the action of the Board of Directors in the matter of the Queen Isabella Association. This Association, having been refused admission to the grounds of the Fair for their pavilion and their proposed statue of Isabella the Catholic, decided to erect the pavilion with the statue outside the grounds. Now comes the *Chicago Catholic Home* with the statement that "from reliable sources it has come to the knowledge of the Queen Isabella Association that a proposition has been made to Miss Harriet Hosmer to the effect that the statue of Queen Isabella be taken from the Association and placed in the World's Fair grounds, in whatever place the committee on grounds shall decide."

We advise the ladies of the Association to show the managing Board that fair play to them means more money and increased moral support to the Fair. That is the only argument likely to be considered weighty enough to offset the bigotry that would suppress the Isabella Association.

The last testament of Cardinal Mermillod differed from ordinary wills in that it made no disposition of wealth. "Heaven blessed my quests for the Church," says the Cardinal; "I have gathered and spent great sums for works of charity, but I die absolutely without possessions—so poor that I can not leave souvenirs to those who have loved me, not even to the priests who have been foremost in my heart." Tangible souvenirs he did not leave, but who believes that the remembrance of such a man will ever fade from the hearts of those honored with his friendship and esteem?

The question of a Manning Memorial is being discussed in our English exchanges, and the prospects for the realization of the scheme seem bright. The London *Weekly Register*, which gives the matter special prominence, says editorially: "There is no need to set up a plea for a Manning Memorial. Catholic England means to make one, and Protestant England desires to have a part in the work. Nor must the people of Catholic Ireland, or Catholic Scotland, or the Catholics of other lands, and of the Greater Britain, be disregarded in this memorial of love for one who loved us and loved them through all his life. What that memorial shall be seems to many to be as clear as is the fact that there must be a memorial at all."

The special form of the memorial which commends itself to most people is a Manning Hall, to be erected near Mgr. Gilbert's Refuge, in Providence Row, London, to be used for mission work on the broadest Christian basis. This would indeed be a fitting monument to one who, more than any other man of his age, loved those for whom mission work is most needed; and we hope soon to hear that the scheme has assumed practical shape.

The *Manchester Guardian*, in a recent issue, acridly remarked that the United States laws which permit the seizure of fine paintings as contraband goods "reads like a cutting from 'Gulliver's Travels,' or a burlesque of Protection invented by a friend of Free Trade.... It is possible [!] that the United States may yet produce a considerable painter, but at present they are doing all they can to prevent it." The *Art Amateur* has a neat retort to this, as follows:

"The folly of imposing an import duty on works of art, all cultivated persons in this country unite in condemning; but it may be remarked that, notwithstanding the disadvantages Americans have to labor under in this respect by reason of the short-sighted policy of their rulers, they still manage to send to

England now and then 'a considerable painter' or two of their own—Whistler, for instance, whose 'Portrait of My Mother' was skied by the Royal Academy so ignorantly, and honored by France with a place in the Luxembourg Gallery; and Sargent, whose 'Rose Lily—Lily Rose' was found worthy to be bought by the Royal Academy. Apart from such real artists as Whistler and Sargent, England found such a very indifferent American painter as Benjamin West quite good enough to be President of her Royal Academy *a hundred years ago*. Popular appreciation of art to-day in the United States is, to say the least, on a par with that of Great Britain."

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated January 16, suggests devout practices by which the Episcopal Jubilee of his Holiness Leo XIII. may be celebrated, and proclaims the plenary and partial indulgences granted to those who take part in such practices. Prominent among the devotions recommended is the recitation of the Rosary privately or in common, but especially in one's own family. Leo XIII. is becoming more and more the Pope of the Holy Rosary.

New Publications.

MEDITATIONS ON THE PRINCIPAL TRUTHS OF RELIGION, AND ON THE HIDDEN AND PUBLIC LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. By the Most Rev. Dr. Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus, Rector of the Irish College at Rome. M. H. Gill & Son.

These meditations are intended for ecclesiastics in general and for seminarians in particular. Adopting "The Exercises of St. Ignatius" for his groundwork, the Most Rev. Author lays before the reader in a clear and impressive manner all the great truths of our holy religion. He draws an unexcelled pen-portrait of the ideal ecclesiastic, the virtues with which he ought to be adorned, the trials inseparable from his vocation, and the dangers with which he is menaced. The venerable author's learning, of which every page of his little book is a proof, together with his long experience in the training of aspirants to the sacerdotal office, will exercise a special influence on the minds of his readers. Such is the power and sweetness of the considerations presented to the mind and heart that when one has read the last of this series of meditations he longs for the time when he may resume it. Owing to the brevity of the chapters, the volume is rather a *vade-mecum* for the individual than a book for community exercises.

THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES. By Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co.

Much as one may dislike the use of that blunt English word "coat" as applied to the garment worn by our Blessed Lord, we hope it will deter no one from reading, from cover to cover, all the precious information which Father Clarke gives in the book now before us for notice. The perusal of it will amply repay not alone the devout and the pious—for whom, of course, the work has primarily and principally been published,—but also the antiquarian, the man of science—if we can separate science from Christianity,—and all whose tastes incline toward historical researches. Father Clarke himself made the "great pilgrimage," and speaks from personal observation. Treves is an historic town, and its great traditions are unbroken. The little book which the learned Jesuit gives us tells us all; while the accompanying illustrations, skilfully executed, add renewed force to the eloquent words of the text. We bespeak an extended circulation for this welcome volume.

GRANIA: THE STORY OF AN ISLAND. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. Macmillan & Co.

The term novel, as applied to the innumerable works of fiction with which the book-stalls are nowadays loaded, has lost so much of its etymological meaning that we shall hardly be accused of redundancy in calling "Grania" a novel novel. And novel, new, unhackneyed, it certainly is, in scenery, incidents, characters, and diction. The Gaelic being the language of her characters, the author has not attempted to introduce that too often unmanageable accompaniment of Irish stories, the brogue; and, in our opinion, she is to be congratulated on the omission. As a substitute we have a partially quaint and wholly charming rendition of idiomatic Gaelic forms of speech, quite in keeping with the primitive simplicity of the personages involved.

The story is, on the whole, a melancholy one, and its ending sad; but it is interesting

throughout, and gives a vivid picture of what daily life may be in a community only a few miles removed from the hurly-burly of commerce, and the conventionalisms of modern society. Honor O'Malley is a strongly-drawn character, whose sisterly love and patient piety will appeal to all Catholic hearts.

SAN SALVADOR. By Mary Agnes Tincker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

And this is M. A. T.! who has delighted us by her "House of Yorke," "Grapes and Thorns," etc. It seems that she has been led away by the prevailing "fad" of an utopian twentieth century. Alas! Miss Tincker's characters are drawn with a master-touch, and they are made, each in its own way, to come home to the reader. But oh the pity of it! What an opportunity for a Catholic novelist! Think of a book with the main, central idea an establishment of a community in which all that is essential and lovable in Catholicity is wanting! And this is what "San Salvador" is. The "Basilica" is so called because some old Basil built it; its interior is described with a wealth of imagery beyond comparison; but the great attraction of every Catholic church is placed—in what? In the *tribune!* We can't suppose just now what the author means. And, then, she speaks of the non-admission of bodies into the Church, the withdrawal of children from maternal care, and things of that ilk *usque ad nauseam.* We can not but repeat that it is a matter of regret that a writer gifted like Miss Tincker should not have made a better use of the opportunities placed within her reach.

MONSIEUR HENRI. A Foot-Note to French History. By Louise Imogene Guiney. Harper & Bros.

This is a sympathetic and delicate memorial of the noble struggle of the Vendeans for religious and civil rights. It is a charming little book, both inside and out; and the cordial dedication of this grateful ex-pupil of Elmhurst to her friend and preceptress is a lovely bit of writing. Miss Guiney has kept all the promises of "Songs at the Start," and her literary work gains in beauty and strength with each new effort. "Monsieur Henri" will delight all who love the names of La Rochejaquelein and Charette.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Capt. Thomas Beaty, of New York city, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 26th ult.

Miss Anna Simpson, who peacefully departed this life on the 31st ult., at Binghamton, N. Y.

Mrs. Julia F. Ring, of South Boston, Mass., whose happy death took place on the 10th ult.

Mr. William Hawkins, who passed away on the 2d of Feb., at Lewiston, Me.

Miss Nellie Maloney, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who met a sad death by drowning.

Mr. Henry J. Leydon, of Columbus, Ohio; William Foley, Anamosa, Iowa; Miss Agnes C. Heffernan, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. Francis J. Hogan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Docling, Miss Nellie Flynn, and Mr. Stephen Shanley, New Haven, Conn.; James Fitzgerald, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Miss Mary Smith, Milwaukee, Wis.; Michael A. Mulleen and John A. O'Reilly, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Michael and Mrs. Isabella Kenney, Mr. John O'Keefe, and Miss Catherine Dougherty, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Byrne, Kingston, Ont.; Mr. Patrick Gallery and Mrs. Mary Walsh, New York, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee. —ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Cause of the Ven Curé of Ars:—S. O'H., $1; A Child of Mary, $1; M. and C. M., $1; L. S., in honor of St. Joseph, 50 cts.; A. McG., $2; A Friend, Trenton, N. J., in honor of Our Lady, $1; the Rev. J. J. R., in honor of St. Joseph, $2; A Friend, San Francisco, Cal., 50 cts.; Mrs. Mary Tansey, $1; Miss Mary Reilly, 50 cts.; N. T. L., 50 cts.; St. John's Institute, San Juan, Cal., $1; T. M. B., $1; N. K. M., $1; J. E. K., $1; For E. D., $1; M. E. D., $1.

For the lepers in the Diocese of Mgr. Osouf, Japan:—Anna T. Lynch, in honor of the Sacred Heart, $5; Lawrence Denneny, $1.

For the Ursuline Nuns, St. Peter's Mission, Mont.:—A Friend, Altoona, Pa., $5; A Friend, $5; Mrs. M. Clarke, $1; G., $2; Mrs. James Prendergast, $1; Eliza Brennan, $1; Mrs. D., St. Louis, Mo., in honor of St. Joseph $1; M. G., in honor of St. Joseph, $1; John Quinn, in honor of St. Patrick, $2.50; the Rev. J. A. D., $5; Annie Smith, $5; E. W. R., in honor of the Holy Family, $1.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

An Easter Hymn.

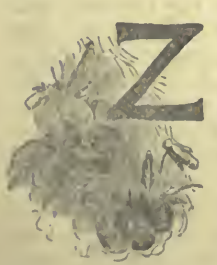
BY ST. JOHN DAMASCENE.

THOU New Jerusalem, arise and shine!
The glory of the Lord on thee hath risen.
Sion, exult! Rejoice with joy divine,
Mother of God! Thy Son hath burst His prison.

O Heavenly Voice! O word of purest love!
"Lo! I am with you always to the end."
This is the anchor, steadfast from above,—
The golden anchor, whence our hopes depend.

O Christ, our Pascha! greatest, holiest, best!
God's Word and Wisdom and effectual Might!
Thy fuller, lovelier presence manifest
In that eternal realm that knows no night.

The Easter Bells of Feldkirch.



ZEALOUSLY and victoriously the armies of the great Napoleon were sweeping over Europe. No fort was strong enough to resist them; no number of men large enough to defend a city, at that time, when the French battered at its walls.

On the frontiers of Austria was a little town called Feldkirch. It had no more than three or four thousand people, mostly God-fearing men. The great Napoleon found Feldkirch in his way as he advanced, and gave an order to one of his generals to take it, just as a housewife would order a servant to kill a fowl for dinner. The general selected was Masséna; and one beautiful Easter morning, as the people arose to go to the first Mass of the festival, they saw General Masséna's forces, numbering 18,000 men, encamped on the heights above the town. The sun as it arose shone on long files of French muskets,—a sad though glittering sight to the people, who had been thinking only of their Risen Lord.

Naturally, there was the greatest consternation. No one knew the best course to pursue, so a hurried meeting of the town council was held. One thing all were agreed upon: that it was useless to oppose the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Then some one arose and suggested that a suitable person be sent to the French camp with a flag of truce and the keys of the town, asking for some degree of mercy,—that at least the women, children, and old men might be spared, and a general sack, the awful accompaniment of war, averted.

At this juncture an old and revered priest arose, and all listened with close attention; for his counsels had always been loving and wise. "My children," he said, "this is Easter Day. Can not God, who arose from the dead, protect us in our distress? Shall our first act in this calamity be to forsake Him? We of ourselves can

do nothing. What are we against that vast number awaiting the order to attack us? Let us go to the church as usual, and trust to God for the rest."

At those brave and earnest words hope sprang anew in the breasts of the faithful, and the various sextons were ordered to ring all the bells of the town as joyfully as possible. Troops of people thronged the streets and entered the churches; and one would not have known, except for that menacing host upon the hill, that anything had interfered with the happiness of those who were rejoicing in the Resurrection.

And so the joy-bells rang and rang and rang; and the French, hearing them, took word to their General that they were ringing because of the arrival of reinforcements: that the place had been relieved in the night by a large portion of the Austrian army. The General, believing this, ordered his troops to retreat at once.

Thus, while the bells of Feldkirch rang, the French army stole away; and the people fell again upon their knees and gave thanks to God for their deliverance.

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XVIII.—The Wood.

Reginald rushed through the stubble as if Hans Gewitz were at his heels. Had he caught sight of Mrs. Danby, he would have gone to her at once; but he had seen Hans Gewitz—only Hans Gewitz,—and terror filled him. He had no doubt that Mr. Spinks and Hans had put their heads together to get him into jail. His feet sank deep into the soggy soil. He lost one of his precious rubber shoes, but he dared not turn back for it. The other soon followed; he remembered with satisfaction that the porous plaster could not come off. He heard Cæsar yelping behind him, and he redoubled his pace, not thinking of his health at all after that.

Over dry mullein stalks and withered Jamestown weeds and stumps of cabbages he flew, until he reached the wood near the bank of the river. The trees surrounded a deserted house, and were the only trees in the neighborhood; they had stood for many years, and were close together. The wind or rain or snow hardly entered this thick grove. Reginald waded knee-deep in last year's leaves. Moss—thick, green, soft moss—made cushions around the roots of the old trees. At the foot of one of these trees he threw himself, exhausted. Cæsar stood near him. Now, Cæsar was a very cunning dog, soured in disposition by unpleasant experiences; but he had nothing against Reginald, so he watched him with sympathy, and after a while went up and licked his hand.

Reginald was startled. But as he raised his head he saw that Cæsar meant well; though one would scarcely think so from the expression of his face, which was always bad. Cæsar's sympathy gave him some comfort, though it did seem to him as if he were the most wretched boy in all the world.

If he had only some place to go! But where? At home, there was the jail. His brother Jack was at sea, his brother Samuel in Chicago—which to Reginald seemed a far-off place, where the buffalo chased the Indians, and the Indians the buffalo. His Uncle Arnold was in Maine; and Reginald had seen a map of Maine in Mitchell's Geography, and he did not like the looks of it. It was pea-green on the map, with a dash of blue in it.

Miles would never find him; he could never see his aunt again: he was lost. He made up his mind to one thing as he lay on the moss—that he would never do anything which he might be ashamed to own before the world. He was innocent of any harm to Hans Gewitz, and yet

what dreadful things had come upon him! If he had been guilty, how much more dreadful it would have been! Things were bad enough; but, at least, he could look people in the face, and know that he had done nothing wrong. Still, what if they should know that the jail was waiting for him? He shuddered as he thought of that.

He became chilled, in spite of his overcoat; he stood up and stamped his feet. Just then Cæsar began to bark loudly. Reginald tried to hush him; but he would not be hushed.

The truth was that Cæsar's heart was touched by the evident sadness of Reginald. There is some good in every dog. But dogs, as you know, become so suspicious from ill-treatment that they will run away if a boy but stoop as if he were about to throw a stone, though there may be no stones anywhere. Cæsar had formerly lived in Detroit, and had a twin brother of the same name, that had belonged to a little girl called Josephine. He had died, and somehow or other the sadness of Reginald brought to his mind the memory of that long-lost brother. He howled; and in answer there came back to him a sound of grumbling—or perhaps it was snoring. Cæsar barked with all his might. There was a rustling in the dry leaves, and Reginald saw—his eyes had become used now to the gloom of the wood—the figure of a man lying at the foot of a tree; he was wrapped in a big overcoat, and had a fur cap drawn down over his ears. He opened his eyes and looked curiously at the dog and the boy.

"Why, I have been asleep!" he said; "haven't I? Did you happen to see a hundred-dollar bill lying about anywhere? Because if you did it is mine, and you had better give it up."

The man jumped from the ground, and brushed the dust and leaves from his coat.

"You are an honest boy," he added, "I see by your face; and I can see that you wouldn't take a man's pocket-book while he is asleep. But I wouldn't trust your dog; he has a bad look,—a very bad look."

"He is a good dog," said Reginald: "he sticks to people in trouble."

"I went to sleep here, because the dry leaves were the softest bed I could find. I am a sailor," the man went on; "but I wanted to come ashore a while to see my people, and here I am. I sold my brig, and I am going to leave the money I have ashore; but I don't like the smell of fresh-water. I am going back to sea as soon as I can. Would you like to be a sailor?" asked the man, looking with interest into Reginald's face. It seemed to him as if he had seen it before.

"I don't know," Reginald answered. "I don't think I should, if I had anything else to do. Do you want a sailor?"

The man laughed. "I hardly think you look much like a sailor,—though I must say you seem to be like somebody I have seen before; and I like your looks. What is your name?"

"I don't care to tell, sir, if you please," said Reginald, with a blush. "I am not ashamed of my name, but there are reasons why I do not want to have it known. You won't mind, I hope, sir. I am very much obliged to you for asking it,—I am indeed."

The man looked at Reginald and smiled.

"I like polite boys; they are scarce. Never mind; if you go to sea you can call yourself anything you like. I'll call you Jim Smith; will that do? And when I've found my folks, and given them the pot of money I have, you can go with me to sea, and be my cabin-boy."

Reginald's heart sank; but he felt that he must do something to avoid Hans Gewitz.

"Can they take sailors to jail?" he asked, anxiously.

"Give me plenty of sea-room and a smart breeze, my lad, and I'd let 'em take me—if they could."

"Would you take Cæsar, too, if he wants to go?"

The sailor laughed out this time.

"He hasn't any home,—he's like me," said Reginald.

The man looked closely at him; and again he imagined he had seen him before.

"Your dog has an evil eye; but he can come, too, if he wants to. I shall not ask any questions now, except one. Are your parents alive?"

"No, sir," answered Reginald. "I am an orphan."

"Poor boy! In that case you had better let me look after you. I am going to see my folks in Philadelphia; you can come with me. After that we'll go off to New York, find a likely craft, and then for the blue salt sea!"

"And a sailor can't be put in jail?"

The man looked at Reginald closely again. But the boy's appearance disarmed his suspicions.

"If he committed murder he might; but not if he broke a window or—"

"Don't speak of it!" said Reginald. "Who told you?"

The man smiled. "You will not be put in jail, young man, if you go with me."

"Very well," said Reginald; "I'll go. But you must let me stay here until you see your people in Philadelphia. I must stay in this wood until it gets dark; for I am afraid I may meet some folks I know."

The man looked thoughtful for a moment. "You can stay here until it is dark. I'll go over to the farm-house there and get something to eat. I'll bring it to you; and, when it is too dark to be recognized, you can come over to Philadelphia and stay somewhere while I go to see my people. I've a brother about your age, and I'll bring him to see you. You can stay at a hotel or wait on the corner while I visit."

"Thank you," said Reginald, but with a heavy heart. "And may I ask your name?"

"Tit for tat," said the man, with a laugh. "My name is—Jack Tar. All sailors are called Jack Tars."

"Thank you, Mr. Tar," answered Reginald. He drew his overcoat about him, and leaned against a tree. The man went across the stubble toward Spinkses' house. He soon returned bearing a can of coffee and a basket containing pork, baked beans, and brown-bread.

"I think I bought their dinner of those people," the sailor said, laughing; "but I paid them well for it. They told me that they had lost a boy and girl, whom they had treated as their own children. They are hunting for the boy, and Mr. Spinks—that's the man's name—says the boy is most ungrateful, and that he did not even say good-bye."

Reginald shuddered. But the coffee was good—Mrs. Spinks had made it specially,—and he soon forgot his fears in listening to the stories of Mr. Jack Tar.

"If you could choose for yourself, what would you like to do?" asked the man, when he had finished the story of the cabin-boy who had seen a ghost that turned out to be a white shark, which a sailor had painted one day when he saw the fish lying asleep on the water.

"I should like to stay at home, with my aunt, until Miles and I could earn and save enough money to go to college; and then work for her."

"You would? But why can't you go home to your aunt?"

"Oh, don't ask me! I can't," Reginald said, giving a huge piece of pork to Cæsar. "I must go to sea with you."

"I'll find out what this means," said Mr. Jack Tar to himself. "A boy with such good manners and such an honest face can not have done anything very wrong."

Cæsar took to Mr. Tar, and they ran several races,—the dog always beating. But when it came Reginald's turn to run a race, Cæsar let him beat him, because he was sorry for him.

The afternoon drew to a close; twilight came. And then Mr. Tar, Reginald and Cæsar started for the city. Ah, the beloved city, so soon to be left behind forever!

Tears filled Reginald's eyes as he stood in the bow of the boat, and watched the foaming water divided by it.

Mr. Tar took him to the Merchants' Hotel, and asked for a room.

"You can stay here," he said, "until I come for you. And keep Cæsar, too."

Reginald and Cæsar had supper together in the room; and after that Reginald read an old copy of Poor Richard's Almanac. A long time passed; he dozed, and so did Cæsar. Then they heard Mr. Tar's voice:

"Wake up! wake up!—if you want to be a sailor and get away from dry land."

Reginald's heart was like lead; but he bravely stood up and answered:

"Ready!"

(To be continued.)

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XXXIII.—The Rebellion of Roldan.

That faithful brother, the Adelantado, had a sorry story to tell the weary invalid whom he welcomed. When the insurrections were thought to be over, Francisco Roldan had headed a new rebellion of immense proportions. On account of his talents and services, he had been made by Columbus chief judge of the island,—a kindness which he repaid with the basest and blackest perfidy. The absence of Don Bartholomew gave him the opportunity he sought; and he began by poisoning the minds of the Spaniards against the Admiral, who was, he said, enjoying himself in Spain, while they were doomed to toil in hopeless exile. As for his brothers, they were usurping foreigners, like himself: one cruel and the other weak. Much more he said, both to them and to the Indian chiefs, until the entire island was fanned into a blaze of fury. He attempted the capture of Fort Conception, the stronghold of the Vega; but was repulsed by the faithful and brave commandant, Ballester. (As late as 1847, we may say in passing, the remains of Fort Conception were plainly to be seen; but all was silence and decay around the spot.)

Affairs were in a well-nigh hopeless state when the ships arrived which had parted company with Columbus at the Canary Islands; and his cause was for the time saved from destruction. He still enjoyed the favor of his sovereigns, and would soon be in Hispaniola,—that was the message brought. Don Bartholomew, tempering justice with mercy, sent word to the insurgents that a return to allegiance would be followed by a general pardon; but the perverse and obstinate Roldan would not deign to parley. He would submit to the Admiral, he said; but not to his brother, were he a thousand times adelantado. "Then remain a traitor," responded Don Bartholomew; "and take the consequences."

But the poor Don's cause was weakening every day, in spite of those brave words. Fresh conspiracies broke out everywhere. The Indians sought revenge for their desolated homes, the Spanish rebels for the troubles which they fancied the schemes of Columbus had brought upon them. You have not forgotten that many of those who embarked on the third voyage were exiled for criminal offences, and can easily believe that their presence did not make the stricken island any more peaceful, as they naturally joined the insurgents. The easiest way to injure the cause of Columbus was to incite the Indians against him; and Don Bartholomew had just succeeded in conquering the fiercest of these savages intrenched in the mountain of Ciguaz, when his brother Christopher arrived.

His first act was to sanction all that Bartholomew had done; and the next to write an affectionate letter to Roldan, begging him to return to his allegiance, which he

declined to do, having, he said, gone too far to recede. Columbus then announced that five caravels would soon be ready to return to Spain, on which any one was at liberty to take free passage. Unfortunately, the more turbulent were not the ones who wished to go, as he had hoped; and, after waiting for some time, the caravels set out, carrying a great number of Indian prisoners and a letter to the King and Queen. The crafty Roldan had affected to pose as the Indians' friend, and this mistake of Columbus was what he had hoped for.

Beside giving an account of the troubles on the island, Columbus sent a chart of his South American discoveries, and some specimens of the pearls found in the Gulf of Paria. There went, too, a crafty letter from Roldan, which undid the earnest words of the old man who had given Spain a new world. The popular feeling was now decidedly against Columbus, who was, to quote his own pathetic language, "absent, envied, and a stranger." Roldan was in a position to dictate terms, which he lost no time in doing. He was to be reinstated in his office and pardoned unconditionally; to receive pay up to date, and be allowed to go to Spain at once with a certificate of good character from the Admiral. These humiliating concessions were signed by Columbus at San Domingo, the new city, at the mouth of the river Ozama.

So the ships which were to have sought again the beautiful land where pearls abounded, and which Columbus now fully believed to be the mainland, as it was, were used to take back to Spain a lot of vagabond rebels, who, once there, would proceed to spread falsehoods concerning the greyhaired Admiral of the Ocean Sea.

At this juncture word came that four strange ships were at the western end of the island, commanded by—whom do you suppose? By no less a person than the little Ojeda, who handcuffed Caonabo and rode off with him before the eyes of thousands of his people. The account of the pearls of Paria had aroused his love of gold; and, obtaining a license from the willing Fonseca, he had started out to trade on his own account. With him was the Amerigo Vespucci for whom, by a lamentable error, the Continent of America was named. Aided by Columbus' charts, kindly supplied by Fonseca, they had visited the Gulf of Pearls, and had put into Hispaniola for supplies.

Events take strange turns. Roldan was no longer an arch-rebel, but chief judge of the island; and it was he who was sent to ask Ojeda what business he had in those parts, and to take what further measures he deemed necessary. The little cavalier proving defiant, Roldan promptly drove him from the island.

Owing to wise measures on the part of the Admiral, he was soon enabled to make plans concerning the exploration of the wonderful country to the south, and the establishment of pearl fisheries in the Gulf of Paria,—never forgetting his scheme, always uppermost in his mind, to extend the dominion of the Cross in this new region, and to redeem the Tomb of Our Lord. But alas for human hopes! No such peaceful and happy prospect lay before the venerable man, who was soon to know the chief sorrow of his stormy life.

(To be continued.)

A Birthday Greeting.

BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

When "rosy-fingered" dawn has thrown
Across the hills her golden ray,
Lit up with brightness not their own,
They tell the glad approach of day.
Ev'n so through Lenten gloom, I ween,
Red rays of Easter light are seen.

And so, dear boy, through life's long night,
May beams of Heaven's own gladness play;
Eternal Easter's golden light
Red roses scatter on the way
You tread, till dawn shall melt to endless day!

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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The Prayer of the Little Children.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

IN Catholic times, in Brittany, in seasons of great drought,
They gathered all the little ones and led them slowly out;
Across the parched and yellow fields, the meadows brown and sere,
The long line wavered, hand in hand, down to the trackless mere.

Oh, wide and clear the baby eyes upraised in wonderment!
And very small the pattering feet, whose strength so soon was spent;
Sweet, sweet the babble of the tongues, the broken laughter gay,
So softly hushed by mother touch along the winding way.

The "Innocents" they named them then,—the Innocents, whose cries,
Upborne on breath all pure from sin, must surely pierce the skies;
The Innocents, whose tender tread would scarce a leaflet crook,
Yet leaves a print the eye of God will never overlook.

All up and down the thirsty land the babies wordless prayer,
Before our dear Lord mutely pled their helpless parents' care.
With drowsy steps and drooping lids led home to cradle nest,
The blessed rain beat tunefully to lull them to their rest.

Columbus and His Alleged Crimes.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE charge of cruelty to the Indians is persistently brought against Columbus by English and American writers, and by the entire Protestant school. The picture of only a pitiful remnant of aborigines surviving contact with the Anglo-Saxon in North America, while seven-eighths of the population of Spanish and Portuguese America are of pure or mixed Indian blood, is too eloquent a commentary on the respective civilizing capabilities of Protestant and Catholic nations, and on the philanthropic tendencies of the two pioneer white races which disputed the possession of the New World, to allow of any equanimity of temper, or any judicial impartiality, on the part of these gentlemen when treating of this and kindred subjects. In the specification to the effect that Columbus reduced the Indians to slavery, it should be remembered that he never counselled the enslaving of the pacific and mild-mannered savages: it was the ferocious, man-eating, and otherwise indomitable race of the Caribs, whom no kindness or other rule could affect, that he proposed to enslave, for the well-being of the settlers and their own. To the peace

able Indians he was a defender: he caused their persons, families, and property to be respected. It was because of this distinction that the depraved and rapacious among the adventurers of Hispaniola, while the hero's foes at Seville were accusing him of maltreating the natives, wrote to the sovereigns that the Admiral would not countenance the subjection of the Indians to Christians. Even Humboldt recognizes this contradiction. Certainly the Spanish court never reproached the Admiral for severity in administration; nay, when his successor received his final instructions, in the presence of the sovereigns, the Counsellor of State, Fonseca, advised him to avoid the troubles of Columbus by being, from the beginning of his administration, implacable in face of any attempt at revolt.*

As to the charge of administrative incapacity, why, asks Roselly de Lorgues, should we discuss the governmental acts of Columbus, when facts are more eloquent than any interpretation? "When, after his discovery of the New Continent, he returned sick to Hispaniola, to find insurrection rife among the natives, the Spaniards in rebellion, his own orders contemned, and his subordinates traitors, his position seemed hopeless; for he was without troops, money, or moral aid. Nevertheless, by adroit concessions and able temporizations, he subdued violence, disarmed crime, re-established authority, organized production, and initiated the prosperity of Hispaniola. If that is not administrative ability, explain the prodigy. How can we doubt the administrative talents of Columbus, when we behold this seaman become suddenly, according to necessity, agriculturist, architect, military engineer, constructer of roads and bridges, economist, and a specially able magistrate?" Envy invented this fancied incapacity of the Admiral, in order to mask its own hideously ungrateful designs. It succeeded only too well; but it is certain that even at the time when the person of Columbus was the object of persecution, his colonial regulations, abrogated under the influence of his successors, were soon restored by order of the monarchs.

We have said that the philosophistic, Protestant, and freethinking schools affect to regard Columbus as a very ordinary man. It is not surprising, therefore, that they should gleefully seize upon any chance of showing that our hero sometimes yielded to the grosser frailties of human nature. One instance they have thought to advance, and only one. They tell us that when he lay upon his deathbed, on the very eve of his dissolution, the Admiral was seized with remorse for his conduct toward Doña Beatrice Enriquez, the mother of his natural son, Don Ferdinand. In his last will and testament, therefore, they say, he recommended Beatrice to the care of his son Diego, adding concerning the impelling reason for such recommendation, that it was not proper that he should specify it.* From this ambiguous remark alone, Napione, Spotorno, Navarrete, Humboldt, Irving, and, of course, all the minor fry, of whom Prof. Winsor is the latest spokesman, conclude that Columbus had not married the Lady Enriquez. But if the dying Admiral was so anxious to preserve the fair fame of Beatrice Enriquez as to deem it improper to assign the reason for his recommendation, how came he, in the same document, to allude to her as the mother of Don Ferdinand? In the supposition that a marriage had taken place, such mention would have been natural, and would

* Herrera: "Hist. Gen. des Conquêtes et Voyages des Castillans dans les Indes Occidentales," b. iv, ch. 13.

* "La razon de ello no es lecito de escriberla aqui." See the last article in the "Holographic Testament, Written and Recopied by Columbus, on Aug. 25, 1505," in the "Coleccion Diplomatica," docum. 158.

have accorded well with the enigmatic words, though we may not grasp their real significance. In the supposition of a culpable relation, Columbus would have defeated his own purpose. Nor can the defamers of the Admiral take any comfort from the fact that he styles Beatrice by the (to us) rather discourteous term of woman, *muger*. To this day what Frenchman speaks of his wife in any other way than as *sa femme*? To what British or Irish peasant are husband and wife other than each other's "man" and "woman"? And that in the days of Columbus *muger* was used by the Spaniards in the sense of "wife," we know from incontestably authentic documents. Thus, Queen Jane, widow of Henry IV., of Spain, in her holographic will of April, 1475, calls herself, "*Muger del Rey Don Enrique, que Dios haya.*" Ferdinand styled the great Isabella, "*La Serenissima Reina, Doña Isabel mi muger*"; and he spoke of his second wife, Germaine de Foix, as "*Serenissima Reina, nuestra muy cara y muy amada muger.*" *

Again, the facts in this case have been falsified. The regret of Columbus on his death-bed for any injustice to the Lady Enriquez is purely imaginary; nor did he make any will on the eve of his death. The codicil which is said to have been drawn up on May 19, 1506, was already more than four years old.† Beatrice Enriquez had married Columbus at Cordova, while she was in the flower of her youth and beauty, and her lover was struggling to obtain a recognition from the Spanish court, a poor, white-headed, and unknown foreigner. When he was about to start on his last and most dangerous voyage, the Admiral remembered that in his "act of majoratus," whereby he had long ago arranged the temporal future of his heirs, he had made for Beatrice no provision of dowry. This act, known to the sovereigns and the Holy See, could not readily be nullified or changed; hence he satisfied his conscience by recommending his wife to the care of his son, and he did not deem it obligatory to inform the world of his reasons. "They who discern in these words," says Roselly de Lorgues, "an avowal wrenched from the remorse of Columbus at the terrible moment of his farewell to life, forget the date of this will. They have confused the drawing up of this holographic document with its presentation, which was effected four years later, on the eve of the Admiral's death. From certain words, the import of which their misconception of this grand character prevented their grasping, they have evolved a theory of an illicit relationship, and of a sterile remorse at the supreme moment. The difference of the dates did not strike them. . . . The marriage of Columbus with the Lady Beatrice Enriquez, demonstrated by so many logical inductions, by various documents and other proofs, and recognized by his descendants, was acknowledged by him under his own hand, five years, four months, and eighteen days, before the act of deposit effected on the eve of his death, in an autographic document which has happily come down to us." *

The class of writers to which Prof. Winsor belongs can find no other passages in the career of Columbus which ask for defensive explanation. It is not strange that they should make the most of this one; for Columbus was a fervent, practical, and uncompromising Catholic. No one can uphold the Catholic standard as he did without becoming a target for the arrows of that school which, until late years, almost monopolized the historical field in English-speaking lands, and in all where

* "Documentos Ineditos para la Historia de Espana," por Don Mig. Salva.

† "Col. Dipl.," no. 158.

* In Introduction, and in vol. ii, p. 382, 3d edit., 1869.

the spirit of the world had, through noise and imperturbable effrontery, become the moulder of modern historical opinion. Columbus could not be spared by the calumniators who respected not even the canonized saints of God. Did they not charge St. Cyril of Alexandria with deliberate murder? Had they not presented St. Clothilde as fuming with blind and implacable vindictiveness? Was not the Blessed Robert d'Arbrissel, according to their account, a culpable victim of crazy hallucinations in matters of morality? And had they not dragged the sweet Maid of Orleans from her pedestal of glory, and besmirched her virgin-crown with the mud of fallen womanhood? No genius, they said, could be a practical Catholic. The gentle Fénelon, the sublime Mozart, Fontenelle, Cervantes, Montesquieu, and Montaigne, though passing as Catholics, were in reality freethinkers. As to the most universal of all geniuses, Dante, was he not a heretic and a revolutionist? And the grand Savonarola! Even the merely artistic, if they were truly artistic, have to shake off the trammels of Catholic practice. Did not Raphael die of amorous excesses?

Such were some of the calumnies with which the modern dominant historical school was wont to illustrate its theory that true greatness and Catholicity were incompatible. But they are losing much of their force in our day, unless with the wilfully obtuse; and similar charges will not much avail to dim the glory of Columbus the Catholic.

THERE are some faults slight in the light of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth can forgive no insult and endure no stain.—*Anon.*

THE hardest and best-borne trials are those which are never chronicled in any earthly record, and are suffered every day. —*Dickens.*

For Daily Bread.

FROM THE POLISH OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, BY C. O'CONOR-ECCLES.

(CONTINUED.)

A FORTNIGHT passed. All round the meadow trees were felled; the ground was covered with chips; here and there rose the yellowish walls of a block-house. What was done, however, was but child's play to what remained to do. The green wall of the forest fell but slowly before the strokes of the axe; those who penetrated the thicket brought back strange news. The forest was endless; farther in were terrible swamps and morasses, as if the water still slept under the trees. There dwelt all kinds of horrors; things glided like ghosts through the brushwood, or hissed like snakes; even voices were heard to cry out: "Enter not!" Strange plants caught at one's clothes; and if once they seized hold of an unwary explorer, would never let him go. A fellow from Chicago told how he had met Satan in person, who raised his terrible head out of the swamp, and snorted at him in such a fashion that he was scarcely able to make his way back. The settlers from Texas declared to him that his Satan was nothing else than a buffalo, but he would not believe it; and so were added to possible danger the prejudices of superstitious terror.

A few days later it came to pass that two foolhardy adventurers plunged into the forest, and were never seen again; several people sickened with pains in the back brought on by over-exertion; and, to crown all, fever broke out. The quarrels about the lots became so vehement that they led to bloodshed. Whoever did not brand his cattle found his ownership disputed. The wagons were planted in all corners of the meadow, so as to be as far from one another as possible. No one any

longer knew whose duty it was to tend the cattle. The sheep either died in numbers or were lost.

One thing grew daily more evident—that ere the seed in the clearings could spring up and blossom into a harvest, the people would be threatened with want of food, and perhaps with death from starvation. They were in despair. The ring of axes in the forest decreased, patience and courage failed. Each settler would willingly have worked if only some one could authoritatively say to him: "Take this. From here to there is your portion." But no one knew what was his or not. The complaints against the agents became daily louder. The people said they had led them into the wilderness to perish miserably. By degrees everyone that had a penny in his pocket seated himself in his wagon and drove back to Clarksville; most, however, had spent all, and therefore were unable to return to where they formerly lived. They wrung their hands, for they saw before them their own destruction. At last the felling of trees entirely ceased, and the rustling of the leaves was the only sound. It seemed as if mocking the faint-heartedness of men.

One evening Lorenz came to Marysia and said: "We'll starve here like the rest."

"That is as God wills," replied the girl; "but the All-Merciful will not now abandon us." With these words she raised her blue eyes to heaven, and in the glimmer of the firelight they shone like a holy picture.

The lads from Chicago and the Texan hunters looked at her, and cried out: "We'll not abandon you, Marysia!"

She thought to herself: "The only one that I'd follow to the ends of the earth was my Yasko in Lipinska; but he has not kept his promise to follow me over the sea, 'like a stork through the air, or a duck through the water, or a gold ring rolling down a steep road.' He alone has forsaken me."

Marysia could no longer conceal from herself that things were going badly with them here; but God had already delivered them from such an abyss, and had so purified her soul, that nothing was capable of shaking her confidence in His aid. Besides, she remembered that the old gentleman in New York who had helped them, taken them out of misery and sent them here, had given her his card, and promised at any time to aid her if misfortune overtook her and she turned to him.

Meantime each day brought new troubles to the settlers. One after another stole away in the night, and no one knew what became of them; but the forest rustled as mockingly as ever. Old Lorenz at last fell ill from exhaustion, tormented by violent pains in the back. For two days he paid no attention to his symptoms, but on the third he was unable to rise. Marysia ran to the forest, gathered moss, placed her father upon it, and prepared him some medicine with brandy in it.

"Marysia," murmured the peasant, "Death is coming to me out of that forest. Then you will be alone in the world, a desolate orphan. God is punishing me severely for my sins, because I brought you across the ocean, and led you to destruction. My end will be a hard one."

"Daddy," replied the girl, "God would have punished me still more severely if I had not gone with you."

"If I were not leaving you so entirely alone—if I might see you married and give you my blessing,—I should die more easily. Marysia, take Black Orlik for your husband; he is an honest fellow, who will never desert you."

Scarcely had Black Orlik, a hunter from Texas, heard these words than he threw himself on his knees and cried: "Yes, father, give us your blessing. I know all about the forest, and I'll let no harm befall her."

With these words he glanced at Marysia with his hawk's eyes; but she bowed

herself to the old man's feet and said: "Don't compel me to take him, daddy. I'll marry the man to whom I promised to be faithful, or no one."

"The fellow to whom you gave that promise will never get you. I'll kill him first. Mine you must be or no one's else," cried Orlik. "You'll die here of starvation like the others, if I don't save you."

Black Orlik was not mistaken: the end of the settlement had come. The provisions were exhausted, and already the oxen destined for work were being slaughtered. Every day the fever claimed fresh victims, and the people either cursed this wilderness or called loudly to Heaven for rescue.

One Sunday old and young with their wives and children, knelt on the turf and sang: "Holy God, Almighty, Immortal, have pity on us!" The forest no longer murmured, but listened. Only when the litany ceased it began again to rustle as if to cry threateningly: "Here *I* am Lord and King and Almighty!" But Black Orlik, who was familiar with the forest, fixed his piercing eyes on it and cried aloud: "Hello! We'll see to that."

The people looked at Orlik, and new courage filled their hearts. All who came from Texas had great confidence in him; for he was celebrated there as a hunter. The lad, who had grown up on the wild plains, was as strong as an oak, and could overcome a bear in single combat. In San Antonio, where he formerly lived, he had many a time gone off into the woods with his gun, and did not come back for long months; but he always returned in the end fresh and unharmed. They said he had gone as far as the borders of Mexico. From there he had brought only skins, and sometimes Indians' scalps. Here in Borowina Orlik never troubled himself about anything. He had no cares; for the forest gave him food, drink, and clothing. While all the others lost their head and fled away, he took things in his own hands and headed all his fellow-countrymen from Texas, as the first wild goose leads the birds of passage.

As, after the prayer, he stared fixedly at the forest, the others thought he would find some way out of their difficulty. The sun had set; high overhead, between the dark tops of the trees, its golden splendor still lingered; then it turned crimson and gradually faded. The wind shifted to the south as twilight fell. Orlik seized his gun and strode toward the thicket. Night had already fallen when the people suddenly saw, in the distant darkness of the forest, something blazing like a great, golden star, or dawn, or the setting sun. With terrifying quickness it became larger and larger, and spread a blood-red glow all round it.

"The forest's on fire!" cried some one.

Swarms of birds rose on all sides out of its recesses, with loud cries and flutter of wings In their pen the oxen bellowed; the dogs howled; and the men, terrified, ran about aimlessly, not knowing if the fire might not reach them, though the strong south wind warded off the flames and drove them in the contrary direction. Soon there lightened in the distance a second red star, then a third; both mingled with the first, and the flames spread over a great space. They streamed like a torrent, seized the dry stems of the lianas and the wild vines, scorching the green foliage. The wind scattered the burning leaves and carried them farther and farther, like fiery birds. Sounds arose like the roar of cannon when the giants of the forest burst in the flames, that glided like fiery serpents amidst the resinous undergrowth. The hissing, crackling, and rustling of the flames, mingled with the cries of the frightened birds and the bellowing of wild beasts, filled the air. Trees that reached the heavens tottered and swayed like pillars of fire; burning masses of lianas, torn loose from their supports, stretched out like Satanic arms, and carried sparks and fire from tree to tree. Redder and redder grew the heavens, as if

a second conflagration raged above; and far around the sky was bright as day. Then the flames united to form a sea of fire; smoke, glare, and the smell of burning filled the atmosphere.

The people in the settlement, although out of danger, cried and called to one another, as suddenly, from the direction of the fire where the sparks flew and the flames glowed, they saw Orlik appear. His face was dark with smoke and terribly disfigured. As they surrounded him, he leaned on his gun and cried: "Now you need grub no longer! I have set the forest on fire. In the morning you will have as many acres as you want." Then he drew near to Marysia and whispered: "Now you must be mine. I have set the forest on fire; who is mightier here than I?" The girl's whole body trembled, so terrible did he look as the crimson reflection of the flames lighted his black eyes. For the first time since she came, she thanked God that Yasko was not here, but in Lipinska.

The fire still raged for a while, then it moved farther and farther away. For days previously the sky had been cloudy and threatened rain. With the dawn some of the men went to the scene of the conflagration to look on at it; but it was impossible to draw very near because of the heat. The second day the fog was so thick that not a creature could see another three paces off. In the night it rained in torrents, probably in consequence of the fire, which might have disturbed the atmosphere and brought down the clouds; although at that season similar downpours are not uncommon on the lower Mississippi, as well as at the mouths of the Arkansas and Red Rivers. This result is not a little dependent on the evaporation of the quantities of water which in Arkansas cover the entire country in the form of swamps, small lakes and rivers, and in spring are greatly augmented by the melting of the snow on the distant mountains.

In consequence of the rain, the whole meadow grew sodden, and gradually became transformed into a great pond. The constant damp, of course, caused the people to fall ill; and many more left the settlement for Clarksville, but soon returned with the news that the river had overflowed its banks, and to cross it was therefore impossible. The position of the settlers became momentarily more dreadful. A month had already passed since their arrival; their provisions were long since exhausted, and it was not in their power to fetch more from Clarksville. Lorenz and Marysia alone were in less danger of starvation than the others; for the powerful hand of Black Orlik protected them. Day after day he brought them game which he had killed or trapped. Orlik had erected his tent on the wall of the log-hut where Lorenz lay, in order to protect him and Marysia from the rain. They had to take his help, which he almost forced on them, and were bound to him in gratitude; for payment he refused to accept anything, unless it were Marysia's hand.

"Am I the only one in the world?" she said, entreatingly. "Go find some other girl; for I love another man."

"If I went to the ends of the earth," responded Orlik, "I could not find a second like you. You are the only one in the world for me, and must be mine. What will become of you when your father dies? You'll come to me; you'll come of your own accord—or I will seize on you as the wolf on the lamb, and carry you off to the wood. But I won't eat you, my own darling! Who could set you against me? Whom have I here to fear? If your Yasko would only come! I long for him!"

Marysia shuddered.

As far as Lorenz was concerned, Orlik appeared to be right. The old man became gradually weaker, was often feverish, and raved about his sins, about Lipinska, and prayed that God might suffer him to see it again. Marysia shed bitter tears for him and for herself. The promise Orlik had

made her, that if she would marry him he would go back with her to Lipinska, was more a grief than a comfort. To go back to Lipinska, where her Yasko was, and that with a stranger, and all for nothing! She would sooner die where she was, under the first tree she came to; then at least, she thought, it would all be at an end.

Meantime a fresh fatality had fallen on the settlement. The rain became more pitiless. One dark night, when Orlik as usual had gone to the woods, a cry of terror arose in Tabor: "The floods are out,—the floods!" As the people rubbed their sleepy eyes they saw, despite the darkness, that as far as sight could reach there was visible only a white surface, pelted by the rain and ruffled by the wind. Steely grey shone the uncertain light on the waters, that curled and broke. From the bank where the tree trunks still stood, as well as from the partially burned forest, one heard the rushing and splashing of torrents streaming downward. Loud shrieks arose on all sides. Women and children fled to the wagons. The men ran as fast as they could to the west side of the meadow, where the trees had not yet been felled; and with the roar of the waters mingled cries of terror, names, and appeals for help.

Soon the larger cattle fled from one place to another before the inundation. The force of the water increased every moment. The sheep began to swim, with pitiful bleating, as if calling for aid, until, drawn by the stream, they disappeared in the direction of the trees. The rain fell in bucketsful, and the terror increased minute by minute. The distant murmur changed to the loud, thundering dash of angry waves, and soon the wagons tottered before their onslaught. It was clear this was no ordinary rainfall, but that the Arkansas, with all its tributaries, had overflowed, was tearing up trees by the roots, and destroying whole districts. Terror, darkness, and death were spread on all sides by the unchained elements. Suddenly the wagon nearest the forest overturned. At the piercing cry for help uttered by the women in it, the dark forms of some men dropped from the trees; but the flood bore the would-be rescuers away with it, tossed them here and there, and carried them toward the forest to their destruction. In the remaining wagons the people climbed onto the roofs.

Heavier and heavier grew the rain, and thicker the darkness on the gloomy meadow. Now and then a plank floated by, to which a figure clung, tossed now here, now there; then the dark outline of an animal or a man, a hand appearing above the water only to sink immediately and forever. At last all were deafened by the roaring flood, even the piteous cries of "Jesus! Mary!" and the bellowing of the drowning animals. The wagons disappeared. Nothing but whirling water covered the plain. The wall of the log-hut whereon Lorenz lay under cover of Orlik's tent, rescued them at a stroke; for it floated like a raft. The flood carried it here and there, above the surface of the inundated meadow; drew it through the wood, dashing from tree to tree; threw it at last into the current of the river, and swept it out into the darkness.

Marysia knelt beside her aged father, raised her hands to heaven and cried to God for aid; but only the splash of the rain on the storm-driven waves replied to her. Then the tent tore. The raft might break up now at any moment; for uprooted trees were floating before and behind it, that might crush or overturn it. At last it caught between the branches of some tree, whose summit alone was visible above the water; but from this summit they heard a man's voice.

"Here, take the gun and move to the other side, that the raft may not upset; for I'm going to jump."

Scarcely had they done as they were told, when some one leaped from the branches onto the raft. It was Orlik.

"Marysia," he exclaimed, "as I told you, I have not abandoned you. By the God above us, I'll bring you safe out of this or die!"

With an axe which he had by him he cut a great branch from the tree, shaped it roughly into an oar, and rowed away. As they were once more floating with the stream, they moved onward like lightning, whither they themselves knew not. From time to time Orlik pushed aside the floating branches and trunks, or urged his unwieldy craft adroitly past the still standing trees. His giant strength seemed to redouble. Despite the darkness, his eye caught every danger. Thus hour after hour passed. Any other man would have long since sunk exhausted, but the hunter seemed scarcely to feel fatigue. It was only toward morning that they passed from the neighborhood of the forest. Not another tree top was to be seen as far as the horizon, and the whole country looked like a heaving ocean. The foaming, yellow waters whirled in strange windings and with loud uproar over the dreary plain, now clearly visible in the light of dawn.

When Orlik saw no more trees, he drew in his oar for a moment and turned to the young girl.

"Now you are mine, Marysia; for I have snatched you from death."

His head was bare, his face covered with perspiration, reddened and heated from fighting with the waves; but his expression was so proud, so confident, that for the first time Marysia did not dare to say to him that she had sworn fidelity to another.

"Marysia," he repeated softly; "beloved Marysia!"

"Where will this take us?" she asked, to turn the conversation.

"What do I care, so long as you are with me?"

"Then row, as long as death may be before us."

And Orlik resumed his task.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Indian School at San Diego.

A PROMISE TO OUR LADY.

OUT along the *mesa*, under the blue sky and golden sunlight of Southern California; the turfy grass so soft and vivid a green, the wild flowers such masses of billowy bloom, that it seems almost a desecration to crush them under the swiftly-moving wheels. Then down the long Mission grade, winding round and round the unchangeable hills, clad in their dark spring verdure; groups of beautiful yellow daisies, purple hyacinths, and golden poppies, blending with the crimson of the wild fuchsia to make a glow of exquisite color for the picturesque background of the irregular cliffs. This on one side of the road, which—a white stretch against the green, now bending like a horseshoe, now a long, ribbon-like line—reaches forward on its terraced way; while but a step too far upon the other would precipitate horses and carriage into the deep cañon, from which ascends the breath of rosemary and sage, with the mingled odor of violets and sweet-fern. Thence down into the valley and on level ground once more; past the poor farm, with a group of contented-looking old men smoking under the pepper trees; close to the orange orchards, set in countless rows: their leaves a pleasing contrast to those of the lemon, of a darker hue; inhaling the sweetness of peach and apricot blossoms, with here and there a precocious pear tree bursting into bloom. And so on through the valley, and across the river, now nearly dry, with the swish-swash of the horses' feet on the sandy bottom, through the sparkling water, making a most pleasant sound. Again, with large and thriving orchards on our right, we roll along—and at last the old Mission is in sight.

The San Diego Mission, the first of the

Californian foundations, is now a heap of ruins, falling into swift and irreparable decay. But much has been written, and well written, of its history. Our visit to-day is to the Indian school, recently removed from Old San Diego to the site of the Mission. The buildings of frame, erected last September, are of the simplest kind, but durable and substantial. There are two houses, both in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph,—one for boys, the other for girls. The school is in some measure under the control of the Government; that is, it receives so much *per capita* for each child,—a very small allowance, but God and the charity of the good Sisters and a few friends supply the rest.

The children of the first mission Indians, it seems fitting that the school should be established here, under the shadow of the ruined walls that will soon be but a memory and a name. From the hillside one has a delightful view of the far-famed olive groves, still in prime condition, although planted more than a century and a half ago. Here also are two famous palms, still flourishing and stately, while the hands that planted them have long since crumbled into dust. Through the trees one gets glimpses of the old cactus hedges; their bristling fronts must have been formidable enemies to men as well as beasts.

The schools are situated midway between the valley and the highest point of land within the ancient boundaries of the Mission. Alighting from our conveyance, we beheld a picturesque group of Indian girls standing on the hill-top, evidently watching our movements with a great deal of interest. By the invitation of the Sister who received us, we at once prepared to join them. She informed us that they had just finished their daily pilgrimage, the reason of which she also explained.

It appears that during the earthquake which occurred a few months since—the most severe that has visited this region for many years,—the children were very much alarmed. Rising from their beds, they fell upon their knees and promised, if spared, to erect a shrine to the Blessed Virgin on the hill-top; each child to carry a stone from the valley daily until they should have collected enough to build the shrine, which they proposed to cement with the adobe of which many houses in this region were formerly constructed. The Sisters readily agreed to this spontaneous offering, and no day has passed since in which the children have not fulfilled their promise. Many carry the stone with hand outstretched, others behind their back, others on their head; but all have adopted some peculiar fashion of transportation, to which they faithfully adhere. The shrine completed, they propose to erect a statue of Our Lady of the Mission within the rude walls, which they will beautify with shrubs and flowering vines. If some kind soul would feel moved to help them in this pious task, in their poverty so difficult of completion! If that rigid mistress, Poverty, were not also my familiar, I know of nothing that could afford me greater pleasure than the privilege of contributing that statue and other simple adornments.

How fitting would it not be, moreover, to collect here the many quaint and curious relics of the old Franciscan occupation, now virtually hidden in the little church near the ruined Presidio in what was the original settlement of San Diego! The simple pilgrimage and shrine originated in the faith and devotion of the Indian children on the spot where their fathers were first taught the lessons of Christianity, would thus perhaps become a real pilgrimage and sanctuary. The contemplation of such a possibility is most fascinating; and, idle though it may seem to the realistic mind, we may remember that stranger things have happened.

What pathetic stories the faces of these dusky Indian children tell! Perhaps not more than three or four were of unmixed blood. These, I noticed, had the stolid,

imperturbable Indian cast of countenance; always, however, with the gentleness of expression that characterizes the California tribes. They were also of stout, sturdy build. All through the rest one could detect the Spanish, German, Scotch, American, and an occasional negro admixture of race. They vary in age from seventeen or eighteen to four and five. They gathered around us with an interest, and natural, easy demeanor far removed from boldness or familiarity; looking quaintly picturesque in the wreaths of wild daisies and hyacinths with which they had garlanded their raven braids. Spanish being their common tongue, they speak English with a slow, soft precision truly delightful. They are eager to learn, the Sisters informed us; docile and obedient; and, considering the disadvantages of race and environment, quite equal to the average white child. They excel in needlework, and have fine, natural voices.

On returning to the house after visiting the proposed site of the future shrine, the Sisters assembled them in the school-room, where, at a signal from the Mother, a child went forward and played very acceptably some accompaniments on the organ, to the singing of her companions. The "Hail Mary" in Spanish we thought especially sweet and beautiful. An exercise in calisthenics followed, very creditably done also, and led by the performer on the organ. Then Juanita, Mercedes, Bibianita, and Nympha, the babies of the school, recited various short verses; winding up with little Nazario, a charming, tiny creature, who, summoned to the front, came forward at once, archly repeating, with her sweet Spanish accent, these pertinent lines:

"I'm the pet,
Not six yet;
Eyes of black,
Hair of jet.
I can skip,*
I can jump.
My name is Nazario,—don't forget!"

* Suiting the action to the word.

Confectionery and sweet crackers followed so enjoyable an entertainment, our only regret being that we had not provided ourselves with refreshments proportionate to the number of participants. Promising to do better next time, we managed to leave none without at least a small share of cake and sweetmeats.

We next visited the dormitory, a most inviting place of rest, with its rows of snow-white beds. Then the sewing-room, where the girls are taught to make and mend their own clothes, as well as those of the boys. After that the chapel, neat and pretty as chapels always are where nuns preside. (There is a resident priest, who was absent on the day of our visit.) The laundry and bake-house are in the basement. In the refectory two girls were cutting huge slices of tempting white bread for the evening meal.

As it was growing late and a storm portending—or rather a heavy shower, for storms are unknown in this region,—we did not visit the boys' department. They had gone for a long walk, so that in any event we could not have seen them. The Sisters told us that they were quite as clever and if any thing more ambitious than the girls. They learn readily, and are especially proficient in arithmetic. A portion of their time is spent in agricultural employment. They also mend and make all the shoes that are worn in both houses, under the supervision of a practical workman, to whom, because of delicate health, the school has been a home for several years. A competent young German superintends these boys, who are taught, however, by the Sisters.

"Rain! rain!" shouted the children, clapping their hands and jumping gayly about as some drops suddenly began to fall. The Sisters explained that they had that morning finished a novena to St. Joseph, begging for rain, which was badly needed, the usual amount not having fallen this year.

We drove away, amid a chorus of *adioses* and a general waving of handkerchiefs and aprons from the upper porch, where the children were assembled. Then the rain came down in earnest, and we were treated to a genuine shower, that blew into our faces, greatly to the delight of the younger portion of the company, and rather to the satisfaction also of the elders.

"What a lovely time we have had!" remarked one.

"Yes," replied another. "How clever and bright and happy they all are!" A sentiment which readily met with the concurrence of the rest.

For my own part, I think what pleased and charmed me most was the absence of what I always call "the orphan-asylum look" which characterizes the inmates of many public institutions. Simply and comfortably dressed in various styles and textures, the children seemed all the more charming because their attire lacked the stiffness and sameness of the customary uniform. They crowded around their teachers as little ones do about their mothers, holding on to their hands and clinging to their gowns, while laughing and talking unrepressed.

The story of their promise to Our Lady was also a very sweet and tender incident, and a pleasant memory to bear away. If only that generous benefactor so much to be desired should arise one day in the near future, and the ideal of their vow become a reality, when the first solemn blessing is given from that acceptable altar, may I be present to share!

X. Y. Z

I ALWAYS seek the good that is in people, and leave the bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the corners.—*Goethe's Mother.*

THE greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children.—*Drummond.*

A Dream.

BY THE LATE REV. EDWIN ROPER MARTIN *

WHAT think you I was dreaming, mother dear?
I thought that I was sitting on the bank
Of a broad lake, and weaving flower crowns
Out of the yellow lilies of the lake,
That lay, all gathered, dripping on the bank.
And the Son Jesus leaned His weary head
Against my knees and said: "True one, I'll keep
You. Weave the lilies into coffin wreaths;
For I am weary, weary like to die
With hunting stray sheep on the arid hills.
Pray you be good, true heart, and lull Me soft,
So I die off in sleep; and lay the wreaths
In order in the coffin. And the world,
Seeing the lilies weeping with the damps,
Will smite its breast and say: 'Why, even the flowers
Find eyes to weep for Him, more shame for us!'
And then will creep to the all-pitying knees
Of the great Father, and undo its sin;
And I, like Samson, shall have won the day
When I was weakest." And He fell asleep,
And I sat weaving on with patient care.
And who should come across the springy turf
But Mother Mary, and her virgin court!
And when she saw us there, she made her way
Straight up to us; and I upon my lip
Laid a forefinger sagely. And they smiled,
But crept across the sward with stealthy feet.
And when she saw the Lord in placid life
Lying across my knees, with little trace
Of haggard care left on His glorious face,
She laid her hands upon my head, and said:
"O Walter, Walter, thou hast saved the world!
Poor Child! He had no pillow all those years
He had outgrown my bosom; no one cared
To housel one that had such sun-stained hands;
And thou hast nursed His head upon thy knees.
Oh, wise, wise Walter!—what are all these flowers?"
"For garlands," I replied. "He wanted wreaths

* Chaplain to the Earl of Denbigh, and first priest of Lutterworth and Monks Kirby, England.

Strewn in His coffin, when He should be dead."
"Good!" she returned. "Pray you instead
make wreaths
Of smaller flowers to set upon our heads,
When we keep festa. He and I to-night
Will each bring back to thee a star-eyed soul;
One for each weeping lily." Here she placed
A hand beneath my chin, and raised my face
And kissed it. And I woke—to find the kiss
Not hers, but yours, sweet mother!

Traces of Travel.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—LITERARY EDINBURGH.

THE literary fame of this fascinating city dates from the beginning of the present century. In 1802 the *Edinburgh Review* was issued under the superintendence of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Horner and Brougham. Then followed the Waverley Novels, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Chambers' Journal*, and *Tait's Magazine*. A glance at the annals of the city for the last century alone is enough to bewilder the mind. Probably no other city in the world, of the same size, can boast of a record half so brilliant. The associations that cluster about every corner in the Old Town read like a romance. High Street rings from end to end with the undying echoes of illustrious feet; and in the cemeteries, that have since become shrines, you read the names of those who, in their day, walked these streets in obscurity; but over whose dust pilgrims from the antipodes now pause reverently with uncovered heads, and bear away with them a blade of grass for a memorial.

An English traveller in 1618 wrote thus naively of High Street: "Here I observe the finest and goodliest street that ever mine eyes beheld; for I did never see or hear of a street of the length; the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six and seven stories high. The walls are exceedingly strong: not built for a day, a week, a month or a year, but from antiquity to posterity—for many ages." The street has not changed greatly, but the eyes of travellers have. It is still handsome, a mile long, with houses of many sorts on each side; and when the air is misty, as it frequently is in this climate, and the sun is pouring a mellow saffron flood down the full length of the street, the effect of the whole is magnificent and unrivalled. It is not the breadth of the street, nor the height nor the beauty of the buildings, that impresses you: on the contrary, the street is neither broad nor splendid; but there is not a line in it, nor a gable, nor a crooked corner, but seems to add to its wonderful and complete picturesqueness

Let us start from the Castle and walk down its whole length to Holyrood. There are five divisions, known respectively as the Castle Hill, the Lawnmarket, the High Street, the Netherbow, and the Canongate. Castle Hill, a century and a half ago, was one of the most aristocratic quarters of the Old Town. Here stood the palace of Mary of Guise, mother of Queen Mary; and here dwelt the Marquis of Argyll, the Earls of Cassilis, Leven and Dumfries; the Lords of Holyroodhouse, Sempill and Rockville; the Countess Dowager of Hyndford, and many others of like rank. Those days are over now. There is an old Scotchman pumping away on his wheezy bagpipes up at the corner, and there are bookstalls and shops along the pavements. The butterfly of Fashion has fled out of the locality, leaving only this dingy and crumbling chrysalis.

Just round the corner to the left is Allan Ramsay's house, overlooking the gardens on the shore of the dry lake; and close by is Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School. A little way down the street is a remnant of the West

Bow, an arch in the city wall. A hundred years ago, as we know, this was a famous thoroughfare. Down its length passed in their time Anne of Denmark, James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., and James II. The Marquis of Montrose and the Earl of Argyll were dragged under it in the hangman's cart, on their way to execution in the Grassmarket. It was down the West Bow that the murderers of Captain Porteus hurried their victim, as Scott relates in "The Heart of Midlothian." And here stood the house of Mayor Wier, who had a fatal gift of prayer; but it was observed that he could not pray unless he had a particular stick in his hand, and he was therefore burned for witchcraft in the year 1670. On each side of the street there are small entrances, no bigger than house-doors, leading into dark, narrow alleys, with numerous tenements crowded close about them. These byways are called closes.

Some of the dark nooks, or closes, we will enter; but first let us look into James' Court, rather more roomy than a close. Here David Hume lived and wrote a great part of his history. Here Boswell entertained Dr. Johnson when he visited Edinburgh in 1773, and met the best society. "Johnson and I," says Bozzy, "walked arm in arm up the High Street to my house in James' Court. He acknowledged that the breadth of the street and the loftiness of the buildings on each side made a noble appearance. My wife had tea ready for him, and we sat chatting till near two in the morning." In Baxter's Close, Burns, when he first came to the city in 1786, shared an apartment with his friend John Richmond, a writer's clerk, at a weekly rent of three shillings sterling. A few paces distant, in Lady Stair's Close, lived Lady Stair, for many years at the head of fashionable society in Edinburgh. Her marriage to the Viscount Primrose forms the groundwork to Scott's story, "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror."

The glory of High Street is St. Giles' Church. Tradition says it was founded early in the ninth century; that it had at one time forty altars within its walls, and a holy relic in the shape of an arm-bone of its patron saint enshrined in a silver case. But after the Reformation it was partitioned into four places of worship, and the sacred vessels and relics were sold by the magistrates to defray the expense of the alterations. John Knox was appointed pastor of one section of the building; and in July, 1565, being much disturbed at the marriage of Mary and Darnley, he startled his hearers from their sleep in this wise: "I see," said he, stretching out his arm as if he would leap from the pulpit and arrest the passing vision,—"I see before me your beleaguered camp; I hear the tramp of the horsemen as they charge you in the streets." And one of his listeners thus comments on his forcible delivery: "He was like to ding [dash] the pulpit in blades [splinters], and flee out of it." In another section of the church, where an effort was made to introduce Episcopacy, Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the head of the Dean. This put an end to the new church movement for a time.

During his absence in Switzerland in 1556, Knox was burned in effigy under the shadow of St. Giles; and in 1572 his body was committed to the grave in the yard east of the church. To-day not a vestige of the original cemetery remains. The square is paved; a thousand busy feet cross it, and even the teams drive over it as freely as if it had never been consecrated ground. In the midst of that busy scene there is a small bronze plate set in the pavement bearing the initials "J. K.," and there lies the body of the "great reformer." St. Giles' is being modernized and prinked up; stained glass, carved pulpits, and the other evidences of taste, are returning. I like to see this spirit awakening in a people who destroyed the fine

deanery church of Restalrig because it had been voted by the General Assembly, in the presence of John Knox, "a monument of idolatry." The pulpit now standing where Knox's old pulpit stood is of white-stone, elaborately carved in the semblance of saints and angels Old Tollbooth Jail formerly stood against this corner. Scott immortalized it in his "Heart of Midlothian"; and in the pavement there is a brazen *heart*, polished brightly by the feet of the passing throng.

If you were to wander in among the narrow lanes near the Parliament House, you would come to Writer's Court, where was situated Clerihugh's Tavern, celebrated in its time as the meeting place of the "Mirror" Club. It was thither that Scott conducted Colonel Mannering and Dandie Dinmont on a certain Saturday night, through a dark alley and up a dark stair, in search of Counsellor Pleydell, whom, we are informed, they found in a jovial company, engaged in the now forgotten pastime of "High Jinks."

Allan Ramsay's shop is down High Street,—a timber-fronted tenement, with a broadside of windows, and a crowd of gables overhead; such a house as looks as if it could tell tales—a capital subject for a sketchy drawing or a water-color. It was here Ramsay began business as a bookseller, and published many of his works. Ramsay erected a theatre in Carruthers' Close, a few doors below; but for more than half a century it was used as a church, and in it Edward Irving often preached. Now we must hasten our steps, though every inch of the way is crowded with interest; there are eloquent sermons in these stones, if one had but time to listen to them.

John Knox's house stands at the corner, where the street suddenly narrows. The side of his house looks directly up the street, and from that lower window he was wont to address the people who gathered here to listen to him. There is a cigar shop on the ground-floor. We get the key over the counter, and are shown through a series of very small and very dark rooms. The whole place is colored like a meerschaum, and is as tidy and as cozy as possible. But how such a dove-cote could have sheltered the fiery fanatic, which it did for nearly twenty years, is more than I can comprehend. Here he wrote most of his history of the Reformation; and here he died, in November, 1572, at the age of sixty-seven. Scott's grandfather lived just back of the house, a favorite haunt of Walter's boyhood; and over the way William Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," was born.

We are now down in the Canongate, at the foot of High Street. In the White Horse Close stands the old inn where Johnson once stopped,—a queer shell of a house, with rooms protruding on each side, and a stairway going up between the two and parting under Johnson's window. You there turn to the right or left, and enter which wing you please. The gable was full of pigeon-holes when I visited it. The court was dirty and dingy, and the place smelt bad. Even the Doctor's society could hardly make me contented with the spot now.

In Play-House Close was erected the first theatre in Edinburgh. There, on the evening of December 14, 1746, the Rev. John Homes' tragedy of "Douglas" was first presented to the public; in consequence of which the author was suspended by the Presbytery, and constrained to throw up his charge at short notice. At the Theatre Royal, erected later, Edmund Kean, Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, Catalani, Mrs. Jordan, and Mackay, played their different parts with great success.

In St. John Street Smollett resided with his sister in 1766. Burns was a frequent visitor at No. 13, where the beautiful Miss Burnet was dying of consumption. At No. 10, on the same side, lived Ballantyne, Scott's confidential critic and partner.

At No. 13's board were gathered such worthies as Scott, Lockhart, Erskine, Terry, Sir William Allan, George Hogarth, etc. Moray House has its sad memories; but they are political, and just now the authors are more to my taste. At Queensbury House—very ugly it is, too—once lived the accomplished Lady Catherine Hyde, the patroness of the poet Gay. Pope, Swift and Prior have each made songs about her. Just over the street is "Jenny Ha's," where Gay (not to belie his name) spent many a pleasant hour with Ramsay and the choice spirits of the town. The place is open still, and there I filled my tobacco-pouch in memory of those who are gone.

There are a thousand stories yet untold, but why seek to tell them? It would take a volume, and a good-sized one, to do justice to this wonderful old High Street. There is no end to the memories of Edinburgh. Why, here in North College Street, in his student chamber, Oliver Goldsmith passed many quiet hours groaning over his text-books. And at the top of the street, in a house now unhappily swept away, Walter Scott was born. Go to No. 39 Castle Street, just out of George Street, and you will see the house that was his home for six and twenty years. Turn to his diary and read his farewell to it: "March 15, 1826. This morning I leave No. 39 Castle Street for the last time. The cabin was convenient, and habit had made it agreeable to me. So farewell, poor No. 39! What a portion of my life has been spent here! It has sheltered me from the prime of life to its decline; and now I must bid good-bye to it." In Alison Square the poet Campbell lived when he wrote the "Pleasures of Hope." At Darien House, an asylum for lunatics and paupers, poor Ferguson died.

But enough! There is no end to the story. Just see how rich the graves of Edinburgh are! In any one of the cemeteries there are scores of names that may be called immortal. I have selected a few of the class for which the city is distinguished. At St. Cuthbert's churchyard lie the ashes of Thomas de Quincey. At St. John's, those of the Rev. Arch. Alison, father of the historian, and himself the author of "Essays on Taste"; also of Miss Catherine Sinclair, authoress of "Modern Accomplishments," etc. Look in at Grayfriars for the graves of Allan Ramsay, Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling"; and for the martyrs' monument, bearing this inscription: "Executed at Edinburgh about an hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. The most of them lie here." At Canongate there is Ferguson the poet, whose tomb was raised at the expense of Robert Burns; Adam Ferguson, historian; Adam Smith, author of the "Wealth of Nations"; Dr. Burney, author of a history of music, etc. In Old Calton burying-ground lies David Hume. In Dean Cemetery, John Wilson (Christopher North), and his son-in-law, Professor Aytoun; Edward Forbes, naturalist; Francis Jeffrey and his friends, Lords Cockburn and Rutherford. Alexander Smith, author of "Edwin of Deira" and "Dreamthorpe," is buried in Warriston Cemetery. At Grange are the bodies of Dr. Chalmers and Hugh Miller.

The poet Drummond, of Hawthornden, went to the High School and University of Edinburgh. Michael Scott, who wrote "A Booke of Alchemy," and that other Michael Scott, who wrote a book of greater interest and value, called "Tom Cringle's Log," were both familiar with High Street. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was a familiar figure at Ambrose's Tavern. The Rev. Witty Sydney Smith found lodgings in South Hanover Street; Sir David Brewster, editor of the "Edinburgh Cyclopædia," was a High School and University graduate. The Carlyles, Thomas and Jane, just married, lived a little way out of town, at Comely Bank. There they

entertained, and from that house he wrote letters to Goethe; but other lodgings, and poor ones, he had occupied in various parts of the city.

Lawrence Hutton, in his delightful "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh," calls attention to a fact not generally known. A former suburb known as the Sciennes—a street now bears the name, "but the word is pronounced in the local vernacular as if spelled *sheens*"—got its name from the old Convent of St. Catherine of Siena, which once stood near by. The natives seemingly do not much reverence their ancient Catholic traditions; for a certain "steep and straitened alley," which was originally known as the Wynde of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Field, is now called Guthrie Street, perhaps after Dr. Guthrie, the Scotch parson.

Defoe and Dick Steel, Dickens and Dr. Brown, who immortalized "Rabb and his Friends," knew and loved Edinburgh. I might go on through the whole alphabet, but I'll stop right here. Thackeray, once walking with Dr. Brown, saw one of those wonderful sunsets which glorify the Metropolis of the North. It was Sunday evening; upon one of the heights, against the glowing sky, stood a wooden crane used in a quarry below, and so placed as to assume the form of a cross. The sacred symbol caught Thackeray's eye; he paused suddenly, and then, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed: "Calvary!" The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things.

(To be continued.)

I WOULD say to all: Use your gentlest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price; for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like a lark's song, to a hearth at home. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

BOYS WHO READ.

IT ought not to be so much our practice to denounce bad books as to point out good ones. To say that a book is immoral is to increase its sale. But the more good books we put into the hands of our boys, the greater preservative powers we give them against evil. Here is a bit from the Kansas City *Star*, which expresses tersely what we have all been thinking:

"The truth is that it is not the boys who read 'bad books' who swell the roll of youthful criminality: it is the boys who do not read anything. Let any one look over the police court of a busy morning, and he will see that the style of youth gathered there have not fallen into evil ways through their depraved literary tendencies. They were not brought there by books, but more probably by ignorance of books, combined with a genuine hatred of books of all kinds. There is not a more perfect picture of innocence in the world than a boy buried in his favorite book, oblivious to all earthly sights and sounds, scarcely breathing as he follows the fortunes of the heroes and heroines of the story."

It depends, of course, on what kind of a story it is. A boy may be a picture of innocence; but we all know that many a canvas on which is a picture of innocence is much worm-eaten at the back. If the book be a good one, a boy is safe while he is reading it,—he can be no safer. If it is a mere story of adventure, without any dangerous sentiment, a boy is not likely to get harm out of it. It is the sentimental—not the honest sentiment of Sir Walter or Thackeray—that does harm to the boy of a certain age, but more harm to the girl. A boy's preoccupation with his book may not be always innocent. It is a father's or mother's duty to see that it is innocent, by supplying the boy with the right kind of books. This, in our atmosphere, is almost as much of a duty as the supplying him with bread and butter. A father may take the lowest view of

his duties; he may be content with having his son taught the Little Catechism and with feeding and clothing him. However sufficient this may be among the peasants of the Tyrol, it does not answer in our country. The boy who cares to read nothing, except the daily paper or the theatrical poster, has more chances against him than the devourer of books. The police courts show that.

The parish library, as a help to religious and moral education, comes next to the parish school: it supplements it; it amplifies its instruction; it carries its influence deeper; it cultivates both the logical powers and imagination. Give a boy a taste for books, and he has a consolation which neither sickness nor poverty nor age itself can take from him. But he must not be left to ramble through a library at his own sweet will. There are probably no stricter Catholics among our acquaintance than were the parents of Alexander Pope, the "poet of common-sense" and bad philosophy; and yet their carelessness, or rather faith in books merely as books, led him into many an ethical error.

There is no use in trying to restrict the reading of a clever American boy to professedly Catholic books in the English language. He will ask for stories, and there are not enough stories of the right sort to last him very long. He will want stories with plenty of action in them,—stirring stories, stories of adventure, stories of school life, of life in his own country; and we have too few of them. And it requires some discrimination to square his wants with what he ought to want. But that discrimination must be used by somebody, or there will be danger.

Nevertheless, the boy who rushes through Oliver Optic's stories, and Henty's and Bolderwood's, is not likely to be injured. They are not ideal books, from our point of view. He may even read Charles Kingsley's boisterous, stupid stuff; but if he is a well-instructed boy, he will be in a state of hot indignation all through "Hypatia," and the other underdone-roast-beefy things of that bigot. Kingsley, with all his bigotry though, is better for a boy than Rider Haggard. There is a nasty trail over Haggard's stories.

There is some comfort in the fact that the average boy is too eagerly intent on his story to mind the moralizing. What does he care for Lord Lytton's talk about the Good, the True, and the Beautiful in "The Last Days of Pompeii"? He wants to know how everything "turns out." And in Kingsley's "Hypatia"—which is so often in Catholic libraries—he pays very little attention to the historical lies, for the sake of the action. Nevertheless, he should be guarded against the historical lies. Personally—I hope this intrusion of the *ego* will be forgiven,—I had (when I was a boy and waded through all sorts of books) so strong a conviction that Catholics were always right and everyone else wrong, that "Hypatia" and Bulwer's "Harold" and the rest were mere incentives to zeal; I thought that if the Lady Abbess walled up Constance at the end of "Marmion," that young person deserved her fate.

This state of mind, however, ought not to be generally cultivated; a discriminating taste for reading is. Do not let us cry out so loudly about bad books; let us seek out the good ones; and remember that it is not the reading boy that fills the criminal ranks, but the boy that lives in the streets and does not read.

A POOR unlettered man once accosted the Blessed Jourdain of Saxony with this simple yet rather subtle question: "Is the 'Our Father' worth as much on our poor lips as it is on those of a theologian? We can not understand the beauty of those words as can a man of learning."—"Has not a diamond," answered the Saint, "always the same value, no matter whose hand wears it?"

The Alleluia.

THIS word Alleluia—from two Hebrew words: *allelu*, to sing, to celebrate; and *iah*, an abbreviation of Jehovah,—was among the Hebrews an acclamation of joy and gratitude. It is found in the Psalms of David and in the Book of Tobias. St. Epiphanius says that the Prophet Aggeus sang Alleluias half a century prior to the coming of Jesus Christ. St. John, in his Apocalypse, states that he heard the word chanted by legions of heavenly spirits.

From the Jewish worship the Alleluia readily passed into the ecclesiastical liturgy. The Church of Jerusalem introduced it into its first offices. If the God who had promised a Saviour to Israel had been praised with enthusiasm, why should not the well-known canticle serve to sing the glory of the God who had so mercifully accomplished His promise?

The Latin Church, in the first centuries of the Christian era, adopted the word in her liturgy, but only for Easter Sunday. Pope St. Damasus extended its usage to all seasons, and even to burial services. St. Jerome, speaking of the funeral of his sister Fabiola, says: "Psalms were sung, and the vaults re-echoed Alleluias." Pope St. Gregory the Great, therefore, far from introducing the custom of singing the Alleluia in the Latin Church, as some writers have claimed, merely confirmed a usage already established. This Pontiff, in specifying those seasons of the ecclesiastical year during which it might be sung, excepted the period from Septuagesima Sunday until Easter. It was also banished in the West from the Mass and Office of the Dead. Finally, as in certain churches it was confined to Paschal time, its use was extended to the period which separates Pentecost from the following Septuagesima.

The custom of the Western and the Eastern Church is not in this respect uniform. In the East, the Alleluia is sung throughout the year, even on Good-Friday; and to the psalms of the funeral services the Alleluia forms the accompaniment.

The most solemn of the Alleluias in our offices is that which follows the Gradual. It is repeated twice at the beginning of the versicle, and once at its close. Lebrun says that since the seventh or eighth century there has been added to the Alleluia a sequence of three notes. This prolongation of the song without words has for object either to express man's inability worthily to celebrate the ineffable Godhead, or, according to St. Bonaventure, to imitate the joy of the elect in heaven,—a joy that is endless and incapable of expression by words. This prolonged note on the final *a* of the Alleluia is also a species of allusion to the language of Jeremias: *A-a-a! Domine Deus nescio loqui*,—"Ah-ah-ah! Lord God. Behold, I can not speak."

Sozomenus relates that a voice was heard singing Alleluia in the Temple of Serapio. To those who heard it, it served as a notification of what soon afterward took place—the consecration to the true God of that temple of idols. According to the testimony of many credible authors, the word was frequently heard resounding in the heavens; and Francis Alvarez tells us that, in commemoration of these prodigies, the name Alleluia was given to a monastery in Africa. Everywhere in the first centuries of Christianity this word was sung. The rowers made the banks echo with its joyous accents, and the husbandmen forgot their toil in its gladsome repetition.

Although in our age this admirable epitome of praise and thanksgiving does not enter so largely into the daily life of even exemplary Christians, during the present season all practical Catholics re-echo the Alleluia in their inmost hearts. It is the dominant note in the jubilant song of Eastertide; and souls that have been gladdened by the glorious hopes born of Christ's Resurrection find in it the fitting expression of their homage, praise, and love.

Notes and Remarks.

The Feast of the Annunciation was made memorable this year by an allocution of the Holy Father. The occasion was the declaration, by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, of the authenticity of miracles wrought at the intercession of three venerable servants of God: Bianchi, a Barnabite; Baldinucci, a Jesuit; and Maiella, a Redemptorist. Addressing the representatives of the three Orders present on the occasion, Leo XIII. expressed his joy at seeing the cause of these spiritual heroes so far advanced, and instanced the lesson to be drawn from their lives:

"It was by different roads that these three elect souls rose to so eminent a degree of Christian perfection. Two of them, who bore the sacerdotal character, attained to it by the assiduous pursuit of sacred learning, which formed their intellects to heavenly wisdom, and by the indefatigable exercise of the apostolic ministry; the other, in the humble state of a lay-brother, by the practice of the most ordinary and commonplace domestic offices. The two former, imitators of the most zealous propagators of the Gospel and apostles of the faith, obtained by their preaching and their labors a marvellous success; the latter, by his exemplary patience, his modesty, and his piety, was able to win in his life of retirement universal admiration. This shows that everyone here below, provided that in his own station he endeavors to reproduce in himself the Divine Master, can reap abundant fruits of sanctity."

Compulsory education does not commend itself to the Archbishop of Dublin. In a speech recently delivered by him at Arklow he branded the new Education Bill, whose object is to enforce the compulsory education of children in Ireland, as an insult to the Irish people; and asked his hearers what they would think of an "Act of Parliament to force the fathers and mothers of Ireland to clothe their children or to give their children food." The agitation for the Education Bill presupposes a notable neglect on the part of parents to look after the instruction of their children, and the Archbishop declares that the supposition is false.

A Golden Jubilee of more than ordinary interest was that celebrated on the 19th ult. by Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow. Ordained priest in 1842, this distinguished prelate became in 1878, on the restoration of the Hierarchy in Great Britain, Archbishop of Glasgow; being the first occupant of that ancient See since the pretended Reformation, and the direct successor of the unfortunate Archbishop James Beaton, who died in 1603. The cause of religion has flourished in the most gratifying manner in the archdiocese during the administration of Mgr. Eyre; and the celebration recently of his Sacerdotal Jubilee was accompanied with all the pomp and solemnity that a devoted clergy and grateful people could bring to the festival of an honored and beloved father. An idea of the esteem in which the Archbishop is held even by non-Catholics may be gained from the announcement that the University of Glasgow will confer upon him, at the close of the current scholastic year, the degree of LL. D.

On the death of Bishop Hendricken some years ago, publicity was given to an incident in his early priestly career which reflected much credit on a well-known Methodist minister, the Rev. Samuel Davies. Mr. Davies and Father Hendricken were fellow-passengers on a ship, whose captain and crew were Knownothings of the most virulent type. The priest administered the last rites of the Church to a dying Catholic and thereby aroused the fury of the bigoted officer and his minions. At the risk of his own life, it is said, the Methodist minister preserved that of the future Bishop of Providence. Recalling the incident on the occasion of the recent death of the Rev. Mr. Davies, the *Pilot* says: "The Catholics of Providence would do well to make his humble grave conspicuous by a monument worthy of the great heart which sleeps within it."

The Rev. Father Vigroux, who has succeeded the lamented Father Testevuide as chaplain and director of the Leper Hospital at Gotemba, Japan, has forwarded his first report to Bishop Osouf. The first act of the new chaplain was to admit ten additional lepers, thus increasing the number of resident patients to forty-four. Ten of these are Christians; others are preparing for baptism, and the recent arrivals are being instructed in the

Christian doctrines. The hospital is large enough to accommodate eighty lepers; but, owing to want of funds, admission can not be granted to all who seek it. Father Vigroux states that the maintenance of each leper, per year, costs about fifty dollars; and as the work is dependent solely on public charity, he appeals to the generosity of Christians everywhere to aid him in his laborious mission. Mere admiration of such heroism as is displayed by this humble priest can do no good; but the admiration that is translated into dollars and cents will help to render his heroism effective.

No matter what opinion may prevail as to the advisability of holding Catholic congresses in this country, or as to the practical good resulting from such congresses, there can be no question that similar conventions on the Continent have accomplished much, and are shortly to accomplish more, of genuine utility to the cause of true social reform. Commenting on this subject, the Boston *Republic* says:

"They [the Continental Catholics] feel the necessity of giving expression to their convictions by action; and no steps that could be taken are more thoroughly practical than those which they have now under consideration. A movement is on foot for the foundation of an international institute for higher social studies; and the Holy Father is so zealous for the promotion of the project that he will, it is said, devote to it the offerings which will be presented to him on the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee. Then there is to be a Catholic international weekly paper, the aim of which will be to spread the light of true doctrine with regard to social objects. Indeed, the Catholic social policy is to be not passive but active, and not merely active but militant. That is the true policy; for in this nineteenth-century world theorizing alone never brought about reform."

Our English exchanges publish a courteous letter written by Professor Pritchard, the astronomer of the Oxford Observatory, to his fellow-scientist, Father Denza, the Vatican astronomer. In connection with some celestial photographs forwarded from Oxford, Professor Pritchard writes:

"It would give me pleasure — nay, more than pleasure—if his Holiness the Pope would vouchsafe to give a glance at this marvellous achievement of modern astronomy. You might show him how photography is able to present the aspect of the wonderful group of the Pleiades. This might serve to give a few moments of rest to the mind of the venerable Pontiff in the midst of his multitudinous preoccupations. And if this illustrious personage, whose heart is so lofty and whose kindness is so great, would be pleased to send his blessing to our Observatory, it would most certainly be received there with gratitude. If you should think well to give him details as to myself, you may tell him that I am eighty-four years old, and that I have just finished measuring the distances from our earth of all the stars of the second magnitude. This is not an astronomical letter. But I am very happy to be able to help Rome from Oxford."

The great *savant* who writes so gracefully has a daughter who is a convert to Catholicity.

Commenting on the discussion in the French Chamber of Deputies, of the disorders that occurred lately in the Church of Saint-Merri, the *Annales Catholiques* has this to say:

"The opening of the discussion and its close offered a lively contrast. It having been granted that a band of disturbers had effected in a church notable disorder—had broken chairs, invaded the pulpit, and sung the *Carmagnole* under the consecrated vaults,—the conclusion was reached that preachers are the most guilty and seditious of men; and that the Government can not display too much energy in bringing them to a sense of their duty, or reducing them to silence."

Strict logicians may not be able to see how the conclusion is contained in the premises; but, then, the French Chamber, more's the pity, does not often display logic in the matter of clericalism.

We are at all times willing to serve authors, editors, and publishers; but it is often impossible to comply with requests that are made of us. We can not, for instance, undertake to give an opinion of MSS. which we are obliged to decline, or state the reasons therefor; nor can we take notice, editorially, of all the marked copies of papers, etc., that are sent to us. THE "AVE MARIA" is not a newspaper: it has its moorings, its bearings, its limits of space, etc. So many books are sent for review that we can not give extended notices, or notice books a second time. Of Catholic periodicals, there are some which we try to notice regularly, others at intervals; one or two, for private reasons, we do not care to notice at all; some few we do not see. Brief announcements of forthcoming books or of new editions

are never refused insertion. We ask our friends to believe that we endeavor to do our best; that everything Catholic is of deep interest to us; that we sympathize with every right endeavor and with every good cause. But it ought not to be supposed that we do not value contributions which we decline, or that we view with disfavor all projects and opinions to which we refuse publicity in our columns. As the circulation of THE "AVE MARIA" increases, and it becomes more widely known, the demands on its space are naturally greater. The space itself does not increase in proportion; but if it did, our policy in many respects could not be changed.

A mitred abbot was lately elected to preside over the monasteries of the Trappist Order in Canada. The choice of the monks fell on the Rev. Father Antoine, prior of St. Joseph du Lac at Oka. The Trappists are flourishing in Canada; and their new foundations recall the saying of Lacordaire, that "oaks and monks are immortal."

The Holy Father sent two of the beautiful Paschal candles offered to him from the Vatican Basilica and Church of St. John Lateran as *ex-votos* to the sanctuary of Lourdes.

The *Literary Digest* gives an extract from an article by M. J. Elie Pécaut in a recent number of the *Revue Fédagogique*, from which we quote the following:

"Whoever mentions education, mentions a discipline capable of developing the whole man, of bringing out from the child all the forces of which it discloses the germ. Is science that discipline? It can not pretend to be. Science analyzes, compares, weighs, measures; and in doing this brings into play the faculties which compose the intellect, properly so called. The intellect, however, is far from being the whole man. It is not the innermost sanctuary and end of being. You must go beyond, descend deeper: you must reach that obscure and fertile region where scientific light can not penetrate, and which is the true region of life; the region in which are found the first germs of the feelings, of the thoughts, of the habits of action; the region from which burst forth those great motive powers—love, enthusiasm, principles of all nobility of soul. What can science do to touch and move these depths of the human soul, to light its divine flames? When you comment to the child on those words of Epictetus, 'The wise man saves his life by losing it'; or on that saying of Christ, 'Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness,' you call forth in his young soul a force of elevation which no true education can be resigned to leave inactive. Search for some chapter in chemistry or mechanics which can take the place of these exhortations! You will search in vain. No science possesses such a power. Letters alone, being the studies of the soul, of humanity, of what is highest,—letters alone, including in letters, philosophy,—have access to the sacred region in which are sown living germs."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John McGrail, of St. Patrick's Church, Brockton, Mass., who was called to the reward of a devoted life on the 5th inst.

Mr. Francis Markey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who departed this life last month.

Mrs. Mary Stoker, whose happy death took place on the 7th inst., in the same city.

Mr. John Connor, of Quincy, Mass., who passed away in peace on the 4th inst.

Mrs. Frances C. Baty, who breathed her last on the 2d ult., at San José, Cal.

Mrs. Teresa Trant, of Boston, Mass., whose good life closed peacefully on the 12th ult.

Mr. Michael Reilly, who yielded his soul to God on the 2d inst., at MacSherrystown, Pa.

Mrs. J. A. Donnelly, of Atlantic City, N. J., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 7th inst.

Mrs. Patrick Lanigan, who died a precious death on the 11th ult., at Trenton, N. J.

Miss Ellen Murphy, of Fall River, Mass., who passed to the reward of her exemplary life last month.

Mr. Thomas Russell, of Covington, Ky.; Wyman Hill, Sidney, Ohio; Mr. James Fitzpatrick, Hazleton, Pa.; Miss Mary Sullivan, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Doyle, Portsmouth, Ohio; Edward Brannon, Newport, Ky.; Mr. Francis E. Craig, New York, N. Y.; Mr. Edward McCoster, Mrs. Mary Miller, and Mrs. Ellen McLaughlin, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Julia Costello, Mrs. M. O'Donnell, Mr. John Lannahan, and Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Daily, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Ellen M. Gould, Rockland, Mass.; Miss Margaret Simmons, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Margaret Riordan and Miss Margaret Healy, Des Moines, Iowa; Sylvester McCarney, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Dooley, Iowa City, Iowa; Miss Anna Coughlin, Mrs. Mary Redmond, Miss Nellie Farrell, and Mrs. Christopher Maguire, Cincinnati, Ohio.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



An April Morning.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THE soft rain woke me, falling, falling,
As I lay last night in my little bed;
And while I listened I heard it calling,
And it seemed to me this was what it said:

"Come, wake up, violets white and yellow;
Wild hyacinths, and fuchsias too;
And touch-me-nots, and that saucy fellow,
The meadow larkspur, bright and blue!"

The wind was stirring, the curtain flapping
(There's a tiny hole in the window pane);
But I didn't mind, for I love the tapping
And the pleasant voice of the April rain.

Then I woke this morning, O very early!
And broke my backcomb hurrying so
(You may be glad your hair isn't curly,—
It takes so long to brush smooth, you know).

O I *was* patient!—the darling flowers!
I longed to welcome them back once more;
For they always come with the first spring showers
(Yes, I stepped lightly, and closed the door).

I almost know they can tell I'm seeking
Their lovely blossoms amid the grass;
I almost think I can hear them speaking
Beneath my feet as I softly pass.

The sun is shining, the rain is over;
How soft the clouds seem, the sky how far!
Ses, see! I've found them among the clover—
The first spring beauty and shooting-star!

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XIX.—Flight.

YES, Reginald was very sad; a great weight lay on his chest. Some of you have felt it on the first morning after a long vacation, when the school bell rang, and you knew it was really the school bell. But after a time, in the excitement of the first morning at school, you wondered why you had awakened with such a feeling of dreariness about you. After all, school was not so bad!

But Reginald's horror of what was to come increased as he thought about it. The sea!—how he hated the sea, which was full of pirates and sharks, and all sorts of terrible things! He had been taken to bathe in it once, and the salt had got into his eyes and made his ears tingle; since that time he was willing to believe anything bad of it.

He sat in the little square room, where a fire had been made by Mr. Tar's orders, and thought the whole matter over with a sinking heart. Why should he not go back, and boldly say to Hans Gewitz, "I am innocent. Put me in jail, if you will; but I am innocent"? He was afraid to do this. It would be a disgrace to be put into jail; but, then, his aunt would not mind

it, he was sure, if she could only see him. Then his pride rose. What! he, Reginald Danby, the best boy in the neighborhood, in jail!—the boy whom his aunt had called "The flower of the flock"! No: he could not "face the music," as Miles would say. On the other hand was the sea Mr. Tar seemed kind; but he had read a great deal about the sufferings of sailors; and he had seen at school many boys who had made long journeys by water. Their fathers were sailors. The sea or jail? Reginald shuddered. Well, at any rate, he could do his duty and obey orders at sea; and, in that case, nobody could put him into jail. But what was his duty now? To go home to his aunt, his conscience said, and to trust to her direction; for, after all, grown people know more about life than children; and the boy that acts for himself without consulting his elders is very likely to get into a scrape.

It became plain to Reginald that his duty was to go home. He began to see that he should never have run away. But suppose his aunt had come to believe that he was really guilty,—suppose she had been persuaded of it by Mr. Gewitz or some of the neighbors! A cold sweat came out on his forehead at the thought. He was wrong to think of this; he might have trusted his aunt to believe no evil of him; but instead of sticking to the rule that we must never distrust those we love, no matter how appearances may be against them, he began to imagine all sorts of things—a coldness on the part of his aunt, suspicion everywhere; and he, the flower of the flock, neglected and despised in jail! If Miles had been there, he would certainly have laughed at all this.

The truth is, Reginald had been praised too much; and now he was afraid to do what was right, for fear that he should not be praised enough to suit him. On the other hand, he was afraid to go to sea with Mr. Tar, and afraid to tell him that he would not go.

Why should he not sneak away quietly? Why should he not go out into the streets, wander about until daylight, and then find work? He knew that this would be cowardly; he knew that, as a manly boy, he ought to have waited until Mr. Tar entered. But he was afraid to meet him; and so, as he heard his voice, he trembled and stole softly out of the room into the corridor, and made for the backstairs. As he descended, he heard footsteps above him. He reached the yard of the hotel. It was easy to get out into the street. There he stood in the darkness, alone, with the world before him.

In the room he had just left, Mr. Jack Tar was standing, looking about him in astonishment.

"Where's the boy?" he said. "Where's the boy? Where are you?".

There was no answer. Mr. Jack Tar shook the bedclothes, punched the pillows, even looked into the coal-scuttle; but he found no boy.

"It is too bad," he said "He must have disappeared very suddenly. How foolish I was not to know him! So that's the flower of the flock! I'll find him, never fear!"

He went downstairs at once, and asked the clerk to send for a policeman. There were no telephones in those days; some time elapsed. Mr. Tar filled it by writing out a long description of Reginald. This he gave to the policeman.

"Find the boy," he said.

"What do you want with him?" asked the man.

"He is my youngest brother."

The policeman went off, to ask questions of the hotel servants. Mr. Tar—he was not Mr. Tar at all, but Mr. Jack Danby—went out on Chestnut Street to look for Reginald.

Jack Danby had sold his vessel for a large amount of money, and determined to come home, to see his aunt and his brother. We know how Reginald found him in the wood. He went to Mrs. Danby,

who was anxiously expecting Reginald, and there saw Miles and Molly, and heard their story. But he did not say a word about the boy he had met in the wood, though he was sure it was Reginald. He was resolved to please his aunt by a great surprise. He chuckled when Mrs. Danby declared that she was so nervous she could not really speak, although she talked all the time. He almost laughed when she said that something must have happened to Reginald. After a time, when her alarm was becoming serious, Mr. Danby rose to go.

"I'll be back in an hour," he said. "Don't go to bed."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Danby. "You always were, Jack,—although you made too much noise, and you were never the flower of the flock. But I don't think you'll find Reginald. Something *must* have happened to him! And now all the money you have brought will be no good to us,—no good in the world!"

"Oh, yes, it will!" answered Jack, laughing. "Reginald and Miles can go to college after a while; you can have a new dress, and a new sign over the shop: 'Mrs. Danby, Confectioner.'"

"Never!" said that lady,—"never! I should think a new sign sinful extravagance. But I want Reginald to go to college and learn all he can—if he ever comes back."

"Oh, never fear!" replied Jack Danby; "I'll find him."

He left, and Mrs. Danby rocked backward and forward in her chair, hoping the best for a minute or two, and then fearing the worst for half an hour.

Miles and Molly played checkers. Molly looked brighter already. She had gained Mrs. Danby's heart by not waiting to be told what she ought to do. After tea she had swept up the crumbs, tidied the room, and washed the dishes as a matter of course.

"I shall not part with her," Mrs. Danby said, "even if the Spinkses come and rave outside the door. Perhaps she may have been sent to me in return for my angel Reginald," she added, with a sigh.

Miles was glad to see his cousin Jack, and quite as glad to get the big bag of marbles he brought with him. They were nearly all "glasses" and agates, big and little. It was not marble time, but marbles will always keep. Even Molly admired them; for they were the most beautiful Jack Danby could find in all the ports he had visited. There were some round Scotch pebbles, clear and bright; agates from Japan, porcelain balls from China, and dark flints from England. Miles thought that they were too beautiful to use.

You can imagine how disappointed Jack Danby was when he reached the Merchants' Hotel to find that Reginald had gone; and you can imagine how gladly Reginald would have come back had he only known the truth. If he had been brave enough to meet Mr. Tar, he would have been saved a great deal of suffering. The same thing is true of any of us when we turn our backs to our duty.

Cæsar, who had followed Reginald into the street, was disgusted. He felt it his duty to stick close to Reginald. He had left a comfortable place in front of the fire, to go into the damp, cold air outside; he could see no sense in it. But he was not a dog to turn back after he had once undertaken a trust. The night had become cloudy; a soft, drizzling rain fell. Cæsar kept as near to Reginald's overcoat as possible; and barked once or twice, to show his discontent.

Reginald turned down the first street he came to. The city clocks rang out the hour of eight. He counted the hours that would pass before morning. If he could only find some packing-box on the sidewalk, or even a comfortable doorway! He had heard that newsboys without a home sometimes spent the night in that way.

He stopped for a moment in front of a high, dark house, with a deep doorway. It had begun to rain heavily. Steps were

heard behind him; he and Cæsar slipped into the doorway. A policeman had noticed them.

"What are you hiding for, boy?" he asked, drawing nearer.

"I want to keep out of the rain," Reginald answered.

"I believe you stole that dog," the policeman said, suspiciously. He pulled a dark lantern out of his pocket and let the light shine on Cæsar. He drew back in astonishment.

"What an ugly brute!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure you never stole *him*."

Cæsar barked. He understood what the policeman meant by the expression of his face, and he did not like to be called ugly; he would have buried his teeth in the policeman's leg, if he had not seen his gilded star.

The policeman passed on. Reginald leaned against the doorway, and the night seemed to grow darker. The windows opposite were shut. Everywhere was gloom and silence. He squatted on the broad upper step, and let Cæsar crawl under his overcoat. Cæsar was only a dog; but he was a good friend, for all that. And he did not care how ugly people thought Cæsar to be,—Cæsar had a heart, and that is better than having two eyes.

He thought over the events of the last few days: the window pane, the fatal Dutch cake, Mr. and Mrs. Spinks' hardness, Molly's sufferings, Miles' loyalty, and Mr. Tar's proposition. No doubt Miles was at home at this time,—"home, sweet home"! And perhaps Molly had been whipped and sent to bed by Mr. Spinks, weeping because she had no friend, not even Cæsar.

Cæsar listened intently, while Reginald was lost in thought. He heard familiar steps,—steps, at least, that he had heard before; for Cæsar never forgot a footstep. He did not understand the language of the human race; but he understood footsteps, just as a telegrapher understands the little taps of his instrument. He raised his ears and listened; the steps came nearer.

Reginald shrank as close to the door as possible. It might be Hans Gewitz,—it might be Mr. Spinks,—it might be Cæsar's mistress in search of him.

Cæsar knew very well who it was. It was Jack Danby looking for his lost brother. Cæsar thought of the good fire at the hotel, and of Jack's kind face; but he did not move. Reginald was no doubt foolish to run away; but, after all, he probably had his reasons. And so he let the steps pass without so much as uttering a whine to tell Jack Danby where he and Reginald were.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XXXIV.—Taken Home in Chains.

Each ship sailing from Hispaniola had carried malicious charges against Columbus, and the disappointed men who returned from the West Indies kept up a denunciation of his course. They haunted the palace of the King and Queen, dogged their footsteps in public, and even followed the sons of Columbus, now pages to her Majesty, with jeers and coarse reproaches. The King finally determined to send some competent person to look into the affairs of the colony, and the Queen was induced to consent to the measure. One thing she could neither understand nor forgive—Columbus' persistence in sending home Indians as captives. "By what right," she asked, "does he enslave my subjects?" And, her womanly heart on fire for the unfortunate, she, too, signed the papers of Don Francisco de Bobadilla, empowering him to make a voyage of inquiry in the name of the crown of Spain.

It is a poor judge who makes up his mind before the criminal is tried. Bobadilla went to Hispaniola with the intention of finding Columbus guilty of as many offences as possible. He left for San Domingo about the middle of July, 1500, in charge of two caravels, which carried a large number of Indians, whom Isabella, as a gentle reproof to Columbus, was returning to their native land.

Bobadilla arrived safely at San Domingo, and after Mass read at the church door his official and high-sounding orders. Then, finding plenty of men to do his bidding—so ready are people to salute the rising sun,—he set free the prisoners concerned in the late rebellion, and finished by going to housekeeping in the quarters of Columbus!

The Admiral's first feeling when he heard of these high-handed outrages was one of indignation; but, upon becoming convinced that Bobadilla was acting with authority, he quietly left Conception, and travelled without escort to San Domingo to give himself up. There he was at once put in irons and confined in the fortress with as little ceremony as if he had been the vilest malefactor. The only man base enough to be willing to rivet the chains upon his venerable limbs was a cook belonging to his own household, who probably had some imaginary grudge to settle.

Don Bartholomew being away, was recalled by the Admiral; and the three brothers were, after a confinement of about a month, taken to Spain in separate vessels. The captain of the ship on which Columbus sailed would gladly have removed his chains, but he would not permit this. "No," he said; "by order of their Majesties I wear them, only by royal command shall they be removed." He kept them ever afterward hanging in his room, and begged that they might be buried with him.

The voyage was a favorable one; and before many days, disgraced and in chains, the Admiral of the Ocean Sea entered the port of Cadiz.

XXXV.—The Beginning of the End.

Bobadilla had performed his work too well; and from all parts of Spain and the rest of the civilized world there went up one universal burst of indignation when it was noised about that Columbus had been subjected to this ignominy. He had employed his time aboard ship in writing to Lady Juana de la Torre, who was high in the royal favor, a full account of his troubles. She lost no time in showing this to her Queen, who was filled with grief and amazement.

Orders were at once sent to Cadiz to set Columbus and his brothers at liberty; and a letter went to the Admiral himself, inviting him to court, and announcing that two thousand ducats were at his order for the expenses of the journey. The sovereigns were in Granada, and thither the Admiral proceeded; this time not in the humble garb of a Franciscan, but in robes of state suitable for a high grandee of Spain. The Queen greeted him with tears in her kind eyes; and he knelt at her feet,—not speaking, for he was unable because of his sobs. What the malice of his enemies had failed to do, the sympathy of a friend had accomplished; and the stately reserve of Columbus melted like snow in sunshine.

When he could speak he made one of his eloquent explanations, which Isabella believed, and Ferdinand pretended to believe; and the whining missives of Bobadilla, which arrived soon after, were treated with the contempt they deserved. An immediate restitution of honors was promised Columbus, but Ferdinand seemed to be in no hurry. Certain events had combined to make him indifferent to the noble man who had done so much for Spain. The success of Columbus had incited others to follow in his footsteps, and by this time much of the coast of South America had been explored by energetic mariners. Columbus was only one of many, where he had formerly reigned alone as

a discoverer. Sebastian Cabot, too, under the powerful protection of England, had found and described much of the coast of North America from Labrador down; and the Portuguese, ever the rivals of Spain, had taken possession of Brazil. To crown all, Vasco da Gama had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and opened an indisputable route to the golden Indies.

And what had Columbus given "the Two Kings" in return for the expense lavished without stint upon his expeditions? A little gold, some unproductive islands, and a few naked savages. Thus reasoned Ferdinand. "Ah, no!" he thought. "It will be many a long day before it will do to let the Genoese go back as governor." Still, to appease the public, it was thought best to recall Bobadilla; and Don Nicolas de Ovando was ordered to succeed him, to hold the reins of government in Hispaniola in trust for Columbus, whom, word was given out, it was not thought well to send back immediately. What Ferdinand really intended was a different matter. In two years, he allowed people to believe, Columbus might go back.

The rule of Bobadilla had been a weak one, and had ended in dire disaster. Ovando hoped to do better. The fleet with which he started was composed of thirty vessels, and among the passengers were many respectable farmers and artisans with their wives and children. It sailed on the 13th of February, 1502, and soon encountered great storms. One vessel foundered, with one hundred and twenty on board; and when the wreckage floated to the shores of Spain the whole fleet was given up for lost, and the King and Queen secluded themselves and mourned for eight days.

Columbus meanwhile did not sit idly down and wait, but he thought of his vow to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, and begged his sovereigns to permit him to try once again the uncertain terrors of the newly-discovered territory. He had concluded that somewhere north of the Gulf of Paria there must be a strait, through which he could pass to the Indian Ocean. That strait he wished to seek and find. The result was the fitting out of four vessels, and the departure of the great discoverer upon his fourth and last voyage. With him went his gallant brother Bartholomew, and his son Ferdinand, then a boy of about thirteen. His brother Don Diego, tired of the tumult of the world, entered a religious order,—a step he had long contemplated.

(To be continued.)

The Art of Adjectives.

It is a wonderful gift to be able always to hit upon the proper adjective. The poet Coleridge was once in a picture-gallery, and was especially impressed by the beauty of one of the paintings. He could, however, find no adjective which seemed to suit it exactly. Finally, after studying for fully fifteen minutes, he said to himself: "The picture is majestic."

At that moment a gentleman, accompanied by two ladies, drew near. "What a majestic scene!" said the gentleman, pointing to the work of art that Coleridge was admiring.

The poet advanced. "My dear sir," he said, "permit me to congratulate you upon your choice of a word. I was under the impression that I had a good command of my mother-tongue; but I was a quarter of an hour in hitting upon the word 'majestic,' which is the only suitable one to employ in describing this painting."

The gentleman was evidently flattered. "Thank you," he answered. "The picture is perfectly lovely. I don't think I ever saw so splendid, so superb, a painting before."

Coleridge bowed. "Permit me, dear sir," he said, "to take back my previous remark; for I perceive that your use of the proper word was only an accident."

And, smiling, the poet passed on.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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The Eve of May.

IN robes immaculate, the perfumed earth
Now wakes to glory, e'en as woke the sheen
Transcendent blazing o'er our sinful dearth,
When Mary rose, of heaven the chosen Queen.
Lady of Angels, Flower of flowers supreme,
From realms ethereal bend those gracious eyes:
Our altars now with votive offerings teem;
Behold their bloom, accept the sacrifice.
From pole to pole, with canticle and choir,
Thy children now, sweet Mother, hymn thy praise;
Each virtue thine recount, revere, admire—
Lilies whose lustre mocks meridian blaze.
O Lady, list!—nor scorn, while all rejoice,
The faltering tribute of this meanest voice.

E. E. M. K.

Johannes Janssen, the Historian of the Reformation.*

JOHANNES JANSSEN led a quiet and retired life. It was seldom that he appeared in public, being rarely seen at popular or learned assemblies; only for a short time was he engaged as a parliamentarian; and in his latter years he could not be persuaded to speak even on scientific matters. He was a closet scholar, but this is exactly what was required for the great work which we owe to him. The external course of his life is, therefore, told in few words.

Born on April 10, 1829, of a well-to-do tradesman in the Rhenish town of Xanten, he received from his virtuous parents a good but simple education. Of his mother, whom he lost at an early age, he always retained a loving remembrance. His father, after the death of his second wife, removed to Frankfort, to spend the remainder of his days with his son, who had meanwhile become a famous man. The two doubtless often enjoyed a laugh together, when they called to mind the time when the elder Janssen apprenticed his son to a coppersmith. Happily, old Lahaye, father-in-law of Janssen senior, was a man of solid sense, who soon perceived that the apprentice was capable of something higher than his trade. Thus at the age of thirteen we find him in the preparatory school at Xanten, two and a half years later at the gymnasium in Recklinghausen, and after three years more he was a student of theology in Münster. It is an agreeable trait in Dr. Janssen's character that in subsequent years he was not ashamed of the time spent at a trade, and he would boast that he had succeeded in forging one good nail in his life. In the first volume of his "History of the German People," he has

* H. Kerner, in the *Hausschatz*. For THE AVE MARIA," by J. M. T.

LIBRARY

devoted to German trades a section which is one of the most beautiful monuments ever raised to the industrial arts.

Young Janssen pursued his theological studies in Münster and Löwen; but did not lose his taste for history, which he had already displayed as a boy. For a time ill health prevented him from assuming the priestly office. In 1850 he entered the course of philosophy; and in Berlin and Bonn, whither he was promoted in 1853, he completed his academical course. After a short time spent as a tutor of history in Münster, he accepted, in 1854, the position of teacher of history to the Catholic pupils of the gymnasium in Frankfort. Here he remained till his death. In that city he found excellent archives, of great importance for the history of the country in the Middle Ages.

At this time Janssen formed a number of friendships that ended only with death. Johann Friedrich Böhmer was to him a fatherly friend and teacher, who had a decided influence on his future career. Although Böhmer lived and died a Protestant, the intimate relations between the two men did not suffer in consequence of Janssen's ordination, which took place in the Limburger Dom, March 26, 1860. When Böhmer died in 1863, his young friend was one of the heirs of his literary treasures; and he raised to his teacher a biographical monument such as few German literary characters can boast of. *

Seldom was Janssen's life at Frankfort interrupted by a journey of any length; but we may mention a long stay which he made in Rome, December, 1863; where, being already well known as a learned man, he was the object of special attentions, even on the part of Pius IX. In later years his feeble health obliged him to spend a part of each year in the country. Outside of a few excursions, he was not easily coaxed away from Frankfort, especially in his latter years. He received many invitations for scientific lectures and discourses at Catholic assemblies; at times he let himself be persuaded, but as a general rule he refused. And on such occasions it was usually said: "He is right; for he has better work to do at home."

The professor of a gymnasium had become a celebrity. Even before he moved to Frankfort he had won for himself consideration as a learned man. His studies on the "Cologne Sources of History in the Middle Age," and his work on Abbot Wilbald of Stablo and Corvey, the great statesman of the twelfth century, show the method and grasp of a first-class investigator. There appeared, in 1861, his work, "Frankreichs Rheingelüste und Deutschfeindliche Polltik in Früheren Jahrhunderten," * in which he answered by anticipation the attacks of many a peddler in patriotism; later, in 1863, came his criticism of Schiller's historical poems —"Schiller as a Historian." Soon after appeared the first part of the "Frankfurter Reichscorrespondenz," † which he finished in 1873, and which is important as furnishing a key to the documentary treasures of Germany in the latter part of the Middle Ages. This he continued on a larger scale five years later in the "Deutsche Reichstagsacten." In 1869 he wrote a shorter "Biography of Böhmer," which was preceded by a documentary work, "Zur Genesis der ersten Theilung Polens." And with this we have reached the culminating point of the first period of his literary labors.

But the foundations of the real work of his life were in place long before. The length of time that he devoted to laying this foundation gives us an insight into Janssen's character and his method of working. We know that the plan of a

* Böhmer's Life, Letters, and Shorter Works, 1868.

* "The Lust of France after the Rhine Country, and Her Anti-German Policy of Former Centuries."

† The official correspondence of the kingdom from 1367 to 1519.

history of the German people was laid out in the first half of the Fifties; it was only at a later period that he resolved to limit himself to the time subsequent to the close of the Middle Ages. He was free from that hasty *cacoethes scribendi*, which makes the victim of the malady restless till he sees his first pages in print. For two long decades he was gathering together, from archives and libraries, thousands of documents, books, and papers; sketching, changing, improving, before he made up his mind to issue the first half volume. This was in 1876. Slowly but steadily since that time the immense work has been growing, until, when he was putting the final touches to his seventh volume before giving it to the printer, death overtook him.

This, of course, is not the place to give a summary of this history. Janssen, with full deliberation, considered this as his life work, to which everything else, as far as possible, must give way. In 1879 he was mentioned for the chair of history in Bonn, and at the same time for a high position in the Church. "I at once declared," he writes, "that I was not to be considered; my mind being fully made up to accept no other work and to aspire to nothing higher. My only aim is, with the help of God, to continue my history, and to finish it if it be His holy will." At another time he wrote: "I must continue to live on in my usual plain surroundings in Germany as long as it is the will of God."

To succeed in his object, he shrank from no labor. From the very outset he aimed at a history of the German *people*, in which, of course—not always in perfect harmony with Böhmer,—he would give a leading place to the history of *culture* in the widest sense. It is hardly necessary to remark that for this purpose he was obliged to make himself thoroughly familiar with all sorts of matters, most of which he knew but superficially.

On March 10, 1877, he writes: "You must have received the fourth part—which cost me much, much labor. In the *domestic* surroundings of the time, which the fifth part will reveal, is an important *cardo rerum*,* even for the apostasy from the Church,—that is to say, from her maxims of domestic life in particular. I have, therefore, studied up with special care the domestic rela ions, making use of two hundred documents." On December 29, 1888, he writes further: "I have placed more than twenty libraries under contribution [for the sixth volume], in order to be able to use the rarest writings and pamphlets. I have paid particular attention to dramatic literature and the stage in their influence on the people. In the last two parts I hope to have laid pretty solidly the foundations for a correct explanation of witchcraft and of the persecution of witches."

He understood thoroughly how to secure and employ the help of others. The skilful hands of women were employed in making extracts and quotations; whole divisions were discussed beforehand with specialists; and many of his friends, in looking over his letters, will find repeated invitations to visit him for a length of time, and confer with him on portions of his manuscript. How many a day, for instance, did August Reichensperger spend with him in his room in the Cronberg Castle, to help him in the preparation of the history of the fine arts! All his correspondence is full of questions on important points of history; he took counsel with all those on whose ability and good-will he could rely.

This exchange of views often turned on the very pith of the work—namely, whether at the bottom of the "History of the German People" there was not a preconceived theory, which more or less influenced its entire complexion. On the publication of the first volume, some such idea was entertained even by those who in the essential points agreed with him in

* Hinge of events.

their historical views; and the reproach was repeatedly made him that the comparatively bright picture of the culture of the fifteenth century was somewhat of a riddle, as not affording a sufficient explanation of the catastrophe of the sixteenth century. I merely mention those friendly criticisms here as a matter of fact, in order to add what was Janssen's own view. He was always most decidedly opposed to any conscious partiality in the choice, presentation, and combination of facts. His only aim was to attain the truth; and in attaining it, to tear down those legends of the Reformation which had been repeated for centuries, and which threw all the shades on the departing Middle Ages, and all the lights on the beginning of the change of religion.

And he has torn them down effectually and forever. The proof of this is found not so much in the financial success (although the sale of tens of thousands of copies of a learned work in several volumes, not to speak of the translations, is something almost unprecedented), as in the manifold literary disputes that arose from his German History. Fortunately, it was not necessary to go in search of a champion to meet the opponents on the field. The very first half volume was attacked fiercely; and with the progress of the work the attacks continued, and the assailants were by no means exclusively those competent to judge. To the attempts at silencing him by declamation we are indebted for the two splendid supplements to his History, in which Janssen explains matters to a number of opponents who were earnest, or were at least so considered. The pages "To My Critics," and "A Second Word to My Critics," are genuine masterpieces of scientific polemics: short, to the point, incisive, and yet courteous even to such opponents as had forfeited all claims to polite treatment. That Janssen won a complete moral victory is now hardly questioned; his superiority in learning is acknowledged, at least tacitly, by men who had heretofore shrugged their shoulders at his method.

The great success of Janssen's work is not due solely to its solidity and the life that he infused into the materials, or to the opening up of sources hitherto unknown: it was in a great measure the reward of his special gift of presenting facts in a clear light. Dr. Döllinger, who went so sadly astray in his old age, has often been mentioned as his forerunner, and with reason; especially is the likeness between the two men strongly marked in the domain of Church history. Döllinger, in his lofty style, pointed out that the usual theory as to the change of faith was a splendid delusion, which is not supported by historical documents; but his immense work on the Reformation is rather a collection of quotations, which beyond a doubt prove his thesis, but which in their dry presentation are not calculated for a wide circle of readers. That attractive style, of which Döllinger was unquestionably a master, is altogether wanting here. Far otherwise is it with Janssen. His matter is more extensive and varied. Whilst Döllinger pays attention almost exclusively to the theological literature of the period of the revolt, Janssen introduces us, as far as practicable, to the entire range of our intellectual heritage: theological science and diplomatic correspondence, polemics and ecclesiastical song, ascetical and secular writings.

How easy would it have been for him, with this superabundance of matter, to lose sight of his object, and to give us a collection of curiosities instead of a work of history! But it was precisely in knowing how to handle this material that he showed himself the master. With an art that sometimes borders on excess, he marshalled his lines of quotations; and out of thousands of little stones formed mosaics, whose harmony is really bewitching, and which leaves on us the impression that as he states it so it *must* have been. Carefully have the

traces of the hard work been removed; the transition to a new subject is so gradual as to be unnoticed; and, what is surely no reproach, the whole often reads like a romance. The question whether Janssen was a genius has been answered in the negative; perhaps justly, if the word be taken in its highest sense; but the attractiveness of his style, the perfect grace of his language, is beyond question. This appears the more remarkable in the "History of the German People"; because, although the work was of the hardest, the material to be used was of the dryest and most intricate. Yet in their way his pictures of times and personages are complete and perfect.

Janssen's works, in the perfection of their form, are the reflections of his own clear, tranquil, harmonious personality. His birthplace lies in the Rhineland, but also in the Westphalian diocese of Münster; and one might perhaps say that his nature is a happy blending of the qualities attributed to the inhabitants of the two sister provinces. He possessed the positiveness, the steady perseverance, of the Saxon; but also the jovial temperament and the quickness of the Rhenish Frank. A more incorrect picture could hardly be formed than to represent him as the dry, surly bookworm and religious fanatic. When at work, it is true, he disliked being disturbed, but otherwise he was very sociable. He took great pleasure in his intercourse with some families of Frankfort; and he had a large circle of friends, with whom he kept up a lively correspondence.

He was no bigot. Witness his friendship with Böhmer, as well as his relations with Gerlach and Arnold. Those good people who in resolutions and newspaper articles held him up to reproach on account of his "abuse of the Protestant church," and on other charges, the offspring of their own imagination, would be greatly surprised if they caught a glimpse of his correspondence with members of their own sects; and many a time would they be painfully affected by the confessions of earnest Protestants as to the impressions produced by the reading of his work.

That the Catholic priest had his most intimate friends amongst Catholics is a matter of course. With many who bore eminent names he stood on a friendly footing, as with Cardinal Reisach, August Reichensperger, Stolz, Alzog, Herder, and many others. Windthorst, we all know, thought a great deal of him. It is true that Janssen once played a trick on him by accepting the nomination to the Prussian Chamber of Deputies in 1875, but he withdrew the following year. It may be said with truth that as a legislator his place could easily be filled, but as a historian it could not; and when Windthorst somewhat testily remarked that in public life nothing could be made of Janssen, he himself was fully of the same opinion. When Windthorst made the closing speech at the Catholic assembly on September 14, 1882, he expressed his high appreciation of the historian, and was heartily applauded. "The service that Janssen has rendered by his German History is so great that I can not find words to express it. My only desire would be that this man, freed from all other cares, could devote himself exclusively to the completion of his work; for when he has finished it, he will have to give us an abridgment which can be read in every household." Janssen himself often spoke of such an abridgment, at least of certain portions of his History, which he would have others make for him. Perhaps the idea will yet be carried out; but it would require a thoroughly skilful hand.

If Janssen gradually withdrew from the public gaze, if he was "not at home" to mere inquisitive callers, and spent most of the summer in the country, the explanation is found not only in his attention to his life work, but also in a due regard for his health. Observing the well-built, fine-looking man, no one would think that he

was an invalid all his life. In his childhood he was delicate, often suffering from bleeding of the nose, with which trouble indeed his last illness began; and as a young man he often had hemorrhages, which sometimes brought him to the verge of the grave. We can only wonder that, besides attending to his duties in the gymnasium, which were sometimes a heavy tax to him, he had strength and time for literary work of such extent and importance. It was most trying; and from his correspondence we can see how little his strength equalled his will. Sleeplessness was one of his troubles. "In consequence of obstinate sleeplessness," he writes in 1879, "from which I have been suffering for weeks, I am unable to do any mental work; to guard against worse, the physician recommends me not even to write letters. . . . My nerves are so unstrung from sleeplessness that I can hardly write." In 1889: "The heat affected me greatly. I was much grieved at not being able to be present at the last meeting of the Görres Committee. I had prepared to set out, when a rush of blood to the head obliged me to follow the doctor's order: 'You must remain perfectly quiet.'"

His last summer was spent in the little town of Ober-Ursel, where I visited him last August (1891). In the Sisters' house he had a small and very simple bedroom near the sacristy, besides a large but equally plain workroom at some distance off. The principal article of furniture in this room was a long table covered with manuscripts. I found him in the best of spirits. The three hours' interview flew by rapidly and pleasantly. Besides me, Professor Pastor, of Innsbruck, his favorite pupil, was present. Without monopolizing the conversation, he spoke of all conceivable things, both ancient and modern. To his literary opponents he referred very calmly; and he was cheerful in regard to his health, which allowed him to be out for several hours in the afternoon. He was dissatisfied with no one but himself. Being the universal heir, or more properly the executor of the will, of his valued friend Münzenberger, he had already spent fifty days in settling the property, and he was not yet through; for he had only just discovered that he was the owner of a house in Dusseldorf. Were it not for this, he would probably have been able to publish his seventh volume by Christmas. When I bade him good-bye at the little station, I did not for a moment think that before the end of the year he would have followed Münzenberger to the grave.

He suffered very little in his last illness, except for a few days, when his breathing was difficult. He was a quiet patient, entirely resigned. He received Holy Communion daily; he took an affectionate leave of the few friends that were admitted to see him; and the countless testimonials of regard that were sent him from all directions, even from the Holy Father and from many German bishops, pleased and touched him deeply. During the night of the 23d and 24th of December he calmly fell asleep in the Lord, without a struggle.

Leading a very simple life, and having a considerable income, mostly from his writings, Janssen might have amassed what would be a fortune for a literary man; but in the same spirit in which he rejected one proffered honor after another (without, however, undervaluing these distinctions), he also renounced wealth. During life he gave away a good deal in charity; amongst other objects of his benefactions were poor students, and an asylum for destitute children in Frankfort. In this last work he took great interest. What remained to him at death he bequeathed mostly to scientific and charitable objects. He had no near relatives. His papers and the continuation of his German History he left to Professor Pastor, and there is every prospect that at least the seventh volume will soon appear.

For Daily Bread.

FROM THE POLISH OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, BY C. O'CONOR-ECCLES.

(Conclusion.)

LORENZ meantime grew worse and worse. Sometimes he was feverish, sometimes the fever left him; but he became gradually weaker. This weight of suffering was too much for his worn-out body. His end drew near, and with it came cessation of pain and a foretaste of eternal peace. Toward midday he awoke and whispered:

"Marysia, I won't live till to-morrow. My poor child! If I had only remained with you in Lipinska! But God is merciful; I have suffered much, and He will therefore pardon me my sins. Bury me as well as you can. Let Orlik bring you to New York, to the old gentleman. He will have pity on you, and give you money to bring you back to Lipinska. I shall never more return. O God, merciful God, let my soul at least fly there like a bird, just to see home once more!"

Here the fever seized him again, and he murmured weakly: "Holy Mother of God, to thy care I commend myself." Suddenly he cried out: "Don't throw me into the water! I'm not a dog." Perhaps he was then thinking of the night when in his misery he wished to cast Marysia into New York harbor; for he added: "Forgive me, dear child!—forgive me!"

The poor creature threw herself down beside him, sobbing. Orlik still rowed on, but sobs almost took away his breath.

Toward evening the heavens cleared. The sun hung in the west, above the inundated valley, and its beams mirrored themselves in the water like golden ribbons. The old man was at the point of death. God took pity on him, and granted him an easy passage. In the beginning he wailed constantly: "Alas for me that ever I left Poland and came here!" And then, in his delirium, he thought that he was going back with Marysia, after having sold his lot, and received from the old gentleman in New York something to help him on his way.

The ship is bringing them once more across the ocean. They sail day and night, and again the sailors sing. Then they land at Hamburg, where they had gone on board. On the railway they rattle past all the towns, and hear German spoken everywhere. Onward flies the train. Soon Lorenz feels that home is drawing nearer. How different is the air that blows over his beloved fatherland! What is that? The frontier! His peasant heart thumps like a hammer. Forward! forward! My God, there they are—all the fields, with the old pear trees, and the cabins grey with years, and the little churches! There is a peasant in a fur cap following the plough. Lorenz stretches out both hands toward him. "Praise God!" he tries to say, but he can not speak. And on they go. What is that over there? The town of Przcyremble, and behind it lies Lipinska. With Marysia he makes his way there, and both weep for joy. It is spring; the rye is in bloom, and the insects hum in the air. In the town the bells ring in the Sunday morning. "My Jesus, how has a sinner merited such happiness?" murmurs the old man. Now over the hill. Then come the cross and the sign-post, and the boundary of Lipinska! Now they seem to walk no longer: they fly as if they had wings. Already they are on the hill; they gain the cross and the sign-post. With a cry of joy the peasant throws himself on his knees and kisses the ground, and crawls to the cross and embraces it. He is back in Lipinska!

Yes, there he is; for only a stiffened corpse lies upon the raft floating over the wide-extending waters. His soul has fled whither peace and happiness beckoned it. In vain does Marysia lament over him:

"Daddy! dear, dear daddy!" Poor child, he will never return to thee! He is better off—at home.

Night came. The oar dropped from Orlik's hand, so hungry was he. Marysia still knelt beside her father's corpse, and with broken words murmured her prayers All around to the farthest boundaries of the horizon nothing but water was to be seen. They had, perhaps, drifted into the course of some stream; for the current again drew the raft quickly along, and it was impossible to guide it. Perhaps, on the other hand, it was only a whirlpool that circled over some cleavage of the plain; for but too often they were drawn in a circle. Orlik felt his strength deserting him, when suddenly he cried with an oath: "By ——, there is a light!"

Marysia looked in the direction toward which he pointed; and there, in truth, glimmered in the distance something like a fire reflected in a ruddy strip on the water.

"That is a boat from Clarksville!" cried Orlik, hastily. "The Yankees have sent it to rescue us. If only they do not pass us by! Marysia dearest, I'll save you. Hoop! ho-o-o-p!"

At the same time he rowed onward with the strength of love. The little fire became gradually larger before their eyes, and in its ruddy light was plainly visible the outline of a large boat. It was still far off, but it was coming nearer. After a time, however, they remarked that it no longer advanced toward them. They had drifted into the broad current in an opposite direction to its course. Suddenly the oar broke in Orlik's hand, and a second was not to be found. The current drove them farther and farther, and the light grew fainter. Luckily, after a quarter of an hour the raft struck against a tree that stood alone on the plain, and it remained entangled in the branches.

"I will fire off the gun!" cried Black Orlik. "Then they will see the fire and hear the report."

He raised the barrel; but, instead of a report, they heard only the dull click of the cock on the pan: the powder was wet. Orlik threw himself full-length on the raft. He no longer knew what to do. For a time he lay there motionless; then he raised himself and spoke:

"Marysia, I would long ago have carried any other girl off to the woods, whether she liked it or not. I thought to do the same with you, but I did not dare—because I loved you. I went through the world like a wolf, feared by all men; but I, in my turn, was afraid of you. I will not force you to love me; I'd sooner die. I will save you or perish; and if I perish, pity me at least a little, and say a prayer for me. And now, Marysia, farewell! Marysia, my only love, sun of my existence, farewell!"

And before she knew what he was about to do he had plunged into the water and struck out. For a time she still saw in the twilight his head and arms breasting the stream despite the strong current, for he was a powerful swimmer; but soon he disappeared from her sight.

He swam toward the boat to get aid for her; but the current too often hampered his movements and dragged him down, though by an effort he rose again and pressed forward. If he were able to escape this current, and gain another in a contrary direction, he would no doubt reach his goal; but, despite superhuman efforts, he advanced but slowly. The melancholy, yellow water dashed its foam into his eyes; at last he raised his head, fetched a deep breath, and looked out into the darkness to see the boat with the light.

The flood gripped him with greater strength; now it cast him back, now drew him forward. His breath came laboringly, his knees stiffened He thought: "I shall not reach it!" Then Marysia's beloved voice seemed to whisper in his ear: "Save me!" And once more he despairingly cut through the waves with his arms. His cheeks were swollen, his lips spluttered

away the water, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. If he turned back, he might still reach the raft by the help of the current; but he never once thought of such a thing, for the light of the steamer came nearer and nearer. In point of fact, the boat was being drawn toward him by the same current against which he struggled. Suddenly he felt his knees and feet seized with cramp; he still made some despairing efforts. Nearer and nearer came the boat. He cried: "Help! help!" But the water smothered the last word. Then he sank. A wave passed over his head; he rose again to the surface. He saw the boat before him; he heard the splashing of its oars and the creaking of its planks. For the last time he forced a cry for aid. They heard him, too; for the rowing grew quicker. But he sank again, seized by a whirlpool. A moment later they saw something black in the water. First one hand and then the other was raised above the surface—then both disappeared.

Meantime Marysia wept alone on the raft by the corpse of her father, and gazed like one bereft of reason on the distant light, which the current gradually drew nearer to her. Soon she distinguished the outline of the boat and its oars.

"Hollo, Smith!" cried a voice in English. "I'll be hanged, if I didn't hear a cry for help! Listen! There it is again!"

After a time strong arms drew Marysia into the boat, but Orlik was not there.

Two months later Marysia left the hospital at Little Rock, and journeyed to New York with the money kind friends had collected for her. The sum was not quite sufficient for her expenses, so part of the way would have to be done on foot; but as she had already learned a little English, she succeeded in begging the guards to take her for nothing. Many had compassion on this poor delicate creature, who, despite her great eyes of heavenly blue, looked more like a shadow than a living being, and whose tears pleaded for pity; but what was a wild flower from Lipinska to do in this American whirlpool of business? How was she to help herself? Would not the first passing wagon knock her down and crush her tender body, like any other flower over which it rolled?

Her thin hand, trembling with weakness, at last pulled the bell of a house in Water Street, New York, where Marysia sought help from the old gentleman, her countryman from Posen. A stranger opened the door.

"Is Mr. Zlotopolski at home?"

"Oh, he is dead long ago!"

"Dead? But his son, Master William?"

"He is travelling."

"And Miss Jenny?"

"Travelling likewise.

The door was closed upon her. She seated herself upon the step and rubbed her forehead. She was once more in New York, but quite alone, without help, without protection, without money. It was the will of God! Should she stay here? Not for the world. She would go to the harbor, to the German docks, and fall at the feet of the captains there, and implore them to take her with them. They would pity her, and by begging her way through Germany she would get back to Lipinska. There she would find Yasko, besides whom she had no one in the wide world. If he would not have her, if he had forgotten her and rejected her, at least she would die near him.

She went to the harbor and threw herself at the feet of the German captains. They would take her with them, they said, if she would only get strong first, and become as pretty as she had been. They would be willing to do it now, but it was against the law, and they had nothing but trouble; therefore she had better leave them in peace.

Sadly she made her way to the bridge, to sleep where once she had slept, together with her father, on that memorable night when he wanted to throw her into the

water. She stilled her hunger with the scraps thrown up by the waves, as she had done before. Happily, now it was summer time and warm weather.

Daily, as soon as it was light, she went to the German docks, and begged for pity; but always in vain. Despite her peasant toughness, she gradually lost strength. She knew only too well that if she did not go back to her native air, she would die like all with whom destiny had linked her.

One morning she dragged herself to the landing-place, calling forth all her strength; thinking that this was the last time, and that her forces would not last until evening. She had resolved to beg and pray no longer, but to slip on board the first ship bound for Europe, and hide in some corner. If they were once under way, and she was discovered, they would not throw her into the water; and if they did, what of it? The *how* was a matter of no consequence, if die she must. All the gangways to the vessels were, however, so closely watched that no one could pass in; and the watchmen drove her back at the first attempt.

She seated herself on a post by the water-side, and felt as if a burning fever was seizing on her. Smiling, she muttered to herself: "Now I am an heiress, Yasko; but I have kept true to you. Don't you know me?" Alas! this was no fever. Poor creature, her brain was turned!

Henceforward day after day she came to the harbor to look for her Yasko. The people grew accustomed to her, and often gave her a small alms. She thanked them modestly, and smiled like a child. This lasted about two months. One day she did not appear, and never more was she seen. Only the police notice announced some time later that just at the end of the harbor had been found the body of a girl, whose name and history were alike unknown. But the reader knows the name, and the sad story of her who bore it; and will compassionate the woes of the poor for the sake of Marysia, the peasant maid of Lipinska.

Traces of Travel.

Bonnie Scotland.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—Suburban Edinburgh.

THE fishwives of Newhaven, sunburnt, brawny Amazons, with short skirts and broad shoulders,—these fishwives troop into Edinburgh every morning, each with a huge basket strapped to her shoulders; the contents of said basket impregnating the air for half a block to leeward.

You can run down to the sea at Newhaven in half an hour by rail, and it is well worth the trip. A row of squat stone houses lines the beach for a mile or more. The village looks windy and weather-worn. Two long piers reach out into the Frith of Forth,—two piers hung thick with sea-grass; at the far end of each rises that welcome beacon, a lighthouse. Up and down these piers all day troop the children of the village, who as yet are useful only as the recipients of a fair proportion of the family victuals and all the outgrown clothing in the neighborhood.

At Newhaven the very air is redolent of fish and dried sea-weed; everywhere there are boats drawn out of the water and turned over on one side, as if comfortably sleeping after a battle with the waves. There is a hospital, where the disabled find haven; and under the shelter of one of the piers there is a cove, crowded with small smacks rocking at anchor and tugging at their chains, as if impatient to be off again sporting with the big waves far out in the breezy Frith.

During the day the men-folk are mostly off at sea. The fishwives come out and stare at them under the palms of their hands; and these fishwives are the rulers in the village. They send their husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, lovers away in the

gray dawn; and are waiting with more or less anxiety to welcome the toilers of the sea on their return, and to reckon the sum of their spoils. The wives prepare the fish for market; go up to Edinburgh by train in droves of fifty, or even a hundred sometimes; sell their merchandise, and return with the profits, which they are careful to keep in their own hands. No doubt a good husband gets his drink-money and a new suit of clothes now and again; but those husbands seem to know little of the world beyond that infinitesimal portion of it which smells of Newhaven and the broad Frith, that glowers or glasses itself abreast of their humble homes.

Children paddle about at low tide, with skirts tucked up under their arms, hunting sea-weed and limpets in the shallow pools, where their images are reversed. These sea-bred babies, briny and amphibious, are a hardy lot. They speak a lingo that is quite unintelligible to any save Scotch ears; they chew sea-weed like little animals, and evidently relish it. By the by, there are rare fish dinners to be had at "The Peacock,"—but I doubt that there is anything else in the place worth noting, save only the industry of the people, and the very practical lives they lead, from the day when they first enter salt-water till they are laid at last under the short, crisp grass in the desolate cemetery on the hill-top.

How do they pass their lives? A buxom lass, in thick shoes and coarse blue home-spun stockings; in skirts that must be numberless, judging from their amazing circumference; and each lass of them having shoulders broader than most men —she meets and loves one of the supple-jointed lads who hang about the boats, when they are drawn to shore, as if these were the darlings of their lives. Probably this maid takes this man in her net just as if he were some delightful marine creature; and he accepts his fate as a fish does, with a faint struggle that is as brief as it is hopeless. Then they settle in one of the stone cabins; hang their nets out of the windows in the sunshine, cover the pavement in front of their home with fishscales, and enjoy life after their kind for many a weary year.

When the warm weather comes, and the men go down to the end of the long pier and leap off into the twilight sea, like brown savages somewhat bleached, the women follow them as spectators, and applaud the strongest swimmers. It is a very simple, not to say primitive, life; and they seem happy enough. But oh the odor of it!—the ancient and fish-like odor of it!

Under Salisbury Crags, the everlasting glory of Edinburgh, lies a miniature village couched by the shore of a lake that is half filled with swans and water-lilies. If you were to continue your drive around the Crags, back of the city, you would thread two or three other hamlets; but Duddingston is the most interesting of them all.

At the Yellow Inn, up that narrow street, Prince Charley slept the night before the battle of Prestonpans. Marmion rode over the low hills of Broid, yonder; and Fitz-Eustace

> "Raised his bridle hand,
> And threw a demivolt in air."

There is Craigmillar, a fine old castle, where Queen Mary once dwelt. By the stone gate-post of the low-roofed Norman church—what a picture that church is!—hangs the "jougs," an iron collar that used to be clasped about the necks of malefactors, who were thus chained in public; and everybody had the privilege of insulting the criminal to his heart's content. That was a long time ago, yet the collar still swings by a chain to the veritable post.

The Rev. John Thomson, a landscape painter of some note, was rector of Duddingston church for five and thirty years. Alexander Smith, the Scotch poet and essayist, has pictured the pastoral life of

the rector in a charming sketch. That life must have been as placid as the lake itself, disturbed only by the glance of the coot, the voyage of the swan, the hum of bees, and the fall of apple and plum blossoms in the fresh breeze that dips over the Crags.

"There is great skating there in winter," says Alexander Smith, with semi-provincial pride. I know there is great loafing there in summer; for the slopes of the Crags swarmed with idlers the day I joined them,—and not one of them more idle than I. From the pollard willows by the lake shore, where the children were racing the swans with toy boats, to the abrupt and inaccessible rock atop of Salisbury Crags, there was no spot where the wild flowers had not been freshly plucked, or where people were not picnicking on gingersnaps and pop. But I looked over the lovely hills with intense pleasure, and marked them all, unmindful of the litter of belittling humanity that spoiled the foreground for me. I dreamed over the landscape with a full heart; for this was Walter Scott's hunting ground when he was a boy.

Roslin and Hawthornden—you can not separate them. One ticket covers the whole ground; and whoever leaves Edinburgh without having seen the daintiest and most fairylike of chapels at Roslin, and threaded the glen under Hawthornden, knows not the exceeding beauty that lay within his reach.

Hawthornden, which is a tumble-down, propped-up mansion on the edge of a cliff in a wild and lonely nook, was the home of the poet Drummond. Probably the smooth verses of Drummond of Hawthornden are never read to-day; perhaps he would scarcely be remembered were it not that he was a good note-taker and a pleasant host in his owl's nest above the vale of Esk. There is a fine garden about the house; and a very large tree is pointed out to the visitor who has paid sixpence to see it; it is the very tree under which Drummond sat when Ben Jonson came to see him, in 1619. It *is* a big tree—for Hawthornden; there was room enough for Drummond and Jonson to air their opinions in. You know Drummond, having plied Jonson with spirits until his tongue went wagging merrily, took copious notes of his guest's wise talk; and after both these worthies were in their graves the notes were published. Yes, it is a fine, big tree, and would have sheltered all the poets in England at that day; but it wouldn't now. They might sing among the branches thereof, and crowd every twig, and still some tuneful soul would be left without a perch. Ben Jonson wrote a couple of poems under this tree: the one called "On a Lover's Dust," the other "My Picture Left in Scotland." They are included in his "Underwoods," and inscribed to his host.

There are queer cellars beneath the house; no doubt they were once well stocked, for Drummond was a liberal entertainer. The gardener points out a rock overhanging the gorge, and says it is called Knox's Pulpit; for from that height John Knox used to preach to the peasants in the vale below,—the vale survives. It is a narrow vale, a glen thickly wooded; the Esk that flows through it, though but a rivulet, brawls mightily, and fills nearly the whole bed of the gorge. It is a slippery path that borders the Esk, and it is not easy to listen to anything save the roar of the waters.

A troop of us went in single file from Hawthornden to Roslin, a couple of miles or so; and were rather tired by the time we came to the castle. Moreover, we were a little vexed when, after exploring the too-much vaunted ruins, we found the only object of interest was a patch of gooseberry bushes in the yard; which bushes we straightway fell upon and rifled. But Roslin Chapel repaid us a thousandfold.

Only eight and sixty feet in length, and five and thirty in width, and having

columns but eight feet high—a mere fragment of an edifice, that was founded in the fifteenth century and never completed,—Roslin Chapel is an ideal shrine, wherein the chaste effigies of the fairest saints are alone worthy to find sanctuary. Lichens of every color drape it without. I know of nothing that can compare with it for richness of tone save the mosaics of Italy, and they glare like prisms beside the flower-tints on these variegated walls. Within there are exquisite and elaborate carvings, gracefully grouped designs in infinite variety.—Ah, me! that chapel is like a bower of delicate, pale sea-coral, touched here and there by a sunbeam that has caught a glow from the dyed garments of the saints in the narrow windows.

There is one pillar in the chapel that has a strange history. The columns—no two alike—were completed, all save the last. The master artisan, who was perplexed as to what pattern he should design for this one, made a pilgrimage to Rome in search of counsel. Meanwhile an apprentice, who must have been inspired by the spirit of one of the old masters, set to work with the daring enthusiasm of youth, and finished the column before the return of his director. The shaft is deeply groined; round it are twined three wreaths of flowers, each unlike the other, and these reach from base to capital; a chain of dragons writhe about the base. The capital is a poem in marble; the whole a study as marvellous as beautiful.

When the master returned, the apprentice led him in triumph to inspect the work; and at that moment, maddened by jealousy, the master struck the lad a blow with a mallet, and he fell dead at the foot of this monument of his genius. A bust of the boy, with a great gash in the forehead, is set at the top of one of the arches; around it the groined ceiling resembles a pavilion of lace. Perhaps it is the choir of the chapel that most fascinates the eye, with its thousand fantastic forms; it seems to have miraculously burst into a wilderness of snowy blossoms, that shall wither no more forever.

Lest you accuse me of having exaggerated the charms of Edinburgh, let me quote a passage from Sir David Wilkie, that will bear me out in my enthusiasm: "What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg; here are the romantic cities of Orvieto and Tivoli, of Genoa and Naples; here, indeed, to the poet's fancy may be found realized the Roman Capital and the Greek Acropolis." There, sir or madame! Need I add to that?

From the heights of Arthur's Seat—the haunt of that stainless knight,—with Salisbury Crags below me, and the road, where Walter Scott used to wander meditating on his heroes, winding like a thread about the brow of the Crags, I watch the night come in over the distant Frith and swallow up the splendid city. The shadows deepen in the valleys; a faint light still rests upon the hills, the castle, the temple on Calton Hill, and the huge rock behind me, last and highest of the three heights that brood over the land. Now the stars quicken, and the lamps mock them, pricking their way up the long street, leaping the chasms where they hang suspended like chains of gold, and spangling the fading slopes of the new town. The air grows chill after twilight, as it is apt to do in this northern latitude; and with a great sigh—I think it was crowded out of me by my abundant gratitude at the privileges I enjoyed during that busy week in the "Gray Capital"—I take off my cap to the invisible city, now engulfed in darkness, and cautiously descend into the mysterious depths of that waveless, phosphorescent sea.

BETTER make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites by severity.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

A Greeting to May and Her Queen.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

SHE is coming, the beautiful May,
Sweet month of the daintiest flowers!
Lo! swiftly they rise in their festal array,
To meet her and greet her, to broider her way,
And smile in her sunlighted bowers.

She is coming! The gates of the dawn
Unclose to the beautiful May;
For the long night of winter is over and gone,
And high on the hilltop and wide o'er the lawn
Are waving the banners of Day.

But thou tellest us, beautiful May,
Not thine is the balm-laden bloom
That robeth the world in a raiment so gay.
Ah! whose then? Thou twinest of blossom and ray
A glorious garland—for whom?

"For a matchless and marvellous One,
Fit Queen of the beautiful May,
Who comes from the desert, so dreary and dun,
All fair as the moonbeams and bright as the sun,
And mighty as armies' array."

O we know her now, beautiful May!
Thy radiant Queen, she is *ours:*
She holdeth all hearts in her wonderful sway,
Fond Earth and glad Heaven her bright rule obey,
And her throne o'er the universe towers.

"Come, Lady of Hope and of Love!"
The hearts of her chosen shall say,—
"O come from the limitless Kingdom above,
Sweet Spouse of the Canticles, Mystical Dove!
Come, Queen of the beautiful May!"

From the bright'ning aurora of day,
As we kneel at thy flower-decked shrine,
Till the gleam of the twilight's last, lingering ray,
We ceaselessly call thee, O Queen of the May!
O Mother of Mercy Divine!

Arise, then, our Beautiful One!
And speed with the hastening May!
Come, fair as the moonbeams and bright as the sun,
To shine while the shadows are heavy and dun
On the changeable brow of the day.

And e'en when hath vanished away
The sweet month of delicate flowers,
Do thou, her blest Ruler, fore'er with us stay,
To bid an immortal and love-lighted May
Illumine these heart-shrines of ours!

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

VII.—An Eccentric Old Couple.

ONE day the good Mother was summoned to the parlor to receive two old people who were seeking admission. They proved to be a man of about seventy, and his wife, probably a little younger. They were decently dressed, had a couple of changes of clothing in an old satchel, and presented a look of thriftiness at variance with their poor condition. But they told a straightforward story of a life of industry brought to poverty by a chain of untoward circumstances. And when the old man capped the climax of his pitiful tale by taking fifty dollars from a tattered wallet, and placing it in the Sister's hand, with the words, "Take it, Sister, and do the best you can for us with it," her sympathy took on the added sentiment of admiration. It seemed so pathetic and so honest, she said, thus to surrender their last dollar to her care, that she made no demur about receiving them, though the house was already full.

For four years they were most exemplary inmates. The old lady was quite industrious, and made herself useful in various small ways. Her husband had a genius for gardening, and spent much time among the plants and flowers. They always went into the city on recreation days, if the weather was favorable; but saw no visitors, and received no letters.

One Monday morning they went out as usual; evening came, and they had not

returned. The next day the Sisters discovered that the old satchel containing some winter clothing had been taken, from which they inferred that the departure of the old couple had been foreseen and planned. None of the old people were aware of their intentions; and, although the Sisters regretted the circumstance, their places were soon filled, and the matter passed into oblivion.

Two years subsequently one of the Little Sisters was transferred to a New York house; and after a few months' residence there, was sent with a companion by her superior to investigate the case of an applicant in a small adjacent town, who asked for admission to the Home.

It was almost twilight when the Sisters left the cars, and were not quite certain of the direction of the convent where they were to pass the night. A pretty little cottage, surrounded by trees and flowers, stood a short distance from the roadside; and the vegetable garden behind it was neat and well cared for. An old man sat in the doorway smoking. As the Sister lifted the latch of the gate to enter the garden, she noticed something familiar in his aspect, as well as in that of the old woman who stepped to the threshold.

"Can you tell me," she began—"why, it is Patrick Donlan! And you, Bridget!" she continued, as the old woman shrank back into the kitchen. "What brought you here, Patrick?"

"Holy Moses, it's Sister Clara!" he exclaimed; and without further ado ran as briskly as his legs could carry him to the back of the yard, leaving his wife to bear the brunt of inquiry as best she might.

Seeing no alternative, the old woman put a bold face on the matter, and replied as she came forward:

"It's me, then, that's glad to see you, Sister Clara; though you're the last one I was expecting. Come in, Sister dear; and you, too, Sister, and have chairs. 'Tis a shame for Pat to run away like that."

The Sisters entered as bidden, and sat down. Without waiting to be further interrogated, the woman continued:

"Ye see, Sister,—we—we were taken—as it were,—I mean—yes, Pat!" as she hastened to the window, whither by some signal unnoticed by her visitors she had been summoned. "Begging your pardon for a minute, Sisters. Pat wants me, and I'll be back shortly."

Wherewith she disappeared, and all without was silent. The guests, particularly Sister Clara, employed the interval in looking about them. The room in which they sat was large and very comfortable; through two open doors they caught glimpses of a well-furnished sitting-room and neat bedroom.

Time passed; it was growing dark, and their hosts did not return. At length they arose and passed out into the road, as it was evident the old people were purposely absenting themselves. They found the convent without much difficulty. In the morning, after having performed her errand in the town, Sister Clara returned to the convent, where she made some inquiries as to her friends of the preceding evening, the former inmates of the Home at L——.

To her surprise, she learned that Patrick Donlan had been in the employ of the railroad for many years, until old age interfered with his usefulness, and was considered a well-to-do man in the place. However, he and his wife bore the reputation of being penurious, and were never known to contribute anything to church purposes or charity of any kind. Six years previous their only son, a wild fellow, had got into some trouble; and in order to pay the large fine consequent upon his misdemeanor, his father had to mortgage his house and lot for several hundred dollars. He had then rented the place for three years, at a hundred dollars a year; and, having obtained a pass from the railroad company for himself and his wife, had gone West, ostensibly to visit relatives. Their

long absence had been commented upon; but they had finally returned, and were once more living in their old home. The superior had heard that their son, having reformed, contributed to their support; which Patrick also eked out by the sale of flowers, plants, and vegetables, and an occasional day at light gardening.

A few years after, when relating the event, Sister Clara said her admiration of their ingenuity had almost dispelled whatever natural indignation she might have felt at their deceit. On her way to the train she stopped at the house; but the doors were closed, and all was silent about the place. No doubt they had thought it wisest to absent themselves until after her departure. She had a humorous vein in her nature, which she evidenced in this case by writing on a slip of paper the following reminder of her presence: "When you are really in poverty and have no home, come to the Little Sisters, and they will receive you." Slipping it under the door, she pursued her journey.

"It seems almost incredible," she said, "that old people used to the comforts of their own home would voluntarily surrender them for such a length of time, and live apparently in such content and happiness as they appeared to enjoy while with us. Doubtless the plan originated in a desire to retrieve, as soon as possible, the loss entailed by the wrong-doing of their son. I believe also that they did it without any misgivings as to the injustice of it, as far as we were concerned. They gave our good Mother fifty dollars when they entered, and during the time they remained with us both earned their board and lodging. Perhaps they considered us in their debt; who knows?"

"It was very ingenious on their part to have selected a city so far removed from their own home as a basis of operations," I remarked.

"Yes, indeed; and it must have cost the poor things not a little to leave their pretty home for so long a time. To me the manner of their leave-taking was in keeping with the rest of the story. They were ashamed, and knew not how otherwise to demean themselves. From their extremely narrow point of view, I can really sympathize with them."

"You will end by considering them a greatly wronged and unappreciated couple, in that you neglected to take up a collection for them on your return to L——," I replied, amused at her charitable logic.

"Now you are quizzing me," she said, her bright face a ripple of smiles. "But consider their fright and mortification when they saw me that evening. At bottom was the kindly Irish heart, therefore they could not have helped but suffer. Nay, do not look so incredulous, and shake your head in that provoking way. Nothing will make me believe but that the whole affair will be a source of regret and shame to them while they live,—I mean now that they are found out, poor souls! I know they are not ungrateful."

She was not far wrong in her kindly estimate of the old culprits. A few months later the Little Sisters received a bequest of two hundred dollars, left to them by the will of Patrick Donlan, deceased, late of R——, New York.

If spring came but once in a century instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous; and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than the withdrawal would be. We are like children, who are astonished and delighted only by the second hand of the clock, not by the hour-hand. —*Longfellow.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

POVERTY.

IN our days, when the question of Socialism—which, like many 'isms, so defies definition that it has come to mean almost anything except absolute despotism—is part of every man's conversation, it seems that we Catholics ought to have our "say" in the consideration of it.

To the mind of the present writer, Frederick Ozanam was the highest type of Socialist. He was a Christian Socialist. And it is encouraging to notice that the Rev. Dr. O'Gorman, in a remarkable paper printed in the *Literary Northwest*, of St. Paul, takes this view of one of the greatest of all Frenchmen. Dr. O'Gorman sums up the conclusion of Ozanam in these words: "The highest charity is to do away with the causes of poverty." "God did not make men poor," said Ozanam. "He sends no human creatures into the chances of this world without providing them with those two sources of riches, which are the sources of all others—intelligence and will; teach the poor to use these, and you remove their poverty." By riches Ozanam means the ease and contentment of those

> "Who having little,
> Yet have all."

There are some Christians who do not understand their age; and they are invariably retrogressive. "Poverty is of God," they say, rolling up their eyes, and fleeing from it as if it were mortal sin. "We must give alms and help the poor to bear it." By poverty—since definitions are always in order—I mean that kind of pauperism that crushes the life, the hope, the self-respect of men and women, and which dooms the tenderness of early childhood to canker. Will an occasional alms help that? In the great cities this abject poverty degrades the poor morally as well as physically. The remedy for poverty with us is the remedy for drunkenness. We must build up the *man* morally and physically. When the man is himself—when the Godlike spark in him is no longer smothered by soot,—then the will and intelligence act together; and grace, like oxygen, reaches the flame freely.

Ozanam understood his age, as St. Charles Borromeo and St. Catherine of Siena and St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis of Sales and Sir Thomas More understood theirs. The old countries of Europe can teach us nothing politically, but we have much of social meaning to learn from them. In the older countries, the condition of the poor has generally been considered fixed and hopeless,—so hopeless that St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Francis of Assisi could see only one remedy: that of offering themselves on the cross of Christ, to show the whole semi-barbarous world that the poor must be loved. The hopelessness of poverty was an inheritance from pagan times, when the poor, as Browning puts it, were

> "Innumerous swarms,—that's nobody at all."

But the evolution from the germ of Christianity has changed the earth. It is not so long a time since the Sibyl prophesied:

> "Cæsar Augustus regnant shall be born
> In blind Judæa."

And yet what a change has taken place in the position of the poor in the world's scheme! He whose coming was prophesied is gradually placing them with the princes of their people. He Himself, Prince of princes, elected to be poor. But let us note that it was not the poverty of hopelessness; neither will nor intelligence was degraded by it; nor do we read that Mary or Joseph took alms, nor was He sent forth to beg. The pictures of that heavenly household show us the Divine Child working contentedly with St. Joseph; while the Mother sits at her spinning, with the lilies at her side. They were of the poor

"Who having little,
Yet have all."

The voluntary poverty of the saints was a protest against the pagan burden of sloth and luxury which a half-Christian Christianity had accepted. The example of the Holy Family is the great example which Ozanam held up. Give alms to the sick and the little orphan and the helpless women; but teach all others to remove the cause of their poverty,—this was Ozanam's doctrine. And he put it into action; and action is the word for lay-Catholics to-day. Theories are very well; we may combat Mr. Henry George, and we may quote passages from Albertus Magnus down to Leo Taxil. Words! There were storms of words on this very subject long before the French Revolution. What delicious sentimentalism from Necker, Turgot, Rousseau, and Madame Roland! What beautiful language in the *mandements* of bishops! What sound arguments and fine Latin from the learned abbés! But it was action that settled the question,—which action, not coming from the court bishops or the amiable abbés or the privileged nobles, took the form of a cyclone. It burst in blood and thunder,—and cleared the air for us.

These gentlemen forgot that St. Vincent de Paul had lived his life not that they should talk about him, or only imitate the methods applicable in the regency of Anne of Austria; but that they should carry on his work, more broadly and deeply. Similarly, we must remember, the spirit of Ozanam calls us to apply new methods to new conditions; not to wait, but to act.

It is a fatal error to mistake mere historical belief for saving faith. A man may firmly believe his religion historically, and yet have no part nor portion therein practically and savingly. He must not only believe his faith, he must believe *in* his faith.—*Sir Thomas More.*

Notes and Remarks.

One piece of legislation for which the Fifty-First Congress deserves the hearty thanks of the country is its authorizing the State of Wisconsin to place in the Capitol at Washington a statue of the Jesuit missionary and discoverer of the Mississippi, the Rev. Father Marquette. The story of this zealous priest and intrepid explorer has been too often told in THE "AVE MARIA" to need repetition here; but we are glad to see that in the year which commemorates the discovery by a Catholic of America itself, the nation does honor to a typical representative of hundreds of Catholic missionaries, pioneers of the best civilization, because their work was of God and for God A statue of Père Marquette, it may be added, the work of a non-Catholic sculptor, already adorns the City Hall in Detroit. The ashes of this heroic but gentle missionary are interred at St. Ignace, Mich., and the spot is marked by a shaft.

Notwithstanding the boasting of Italian politicians that the question of the Pope's Temporal Power is definitely settled, and "shelved" for all time, the Roman Question continues to be possessed of sufficient vitality to command the attention of the world. Even the London *Times* states that this question of the Temporal Power "is still one that has to be reckoned with, not only by Italy, but by the statesmen of Europe generally."

We noted in these columns a few months ago the conversion to the true faith of the Rev. James Field Spalding, rector of an Episcopalian Church in Cambridge, Mass. In his farewell statement to his congregation he emphasized several points, among others, that he had not been hasty or careless in his investigation of Catholic truth; that no inducements had been held out to him; that there had been no attempt at proselytizing; and that the chief instrument in working out his conversion had been his own prayer "for knowledge of God's will and for the guidance of the Holy Spirit." After an examination, extending through many years, of

the claims of the Catholic Church, he became convinced that it was the only true one, and manfully made sacrifices to become one of its members. After such a step taken in November, it is naturally a little surprising to learn in April that Mr. Spalding has forsworn Catholicity and returned to the Episcopalian fold. We have as yet seen no statement of his reasons for this retrogressive action; and can conceive of none potent enough satisfactorily to account for it, at least on the supposition that Mr. Spalding is intellectually sound. Since November last he has certainly learned, concerning the Church and her doctrines, nothing which he could not have known during the years that preceded his important step. We are aware that conversion to the Church frequently entails severe sacrifices, and creates in one's social life various complications that are not easily managed; but surely no such considerations would suffice to force a conscientious man to turn back after "putting his hand to the plough."

In the course of an article on "The Musical Education of the Masses," contributed to the *Home Journal* by Louis Lombard, of the Utica Conservatory of Music, we find this sensible observation:

"The tendency of modern music is to become complex—to appeal to the intellectual rather than the emotional element in man. Rare harmonies, strange rhythms, extreme dynamic effects, and novel tone colors are, it is true, very desirable; and yet a composition which would exhaust all those artistic resources might still miss one of the noblest aims of music—the education of the heart."

It is a common mistake of musicians to suppose that they alone can enjoy their art. Although musically cultivated persons will ever be in the minority, all hearts can be reached through music, at least in the simpler forms; and simplicity, as everyone knows, may be made the most perfect expression of beauty.

The Lenten Pastoral of the Rt. Rev. John Joseph Grimes, Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand, is an important document, revealing the eminent learning, piety and zeal of its distinguished author. It deals with the great question of the day, Education; and, in an original and forcible manner, demonstrates that the care of the young demands the imparting of a religious training at the same time that the mind is imbued with secular knowledge. This is a duty, says the devoted prelate, imposed by God Himself upon the guardians of youth. In glowing words he depicts the evils of an education without religion, and the great good that will result when the heart is properly cultivated as well as the mind. Bishop Grimes says:

"We would so train the minds of the young and mould their hearts that they may be ever true to their God, their religion, their country, their parents, and themselves. But we would no more form religious fanatics than wretched unbelievers. We would form future men and women with the courage of their convictions, the consciousness of their duties—aye, and with the will and determination to shrink from no sacrifice in the faithful discharge of the same. We would turn out Christians, pious if you will, but pious with the piety flowing from a firm, unpretending, self-forgetting sincerity."

In a few convincing words the Bishop gives a practical solution to the question of State Interference, or the imposition of a tax upon Catholics from which they can derive no benefit; and his words have their application to the condition of things in this country. He says:

"All we want is to give our children a good, solid Christian Catholic education; and *receive for the solid secular instruction* which we are fully competent to give—tested, too, by Government inspectors—a fair share of our own contribution to the taxation with those who have no conscientious scruples in sending their children to godless schools."

Bishop Grimes is giving practical force to his words by the agitation which he is zealously and actively directing throughout his diocese in behalf of a system of instruction which is not divorced from religion.

On the 20th inst. there took place in Rome a presentation of interest to the whole Catholic world. Friends of that prince of archæologists, John Baptist de Rossi, took occasion of his seventieth birthday to present him with his bust, executed by the eminent sculptor Lucchetti. The bust will be placed in the Cemetery of St. Callista, within the chapel dedicated to St. Sixtus and St. Cecilia. This Cemetery is only one of the many discoveries made by De Rossi, as may be seen by readers of his "Subterranean Christian Rome." More than any other man living, this archæ-

ologist has familiarized us with the lives, practices and virtues of the early martyrs; and has thrown light on Catholic doctrines by tracing the outcome of such doctrines to apostolic times He at present contemplates the purchase of the ground over one of the most important of the catacombs; and that he may continue his efficient labors with unabated zeal, we cordially wish him *ad multos annos!*

Some of the warmest eulogies pronounced on Cardinal Manning have come from those who differed with him in faith. True, some of these feigned to eliminate from his personality the religious element altogether; but this is an impossible task: the Cardinal was Catholic through and through. A notable tribute to his memory is that which Archdeacon Farrar has contributed to the *Review of the Churches*. One passage reads:

"Cardinal Manning was an ascetic who lived in the utmost personal simplicity. He did not regard luxury and ostentation as necessary to the maintenance of his position; but lived in a bare house, on meals which would make ninety-nine servants out of a hundred 'give notice' after a day's trial. He has left behind him a great name and a great example; and it would be well for the Church of England if she had one or two bishops who would learn from him how a great ecclesiastic may win the enthusiastic confidence of the working-classes, and stamp his influence on the humanitarian progress of the age."

It was noticed that the observance of Good-Friday was more marked this year than perhaps ever before in New York city. Business on the Exchanges and in the Courts was practically suspended. Good-Friday is a legal holyday, we believe, in Alabama, Louisiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee.

Our readers may know that the Franciscan Fathers, and other priests with special faculties, may bless crucifixes to which are attached all the indulgences of the Stations of the Cross. The possession of such a crucifix would be a great boon to a sick person, and to one who may be so situated as to be unable to make the Stations in a church or chapel. Besides this latter inability, it is required, in order to gain the indulgences, that twenty *Paters*, *Aves*, and *Glorias* be recited while holding the crucifix. For the sick this condition is commuted into an act of contrition, or the recital of the verse from the *Te Deum*, "We therefore beseech Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood"; provided, however, that their illness is so serious as to render them incapable of reciting the twenty *Paters*, etc. The act of contrition or the verse need be recited only once for all the Stations; and it is not even necessary for the sick person to hold the crucifix in his hand, if only it be placed where he can see it.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —Heb., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mother Mary Xavier, O. S. F., Dubuque, Iowa; Sister M of Mt. Carmel, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind.; and Sister M. Francis, Presentation Convent, Clonmel, Ireland, who were lately called to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mr. W. A. J. Watterson, of Pittsburg, Pa., who passed away on the 10th inst.

Mrs. Thomas Campbell, whose happy death took place on the 7th inst., at Milton, Mass.

Mr. James M. Hooper, of Baltimore, Md., who died on the 7th inst.

Mrs. Anna Smith, whose life closed peacefully on the 26th ult., at Littlestown, Pa.

Mr. M. J. Spain, of Harrisburg, Pa., who breathed his last on the 5th inst.

Mr. Patrick S. Grant, of Covington, Ky., who met with a sudden but not unprovided death.

Mr. John Tracy, who piously yielded his soul to God on the 13th ult., at Stuart, Iowa.

Mr. Robert Gorrell, of Philadelphia, Pa; Mrs. Margaret Blackburn, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mary Lynch, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. George E Gillon, Mr Thomas Pender, Mrs Catherine McCormack, Patrick, Bridget and James Corley, Mrs. James Wynne, and Mrs. Sarah Bree,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Jane Kavanagh, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Thomas J. McKeone, Mrs. Mary J. Messmer, Alonso C. Garrett, Mrs. Catherine Delahunty, Lawrence Wesling, Bernard and Richard O'Brien, Miss Elsa Lotter, and Thomas A. Kilduff,—all of Cincinnati, Ohio; J. Randal McDonald, Mrs. Catherine Shafer, Francis Cannon, Miss Mary Cannon, Peter Becker, John D. Schepard, Charles W. Geiser, and Master Robert F. Vanderhide,—all of Covington, Ky.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

To Our Lady of Good Counsel.

BY MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

VISION of angelic grace,
In maternal beauty bland,
Lo! the soft, caressing touch
Of the Holy Infant's hand,
'Gainst thy stainless bosom lying,
Bids thee list thy children crying:
"Lady of Good Counsel, pray
That our woes may pass away!"

Countless foemen press around,
Evil counsels whispered low;
Base ambitions, envious thoughts,
Set our wayward hearts aglow.
But the angels heavenward flying
Bear to thee our ceaseless sighing:
"Turn those pitying eyes of thine
On thy children, Maid Divine!"

Faltering on life's rugged way,
Where the shades of sorrow fall,
Childlike in our filial trust,
Mother, unto thee we call;
On thy tender love relying,
In its strength the foe defying,
"Lady of Good Counsel, we
Lift our souls in prayer to thee."

HATH any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.—*Francis Quarles.*

Why He Recites the "Hail Mary."

LITTLE Walter's parents were Americans, sojourning in Europe; Protestants, but so liberal that they had not only engaged a pious Italian woman as nurse for their baby boy, but had permitted her to teach him the "Hail Mary," and also to make the Sign of the Cross.

"Come, Walter," his mother would say, "it is time for bed and your evening prayer." Whereupon the little fellow would kneel by her side, and, after gravely reciting the *Ave Maria* in the soft Italian tongue, would sign his white forehead with the seal of salvation, after which there would be an affectionate embrace and good-night kiss from papa and mamma; and then the stately, sad-featured woman, with her curious headdress and long ear-rings, would bow to the assembled company and lead her young charge away. In her heart she did not approve of what she considered a parade of sacred things before the friends and visitors of "La Signora," but set it down to the fault of their strange, foreign ways.

Walter was a lovely child, about four years of age, and very bright and winning. At the time of the incident I am about to relate, his parents were staying at a villa near Florence; and, as the house was full of company, the child was left almost

entirely in the care of his nurse Caterina, in whom they had implicit confidence.

One day she wandered off with the boy to an old garden surrounding an uninhabited villa, where the pleasant shade of high trees made it a grateful resting-place in the middle of the summer heat. Sitting on a stone bench, with the ever-present knitting-needles darting in and out between her busy fingers, Caterina sang pretty Italian nursery songs to the boy at her feet, playing like a kitten with the huge ball of scarlet yarn. Presently the song ceased, and Walter looked up. Caterina was nodding. She looked so funny, he thought, with the stocking half fallen from her hands, and her head bobbing this way and that. In a moment it fell back against the bole of the tree, the knitting dropped into her lap—she was quite asleep.

Walter tried to be very still; but there was no one about, and soon it grew tiresome. Through the silence he heard the tinkle of a fountain; he was thirsty, and stole on tiptoe in the direction of the sound. He soon found it—an immense basin, mouldy and green around the edge, and filled with water-plants and moss and a few lilies. He had once seen a peasant boy dip his cap into a stream, and carry it to his poor, tired mother, who leaned, waiting, against an old stone-wall. He took the little straw-hat from his head, climbed to the slippery edge and leaned over—

"*Caterina, Caterina mia!*—my hat—it is lost—it is in the water!"

"*Carissimo*, what—where?" she exclaimed, starting to her feet.

"Come—over there, where the fountain is falling. It is in the basin with the lilies and the big leaves. I wanted a drink, and took my hat like Pippo,—you remember, Caterina? I would have filled it, but the Blessed Virgin, she was there in the water; and she shook her head. So I thought maybe if I leaned over so far I might fall in and be drowned; and I climbed back to the ground, but my hat fell into the water." So saying he dragged her along.

When they came to the fountain, Caterina stood aghast in contemplation of the terrible fate that might have overtaken her nursling during her momentary slumber. The sides of the basin were high and slippery at the top, where the surface sloped sharply inward. Near the centre, where from an invisible pipe the water perpetually rippled, floated the little white Leghorn hat, with its bright blue ribbon, far out of reach.

"My darling!" she cried, catching the child in her arms. "It was a bad, careless Caterina to slumber and leave you so, to wander about. When I have told the Signora she will send me away, and it will be but right."

"No, no!" exclaimed the child. "Caterina was tired, and Walter would not wake her. I was naughty to wander about: mamma has told me never to do so. Caterina shall not go away from me; and I will say a 'Hail Mary' that she may not be scolded."

"Ah! but what was it my darling told me about Our Lady shaking her head? How could I have forgotten it, my sweet one! What did you mean?"

"See, Caterina!" said the boy, still in her arms. "I climbed up there, I leaned over—hold me tightly, so!—and then Our Lady looked up and shook her head."

"The boy dreams!" said the old woman, putting him down, and leaning herself over the edge of the basin. She saw nothing but moss and lily pods on the surface, underneath the ripple of flowing water, at the bottom sand and slime.

"Hold me up again," he said. "Let me look in."

Caterina did so.

"No, that is not the way. There were branches behind her, and leaves dancing."

The old woman looked around. "Where were you standing when you climbed on the edge?" she asked.

"Over there, by that tree," was the reply.

Taking the boy by the hand, Caterina walked to the opposite side of the basin. Framed by a group of ilexes, half hidden amid their branches, stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which some pious tenant of the demesne had placed in its leafy shrine. Standing at one side, the old woman once more looked into the water. This time the image was plainly reflected in the shadowy depths; and the constant ripple made it appear as if moving its head, as little Walter had persisted.

Seizing him in her arms again, she knelt at the feet of that Mother whose tender protection she felt certain had saved her nursling from a watery grave. Together they said the "Hail Mary," together they kissed the slender white feet peeping from beneath the edge of her sculptured robe.

A little later they went, two culprits, to "La Signora," only to be gently chided and fully forgiven. And in that household, Protestant though it be, there is a very tender reverence for the Mother of God; and the boy, long since grown a man, still daily recites his "Hail Mary." His faith and gratitude will not go unrewarded.

The Hero of Four Hundred Years.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

(Conclusion.)

XXXVI.—Disaster.

It was a good way to get rid of that troublesome Columbus, Ferdinand seemed to think, to send him on a journey around the world; and he gave him four ships, provisioned for two years. The Admiral wished to stop at Hispaniola for supplies; but was forbidden, on the plea that his presence would disconcert the new Governor. His largest ship proved so poor a sailer, however, that he ventured, when nearing the new abode of Ovando, to send a messenger, asking if he might there exchange it for another. He sent word, too, that in his opinion, founded upon much experience, a hurricane was approaching, and advised Ovando to delay the departure of the great fleet about returning to Spain.

To the first message Ovando only curtly replied that he could have no dealings with Columbus. As to the warning, he simply ignored it; and the fleet started gaily off, with music playing and banners flying. When fairly at sea it was struck by the predicted hurricane, which in a brief space of time made of it but a memory. The flag-ship, containing Bobadilla and Roldan, also the treasure which the usurper had collected during his term of office, was one of the first ships to founder. Two or three ships struggled back to Hispaniola; and one, the smallest and poorest, containing the gold due Columbus, reached Spain. The four poor little ships of the Admiral, refused a harbor among friends, weathered the storm; an event which one easily believes was due to the protection of Mary Star of the Sea, the Admiral's chosen Patroness.

Columbus now set about his explorations. Cuba he thought to be the mainland of India; the country to the south, some great country yet unknown. From the formation of the coast he, as has been said, believed them connected by a strait, through which he might easily pass, and be at the very doors of the Grand Khan; and so he made for the west. He sailed along the coast of what we now call Central America, passing the narrow neck of land which we know as the Isthmus of Panama; but found no strait. Nature seems to have failed in her intention to put one there; and as we write man, helping her, is actively engaged in making the Nicaragua Canal the water-way across the link between the two Americas.

Columbus, though, could neither see across nor understand the natives. Otherwise it might have been he instead of

Balboa who first looked upon the Pacific Ocean; it might have been he instead of Cortez who led the conquering hosts against the rich empire of the Aztecs. But when the natives pointed in the direction of Mexico, and made signs that there were people there dressed like the Spaniards, he thought only of the jewels and flowing robes of the Asiatic subjects of the Grand Khan. Even the savages on the coast were of a higher type than any met before; being partially clothed, carrying weapons of metal, and living in houses.

All this time the weather was unspeakably wretched. "Eighty-eight days of storms," the Admiral records. He himself was prostrate with illness much of the time, and had a little cabin built on the forward deck, where he could lie down while maintaining a lookout. His son Ferdinand proved worthy of such a father, and acted, proudly wrote the Admiral, "as if he had been eighty years at sea."

At the province of Veragua they had found unusual signs of gold; and, after vainly trying to find that impossible strait, Columbus yielded to the wishes of his men, and returned to that province. On the 13th of December they came near being destroyed by a water-spout, the first they had ever seen; but Columbus read the Gospel of St John, and piously attributed their preservation to its influence. Their ships were now unseaworthy, and their provisions were giving out, while what they had were almost uneatable. The storms continued; and it was with great joy, on the Feast of the Epiphany, that they cast anchor in the mouth of a river, which Columbus called St. Mary of Bethlehem—or Belen, its Spanish name.

XXXVII.—Peace at Last.

The province of Veragua proved, in regard to gold, all that they had hoped; and in two days, wrote Columbus, they saw more of the precious metal than in four years in Hispaniola. But if the country was rich, the natives were not only hostile but brave, and had no intention of allowing the whitemen peaceable possession. After a desperate struggle and many adventures, the colony was abandoned; and Columbus, with all that remained of his ships and men, on the 1st of May, 1503 reluctantly started for Hispaniola. They had their usual experience with contrary winds and foul weather, and finally found themselves stranded upon the island of Jamaica.

Here one of those faithful friends which misfortune sometimes brings to light came forward in the person of Diego Mendez, who volunteered to make the pitiable state of things known to Ovando. "I have but one life to lose," the faithful fellow said; "and will cheerfully give it, if need be, in your honor's service." Accompanied by a number of Spaniards and Indians, and with two canoes, he set out; and Columbus prepared to wait. The ships—two only now,—fast in the sand, were put in order, and thatched huts were erected near. They had few dealings with the natives, except for the purpose of procuring provisions.

It seemed as if the spirit of rebellion ever dogged the steps of the good Admiral. Some of his men, weary of waiting, headed a successful mutiny; and finding departure from the island impossible, stayed upon it, and contented themselves with making as much trouble as it was in their power to make, both for the Indians and the poor whitemen, exiles in their dismantled and imprisoned vessels.

Never was the kind heart of Columbus more manifest than in his treatment of the band that stayed with him; and, by his kindness and sympathetic care, he not only restored their health, but kept their affections. Yet the depredations of the ungrateful rebels had their effect upon the Indians who furnished supplies; and they first reduced the quantity, then threatened to stop them altogether.

It was at this time that the ready genius of Columbus taught him how to make use of an eclipse of the moon, then due. He told the Indians that God was angry because they withheld food from the stranded whitemen, and in token thereof would put a veil before the face of the Queen of Night. When the phenomenon occurred, quite on time, they were horror-stricken, and begged Columbus to withdraw the divine displeasure, promising to change their course of action. The shadow disappeared, and the Spaniards had nothing further of which to complain.

Diego Mendez and his companions had, after grievous suffering, reached Hispaniola; and he had tramped thirty leagues, through hostile camps and wild forests, to lay the deplorable case of Columbus before Ovando. But the Governor, historians unite in saying, was not sorry to have the Admiral safely shipwrecked, where he could make no trouble. At any rate, it was fully eight months before he sent relief—and that relief consisted of a side of bacon, a cask of wine, and kind inquiries! The captain he sent, being only a sort of spy, sailed away again without making a landing, and it was months after before real relief came; but it arrived at last, and the little band, rebels and all—for they were mostly forgiven —were soon in San Domingo, where a warm welcome met them. Columbus was lodged in Ovando's own house. The crafty Governor saw which way the tide was turning, and did not dare to further ill treat the greatest navigator the world had ever known. He already had enough to account for. His administration had been as cruel as Bobadilla's had been weak; and he had, out of jealousy, trumped up some charges against the beautiful Anacoana, whom he caused to be hanged.

When Columbus reached Spain, the good Queen Isabella was nearing the end of her pious and useful life. In three weeks she passed away, and he had lost his best friend, and had nothing further to hope for from the crown of Spain. He spent the remnant of his existence—about eighteen months—in futile efforts to confirm what he had done; and died in a poor inn at Seville, on May 20, 1506, the Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord. Dressed in the habit of St. Francis, fortified with the last Sacraments, he said: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" and quietly passed to where the wicked could trouble him no longer.

His precious body was first deposited in the Franciscan church in Valladolid, and afterward moved, with great ceremonies, to Seville; thence it was transferred to the Cathedral at San Domingo, on the island he loved. When the French took possession in 1795, the venerated remains were supposed to be removed to Havana. Of this there is some doubt. But it does not matter. He will live forever in the hearts of those who honor the devotion, piety, and blameless life of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea.

The Flower of the Flock.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XX.—The End.

Mr. Jack Danby passed on; and perhaps he would never have known that his brother was hiding in the doorway, if Cæsar had not again remembered the warm fire at the hotel. He knew Mr. Danby's footstep, as he would have known any footstep he had ever heard. It occurred to him that it was very foolish to stay out in the damp night air when a comfortable room was waiting for him.

He yelped, and Reginald tried to put a hand over his mouth. He jumped suddenly from the doorway and ran after Mr. Danby, who had reached the corner, and who stood

under the lamp-light, wondering which way he should turn. Cæsar caught him by the tail of his overcoat; he turned and was about to kick Cæsar, when he saw that the dog had already been introduced to him by Reginald. Like all sailors, Jack Danby was a polite man; he never kicked dogs that had been introduced to him by anybody. Cæsar pulled at his coat tail, only letting go when Mr. Danby walked with him to the doorway in which Reginald was hiding.

Reginald crouched as close as he could. He wished the door would open to let him in. He was caught! He must go to sea; he should never see Aunt Danby or Miles again! He wished now that he had given himself up to Hans Gewitz and gone to jail. But it was too late. A man's hand grasped his collar, and he was pulled from out the doorway.

"Ha, young man!" cried his brother. "I have found you at last! You'll run away from me again, will you? I'm going to take you to a place from which you'll not run away. Wild horses can't drag you from it."

Reginald groaned, but said nothing. Cæsar danced about on the damp sidewalk; he was happy. He didn't care; he thought only of the warm room at the hotel. Dogs, no matter how sagacious they may be, never suffer like boys: they think only of eating, or of a warm fire, or of having fun.

"Come on!"

Reginald obeyed. The man took his hand, which was cold and trembling, and stood for a moment on the street corner. He was watching for a cab. He hailed one, said some words to the driver, and then pushed Reginald into it. Cæsar jumped in, at the risk of having his tail cut off by the door as it was slammed, and nestled in the straw on the floor.

"So you changed your mind about going to sea?" asked Mr. Danby.

"I know I shouldn't have done it, Mr. Tar"—Reginald still thought that his brother's name was Jack Tar,—"but when I remembered the pirates and the sharks, I got afraid. Miles is different: he likes pirates and Indians, but I never had any taste for them. And, besides, Mr. Tar, I am afraid I'll be seasick if you take me on the ocean, and then I could not do any work. I'd be only a burden to you if I should get ill."

"Everybody is seasick when he first goes to sea," said Mr. Danby. "*I* was. It's the worst kind of sickness. When you get used to it, you don't mind. I was tarring a rope when it came on, and the mate asked me if I wouldn't like some salt pork. That made me worse; and I just lay there on the pile of rope. But pretty soon the mate took a rope's end and made for me. At first I didn't move; then he brought it down with a slash across my legs, and I jumped up mighty quick. I wasn't sick much after that. Seasickness is bad enough, but a rope's end in the hands of a second-mate is worse. The rope's end drives the sickness out."

Reginald shuddered. "Must I go to sea? I'd do anything else,—anything else that is honest," he said. "Since I worked for the Spinkses, I don't mind much whether I get my hands blackened or not; I really don't. If I can get a good bit of yellow soap and a basin of water in the evening when it is done, I'll work at anything."

"You'll go with me," said Mr. Danby, sternly. "A little craft like you must have a captain; I'm that captain just now."

Reginald sighed. He had heard the old ladies talk about "a vale of tears," and they had said it meant the world. He knew all about it now.

The cab rattled along; dim, shadowy houses and trees, with an occasional lamp-light, seemed to pass them. Reginald tried to find consolation somewhere. He saw Mr. Tar's face by a glimpse of light from a lamp It was not an unkind face, and there was something like a grin on it.

Perhaps Mr. Tar would not cure him of seasickness with a rope's end. But who could tell? The world was a vale of tears, and the tears were no doubt more numerous at sea than anywhere else. Reginald fell back on religious thoughts for consolation. He remembered his Guardian Angel; if anything very bad came near him, he could trust his Angel to keep him safe. He drew a long sigh, and closed his eyes. He would open them a little later, to see a ship waiting to sail away with him!

"I am afraid you will not make a good sailor," remarked Mr. Danby, chuckling.

"I am sure I shall not," said Reginald. "Why, Mr. Tar, even when I sail toy ships in a tub, they always topple over. Miles' never do. You'd better leave me on land. Oh, do! do! do!—good Mr. Tar!"

Jack Danby chuckled again. At last the carriage stopped.

"Here we are!" he said.

Cæsar hopped out, and they followed him. They were not near the river: there were no tall masts to be seen anywhere. Reginald had a notion that he had been in this place before. Mr. Tar went up to a door, which looked very like the dear old door of his aunt's house. He knocked, and then pushed it open; a bell rang. How familiar was the sound! Reginald did not think there was another bell in the whole world like the old bell he loved so well, and which he thought he would never hear again.

If this were only his aunt's house, how happy he should be! God could do everything, he thought; God could even change this house into his aunt's. Reginald prayed with all his might. Suddenly he thought he heard a voice:

"Is that you, Jack?"

He saw the door between the shop and the little backroom open, and the light flame out into the gloom of the shop. It fell on the jar of *nougat* and lit up the bundle of new brooms; it made a figure, like the stock of a gun, on the ceiling. There was no other ceiling like that. He was at home: this must be his aunt's!

"He has not come yet, Jack," exclaimed the voice; it was his aunt's. "He has not come!"

"Yes, he has!" returned the voice of Mr. Tar. "I have brought him."

Mrs. Danby rushed out of the room into the shop, and Reginald was almost choked.

"Oh, my dear boy!" she exclaimed. "How glad I am to see you! Everything has been arranged. Hans Gewitz is very sorry; and only to-night he sent over a big pound-cake, with silver leaves upon the icing, for you; for we expected you!"

Reginald could not speak: there was a lump in his throat. He saw Miles and Molly playing checkers at the table, while the two old ladies were drinking tea near the grate.

"We thought," Aunt Danby said, "that we would not have any toast until you came home. Nobody can make toast like you, Reginald."

"Oh, thank you!—thank you, Mr. Tar!" he said, turning to his brother, who stood grinning at the old ladies.

"'Mr. Tar!'" exclaimed Mrs. Danby. "Why does the child say 'Mr. Tar'? How absurd! Don't you know your own brother Jack? He's a good man, Reginald, though he is a sailor; but he will never come up to the flower of the flock."

"'Mr. Tar' was only my fun, aunt. You know I always was a great joker. Shake hands, Reginald; I'm Jack Danby, and I want to be a good brother to you. Bless your heart, boy! *I* wouldn't send you to sea if I could help it,—not for a thousand dollars. I want you to go to college, and gain all the advantages that I didn't get because I was too lazy. And I've given Aunt Danby the money you and Miles will want for that. And to-morrow I will take you all to the menagerie or the circus, and give you a great treat."

Miles laughed. Reginald shook hands with his brother, Miles and Molly; and,

after a look at everything in the dear old room, began to make the toast at the grate. He was at home again! "At home again! —at home again!—at home again!" he said over and over to himself. He could not believe it,—it was too good to be true.

But there was the toast; there were the old ladies; there were the teacups, with little blue Chinese pagodas on them; there was Hans Gewitz's beautiful cake, with the silver leaves on it; there was Miles; there was Molly; and, above all, there was Aunt Danby. He was so full of all this—or perhaps his hands had grown bigger and clumsier in the last few days—that he burned the toast.

"Let me!" said Molly, taking the big fork out of his hand. And when Molly had buttered her toast, the old ladies declared that they had never tasted anything so good.

"You must give me something else to do, aunt; I think I would rather help shovel the coal for you. Making toast is girl's work; and now that you have a little girl in the house, I think that I shall do harder work. I know what work is now, aunt," said Reginald. "I don't care how hard it is, I'll do it for your sake and for the sake of being at home. How can I thank God enough!"

"And how can *I*?" asked Molly. "It seemed to me that God could not save me from the Spinkses; but I prayed hard, and He did. Oh, don't send me back again, Mrs. Danby!"

"If I do, it will be unknown to myself," answered Mrs. Danby, tightening her lips. "If I do, Mr. Spinks will have to go to law,—that's all."

Molly ran up to Aunt Danby, and kissed her tenderly.

"You're a good girl," said Jack Danby; "and I think I can spare a little money for you, too. If Mr. Spinks makes any fuss, aunt just let *me* know."

Everybody felt safe after this. Mrs. Danby brought out some cold ham and bread and butter—for Reginald's dinner had been spoiled long ago,—and Jack Danby and Reginald and Cæsar fell upon the food. Mrs. Danby did not like Cæsar's expression; but, as he was a friend of Reginald's, she did not mention this; and, which was most considerate, she did not let her feelings appear on her face. She knew sufficient about dogs to know that they are easily prejudiced against people. After a time she and Cæsar became good friends. She refused to send him back to his mistress, but she put this paragraph in the advertising columns of *The Ledger:*

"Mrs. Danby will return both Molly and Cæsar, if their folks will come for them, and show why they should be given back."

This notice appeared three times. Nobody came. It is probable that Cæsar's mistress did not want him, and that Mr. Spinks was afraid to come.

Mrs. Danby waited; and, finally, they all settled down together. Soon the shop was enlarged, and a beautiful gilt sign put up, and the front door was given a new coat of paint.

Reginald and Miles became the best friends in the world. Reginald learned from Miles to be more manly, and Miles learned from Reginald how to be more polite; and they grew up to be good and useful men.

When Mrs. Danby became older, she sold her shop, and moved to a red-brick house, with four white stone steps in front of it, and white shutters on the windows. Molly took care of her, and grew to be a good and happy girl. Jack Danby came home from sea on the day she made her First Communion; and he, too, settled down in the red house.

At this time the boys were at college; and Aunt Danby would have been very lonely without them, although she still had Cæsar, if Jack and Molly were not with her, as well as the lovely white-sugar lady, surrounded by silver leaves, under the glass case.



QUEEN OF THE WORLD.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

VOL. XXXIV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 7, 1892. No. 19

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Queen of the World.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

SUNBEAMS o'er woodland and dell are dancing,
Starry-eyed blossoms from meads are glancing,
Full-throated songsters their notes entrancing
Carol the livelong day;
Whisper the breezes of new-born pleasures,
Murmur the streamlets in blithest measures,—
Nature hath lavished her choicest treasures,
Greeting the Queen of the May.

Fairest of sovereigns sung in story,
Peerless in mercy and power and glory,
Promised to earth from the ages hoary,
Destined to reign for aye;
Mary, our Mother, from Heaven's splendor
Beams on us all with a love-glance tender,—
Who but shall hail and at need defend her,
Queen of the world and of May.

The Month of Mary.



AMONG the reasons why the month of May is a season of especial joy, the chief is the fact that it has been peculiarly consecrated to her whom we reverence as our Queen and love as our Mother. May is not everywhere a month of sunshine and of flowers; but throughout the Catholic world it is dedicated to the fairest of creatures, and has come to be regarded as a Marian festival thirty-one days long, during which affectionate subjects of Heaven's Queen make earth resound with the glory of her name, the splendor of her privileges, and the praises of her virtue.

Opinions are divided as to the identity of him to whom is due the origin of these devotions of the Month of Mary. By some the honor is accorded to Father Francis Lalomia, of the Company of Jesus; by others, to St. Camillus of Lellis; by others again, to St. Philip Neri, who died at Rome in the closing decade of the sixteenth century. One tradition, probable enough, states that the devotion began in this wise:

On a beautiful May evening in Rome, a pious student, noted for his tender love of the Blessed Virgin, gathered together some classmates of his own age, and sang with them the Litany of Loreto before a statue of the Madonna. The following evening they returned in larger numbers to renew their homage to our Blessed Lady. The mothers joined their prayers to the canticles of their children; and soon, attracted by the novelty of these pious concerts, crowds gathered from all sides. The whole Roman populace manifested an eager desire to participate in this touching devotion. From Rome as a centre, the laudable practice has radiated to all points of the Catholic universe, until at present

there can scarcely be found a church, chapel, sanctuary, or Christian family, where during this month of May some exercise of piety is not daily performed in honor of the Virgin Queen.

The motives of this practice are not at all difficult to conceive. The same sentiments of piety which inspired zealous servants of Mary to honor her thrice a day—morning, noon, and evening—at the sound of the Angelus bell, to consecrate to her the Saturday of every week, and to celebrate in her honor at least one festival every month, led them also to dedicate every year an entire month to the exaltation of her grandeur and the invocation of her mercy. The wish to offer to the glorious Virgin the most agreeable sacrifice naturally induced them to choose, in preference to all other months, May, the most beautiful of the twelve. This delightful season, when awakening Nature robes herself with the fairest of vestures, seems to invite the soul to awaken also to the life of grace, and to don the most gracious virtues with which to form a fitting crown for the Queen of the Universe.

What more efficacious remedy to prevent or cure the pernicious evil of sin than an increase, a redoubling of devotion to the Virgin of Virgins? This was assuredly the profound conviction of the most zealous propagator, if not the author, of this salutary practice, St. Philip Neri. This great apostle, who gave himself up especially to the service of the young, could not, in his indefatigable charity, discover trustier means of preserving them from the innumerable seductions of life's springtime than to inspire them with a great devotion to their Immaculate Mother during the month of May. He recommended them to pray to her oftener and with more fervor, and to place themselves in a special manner under her protection. In consequence, we are told in the life of St. Philip, he drew up a rule of conduct to be followed by the young throughout the month. He prescribed that they should daily accomplish some act of piety before an altar, a statue or an image of Our Lady; and directed them to attend Mass, if at all possible, every morning; and in the evening to be present at the customary sermon and Benediction. He counselled them further to give more time than usual to prayer and to corporal works of mercy; to receive Holy Communion at least once during the month, and to conclude the exercises with an act of consecration to the Mother of God. Who can enumerate the abundant and fruitful results that faithful souls experienced from the carrying out of this pious programme?

This method of St. Philip has ever since his time served as the model for May devotions. The ordinary elements in the celebration of this long festival are still the decoration and illumination of the Blessed Virgin's altar, sanctuary or image; the singing of hymns in her honor; a short instruction or reading, having for object to make her who is called the Help of Christians better known, loved, served, imitated, and invoked; the recitation of the Rosary or other prayers for the spiritual and temporal needs of the assembly; and finally, when the exercises are held in a church, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

To encourage the faithful worthily to celebrate the Virgin's Month, Pope Pius VIII., in 1815 and again in 1822, granted an indulgence of three hundred days for every day of the month, to those who, in public or private, should honor the Blessed Virgin by prayers or other works of piety; and a plenary indulgence once during the month to those who fulfilled the usual conditions of confessing, communicating, and praying for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

In practising the devotions of the month of May our end and aim should be—as, for that matter, it should be in the practice of every devotion—to ameliorate our spir-

itual condition by the more strenuous avoidance of sin and the more fervent pursuit of virtue. The secret of surely attaining this end is to become thoroughly convinced at the very outset, and throughout the month never to lose sight of the conviction, that Mary is our Mother, and that she expects from her children the homage to which she is entitled.

Mary, Mother of God, is our Mother,—what Christian but is persuaded of this sweet and consoling truth! Who does not know that in consenting to become the Mother of Jesus Christ, Mary became the Mother of all Christians? On Calvary, amid sorrows the most cruel and anguish the most heartrending, she engendered us to grace. At the recommendation of her Divine Son, she adopted us all, in the person of the Beloved Disciple St. John, as her children; and in the course of the long centuries that have intervened, she has ever shown herself as the tenderest and most devoted of mothers to the faithful then entrusted to her maternal care.

In virtue of this title, Mary has a right to our love and veneration, and to the fondest sentiments of our filial piety. If we are sincerely desirous of seeing her worthily honored during this her chosen month, we must see to it that everything in our thoughts and desires, in our words and actions, be worthy of so august a Mother.

Mothers are especially pleased to trace in their children the faithful reproduction of their own image. Mary will assuredly deem herself insufficiently honored if we content ourselves with visiting her altar daily, and protesting there our love and devotion. Our protestations and supplications will be truly agreeable to her only inasmuch as they are accompanied by a sincere determination seriously to undertake the task of reforming ourselves on her model.

The essential thing is that she shall see us endeavoring to nurture in our hearts the virtues which adorned herself during her career on earth, and regulating our actions with such exactitude that her life becomes in a manner the form of our own. If St. Paul could say, "Be ye imitators of me, as I am of Christ," with how much more reason may not Mary say the same? Do we not greet her daily with the beautiful title Mirror of Justice? She is indeed the most faithful mirror of the virtues of her Divine Son; and she reflects their effulgent rays, softened by His human nature, in such a manner as to become the most perfect model for Christian men and women.

During this month, then, we should repeatedly place before our eyes the virtues of which the Admirable Virgin has left us examples, in order that they may serve as our rule of life. Remembering her profound humility and angelic purity, her great modesty and holy recollection, her love of prayer and of the interior life, her ardent charity, her unquestioning obedience,—we should say: "Here is the original that I should faithfully copy. Like my Holy Mother, I should, to the extent of my power, endeavor to become humble, chaste, modest, and recollected. I should shun the giddy world and its dangerous pleasures; I should cultivate the spirit of prayer, charity, and obedience,—in a word, I should reproduce in myself the life of my Mother." Only on this condition may we hope, with confident assurance, that our homage will prove grateful and pleasing to Mary, and that she will obtain for us the favors for which we ask in our supplications.

Yes; during this fair month we should multiply our prayers to our Virgin Queen, and redouble our confidence in her motherly love. She is the universal protectrix and the all-potent advocate; she is the Mother of Mercy, in whose hands Almighty God has deposited the treasures of His grace. The fondest wish of her loving Heart is to lavish those treasures superabundantly on her unfortunate children. Mindful, then, of the multitude of our

own urgent needs, as well as of those of the Church and our country, let us weary not of asking, imploring, and entreating her to lend a willing ear to our fervent prayers; to accept the homage which we daily offer; and to communicate to our souls a spiritual gladness analogous to that which transforms all nature during her own sweet season, the joyous Maytime.

From Darkness to Dawn.

A TRUE STORY FOR MAY.

I.

IT was a soft, balmy afternoon in May. Two young girls, aged about seventeen and eighteen, were walking briskly on a dusty country road, in haste to join their companions, who had taken advantage of the Thursday half holiday to make an excursion to the woods, two miles distant from Mt. Peace, the Academy where they were pupils.

These two, parlor-boarders, taking only special studies, and therefore somewhat isolated from the others, as well as older, had in the few months during which they had been together grown to be warm friends. The younger, a Catholic, wore around her neck the blue ribbon of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, with a silver medal attached to it; the other, though a Protestant, was also distinguished by a blue rosette pinned to the left shoulder, which she styled her "self-constituted badge of allegiance to Our Lady." From this it will be inferred that she had strong Catholic proclivities; although on her entrance into the Academy she had been greatly prejudiced, in spite of the fact that her mother had died a Catholic, and her aunt had been for many years a member of the Church.

An only child, her education had been somewhat desultory, especially after the death of her mother. Her father, a wealthy and cultured man, was the possessor of a large and well-selected library. In this she had been allowed to roam at will; and, having inherited a refined and intellectual taste, had made good use of her privileges. She had a horror of young ladies' private schools; and when her father expressed a wish that she should perfect herself in music, drawing, and the modern languages, she at once declared that she would go to a convent. This preference she had derived from conversations with her Catholic aunt, for whom she entertained great respect and affection; as well as from some slight intercourse with a Catholic family in the neighborhood, whose daughters had been educated at a Visitation convent.

She had not been long at Mt. Peace before her clear judgment began to perceive the logic of Catholic doctrine, as viewed even from a human standpoint. The studio where she sat at work daily from ten till twelve, was occupied during the first hour by a class under instruction for First Communion; and the second by one more advanced, alternating every other day with Church History and the larger Catechism. Sister Paula, the instructress, had suggested that she might prefer to retire to a smaller room at the end of the studio; but she declined to do so, saying that probably she should not pay attention to what was said; and that if she did, it would not disturb and certainly not hurt her. So it came about that gradually she began to listen, then to imbibe, to reflect, to compare, and finally to believe. With her the process was not slow. Although outwardly of a calm temperament, there was an undercurrent of enthusiasm in her nature, unsuspected even by those who knew her best.

From the first she had felt it would have been unfair to her father to conceal her feelings from him; had told him her sentiments were voluntary, her conclusions

logical, deduced from what she believed to be self-evident truths; and had asked permission to tell the Sisters—or at least one of them—of her state of mind; for up to this time no one was aware of the change that had occurred in her convictions. She also requested his sanction with regard to consulting the chaplain, to whom she was up to this time an entire stranger; and expressed her desire to obtain from him further information, as well as certain books which he might recommend. It was indicative of her character that only after all these permissions had been obtained did she reveal her intentions to any one.

Her father gave a most reluctant consent, but wrote very reasonably, saying that, while he felt strongly opposed to her course, she had always shown too much judgment and common-sense to be now suspected of a whim, or transient leaning to that which had hitherto been repugnant to her. At the conclusion of his letter he wrote:

"Dear as you have ever been, and will ever be to me, my daughter, still this step you are about to take must necessarily put a barrier between us,—intangible, it is true, but nevertheless real and insurmountable. My darling, my concession to your wishes must stand in evidence that above all things I love you when I grant you that which I feel will almost break my heart."

The way clear, honor satisfied, conscience permitted to follow its truest dictates, all doubts removed, her mind and soul open to the flood of light and truth to which further research had given entrance, Anna, by some strange inconsistency in her nature, suddenly stood still. Faith was strong within her, the memory and protection of her dead mother a talisman and guide to the desired goal. But as the day for her baptism approached, the thought of the loving father whom her defection from old traditions was to wound, became too strong for her affection to combat; and she craved delay, saying that she would defer her baptism until after the summer vacation, when she expected to return to the Academy.

To this the Sisters said nothing, it being their custom in such cases to remain passive. The chaplain, although greatly disappointed—for in this young girl he recognized a chosen soul, who had been led too far by God's special grace to halt at this critical moment—made very little opposition, while he trembled for the result. It was only her particular friend, Mary Vance, who dared, or thought it prudent, to speak openly to Anna.

"It is a temptation of the devil," she said. "Do not go back now. You are not a child: you know your own mind."

"To be sure I do," was the reply. "That is why I can safely wait."

"How safely?" rejoined her friend. "Have you a lease of life? Are you proof against all kinds of temptation? Do you not feel and see the designs of Providence in your case, and that now is the acceptable time?"

And so it happened that of late their conversations had been principally upon the momentous subject. As time advanced, Mary grew more intolerant of her friend's position. As they walked along, arm in arm, this bright May afternoon, she touched the knot of blue ribbon on Anna's shoulder, saying,

"It seems too bad that you should only be half a Child of Mary, when you might and ought to have the full right and title. Anna, do you pray to the Blessed Virgin fervently nowadays?"

Anna paused a moment, her pale face very serious, her lips pressed together, before she answered, speaking very slowly:

"Not just now, Mary. For some time past I have not been able to put my prayers into words; my soul seems just a dumb, helpless protest against things, if you can understand."

"I have told you a hundred times that it is all a temptation of the devil," said Mary, impatiently. "It is the way with nearly every convert, no doubt. There is usually some great stumbling-block to be removed just before the crisis. Why not make a grand, final effort, and cast foolish gods behind you?"

"You can not think my love for the kindest of fathers foolishness, Mary, nor my hesitation at wounding him unjustifiable?"

"No, certainly not. But you have his permission; and he loves you so tenderly that he will soon become accustomed to the change, especially when he finds that you will love him, if possible, more dearly than before."

"I think it is a kind of pride in him that this touches," said Anna, still speaking slowly; "he is very tenacious of his own belief."

"Oh, I did not know that he was a religious man, or that he had any belief!"

"He is not what would be called a religious man in your sense of the word," was the reply. "But his family have been Baptists from the first; some of them suffered persecution in past times, and he is very proud of the distinction."

"What do the Baptists believe, any how?" asked Mary, brusquely.

"I am sure I can not tell you," said Anna. "Father seldom attends church, and I was never sent to Sunday-school; so I never troubled myself to find out."

"There! How absurd it all is!" said Mary. "For such a shadow—the ghost of a belief, a tradition—you will hold to that *reductio* of yours! Come, be consistent. Throw yourself into the arms of your Heavenly Mother; think of your own dead mother, whose heart would bleed (if such things could be where she is) at your foolish vacillation. Otherwise something will certainly happen,—you will see. You know the proverb: 'He who will not when he may—'"

"Yes," answered the other, gravely. "But I have decided, and must bear the consequences."

They had now reached the edge of the woods—or forest, as it might truly have been called; for the hand of man had worked but slight devastation among the giant oaks and maples that made the place so delightful a resort for the surrounding neighborhood,—one where three or four small country towns had grown up not more than five or six miles apart. In the hollow of an old oak, in the midst of a small clearing, the pupils of the convent had obtained permission to place a statue of the Blessed Virgin. In front of the niche they had planted ivy and smilax, which was now trained luxuriantly about the opening. Beautiful purple violets grew up from the rich black mould at the foot of the tree, and these were now in their first freshness. Here, often in May and at various times during the school year, the children were wont to come, never without saying the Rosary, and singing some of those canticles and hymns which we of an older generation are apt to think unequalled by those of the new.

"They are singing the Litany," said Mary; then, waiting until the procession of girls, walking two and two, reached the spot where they stood, they also took their places at the end of the ranks.

"*Mater Dei*," sang a fresh, young soprano voice. "*Mater Dei*," repeated the alto in unison. "*Mater Dei*," joined the high, clear tenor in trio. "*Mater Dei*," rang out from the fervent hearts of the chorus, swelling grandly into the pleading "*Ora pro nobis.*"

In and out of the shadowy glades they passed, still sweetly singing until the Litany was finished. Then, kneeling before the shrine, another soulful voice began that angelic hymn:

"Mère de Dieu, de Jésus, mon amour";

the tender chorus repeating the sweet refrain:

"Mère chérie, je t'aime, je t'aime,"

until it died away in a soft, scarcely audible, "*je t'aime.*"

Mary looked at Anna, who knelt opposite to her. She was not singing; her hands were tightly clasped; she was gazing straight before her, away from the image of Our Lady, into the heart of the woods, as though she would fain read there the answer to the question knocking at the door of her perplexed soul.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Traces of Travel.

Bonnie Scotland.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VI.—The Haunts of Scott.

IT is but five minutes' walk from the station. Coming down from Edinburgh by rail, I crossed the Tweed a dozen times in an hour and a half; and thought all the while how the flashing waters of that pretty stream flow under the battlements of Abbotsford just as they used to do sixty years ago, when Sir Walter Scott, surrounded by his famous friends, made his palatial home a hall of royal revelry. Melrose town is pretty enough, so is the valley of the Tweed, to repay a visit, even were neither associated with the life and death of the poet.

A tidy maid admitted me into the ruined Abbey of Melrose, through a wooden gate thrown across the south aisle. There is a charge of fourpence at the gate; and a tempting stall within, where photographs and wooden trinkets are on sale. There are people lounging about, chatting, conning their guide-books, making purchases of curios, and seeming for the most part rather bored than otherwise. It is ever thus. When you come to a shrine with your heart in your throat, you must carry your purse in your pocket as well, or you are driven into a corner by the professional sightseers, who make a business of furnishing their houses with the easily bought trophies of travel.

Melrose is a florid wilderness of stone; time can not wither it. Cromwell's batteries have succeeded only in embroidering some parts of it in a new pattern. Fire and fury, and the ruthless hands of the iconoclasts, have left enough of the elaborate grace of the original to save it from unfavorable comparison with the thousand and one ruins that are scattered through Great Britain. The Abbey is carpeted with rich, deep sod; the rooks croak in the chinks of the walls, and look solemnly down from the broken arches, like sentinels. It is remarkable to note the preference which these big black birds show for dilapidated abbeys. I am more than ever inclined to believe that the souls of certain clerics inhabit the black vestments of the rooks, and are slowly living out a penance for deeds done in the flesh. There are worse purgatories than this, "sad and fair" though the place seemed to him who wrote of its transcendent moonlit beauty. By the way, Scott, who sang,

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight,"

is said never to have seen the grand old Abbey under such circumstances, though he lived for a number of years within three miles of it.

Under the east window—a successful and appropriate restoration—Alexander II. lies interred; and near by is the heart of Robert the Bruce, which Lord Douglas strove, unsuccessfully, to carry to the Holy Land. Many a monk and many a warrior has gone to dust under the moss at Melrose—St. Waldevus, the second abbot, among them. On an ancient stone in the Eighth Chapel there is a Latin inscription, with this appendix: "Pray for the soul of Peter the Treasurer." I think there should be special prayers for all treasurers,

inasmuch as their lives are beset with temptations. Tom Purdy, Scott's faithful forester, is buried in the churchyard, under a stone erected by his loving master.

It is the utter ruin of the once splendid edifice that appeals to you as you take your last look at Melrose. In the middle of the twelfth century it was completed and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by the Cistercian monks, who lavished upon it all that art and devotion can achieve. In less than two centuries it was destroyed by the English in their retreat under Edward II. Since then its history has been varied, but the last chapter is the most sorrowful of all. There it stands, roofed with the sky, shined upon, rained upon, blown through and through by the winds; a sweet, solemn, pathetic shadow of itself—a memory and a regret.

Driving over the hill, the carriage halted suddenly in the road, under a cluster of trees. We knew it was the spot we were seeking; for there were a half dozen vehicles drawn up in the shade, awaiting the return of the guests, who were at that moment somewhere in the building. Yes, it was Abbotsford. Passing down a green lane, we turned under a wall of the garden thickly covered with ivy, entered a private gate, crossed a grass-plot, and came to an ante-room, or office, where about twenty people were waiting to be shown over the premises. We were kept in that dismal room for nearly half an hour. The custodian, who had taken one party in charge and carefully locked the door after him, had much to explain; and it was with some difficulty that he persuaded the listeners to return to the office when he had made his accustomed round and talked himself out.

At last our turn came. We were admitted by the garrulous gentleman who had just collected a shilling a head from the preceding party, and who now locked us in with him on the sacred side of the door. Then followed a rapid, set description of the rooms through which we were led—the study, the library, the drawing-room, armory, and entrance hall. "This is Sir Walter's study," said the custodian, in the most business-like way. "That is his chair," pointing with a wand to a well-padded easy-chair standing by the desk on which so many thousand pages have been written. On the mantel were a few ornaments, just as Scott left them full many a year ago. His books were there,—books of all sizes and descriptions, but such as he was most in need of when at work. Half-way up the wall is a small gallery with an iron railing, encircling three sides of the room. A light iron stair leads to it, and at the farther end is a door opening into the bedroom he used to occupy. It was his custom to steal out of that room on restless nights, and, passing along the gallery, descend to his solitary work while all the rest of the household slept. Fancy that grand old man in nightcap, dressing-gown, and slippers, with candle in hand, coming into his study at 2 a. m.!

The library is a handsome room, sixty by fifty feet, with a ceiling of richly-carved oak, and contains twenty thousand volumes. These books are kept behind a wire screen, and are never moved except at the annual dusting season. The portrait of his son hangs above the mantel. In the deep window is a cabinet of relics, some of them highly interesting. We were shown the last suit of clothes Sir Walter wore: a broad-skirted green coat, with big buttons, plaid trowsers, heavy shoes, broad-brimmed hat, and stout walking-stick. These he put off when he went to his bed never to rise again. That silver vase, the gift of Lord Byron, is no longer in the library. The present proprietors of Abbotsford seem to fear the mob of tourists who besiege the gates in pleasant weather all the year round. There is much that is elegant and interesting in the drawing-room, especially the original sketches by Turner illustrating Scott's "Provincial Antiquities."

The armory is so small that it seems like a playhouse of weapons. It resembles the entrance hall of almost any respectable private dwelling—I mean as for size,—but is very elegant in its appointments. This hall divides the drawing-room from the dining-room, but to the latter we were not admitted. In that dining-room what feasts have not been given; what gatherings of royal souls, what bursts of wit, what convocations of noble fellowship! And in that room he died; yet we were not permitted to look in at the door for one little moment. The entrance hall is another museum of antiquities. I happened to see in the corner the crucifix of Queen Mary, and wondered how it felt there among fragments of sculpture from crumbling abbeys and the rest of the curios of less affinity.

We looked out of the broad windows onto the lawn that slopes to the edge of the Tweed. The hills beyond looked hazy, and the river flowed silently by, under the spreading boughs that nearly swept its placid current. From another window, on the opposite side of the house, we saw the grave of one of Scott's pet dogs. There is a small stone with a name cut in it; but we were so hurried by our impatient custodian, and so crowded by our companions, that it was hardly possible to make it out. Having paid our shilling, it was our privilege to inscribe our names in the visitors' book, and retire by the same gate through which we entered.

Nothing of the garden or the grounds could we roam over; not one-half the ground-floor of the house was shown us. We were herded like sheep till there was a room full, and then we were driven through the apartments I have mentioned, and ushered out without more ado. They who live in the home of Scott no doubt find us very tiresome and persistent people; but we who love Abbotsford, and have come long pilgrimages to see it, think that, of the two, the residents are the more objectionable. We turned our backs on the fine old mansion with hearts full of the bitterest disappointment. O for a day such as Irving spent there, and such as many another less worthy guest has been favored with! If the house were indeed open—untenanted by any save the ghosts of those who once frequented it in the flesh,—how dear it would be to us, and how precious would be the remembrance of our pilgrimage!

Down a long road, over the hills beyond Melrose, with the vale of Lammermoor in view at one point, and a delightful landscape always around you; over a swing-bridge, that makes you feel queer before you get across it and pay your penny toll; up a lane that leads to a footpath, deep, narrow, and densely shaded; and then off to the right, between a high wall and a row of thickly-leaved trees, that make a perpetual twilight in the place,—it is thus you come upon all that is left of Dryburgh Abbey and the tomb of Scott.

Standing at the west doorway—a crumbling arch swathed in ivy,—you look up the grand path that was once the nave of the abbey church. At the far end still stands a fragment of the high altar and a font full of rain-water. To the left of this altar is a chapel called St. Mary's Aisle, right against the north transept. This solemn and sacred ruin is a legacy of the twelfth century. In the chapel—the most beautiful that I know of in the range of abbey ruins—lie the remains of Walter Scott, his wife, his eldest son, and Lockhart, his son-in-law. Sitting in the sunshine of the soft English summer, and listening to the rooks that cry from the green summits of the tottering walls, I think of these haunts of Scott—of Melrose and Abbotsford, and all the pleasant paths that lie hereabout;—and I turn the pages of a volume that I have stumbled upon, and read this record of the last days of the Wizard of the North. The Rev. Lorenzo Gilfillan writes:

"At Edinburgh, on the morning of the 11th of June, 1832, Sir Walter was lifted into his carriage,—left, and knew not that he was leaving, his own romantic town forever. He remained torpid till, descending the valley of the Gala, he raised his head and began, like a man waking from a dream, to gaze about him. Suddenly he murmured: 'Gala Water, surely: Buckleolm, Torwoodle!'

"When he saw the Eildons he became greatly excited; and when, turning on his couch, he suddenly caught sight of Abbotsford, he uttered a cry of delight and could hardly be kept in the carriage. His excitement continued ungovernable until he reached the threshold of the door. Laidlaw was in waiting, and assisted in carrying him to the dining-room. Here he sat bewildered for a few minutes, when, resting his eyes on his old, kind friend, he said: 'Ah, Willie Laidlaw! How often, man, have I thought of you!'

"By this time his dogs assembled around him; they fawned on him, and licked his hands. He now sobbed and now smiled, till exhausted nature laid him asleep in his own Abbotsford."

Referring to the close of Scott's life, the same writer adds:

"This came about half-past one in the afternoon of September 2, when, in the presence of all his children, the sun of autumn shining softly in at the open window, and the Tweed uttering its silver monody, the spirit of Scott was released from its body of death."

I closed the volume, with a leaf from the tomb carefully folded between its pages, and a few moments later strode out into the twilight.

(To be continued.)

THE minds of men are so blind to their true interest, and their desires so capricious and unreasonable, that God could not punish men worse than by permitting everything to happen as they wish.—*More.*

Nature's Praise of God.*

BY THE RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D.D.

YE Unbelievers! come, look on the Spring!
See where the wood, a living temple, glows,
Whose flowering pillars upward fling
Their arches green, standing in stately rows.

Like incense, fragrance rises through the air;
The sun, a golden lamp, pours his rich light;
And in sweet harmony the hymn of prayer
Is chanted by the birds from leafy height.

The heavens bend, stooping to earth low down,
To weave their colors through the happy flowers,
While every being wears love's royal crown,
And feels the presence of the higher Powers.

O say not, in your meaningless conceit,
You comprehend the boundless mystery,
And know it all to be a mere deceit—
A clock whose works tell their own history!

Your words are vain and die upon the tongue,
While the whole earth is vocal with the praise
Of God; and every heart, again grown young,
The blessing drinks, and lives delightful days.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A NEW SCHOOL.

THERE is no reason why we should be ashamed to adopt the maxim of a famous French writer and take our own whenever we find it. "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve*," he said. John Wesley, in his attempt to put some fire and zeal into the moribund English Church, did not hesitate to go to Italy for his Sunday-school, his revivals, and many of his hymns. And does not the late Mr. Beecher, in his

* From the German of Manuel Geibel.

preface to the famous Plymouth Church Hymnal, give credit to the Church for the hymns the Protestant denominations have appropriated? Then why, when a chance comes, should we not take our wealth back again without a blush? The Rev. Dr. Loughlin, and Mr. Mosher, of the *Reading Circle Review*, are evidently of this opinion. They, with a great number of other Catholics, have recognized the utility of the Chatauqua idea, and have not been ashamed to thank the Methodists for suggesting it. It is not a new idea, though in its present form it is new; and one can not sufficiently admire the skill with which it has been put into practice. The plan itself is as old as Plato; and in the New Testament we read that the multitude followed Our Lord out to the lakes and green fields,—not for the purpose of having amusement, but for edification.

If Prejudice alone prevents anybody from agreeing with those Catholics who have determined to adapt the Chatauqua system to our needs, let us bid Prejudice unfurl her wings and flee; she is a black bat unless she is nurtured by Principle, which is very seldom. If Pride, let Pride be kicked out. What is good *is* good, whether Catholics originate it or not. After all, the art and beauty of our worship did not come down from heaven on the first Christmas Day: it belonged to the Greeks and some of it to the Romans, and the wisdom of the Church developed and enhanced it.

The intention is to form a summer settlement somewhere, after the manner of the Chatauqua town, where some of us can improve our minds, cultivate our tastes, and strengthen the weak places in a neglected education. "It will interfere with the colleges," says a timid soul, in a letter before me. Not at all. It will give even older people such a thirst for complete knowledge that they will strive harder to send their children to college. It will be a stimulus: it will excite interest in schools and colleges, and help to kill that frivolity which makes the summer vacation an exercise in gossip and dancing; it will give those inveterate enemies of round dancing a chance to put some more rational amusement in its place, and afford something beyond mere social banalities to talk about.

If the circulation of Catholic books and periodicals is to increase in this country, something must be done beyond appeals and denunciations in the Catholic press. The Catholic of to-day—the average Catholic—is not as solidly instructed in the principles of Christianity, or the reason for the practices of his religion, as his grandfather was. Why? Because the daily paper occupies all his leisure, Sunday and week-days? Because he seldom reads a book, while the good, old-fashioned books were seldom out of his ancestors' hands in moments of leisure? "Resolve me why!" I do not pretend to prove my assertion, because nearly all our grandfathers are dead; but I leave the corroboration of it to your memory.

A summer meeting of teachers, and all others interested in spiritual and mental cultivation, is a desirable thing. It is asked for, too, by many young people, who saw the old system of literary institutes disappear without much regret. It is in earnest, energetic hands; it has a good model in the Chatauqua arrangement; there is nothing against it, but that prejudice which Ozanam had against him in the beginning. Is it on record that St. Francis of Assisi or St. Charles Borromeo or St. Francis of Sales or Cardinal Manning refused to grasp a new plan simply because of prejudice? Let us take our own wherever we find it,—and all that is good is our own.

The name Chatauqua has been objected to. We have no right to steal that name; and it is not a "Catholic Chatauqua" we are to have at all, for several reasons,—one of which is that it will be many years before we could have anything approaching to it; and another, that Bishop Vincent's

anti-Popery utterances—common sense and greater experience are inducing him to tone them down—have unhappily given the name Chatauqua an aroma of bigotry it does not deserve. A better name will be found.

Above all, do not let us sneer at this new project. Voltaire made the sneer unpopular with all decent people. Do the young people about you keep up their studies after they leave school? Ask them —those of your acquaintance—how many good books—not only professedly religious books, but *good* books—they read in 1891. They dropped that sort of thing when they left school, did they not? Why is it that the clever girl who studies finds so many of the young men—Catholics—unsatisfactory? Why is it that the average intellectual cultivation among our young men is so low?

There are answers to these questions; you have heard them: That a young woman has no business to learn anything beyond her Catechism, and the arts of which the thimble is the symbol; that any young man that knows his Catechism is good enough for her; that old people had better stick to their prayer-books. But we can not boast of the patronage of learning by the Church on our side, and misquote her authority for keeping our people in ignorance on the other.

THE Church is the poet of her children: full of music to soothe the sad and control the wayward; wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, so that gentle and delicate feelings, which will not bear words, may in silence intimate their presence or commune with themselves. Her very being is poetry. Every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the mitre, the thurible, is a fulfilment of some dream of childhood or aspiration of youth.—*Newman.*

"In the Name of Our Lady."

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON, better known in literature as "H. H.," although not a Catholic, has left us in her writings many beautiful and touching records of the old days in California, ere the mad rush for gold drove before it, and almost obliterated, the customs introduced or sanctioned by the Mission Fathers.

Among the beautiful stories preserved for us in her stirring words is that of the founding of Los Angeles; or, as the dozen devout soldiers who made the establishment called it, Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles,—"Our Lady the Queen of Angels." In peace or war, borne by men on foot or mounted in a gay cavalcade, we are told the flag of the Virgin Mother, with her sweet face portrayed upon it, was carried side by side with the royal flag of Spain.

They were not young men, those brave fellows who named the City of the Angels. They had fought for the King and the Church in many lands; and their names have been preserved for us in the documents which made them, as a reward for long, faithful, and gallant service, the owners of vast domains in that fair spot of earth, not too near the sea, not too far removed from it. "Twenty-three young children there were in the band," says H. H.; "poor little waifs of camp and march. What a 'braw flitting' was it for them, away from the drum-beat forever into the shelter of their own sunny home!" And of the mothers, of whom there were eleven, "doubtless," says Mrs. Jackson, "they rejoiced the most." Surely they did.

With prayers and rejoicings the banner of Our Lady was unfurled, and the limits of the new town defined. Then began an idyllic life for the faithful soldiers and their descendants. There was little need of hard toil; for the climate was, summer

and winter, like a bounteous mother; and existence in that favored spot was as simple as it was happy.

To their religious observances of every kind they adhered with the unhesitating tenacity of children. As late as 1830 one of the most beautiful of these customs was still in full force. Every morning, at the rising of the morning-star, the oldest member of each family would arise and begin a hymn; then the other members of the family would awaken and join the song, which was usually a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. From one end of the town to the other the sweet notes would ring out, until the whole soft air was vocal. One of these hymns is freely translated as follows:

Come, O sinners,—
Come, and we will sing
Tender hymns
To our Refuge.

Singers at dawn,
From the heavens above,
People all regions;
Gladly we, too, sing,—

Singing harmoniously,
Saying to Mary:
"O beautiful Queen!
Princess of Heaven!

"Your beautiful head
Crownèd we see;
The stars are adorning
Your beautiful hair.

"Your eyebrows are arched,
Your forehead serene;
Your face turned always
Looks toward God.

"Your eyes' radiance
Is like beautiful stars;
Like a white dove,
You are true to your Spouse."

In obscure homes in the mountains of California one even now hears these morning hymns. But, alas for the City of the Angels!—the old Spanish city has been crowded into a corner by the force men call progress. The cracked bell of the old mission church still rings out over the plaza, but the roar from the streets of the tumultuous young city drowns its sacred voice.

A Word to Certain Pessimists.

IN "Outre Mer" we read of "two melancholy gentlemen, to whom life was only a Dismal Swamp, upon whose margin they walked with cambric handkerchiefs in their hands, sobbing and sighing, and making signals to Death to come and ferry them over the lake." Like to these are the men who are ever moaning over the outlook of Catholicity, sighing for the Ages of Faith, bewailing the lukewarmness of the times, etc. They hear the measured tread of progress in science and in art, and to their timid ears it means reproach to the Church; they behold the spread of infidelity, and each recruit to its ranks they mentally subtract from the census roll of Catholics; secret societies hold conventions, and the citadel of the Church is undermined and must fall. Prophets of evil, they cry aloud: "Faith is dying out! The world is becoming more and more unregenerate! Has God, then, turned from His people?" And they are scandalized.

Dark clouds hiding the bright sunshine of heaven are such "mourners in Israel." They dishonor their mother the Church when they speak thus. They forget that all science and all art are fostered in her bosom, that she has ever been the preserver and dispenser of knowledge; they lose sight of the fact that while infidelity gains in numbers, it is recruited by those who do not find in the multitude of sects that peace which truth must give; and they are wrong in thinking that infidels are "past praying for," or all of hardened hearts and hopelessly darkened minds. As for secret societies, the Church, as an institution, has nothing to fear from them. They are nothing new, and for being more numerous than formerly are in a true sense less dangerous. The pessimists fail to remember that "stars have fallen from heaven," and yet darkness has not come upon the earth; in fine, their

hearts, it would seem, have forgotten the promise of God Himself: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Father Faber tells us: "As sight goes for little in the world of faith, in nothing does it go for less than in the seeming evil of the world. Everywhere evil is undermined by good; it is only that good is undermost. As much evil as we see, so much good or more do we know assuredly lies under it, which if not equal to the evil in extent, is far greater in weight and power and worth and substance." These are truths upon which every pessimist should ponder.

Troublous as are the times to the Church and her supreme head, there is much to encourage us, and to call forth thanks to God. Throughout the world we find evidences of piety which proclaim the age to be one of faith, despite mixed marriages, Godless education, pernicious literature, and all else that is opposed to the spread of God's kingdom on earth. Pilgrimages to sacred shrines, the growth of confraternities, the increase of religious orders, the multiplication of works dependent upon public charity, the foundation everywhere of Catholic schools, the erection of myriad churches and chapels over all the land, the large number of vocations to the priesthood, the flourishing condition of foreign missions,—these and many other signs prove the error of those who bemoan the weakening of the spirit of faith. When was an encyclical read with greater interest than was that which lately came from the trenchant pen of Leo XIII.? The Pope was never a more important figure in the world than to-day. Stripped of his temporal power, a prisoner in the city which is his by every right, his spiritual authority increases day by day. We may ask: Is it a mark of the Church's indifference to learning to throw open the Vatican Library to all students, irrespective of creed? Is the age that produces a Father Damien and a Curé of Ars without the halo that surrounds heroic sanctity? While the power of anti-Catholic organizations is matter for prayer and solicitude, we should not forget that there are 20,000,000 members of the League of the Sacred Heart, of which number 705,000 are English-speaking associates. We may deplore the dissemination of evil literature, but the good is everywhere abundant. Still is the "Imitation of Christ" the most popular, most sought-for book after the Bible itself. Thousands upon thousands of copies of lives of Our Lord are published and eagerly read. The world does not—can not—ignore Christ. Of all the books published in the present half century, "Our Lady of Lourdes" is among the most successful. Translated into the principal modern languages, it has had millions of interested readers. It has shown that the arm of the Lord is not shortened; that the influence of her at whose request He wrought His first miracle is not lessened, that she loves and watches over us.

In our own country, especially, are the signs promising. There are dangers, it is true; but they are not so alarming as the pessimist would have us believe. The assembly held in Baltimore a few years ago shows conclusively that worth, intellect and faith are to be found in the sons of that land whose patroness is the Mother of God, declared immaculate in her conception in this very age. With a Catholic University at the nation's capital, freedom of worship from East to West, the prayers of unnumbered hidden saints, a zealous hierarchy, a devoted clergy, pious mothers, increased zeal for Christian education, we have everything to hope at the hands of God, "who will be mindful forever of His covenant: He will show forth to His people the power of His works."

A WIDE-SPREADING, hopeful disposition is a true umbrella in this vale of tears.—*Aldrich.*

Notes and Remarks.

The approaching quarto-centenary of Columbus has very naturally awakened renewed interest in all that pertains to the discovery and the discoverers of America. Among those who have written on the subject are some who have not scrupled to minimize the credit due to the Genoese navigator, and have endeavored to transfer the aureola of glory from the head of Columbus to that of some previous voyager to the Western World. We are glad, therefore, that Mr. John Fiske, in his recently published "Discovery of America" —a work pronounced by the New York *Sun* the most valuable contribution to history that has been made by an American,—fully acknowledges the debt of the world to Columbus. The whole question of the comparative credit due to the various discoverers is summed up by him in one sentence: "In the midsummer of 1492, the New World needed to be discovered as much as if Leif Ericsson or the whole race of Northmen had never existed."

Commenting on the fact that the late Sir Oscar Clayton bequeathed to the Princess of Wales an ivory crucifix, the London *Weekly Register* remarks: "Strange to say, the Prince Consort, whose belief in dogmatic Christianity would hardly have been satisfactory to even an Anglican archdeacon, found consolation in the symbols and pictures which express and enshrine Catholic sentiment and belief. During his last illness he was again and again comforted by beholding a copy of Raphael's 'Colonna Madonna' he had given to the Queen three years before. Once, very near the end, when her Majesty was assisting him from the bed to the sofa, he turned to look at the picture of Our Lady, and said: 'It helps me half through the day.'"

During his pilgrimage to Fabriano to venerate the body of St. Romuald, founder of the Hermits of Camaldoli, St. Benedict Labre received hospitality from a pious family with whom he remained some hours. On going away he asked for a sheet of paper, on which he wrote a prayer in Latin, which he left with his hosts; assuring them that if they recited it with faith, their houses and those of their neighbors would be preserved from destruction by fire, lightning, and earthquakes. Some years afterward a terrible earthquake destroyed many houses in Fabriano; but that in which the pilgrim Saint had stopped, and also those adjoining, received no injury, although situated in the quarter which suffered the most. The inhabitants attributed this preservation to the prayer of the holy mendicant. We have printed slips of this prayer, with a translation, for those who may wish to have it. It is rather a brief series of Christian truths, to be followed by the recitation of the *Pater*, *Ave*, *Credo*, and *Gloria*.

The corner-stone of the McMahon Hall of Philosophy, a new department of the Catholic University of America, was laid, with appropriate exercises, on the 27th ult. Addresses were delivered by Cardinal Gibbons and Charles J. Bonaparte, Esq., after which His Eminence blessed the stone. The new building will not be ready for occupancy until the autumn of 1894; meantime the Rt. Rev. Rector of the University will recruit a faculty of philosophy.

A Plenary Indulgence, granted with the usual conditions in the form of a Jubilee, may be gained by a visit to the Sanctuary of Lourdes during "all the days of May," and once within the two months included between August 15 and October 15.

Those of our readers who have had the pleasure of listening to the wondrous playing of Remenyi, who is perhaps the greatest living master of the violin, will be interested to know that he, like all the great masters of tonal-art, from Palestrina and Haydn to Liszt and Gounod, is a devout Catholic and a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin. The gold coins of Hungary, when an independent kingdom, bore her effigy. One of these Remenyi carries with him in his violin case, and delights to exhibit to his friends. The violinist's deceased brother was a priest; and he himself began a seminary course, but was

advised by his superiors to devote himself to a musical career. His success has been extraordinary, and delighted admirers of his genius the world over are of opinion that he has few if any superiors in mastery of the most musical of instruments. He has been called "the Chopin of the violin." M. Remenyi is a man of charming personality, as remarkable for simplicity and good nature as for his musical talents.

There is abundant evidence of the vigorous faith existing in France, notwithstanding the noisy, anti-Christian agitation, the echoes of which have filled the world. The large number of works on the life of Our Lord that have been published by Catholic scholars in that country within the last few years, and the crowds that lately flocked to hear the sermons of Père Didon, the foremost of these writers, prove that, whatever may be said to the contrary, faith still flourishes in Catholic France. On a recent Sunday the congregation in the Madeleine, where the renowned Dominican preached, numbered 3,500 persons, and as many as 2,700 had to be turned away for lack of room. A young friend in Paris writes that he found it difficult to secure a seat two hours before the time of the sermon, the church being already crowded by an eager, expectant assembly.

Commenting upon the editorial quarrelling noticeable among its exchanges, the editor of the *Monitor* treats Catholic journalists to a short lecture that is not without its good points. For instance: "This journalistic quarrelling... steals from the subscriber the space in which he expects to find liberality, justice, wisdom, and the scholarly analysis of current events." As a matter of fact, we think that fully as much good would be effected by the Catholic press if editors were less imbued with the bellicose spirit; and we fully agree with Mr. McGuire's conclusion, that "we need harmony, dignity, courtesy, and many times the liberality of silence."

Writing from British Burmah to the San Francisco *Monitor*, the Rev. H. P. Peeters, C. S. C., pleads for American aid for Catholic mission work in that Oriental clime. Father Peeters makes the point that the task of enlightening Protestant ignorance and removing Protestant prejudice, now being accomplished by the Catholic Truth Societies of England and America, will in a few years become necessary in Burmah also, if the Catholic missions in that country are not better supported. The Baptist missions, it appears, are well supplied with funds to carry on their proselytism; and Father Peeters claims that it will be easier to convert the natives primarily to the truth than to do so after they have become imbued with Baptist error. There can be no doubt that charity exercised in this direction will produce abundant fruit.

As an offset to the fiendish work of the Anarchists in France, it is gratifying to learn that a reformation is being effected in the French drama. A play recently produced in Paris has attracted attention because of its freedom from the questionable frivolities and salacious suggestions that of late years have made the minor French theatres veritable schools of infamy. As indicative of a change in the public taste and a movement toward higher moral standards, the event is not unimportant, especially as the cleaner style of drama is likely, through translations, to pass from France to most other countries. At present there is too much foundation for the popular opinion among English-speaking people, that French plays and French novels are generally unfit for presentation or perusal. We welcome the evolution whose result will be better work in both drama and romance.

Antoinette Peyret, who recently died at Lourdes, in her fifty-sixth year, was in her youth a companion of Bernadette, and, on the occasion of the third apparition of Our Lady, was the recipient from the celestial Queen of a favor which sweetened her whole after-life. On the 18th of February, 1858, Antoinette and another woman accompanied Bernadette to the Grotto. The last mentioned had, at Antoinette's suggestion, brought writing materials; she was to ask the Vision to make known her wishes, and consign them to paper. Bernadette remained for some minutes at the

foot of the rosebush, and then returned to her companions with the paper still blank. "Well, what did she say?" asked Antoinette. —"She smiled, and then said: 'What I have to say to you need not be put in writing. Come here during fifteen days.' I promised, and then she said to me: 'I can not render you happy in this world, but I promise you happiness in the next.'" Addressing Antoinette, Bernadette added: "She looked at you, and smiled as she looked." Antoinette lived on that smile for thirty-four years, a simple Child of Mary, and a member of the Third Order of Carmelites. She died on the Feast of the Purification of the present year.

The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Charles Edward McDonnell, Bishop of Brooklyn, took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the 25th ult. The highly impressive ceremonies were witnessed by more than five hundred of the Rev. and Rt. Rev. clergy, and an unusually large concourse of the laity. Archbishop Corrigan was the consecrating prelate, and the Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., delivered the sermon.

New Publications.

SOME LIES AND ERRORS OF HISTORY. By the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Office of THE "AVE MARIA."

Although the lies and errors of history have been exposed and corrected by some of the most eminent Catholic writers, the fact that their works were too voluminous, or not presented to the public in a concrete form, has prevented general readers from acquiring that accurate knowledge of the truth which is indispensable for the refutation of the absurd charges reiterated in the most tiresome manner against the Church. Whether these charges be general or particular, it can not be doubted that they find ready believers in the ignorant and the prejudiced; and to save the former from the evil effects produced on their credulity by specious falsehood, and to convict the latter of a malicious readiness to accept and defend what their inner consciences reject as untrue, such a book as "Some Lies and Errors of History" can not fail to be of incalculable value.

One has but to glance at its table of contents to realize its worth. Not a question is treated which does not at once appeal to the interest of the reader, and the importance of which sincere investigators of truth can not readily recognize. "Pope Alexander VI."; "The Alleged Ante-Mortem Funeral of Charles V."; "Bruno and Campanella"; "St. Cyril of Alexandria and the Murder of Hypatia"; "The Divorce of Napoleon and Josephine"; "Fénelon and Voltaire"; "Galileo"; "The Grey Cardinal"; "'I am the State!'—Did Louis XIV. Ever Say So?"; "The Truth about the Inquisition"; "Louis XI.—The Travestied and the Real"; "Richelieu as an Ecclesiastic"; "Louis XIII. as He Was"; "The Nature of Tasso's Imprisonment"; "Wicked Venice"; "The Last Word on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day"; "The Middle Age Not a Starless Night"; "The Man with the Iron Mask"; "The Holy Wars: Their Object and Results"; "The 'Orthodox' Russian and the Schismatic Greek Churches,"—such subjects are eminently well adapted to attract the attention not only of the scholar versed in historical lore, but also of the student groping for truth.

To say that Dr. Parsons has treated these subjects in an entertaining manner is faint praise indeed. When we consider the difficult task which he had to perform—the necessity which he was under of bringing within the limits of a single essay questions that an exhaustive discussion would have rendered tiresomely long—we begin to realize the debt of gratitude which we owe him, and to appreciate the great learning and ability which made his undertaking possible and secured the success of his efforts. His aim seems to have been, not to give a complete view of the various subjects handled, but to exhibit in a prominent manner the falsehoods which ignorance, prejudice, and malice have disseminated; and to state, with the simplicity, vigor, and clearness of conviction, truths with which, sad to say, our Catholic reading public are too little acquainted. He has carefully omitted all *minutiæ* not strictly necessary to accomplish his purpose, and has avoided making

statements which are the least doubtful or at variance with strict historical accuracy. His pages bristle with authorities so aptly quoted that we know not which to admire the more, his extensive reading and broad grasp of facts, or the simple familiarity with which he introduces to us the great authors of the present and of medieval times. That the public will appreciate "Some Lies and Errors of History," no one who has read Dr. Parsons' contributions in THE "AVE MARIA," or is acquainted with his "Studies in Church History," can for a moment doubt. Its learning, honesty, and the importance of the questions treated, no less than the author's easy, graceful style, should obtain for it the popularity which it deserves, and the approbation which all Catholics should willingly extend to a meritorious defence of the truths of history.

SUCCAT. THE STORY OF SIXTY YEARS OF THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK. A. D. 373–433. By Monsignor Gradwell. Catholic Publication Society.

From Claughton-on-Brock comes a new life-story of Ireland's great and well-beloved Apostle,—a story which carries us through that period of St. Patrick's career when his soul was in preparation for the deeds which God had preordained should be his in after-years. The spot assigned as his birthplace by Monsignor Gradwell is Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, Scotland; and in a note in the appendix we find proofs confirming this assertion, cited from the Saint's own writings, and deduced from historical and other sources. The description of Conchessa, the mother of Succat, as St. Patrick was called before his apostolate to Ireland, is indeed charming; and though the writer's fancy has defined her appearance, character and career rather clearly, considering the mists of time that roll between the fourth and the nineteenth century, he has given us a pleasing pen-picture, to be remembered when once read. The progress of Roman arms, the invasion of the Picts and Scots, and the rovings of the Frankish tribes, form very interesting reading, interwoven as the recital is with gleams of Christianity and glimpses of the boyhood of St. Patrick. His captivity in Ireland, his escape, and his subsequent career as colaborer with Germanus, the holy Bishop of Auxerre, are well recounted; though we find many of the statements prefaced with, "He very likely," "It is highly probable," "It is possible," "It is not difficult to imagine that he,"—all of which have a tendency to detract from the value of the work, otherwise so worthy the subject. The book is dedicated to the Most Rev Archbishop of Glasgow, and is a graceful offering, breathing of the fresh perfume of Scotland's heather-broidered hills, and the delightful air of Erin, so dear to the heart of St. Patrick; and, above all, redolent of faith and charity.

CHRISTIAN ANTHROPOLOGY. By the Rev. John Thein. With an Introduction by Prof. Charles G. Herberman, Ph. D., LL. D. Benziger Brothers.

Anthropology — the science of man,— although but recently recognized as a distinct branch of science, is daily assuming greater importance. Geology, biology, archæology, history,—all contribute toward making it one of the most interesting and most eagerly cultivated of the various departments of knowledge. The number of books on the subject that have appeared during the last thirty years would of themselves suffice to fill a large library. Indeed, so great has become the mass of material that has accumulated during this period, that no one but a specialist could attempt to keep abreast with the progress of research, or to inform himself as to what has already been accomplished. The field open for investigation is a fertile one, embracing the whole earth. And if the science of anthropology, yet in its infancy, has already achieved such wonders, what may we not expect from it a few decades hence?

In view of the interest and importance of a science that is so intimately concerned as is anthropology with the history of our race, we are disposed to welcome any work on the subject that is treated from a Christian—or, still better, from a Catholic—point of view. The book before us is a handsome volume in octavo, of 576 pages, including a brief but well-written introduction by Prof. Herberman. It discusses all the more salient topics usually considered in such works. To say that Father Thein has done his work well is saying much. The task was one of great magnitude, and the labor involved proportionally difficult. The volume bears evidence on every

page of careful and extensive reading, and a discriminating use, on the part of the author, of the materials on which he bases his inferences. Such a work, giving the results of the latest scientific research, was sadly needed by that class of cultured readers who have not the leisure to peruse anything more than a *résumé* of what has been written on the subject. For those who may be inclined to extend their investigations, Father Thein has carefully cited his authorities—giving title and page,—so that the work of reference and comparison is made easy and simple.

The book treats of the various theories that modern science has advanced regarding the origin and condition of primitive man; the unity and antiquity of the human species; the Noachian Deluge, its causes and extent; the immortality of the soul and its future life, together with many other equally interesting topics. The author shows—what every Catholic knows to be a fact, but what non-Catholics seem to ignore—that there is, and can be, no conflict between science and religion, however great may be the discrepancy between the conclusions of scientists, alleged or real, and those of the interpreters of the inspired record. He demonstrates that science, not theory or speculation, and Catholic dogma, not individual opinions or conclusions, teach, and necessarily so, one and the same thing; and that anything like a conflict between the two, proceeding as they do from the same source—Truth itself—is, in the very nature of the case, an impossibility.

We cordially commend "Christian Anthropology" to our readers; and doubt not that it, being as it is one of the most important Catholic publications that has appeared in a long time, will receive the appreciation it so justly merits.

THE GHOST AT OUR SCHOOL, AND OTHER STORIES. Reprinted from THE "AVE MARIA." By Marion J. Brunowe. H. L. Kilner & Co.

"The Ghost at Our School"! What a delightful shiver of expectation that title does awaken! And in this case there is as much in the story as in the name. Miss Brunowe has the touch needed to interest children; and what is really good reading for young folk is sure to give pleasure to older readers. This little book, neatly bound, contains ten stories reprinted from THE "AVE MARIA"; and each one is full of life,—not life in fiction, but real, everyday life, for everyday boys and girls. "The Opposition Club" and "Billy Mahon" will, in boys' vernacular, "strike home with some fellows." And "That Stupid Girl" and "How Margery Managed for Christmas" will especially please the young misses. Marion J. Brunowe—whose letter to the *Catholic Review*, some time ago, advocating healthful reading for the young, attracted wide notice—is not a mere theorist, but an active and efficient worker, as these bright stories amply testify.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Francis Rassart, of Academy, Ind., who passed away on the 23d ult., in the ninety-ninth year of his age. He was a good Christian, of whom it can be said that he died full of days and merits.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barry, whose happy death took place on the 19th ult., in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Margaretta M. Ward, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose life closed peacefully on the 7th ult.

Mr. George J. Timmons, who died suddenly on the 10th of February, in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. James Sheerin, of Boston, Mass., who was called to the reward of a good life on the 16th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Cummings, who departed this life on the 18th ult., in New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Smith, of the same city, who ended her days on Good-Friday.

Mr. Seymour B. Stoutenburgh, who piously yielded his soul to God at Alexandria, Va., on March 15.

Mr. Francis A. Farrell, of Newark, N. J., who peacefully breathed his last on Holy Saturday.

Mrs. Joseph A. Kernan, who bade farewell to earth on the 23d ult., in New York city.

Mr. C. G. Dixon and Mrs. Bridget Herald, of Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. B. Trainor, Pawtucket, R. I.; John Pembroke O'Flaherty, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. John Cloran, Mrs. Mary McGuire, Miss Elizabeth Dempsey, Mr. James Levens, Jr., Mrs. James Levens, Mr. James McMahon, John McLaughlin, and Mr. John Carrigan,—all of Galena, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

☞ Persons sending obituary notices are requested to write the name, etc., of deceased relatives or friends on separate sheets of paper.



'Tis May! 'tis May!

BY A. BARRY.

'TIS May! 'tis May! And each glad day, from morning fair till even,
All voices raise a hymn of praise to greet the Queen of Heaven;
Sweet blossoms wild that lately smiled in hidden nooks and shady,
In wreaths we twine to deck the shrine where sits enthroned Our Lady.
With prayer and song her children throng to greet their Virgin Mother,
And still protest that in each breast she reigns o'er every other:
To make this true of me and you should be our firm endeavor;
For so our May shall last for aye, and Mary reign forever.

A May-Day Gift.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

EARLY on the morning of the 1st of May, Abby Clayton ran downstairs, exclaiming by way of greeting to the household:

"A bright May Day! A bright May Day!"

"It isn't very *bright*, I'm sure!" grumbled her little brother Larry, who clattered after her. "There's no sunshine; and the wind blows so hard I sha'n't be able to sail my new boat on the pond in the park. It's mighty hard lines! I don't see why it can't be pleasant on a holiday. Think of all the shiny days we've had when a fellow had to be in school. Now, when there's a chance for some fun, it looks as if it were going to rain great guns!"

"Well, it won't," said Abby, pausing in the hall to glance back at him, as he perched upon the baluster above her. "It won't rain great guns, nor pitchforks, nor cats and dogs, nor even torrents. It's going to clear up. Don't you know that some people say the sun generally shines, for a few minutes anyhow, on Saturdays in honor of the Blessed Virgin?"

"This isn't Saturday," objected Larry, somewhat indignantly.

"Yes, but it is the 1st of May; and if that is not our Blessed Mother's day too, I'd like to know what is!" said his sister.

"I don't believe that about the sun shining," continued Larry. "If you *are* ten—only two years older than I am,—you don't know everything. I'm going to ask mother."

The children entered the breakfast room, greeted their father and mother, and then slipped into their places.

"Mother," began Larry, as he slowly poured the maple syrup over the crisp, hot pancakes upon his plate, "is it true that the sun always shines on Saturday in honor of the Blessed Virgin?"

"It is a pious and poetic saying," replied Mrs. Clayton. "But a legendary sentiment of this kind often hides a deeper meaning. For those who are devoted to the Blessed Virgin, there is never a day so dark but that the love of Our Lady shines through the gloom like a sunbeam, changing to the rosy and golden tints of hope the leaden clouds that shadowed their happiness; and blessing the closing day of life, which, to look back upon, seems but as the ending of a week."

Mrs. Clayton had hardly finished speaking, when a long ray of yellow light fell upon the tablecloth.

"There! the sun's out now, anyway! Crickey, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Larry.

"The clouds were only blown up by the wind," said his father. "I do not think we shall have rain to-day."

"Mother, may I put on a white dress and go to buy my May wreath?" asked Abby.

"The air is too cold for you to change your warm gown for a summer one, dear," returned Mrs. Clayton. "You may get the wreath, though; but be sure that you wear it over your hat."

Abby seemed to think it was now her turn to grumble.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured. "All the girls wear white dresses, and go without hats on May Day. I don't see why I can't!"

Her complaint made no impression, however; so she flounced out of the room.

"My mother is the most exaggerating person!" exclaimed the little girl, as she prepared for her shopping excursion. She meant aggravating; but, like most people who attempt to use large words the meaning of which they do not understand, she made droll mistakes sometimes.

Abby had fifteen cents, which her grandma had given her the day before.

"I'll hurry down to the Little Women's before the best wreaths are gone," she said to herself.

The place was a fancy store, kept by two prim but pleasant spinster sisters. Besides newspapers, stationery, thread and needles, and so forth, they kept a stock of toys, candies, and pickled limes, which insured them a run of custom among the young folk, who always spoke of them as the Little Women. Not to disappoint the confidence placed in them by their youthful patrons, they had secured an excellent assortment of the crowns of tissue-paper flowers which, in those days, every little girl considered essential to the proper observance of May Day.

Abby selected one which she and the Little Women made up their minds was the prettiest. It usually took both of the Little Women to sell a thing. If one showed it, the other descanted upon its merits, or wrapped it up in paper when the bargain was completed. Neither of them appeared to transact any business, even to the disposal of "a pickle lime" (as the children say), quite on her own responsibility.

After Abby had fully discussed the matter with them, therefore, she bought her wreath. It was made of handsome white tissue-paper roses, with green tissue-paper leaves, and had two long streamers. There was another of pink roses, which she thought would be just the thing for Larry to buy with the fifteen cents which he had received also. But Larry had said: "Pshaw! I wouldn't wear a wreath!" Abby didn't see why, because some boys wore them.

On the way home she met a number of her playmates. Several of them shivered in white dresses, and all were bareheaded except for their paper wreaths. Not one of the wreaths was so fine as Abby's, however. But, then, few little girls had fifteen cents to expend upon one. Abby perceived at a glance that most of those worn by her companions were of the ten-cent variety. The Little Women had them for eight; and even five copper pennies would buy a very good one, although the roses of the five-cent kind were pronounced by those most interested to be "little bits of things."

Abby talked to the girls a while, and then went home to exhibit her purchase. Her mother commented approvingly upon it; and the little girl ran down to the kitchen to show it to Delia the cook, who had lived with the family ever since Larry was a baby.

Delia was loud in her admiration.

"Oh, on this day they do have great doings in Ireland!" said she; "but nowadays, to be sure, it's nothing to what it was in old times. It was on May eve, I've heard tell, that St. Patrick lit the holy fire at Tara, in spite of the ancient pagan laws. And in the days when the country was known as the island of saints and of scholars, sure throughout the length and breadth of the land the monastery bells rang in the May with praises of the Holy Mother; and the canticles in her honor were as ceaseless as the song of the birds. And 'twas the fairies that were said to have great power at this season—"

"Delia, you know very well there are no fairies," interrupted Abby.

"Well, some foolish folk thought there were, anyhow," answered Delia. "And in Maytide the children and cattle, the milk and the butter, were kept guarded from them. Many and many an evening I've listened to my mother that's dead and gone—God rest her soul!—telling of an old woman that, at the time of the blooming of the hawthorn, always put a spent coal under the churn, and another beneath the grandchild's cradle, because that was said to drive the fairies away; and how primroses used to be scattered at the door of the house to prevent the fairies from stealing in, because they could not pass that flower. But you don't hear much of that any more; for the priest said 'twas superstition, and down from the heathenish times. So the old people came to see 'twas wrong to use such charms, and the young people laughed at the old women's tales. Now on May Day the shrines in the churches are bright with flowers, of course. And as for the innocent merrymakings, instead of a dance round the May or hawthorn bush, as in the olden times, in some places there's just perhaps a frolic on the village green, when the boys and girls come home from the hills and dales with their garlands of spring blossoms—not paper flowers like those," added Delia, with a contemptuous glance at Abby's wreath, forgetting how much she had admired it only a few moments before.

Somehow it did not now seem so beautiful to Abby either. She took it off, and gazed at it with a sigh.

"Here in New England the boys and girls go a-Maying," she said. "Last year, when we were in the country, Larry and I went with our cousins. We had such fun hanging May-baskets! I got nine. But," she went on, regretfully, "I don't expect any this year; for city children do not have those plays."

She went upstairs to the sitting-room, where Larry was rigging his boat anew. He had been to the pond, but the wind wrought such havoc with the little craft that he had to put into port for repairs.

Half an hour passed. Abby was dressing her beloved doll for an airing on the sidewalk, a promenade in a carriage, as the French say. While thus occupied she half hummed, half sang, in a low voice to herself a popular May hymn. When she

reached the refrain, Larry joined, and Delia appeared at the door just in time to swell the chorus with honest fervor:

"See, sweet Mary, on thy altars
Bloom the fairest flowers of May.
Oh, may we, earth's sons and daughters,
Grow by grace as fair as they!"

"If you please," said Delia at its close, "there's a man below stairs who says he has something for you both."

"For us!" exclaimed the children, starting up.

"Yes: your mother sent me to tell you. He says he was told to say as how he had a May-basket for you."

"A May-basket, Delia? What! All lovely flowers like those I told you about?" cried the little girl.

"Sure, child, and how could I see what was inside, and it so carefully done up?" answered Delia, evasively.

They did not question further, but rushed downstairs to see for themselves.

In the kitchen waited a foreign-looking man, with swarthy skin, and thin gold rings in his ears. On the floor beside him was a large, rough packing-basket.

"*That* a May-basket!" exclaimed Abby, hardly able to restrain the tears of disappointment which started to her eyes.

"*Si, signorita*," replied the man.

Her frown disappeared. It was certainly very nice to be addressed by so high-sounding a title. She wished she could get Delia to call her *signorita*. But no: she felt sure that Delia never would.

"Pshaw! It's only a joke!" said Larry, after a moment. "Somebody thinks this is April Fool Day, I guess."

"Have patience for a leetle minute, please," said the man, as he cast away the packing bit by bit. The children watched him with eager interest. By and by he took out a little bunch of lilies of the valley, which he handed to Abby with a low bow. Next he came to something shrouded in fold after fold of tissue-paper.

"And here is the fairest lily of them all," he said, in his poetic Italian fashion.

"What can it be, mother?" asked the little girl, wonderingly.

Mrs. Clayton smiled. "It is from Sartoris', the fine art store where you saw the beautiful pictures last week; that is all I know about it," she replied.

The man carefully placed the mysterious object on the table.

"It is some kind of a vase or an image," declared Larry.

"Why, so it is!" echoed Abby.

In another moment the tissue veil was torn aside, and there stood revealed a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin.

"Oh!" exclaimed Larry, in delight.

"How lovely!" added his sister.

The image was about two feet high, and of spotless Parian, which well symbolized the angelic purity it was intended to portray. To many, perhaps, it might appear simply a specimen of modelling, but little better than the average. However, those who looked on it with the eyes of faith saw before them, not so much the work itself, as the ideal of the artist.

The graceful figure of Our Lady at once suggested the ethereal and celestial. The long mantle, which fell in folds to her feet, signified her modesty and motherly protection; the meekly folded hands were a silent exhortation to humility and prayer; the tender, spiritual face invited confidence and love; the crown upon her brow proclaimed her sovereignty above all creatures and her incomparable dignity as Mother of God.

"And is this beautiful statue really ours —just Larry's and mine?" asked Abby.

"So the messenger says," returned Mrs. Clayton.

"Who could have sent it, I wonder?" inquired Larry.

The Italian pointed to the card attached to the basket. Abby took it off and read:

"To my little friends, Abby and Larry Clayton, with the hope that, especially during this month, they will try every day to do some little thing to honor our Blessed Mother.

"FATHER DOMINIC."

"From Father Dominic!" exclaimed the boy, in delight.

"How very good of him!" added Abby, gratefully.

Father Dominic—generally so called because his musical Italian surname was a stumbling-block to our unwieldy English speech—was a particular friend of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, who appreciated his culture and refinement, and admired his noble character and devotion to his priestly duties. He was an occasional visitor at their house, and took a great interest in the children.

"How nice of him to send us something we shall always love to have!" Abby ran on. "Now I can give the tiny image in my room to some one who hasn't any."

"May we make an altar for our statue, mother?" asked Larry.

Although as a rule a lively, rollicking boy, when it came to anything connected with his prayers, he was unaffectedly and almost comically solemn about it.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Clayton. "And I think it would be a good plan also to frame the card and hang it on the front of the altar, so that you may not forget Father Dominic's words: 'Try every day to do some little thing to honor our Blessed Mother.'"

(To be continued.)

A Legend of the Madonna.

A long time ago, says an ancient record, there stood over the portal of a church in a certain famous city a statue of the Blessed Virgin, her arms crossed upon her breast. On Sundays many cast an upward glance at the marble figure over the door, and breathed a prayer to the Help of Christians; but on weekdays all hurried by quickly, forgetting, in their worldly cares, the Holy Mother whose aid they were so anxious to seek one day in seven.

At last it happened that a poor wayfarer, wandering that way, stopped to rest in the shadow of the church. He was homeless, friendless, and ragged; and as he lay down upon the cold stone steps he came near wishing, so desolate was he, that he might die there, and know no more the terrible trials of an outcast and a beggar. Then, just as he was about to fall asleep, his weary eyes, dimmed with weeping and exposure, fell upon the peaceful figure over the portal, and he recalled a little prayer learned long before at his mother's knee.

"I ask your blessing, sweet Mother!" he said. And as he spoke the marble arms of the statue were slowly outstretched, as if in benediction.

What became of the poor wanderer we do not know; but to this day, the legend tells us, the Blessed Virgin holds out her arms. And the people no longer hasten by unheeding, but pause for a moment to say a prayer, and wonder at the marvel wrought so long ago.

Her Sister the Wind.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

"WHAT do the winds say, mother,
In the drear, chill fields to-night?
Why do they cry so, mother,
When the moon makes the ground all white?
Are they calling the Maytime flowers,—
The flowers that died last year?
Are they lonely without them, mother?"—
"Do go to sleep, my dear!"

And so it came in the morning
That the crocus was out of the sod,
And the little girl called to her mother:
"The Wind that was praying to God
Has found in the grass of the garden
The flowers that died in the cold;
The Wind holds fast what she asked for—
I'll ask that you'll never grow old."

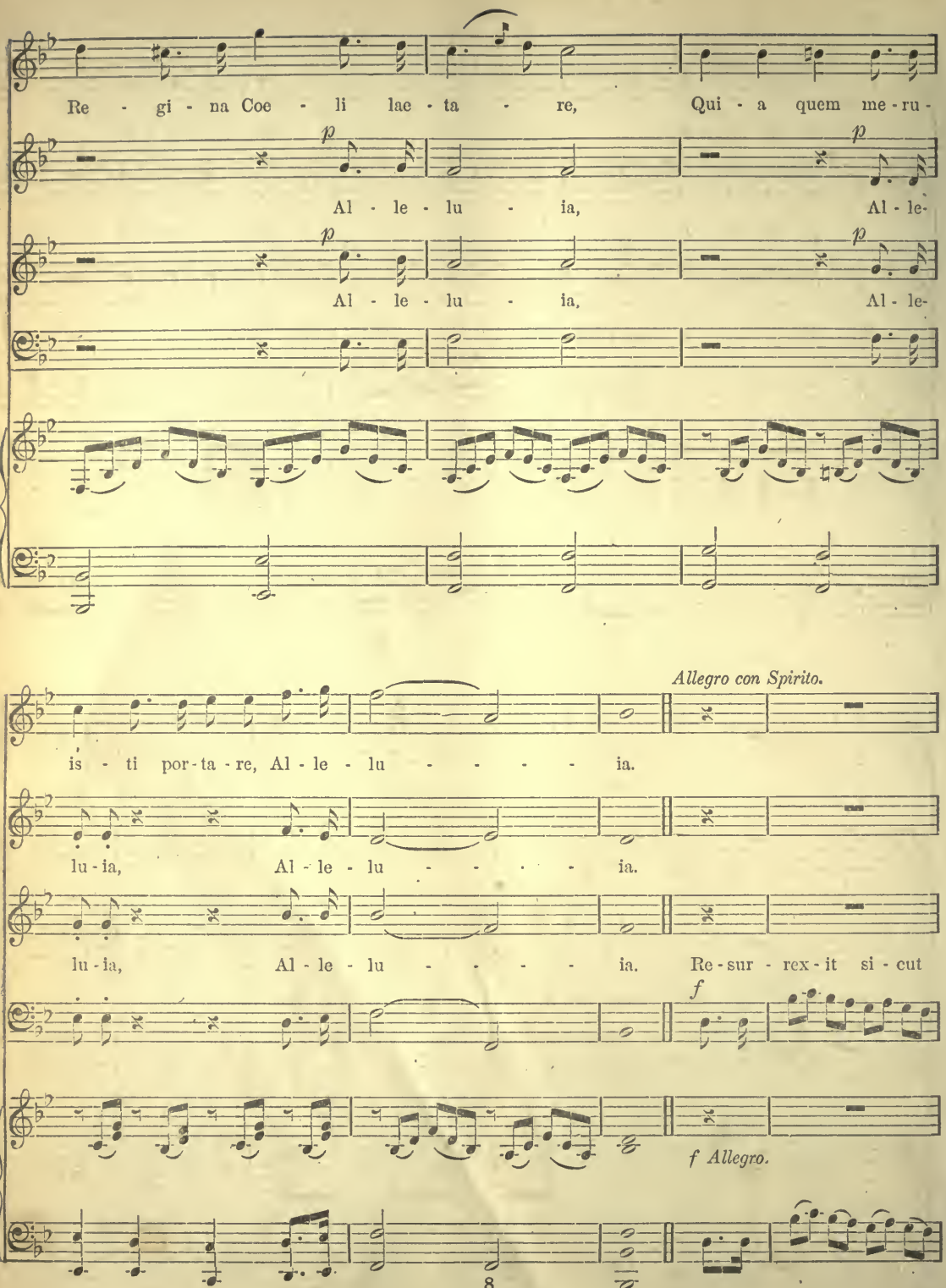
And the little girl's prayer was answered,
For her mother is young alway;
And she, 'neath the gold of the crocus,
Is there, too, where spring winds play.
For never and never and never,
And never and never, we know,
Will the mother or daughter be older;
For they live where God's angels glow.

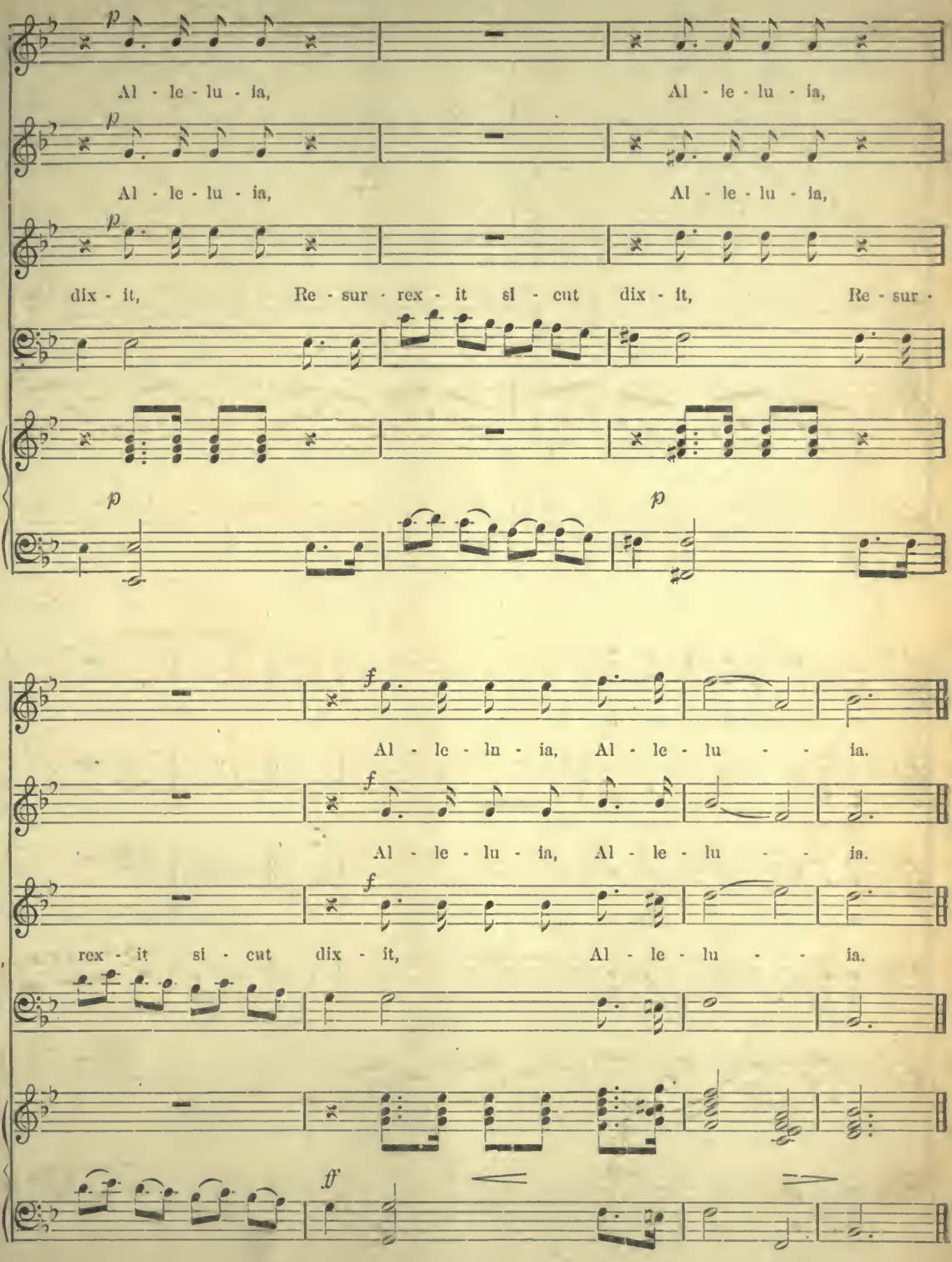
REGINA COELI.

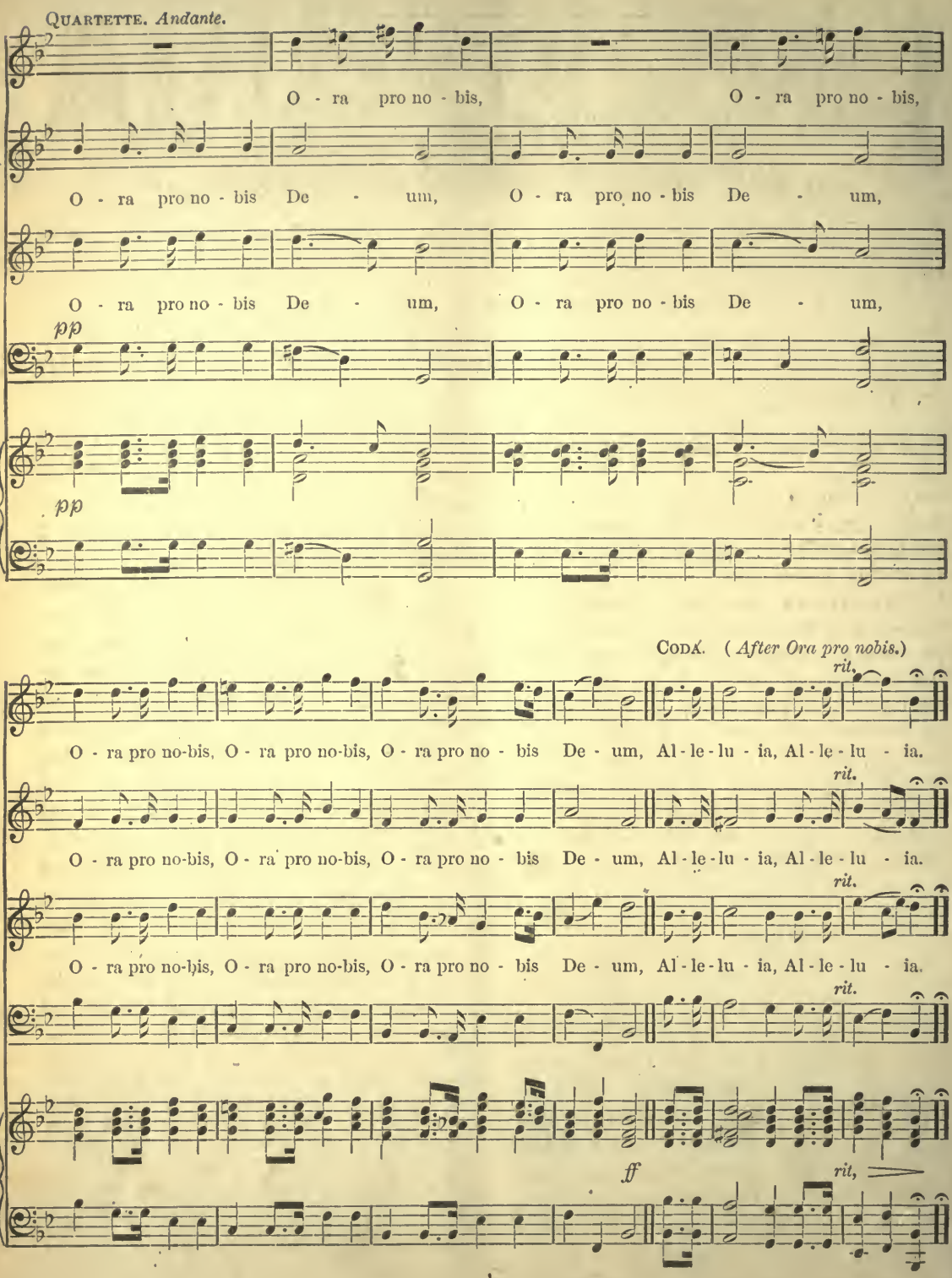
FOR QUARTETTE OR CHORUS.

FREDERIC J. LISCOMBE.




Re - gi - na Coe - li lae - ta - re, Qui - a quem me - ru -
p
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -
p
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -
p
Allegro con Spirito.
is - ti por - ta - re, Al - le - lu - - - - - ia.
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - - - - ia.
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - - - - ia. Re - sur - rex - it si - cut
f
f Allegro.


p
Al - le - lu - ia,
Al - le - lu - ia,
p
Al - le - lu - ia,
Al - le - lu - ia,
p
dix - it,
Re - sur - rex - it si - cut dix - it,
Re - sur -
p
p
f
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - ia.
f
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - ia.
f
rex - it si - cut dix - it,
Al - le - lu - - ia.
ff


QUARTETTE. Andante.
O - ra pro no - bis,
O - ra pro no - bis,
O - ra pro no - bis De - um,
O - ra pro no - bis De - um,
O - ra pro no - bis De - um,
O - ra pro no - bis De - um,
pp
pp
CODA. (After Ora pro nobis.)
rit.
O - ra pro no-bis, O - ra pro no-bis, O - ra pro no - bis De - um, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
O - ra pro no-bis, O - ra pro no-bis, O - ra pro no - bis De - um, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
O - ra pro no-bis, O - ra pro no-bis, O - ra pro no - bis De - um, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
ff
rit,

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

VOL. XXXIV. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 14, 1892. NO. 20.

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The May.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

NOW throb the wakened pulses of the Spring;
The twittering bird, abroad on anxious wing,
Love's secret hidden in its downy breast,
Flits here and there, uncertain where to nest;
The whilom angry stream we feared to pass,
Laughs gayly now 'twixt banks of osier grass;
The leaves upturn their faces to the sun,
And buds, pink-hearted, follow one by one;
With hyacinth and crocus all abloom,
Soft pansies, many hued, cry out for room;
The morning mists dissolve in floods of gold,
The noontide sun is warm and bright and bold;
Twilight lengthens, and the fair moon smiles,
Serenely treading Heaven's starlit aisles;—
Earth and air and stream and night and day
Welcome Our Lady's Month, the flowery May.

Our Fair Lady's Uniform.*

I.

THERE is no instinct in the human heart which the Catholic religion does not convert into nobler aspirations than those which earth can supply. Everyone understands why the soldier is proud of the ensign which betokens his military rank; why the statesman displays his ribbon, or the collegian the medal of his graduation. These things derive worth, not from their intrinsic value, nor simply as being rewards of victory and honorable achievement, but much more because they supply the wearer with an ideal: because they bind him to a purpose which has its sanction from a source far above his own conscious sense of merit.

Such is the meaning of a badge or medal in Catholic devotions. As the soldier proclaims silently his allegiance to the sovereign the uniform of whose service he wears, as the student recognizes in his badge of honor a pledge which binds him to the ideals placed before him in his *Alma Mater*, so the Catholic who wears a medal of our Blessed Lady not only attests thereby his willing allegiance to the principles of the Catholic faith, but emphasizes his admiration of the high ideal which this token represents; and with it he expresses silently, but constantly, his wish to imitate, as far as may be, the noble qualities which raised the modest Virgin of

* This excellent article on the Blue Scapular, its origin and object, the requisites for its proper reception, and the indulgences attached to the devotion, is published in the current number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. As many of our lay readers do not see the *Review*, and because of the timeliness, excellence, and completeness of the article, we reproduce it entire. For several reasons, explained in one of our March numbers, the devotion of the Blue Scapular strongly recommends itself to Catholics at the present time, and in particular to the faithful of the United States.

NOTRE DAME LIBRARY

Nazareth to the high dignity of Mother of our Redeemer. To youth and maiden, to spouse and parent, the ideal of the Immaculate Mother of Christ appeals alike with ennobling tendency.

With a similar, only a more emphatic, purpose do Catholics don the Scapular of our Blessed Lady. It is an ensign which stands for the uniform chosen by the legions of the fair Queen of Heaven, whom all Christians love to serve and honor, because she is the Mother of our Saviour. This fact can not be sufficiently dwelt upon, because it is often lost sight of. External habits of devotion may become mechanical; and in a case like the present they foster a sort of superstition, which is as unwholesome to the soul as it is unreasonable.

When, some years ago, the Holy See announced that it would be requisite hereafter to inscribe in the registers of the different confraternities the names of those who are invested with the Scapulars, the restriction aroused in many, even of the clergy, a sense of uneasiness, as though this new measure would result in a loss of good to the faithful generally. Yet there was a strong reason for the restriction, which was likely to produce greater good in the end. The universal custom of wearing the Scapular had made it, in many cases, a mere perfunctory and outward act of devotion. Some looked upon the little garment as a sort of charm, which would ward off all manner of ills, irrespective of the disposition and moral life of the wearer. This view is apt to foster superstition rather than devotion. In reality, the Scapular represents a religious dress; those who assume it become affiliated to a religious order; and whilst they participate in the spiritual advantages and privileges of this community of which they become members, it is but just that their initiation, equivalent to a religious profession, should be marked by some solemnity or formality, and their names be duly enrolled in the catalogue of the order. In this way the obligations implied by the assumption of the Scapular are emphasized, and apt to become more fruitful by influencing the practical life of each member.

Even though the mere assumption of the Scapular implies veneration for, and a desire to cultivate, the high ideal represented by it, which thus becomes a source of grace and protection in spite of our frailty, it is nevertheless true that "the dress does not make the monk." The neglect to inscribe the names may lessen the number of those who participate in the good work of the religious communities represented by the various Scapulars; but the obligation of doing so intensifies, on the other hand, the intelligent devotion of those who, going to the trouble of a formality which is entirely reasonable and just, realize the duty which they assume thereby, and lead more worthy Christian lives.

But whilst it is of the nature of every reform that it causes many to fall off, because the zeal of the few serves as a chastisement to their indolence, the ingenious mercy of God ever invents new ways of drawing within its circle the weak and the slow. Every new devotion, or old devotion newly revived, seems to imply a wider concession to human frailty. Such, it appears to us, is the devotion of the Scapular of the Immaculate Conception, commonly called the Blue Scapular, which for several reasons recommends itself to Catholics at this time, and to American Catholics in particular. Up to recent years few, except pilgrims to Lourdes and the members of the Theatine Order, had devoted themselves to its special propagation.*

II.

In 1583 Ursula Benincasa, the daughter of an old Neapolitan family, formed a society composed of devout maidens, whose

* The fact that there were zealous hearts at work in our own midst in behalf of this beautiful devotion was brought to our immediate attention through a paper which appeared in a recent number of THE "AVE MARIA," entitled "A Devotion for American Catholics."

object was to lead a life of purity, prayer, labor and charity, in close imitation of the life of the Blessed Mother of Christ. The number of associates was originally limited to sixty-six, in honor of the years which, according to Catholic tradition, the Blessed Virgin spent on earth. Later another similar institute was formed under the title of "Immacolata," which allowed affiliation of lay persons. These religious wore a white woolen dress, blue scapulars and blue mantle. The community was placed under the direction of the Theatine Fathers, who still retain its patronage; although the order founded by the devout Ursula has, as a religious community, ceased to exist. Her beautiful example, her broad charity and generous spirit of self-sacrifice had given her a wonderful influence over all classes of people; and utilizing for the honor and glory of God this admiration of her personal gifts, she led the willing crowds who sought her intercession to follow the paths of virtuous living, by giving them a memento—a pledge of affiliation and fidelity—in the small token of a Blue Scapular, which they were to wear night and day as reminders of purity, charity, and self-sacrifice. This is the origin of the Blue Scapular.

The death of this holy woman occurred in 1618. So great was the reputation for sanctity and the power for good which she had among her countrymen, that when it was rumored that she was going to die, the leading citizens of Naples assembled around her bed, making a solemn request that she would continue in heaven the patronage which she had exercised in their midst during life for the reform of morals and the cultivation of public and private virtue.

III.

The general objects which the wearers of the Blue Scapular have in view are: 1. To honor the Blessed Mother of Christ in her special prerogative of the Immaculate Conception, by purity of life and the cultivation of other Christian virtues expressed in the model of womanhood. 2. To pray and labor for the conversion of those in error and sin.

When we apply to our conditions and country the purpose which the saintly Ursula had proposed to herself in establishing the devotion of the Blue Scapular, there seems to be a particular aptitude and a separate appeal for its cultivation among American Catholics. The United States have been placed under the special protectorate of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. The title of Immaculate Conception is a national one, in the religious sense of the word. As clients of this august Patroness it is most fitting that we should don the uniform which is used in a special way to designate the members of the militia of our Heavenly Protectress. That there is a warfare impending which demands our united efforts, no one who marks the signs of the times can doubt. Indeed, there are many dangers actually present and at work in our midst. The writer in THE "AVE MARIA," to whom we referred above, points this out in the following words:

"The dangers that threaten our country are insidious and powerful. True religion and Catholic morality are held and observed by only a small proportion of its inhabitants—one-sixth at the largest showing. Moreover, the air is full of evil influences tending to undermine them,—moral evils which assail us all, and errors in doctrine to which five-sixths of the people are a prey, and which are not without peril even to the faithful. We have but to name a few of these evils to appreciate their danger: intemperance, divorce, political corruption and business dishonesty, social evils, pauperism and crime, godless education, infidel literature, agnosticism and heresies, worldliness and greed of riches, enmities and strife between capital and labor, speculation, gambling and luxury. There are, besides, dangers arising from conditions unfavorable to the growth of traditions of piety and purity,—conditions brought on by constantly shifting populations, indiscriminate immigration, and the necessity of letting our young people drift out into the world alone and unprotected to seek their fortunes. Many of these evils we share in common with all peoples, but many arise from our peculiar circumstances and temptations. They are American evils, or at least are felt here with exceptional force."

Blue is the color of our national army. It won the victory for freedom in behalf of an enslaved race. Although we are not fighting "the gray," who are our brothers in this warfare against common evils, we may make the blue our national color on double grounds. It speaks to us of the freedom that reaches beyond the fair vaults of heaven or the azure expanse of mountain and sea. The color of sapphire and turquoise reflects from the gates of heaven and adorns the mantle of our Queen. Knights and maids of honor, we wear her ribbon as tokens of our allegiance to the august Sovereign, whose virtues we strive to imitate. We bend our knees for her blessing, and ask her to make use of our service to defend the walls of Sion in this New World—the interests of our American Church; and under her guidance we may hope to carry on successfully the crusade against the false doctrines and lax morals of our day.

IV.

There are but few requisites as conditions for the proper reception of the Blue Scapular. It is noteworthy that this Scapular does not represent any religious order, and hence *does not require that the names of those who are invested with it be inscribed in any register.* The superior of the Theatines (at San Andrea della Valle) in Rome has the primary faculty of blessing this Scapular, and of delegating others to do so. Some of our bishops, we understand, have received the same faculty from the Propaganda.

1. It is to be made of woolen cloth, blue in color. There is usually a picture of the *Immaculata* on one side of the Scapular, but this is not essential. The strings may be of any color and material.

2 No special forms of prayer or devotional practices are essential. Any pious work may be offered to God with the intention mentioned above as the particular object of the devotion. The wearing of the Scapular is, of course, necessary; and it acts as a help and reminder, morning and night, of our resolution to cultivate the virtues expressed by the symbol.

3. There are numerous spiritual advantages and indulgences to be obtained, under the usual conditions, by Catholics who sincerely repent of their sins and pledge their good will to lead pure lives.

4. Every Mass said for a deceased person who has during life worn the Blue Scapular enjoys the *privilegium altaris*, no matter on what altar or by whom the Mass is celebrated.

According to a rescript of Pius IX., 7th of June, 1850, the indulgences of the Blue Scapular may, without exception, be applied to the poor souls in Purgatory. The usual conditions for gaining the indulgences are confession, Communion, and prayer according to the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. Plenary indulgences may be gained: 1. On the day of investiture. 2. By a priest on the day of his first Mass. 3. At the hour of death. 4. At the annual retreat. 5. On the first Sunday of every month. 6. On Saturdays in Lent. 7. On Passion Sunday and Friday of Passion Week. 8. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week. 9. On Christmas, Epiphany, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, and Trinity Sunday. 10 On the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, Nativity, Purification, Annunciation and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. 11. On the principal feasts of the Theatine Order—viz.: St. Joseph, March 19; B. Joseph Mary Thomasio, March 24; Finding of the Holy Cross, May 3; B. Paul Buralis, June 17; St. John Baptist, June 24; SS. Peter and Paul, June 29; on the last Sunday of July, on Portiuncula, Aug. 2; St. Cajetan, Aug. 7; St. Augustine, Aug. 28; Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Sept. 14; St. Michael Archangel, Sept. 29; Guardian Angels, Oct. 2; St. Teresa, Oct. 15; All Saints'; St. Andrew Avellino, Nov. 10; B. John Marinonio, Dec. 13. 12. On the first and last days of a novena for Christmas;

at the Forty Hours' Devotion once a year; on the 12th of April; on one day of the year chosen by the wearer of the Scapular.

Besides the above, there are plenary indulgences attached to the visits made to any church of the Theatines, to the Holy Land, to the Church of the Portiuncula, to that of St. James of Compostella, to any of the Seven Station churches in Rome. The partial indulgences are as follows: 1. An hour's meditation, an indulgence of 60 years. 2. Visiting the sick to relieve them spiritually or corporally; or, if prevented from doing so, by reciting the *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria* five times, 20 years. 3. On the octaves of the feasts of Our Lord, and on the principal patron-feasts of the Augustinian, Dominican, Carmelite, Trinitarian and Servite Orders, 20 years. 4. On all feasts of the Blessed Virgin, after receiving the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist; on accompanying the Blessed Sacrament when carried to the sick; on saying seven times the *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria* for the sick who have received the Blessed Sacrament; on visiting a church of the Theatines on any feast of the year; on reciting the *Salve Regina* at Vespers for the triumph of holy Church; on any day from Septuagesima to Palm-Sunday, after receiving Holy Communion or reciting seven times the *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria* for the triumph of holy Church; on the feasts of the Finding and Exaltation of the Holy Cross, after bestowing some alms; on three Fridays of every month after receiving Holy Communion; on seven days during a novena for Christmas; on every Monday upon visiting the Blessed Sacrament, 7 years and 7 quarantines. 5. Visiting a church and reciting five times the *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria*, 5 years and 5 quarantines. 6. Every day during the Octave of Pentecost, 300 days. 7. Each time in attending the preaching of God's word, 200 days. 8. On performing any work of piety, 60 days. 9. On devoutly invoking the holy names of Jesus and Mary; reciting one *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria* for the living and the dead, in some church, 50 days.

The month of May gives to devout Catholics a special impulse and inspiration to do something in honor of our Blessed Lady; it also offers more numerous opportunities than other seasons for inculcating whatever zeal and charity may suggest to a faithful priest for benefiting his people. An efficient way to accomplish both these ends is to explain the meaning and to recommend the wearing of the Blue Scapular.

Thus we may increase our forces for good, and aid in the promotion of true prosperity amid our people in this land of the free, so full of temporal blessings, yet on that very account so full of dangers. Let the fair, blue mantle of our spotless Queen touch every child of the Catholic Church in America, proud that we may wear the beautiful emblem of her Immaculate Conception, an omen of blessings for us and our country.

From Darkness to Dawn.

A TRUE STORY FOR MAY.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

IF I were not telling a true story, I might say that during the many changeful years which followed the school-life of our two friends they preserved an uninterrupted intimacy, perhaps chequered by certain events, but cemented by intercourse or faithful correspondence. But the reverse happened. Vacation came; and, bidding each other an affectionate farewell, with the hope of being reunited in three months, they parted never to meet again.

Mr. Wilson, the father of Anna, was stricken with paralysis soon after her return, and she found it impossible to tear herself away from the new and urgent

duties thus imposed on her. An unforeseen change in the fortunes of Mary's parents rendered it necessary that she also should remain at home.

One short letter came from Anna in answer to hers, relating the particulars of her father's illness. When, after a few days, Mary replied to this, expressing sympathy, but making no allusion to religious matters, there ensued complete silence. Some months later she received the following short but characteristic letter:

"DEAR MARY:—My father lies upon a bed of death, though his life may be prolonged for years. He will never be able to walk again, nor move with ease, as one side is entirely paralyzed. Last Sunday we were both received into full communion with the Baptist Church, and are very much consoled thereby. After all, what are creeds? Only, I take it, the expression of various conflicting opinions. Spare me your reproaches. We do not see with the same eyes, and can not be measured by the same standards. Our environments have been so different; and, *après tout*, environment is everything. But do not forget me, for I have loved you.

"ANNA."

That seemed to be the end; and, in so far as Mary was concerned, it was the end. Disappointed in her friend, intolerant of what she believed to be a deliberate casting-away of the manna of truth for the flesh-pots of heresy, the youthful fire in her veins as yet untempered by the charity which comes of experience, she simply left the letter unanswered; though many a sigh escaped her bosom and many a prayer her lips, then and during all the subsequent years that elapsed until she heard from her recreant friend again.

Fifteen years bring many changes. Mary Vance, long Mary Forester, turned from her mirror one evening, where she had been examining a few wrinkles which had lately made their appearance beneath her still bright and beautiful brown eyes.

"The crows' feet are coming, Martina," she said to her eldest daughter, a tall girl of twelve, who had just entered and stood by her side.

"What are crows' feet, mamma?" asked the child, carelessly. "See, I am almost as tall as you are." Then she began to hum an air which sounded strangely familiar to the ear of the mother.

"Crows' feet are the wrinkles which come when one begins to grow old," she said. "Yes, you are growing very tall. But what is that air you were humming just now, Martina?"

"A new canticle Sister taught us to-day," was the reply. "Is it not pretty? The words, too, are so sweet—

"'Mère de Dieu, de Jésus, mon amour—'"

"Ah, yes!" said her mother, interrupting her. "An old canticle of my girlhood days, but new to you of this generation, of course. It *is* beautiful, and hearing it once more makes me think of an old school friend of whom I was formerly very fond. Poor Anna, what can have become of her?"

Adepts in "mental telepathy" may be able to explain why, during the rest of the day, Mrs. Forester's thoughts were very busy with her old-time friend; so much so that when night came she felt impelled to recite the Rosary for her welfare. The next morning she received a letter in the once familiar handwriting, which she eagerly opened, almost as one would a message from the dead. Thus it read:

"LONDON, Dec. 22, 1889.

"DEAR MARY:—I have been at some pains to discover your whereabouts, and, curiously enough, have learned them from a Sister of Notre Dame now in Liverpool, who was formerly at C—— in the United States, and knew you well: Sister Donata,—you will remember her.

"Now, while you are recovering from the astonishment incident to the happening of the unexpected, as this must certainly be to you, I will proceed with my story, which we left off when I wrote you that

last letter fifteen or sixteen years ago. You never answered it; that was what I had anticipated, though perhaps I hoped for a time that you would disappoint me. Who knows, Mary, but what things might have turned out differently if you had answered it? However, it was what I deserved, at least; and I owe it to you as well as to myself, in view of the change I am about to make in my life, to take up the thread where we dropped it.

"I am afraid I may have some difficulty in making you believe that at first my perversion—I can call it nothing else—sat very easily on my conscience; but such was the fact. I see now that it was because I deliberately turned my back on God and the good things He had offered me. From the moment when I finally decided to postpone my baptism, a kind of aridity seized hold of me: I loathed the things that had for a time so moved and delighted me. And while, if catechised, I could and would have testified to the faith that was in me, I coolly thrust it aside and bade it—wait fruition. It is as unaccountable to me to-day as it must always have been to you—if you have thought of it at all—how such a state of affairs could have existed. I suppose my lack of correspondence with grace was at the bottom of it. I left God, and He left me—to my own poor resources, which I glorified under the name of religion.

"My father lived several years after our mutual profession of faith in the Baptist communion. We prayed together a great deal, and I read and re-read the Bible to him; which, though in some sense a great consolation to me, as it was to him, more thoroughly convinced me of the hazardous truth of that great axiom of Protestantism, 'Search the Scriptures'—for doctrine. On that theory of individual responsibility there might well be as many minds as men. Once having taken the first false step, I did not look back, even in thought; and felt no remorse whatever for what I had done. My father died happy in the belief that he was leaving me in the profession of the faith of my ancestors.

"After his death I removed to St. Louis, where I had some relatives. My aunt was still in Europe, where she died; and it was then that I began to have a distaste for my new religion. Very soon I ceased going to church on Sundays; and if not infrequently about this period twinges of remorse for what I had done would pierce my soul, I refused to heed them; I am sure now that underlying all this seeming indifference was the feeling that I had been too great a sinner to hope for mercy at the Hand whose proffered gifts I had so cruelly and deliberately thrust aside.

"My cousin in St. Louis, with whom I lived, was a grain broker; to him I entrusted my all. He doubled it; I was satisfied, but not so he. Once more he speculated with it—lost, and I was penniless. I sold my father's library, from which I realized about a thousand dollars. As this sum would not yield me more than fifty or sixty dollars a year income, starvation stared me in the face. I tried giving music lessons: the field was overcrowded. I had been thought to possess not a little talent for painting: that, too, was of small service. When driven to the end of my resources, I took the position of travelling companion to a wealthy old lady about to visit Europe; and thus came to peace, plenty, and I hope—salvation.

"My life while with her was a pleasant one. We travelled about from place to place, seeing all the great sights, and following the usual routine of tourists. . . . Will you, can you, believe me when I tell you that my once Catholic heart was as hard to the many Catholic influences of Continental Europe as a stone? Yet such was the fact. But God, my dead mother, the dear Madonna whom I had once so loved, your own good prayers perhaps, were preparing a way for me, though I myself was blind.

"Finally we settled down in Liverpool, where my employer had relatives. Among

them was a Catholic niece, whose daughter, a girl of eleven years, attended the Sisters' school. One day her mother was spending the afternoon with her aunt, who, her husband being out of town, pressed her to remain for the night. I was dispatched to her residence to inform the servants; and as I opened the door to set out she said: 'O Miss Wilson, would you mind stopping at the convent for Anna on your way back? It will save the dear child the trouble of returning home and coming here later. You may tell Hannah (the servant) also that she need not call for Anna, as she will return with you.'

"I assented willingly, without objection even in thought,—entirely mechanical were most of my actions at this time. My errand at the house concluded, I went to the convent, and was asked by the child who opened the door to be seated in the waiting-room. The painted walls, lined with sketches by former pupils, the bare floors so highly polished, the plain but exquisitely neat furniture,—all appealed to my memory. Something stirred within me,—something that had been dormant for long years.

"A sweet-faced novice addressed me, supposing, no doubt, that I was a Catholic. 'Will you not go to the chapel?' she asked. 'The children are making the Month of Mary. They sing very sweetly.' Impelled I knew not how, but without volition on my part, I arose and followed her. I shall never forget it—that vaulted chapel, the altar a mass of flowers and a blaze of lights; on one side the nuns, black robed, motionless as statues; on the other about a hundred children, singing, singing—what?

"'Mère chérie, je t'aime, je t'aime!'

"O Mary! the years fled away,—I saw another chapel not unlike this; nuns in the same dress; girls like these, large and small, some with blue ribbons like these also; voices singing that same canticle;—again a forest glade, an impromptu shrine; the beautiful litanies we chanted so devoutly; the Rosaries said so fervently, with the grains passing between innocent fingers;—that last afternoon, Mary! that sweet '*Mère de Dieu.*' 'Alas for the wasted years!' I cried in the bitterness of my soul, though my lips were voiceless. 'Alas for the days that will return no more, the graces spurned, the blessings thrown away; the agony, the misery, the desolation!'

"One moment on my knees, sobbing bitterly, storming Heaven for forgiveness, beseeching Our Lady for time, for opportunity,—then I found myself being led away to the convent parlor by a gentle, low-voiced nun, as like to our own dear Sister Mary, of studio memory, as though she had risen from the dead.

"There is little more to tell. God has been very good to me; so good that I can only reconcile—yes, reconcile—myself to such mercy by repeating over and over, and all day long, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow.' There is a world of comfort in that blessed assurance.

"Two weeks later I received Baptism; and, by the advice of my director, and the good Sisters who have been kindness itself, I came here, to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, as a boarder. Six months have passed. To-morrow I enter the novitiate of the Magdalens, where, God willing, I hope to make amends for my errors of former days.

"Please write me at least a line, dear Mary, that I may know you have forgiven, as my heart tells me you have not forgotten, your poor friend of long ago. And pray fervently, I beg of you above all, that I may faithfully persevere in the way I have chosen."

She has persevered.

DRINK to the dregs the cup of earthly bliss,
'Tis mixed with lees of bitterness, at best;—
No smiting touch of earthly anguish miss,
And yet thou mayst have found supremest rest.

Traces of Travel.

The Poets' Corner of Britain.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IT is a glorious morning. The cool, soft air sweeps over the lake, and brings to my ears the plash of a hidden waterfall. The liquid note of the lark descends out of the cloudless sky like a golden and endless thread. There is the balm of blossom and the drone of bees; the sound of subdued laughter; the bleat of lambs feeding in the pastures beyond the hedge. Away off, on the dark-blue mirrors of the lake, white sails are reflected as they drift to and fro, hidden now and again by some green islet that floats like a chaplet of flowers on the smooth surface of the water. At this writing I am within reach of the homes of Southey, Wordsworth, De Quincey, Professor Wilson, Dr. Arnold, Hartley Coleridge, and Mrs. Hemans. All these homes have passed into other hands; but a thousand eager eyes seek them out, and a thousand covetous hands reach through the hedges to pluck a leaf for memory. Harriet Martineau long survived the last of that company of noble souls, who have added a new charm to every object of beauty in the lake district.

If you will put your finger on the map of England in this region, you will cover a dozen lakelets, no two alike, that are netted together by slender streams, and are all, or nearly all, of one family. The tourist might spend weeks here and find a new pleasure in every excursion. He may, if he must, rush through the chief chain of lakes in about twelve hours. It is the place to loiter, the honeymoon-land, and the hunting-ground of those who are in pursuit of brides. It is your duty to drift idly on the lakes, trailing your hands in the water, and getting dreadfully sunburnt. You must not go out unprovided with a copy of Wordsworth's "Excursion"; for these are the original pictures to which he wrote the text. It were well to read Kit North and some pages of De Quincey; Southey's Correspondence, in numberless volumes, is also recommended.

By the way, I went up to Southey's home last evening. The place looks a trifle gloomy, especially in the twilight; for it is in a grove on a low hillock, and just now the doors are bolted and the shades drawn down at the windows. The Girls' Boarding School, that occupies it a good part of the year, is closed for vacation. Here Southey used to write from morning till bedtime, only varying his routine by an occasional walk down to the edge of the brook that flows near, where he was wont to throw stones into the water till his arm was tired. It is said of him that he was never seen at home, and he was there most of the time, but he was writing or mending a pen. In this house he produced one hundred volumes, and one hundred and fifty articles besides, many of them long enough to make a respectable book. Most of these works were compilations, histories, etc. Southey's house is just the spot to get letters in, and his postage bill must have been something frightful. It was at this house that Shelley (aged nineteen) and his wife (aged seventeen) visited the serene old gentleman, who had outlived his moulting season, and come safely through infidelity to a spiritual peace of some sort. Shelley had left Oxford in consequence of an unpleasantness that occurred between him and the Faculty, and he sought Southey for consolation. Probably he found it; for Southey at that time had passed through the experiences that were fretting the soul of the younger and truer poet, and no doubt knew how to soothe him.

I tried to find Shelley's house, but no one knew anything of it; and so I made a guess at a cottage about the size of a bird-

cage, so covered with vines that the doors and windows looked like hollow nests where the big blossoms had dropped out. Anybody knew where the pencil manufactory was, and everybody offered to show me to it; but if there is one thing that I hate more than another it is a lead-pencil. There is nothing in Keswick but Southey's house, with its swelled front, its sombre trees that cast a deep shadow over it; and a yard in the rear, where a well with a bucket and chain, a wheelbarrow turned over on its side, and a woodshed with an indescribable heap of rubbish in it, filled me with horror. The yard looks haunted. I should not be at all surprised if it were—when the girls are in town.

Macaulay was right: every schoolboy *does* know those remarkable lines of Southey, illustrating the Falls of Ladore so vividly that I have been told you can follow them couplet by couplet as you step from rock to rock from the top to the bottom of the cascade. I was rowed across the lake to the landing near the hotel. The falls are naturally back of the hotel. Somehow, every object in nature really worth seeing manages to get behind a hotel or a toll-gate. I paid my toll, and recited Southey softly to myself as I walked; but the result was not favorable. Forgive me! I couldn't help it: the thing came as naturally as if I had been poet laureate; and, bad as it is, you shall hear it:

THE FALLS OF LADORE.

"How does the water come down at Ladore?"
If it ever came much, it don't come any more;
But I'll tell you how fellows come down by the score!

"How does a fellow come down with his ore?"
Here he comes gaily, and waits on the shore;
Smoking and joking, and poking a soaking-
Wet poodle just out of the lake, nearly choking;
There he goes tripping and skipping and flipping,
Or flopping along by the tiny toy shipping,
And enters a boat with much pleasure in store,
As he heads for the rhythmical Falls of Ladore.

Thinking and blinking, and rising and sinking;
Noting, misquoting while floating the boat in,
He comes to a toll-boy he seeks to ignore:
Then it's "tuppence" for this and "thruppence" for t'other;
It is sixpence anon for a something or other;
Till at last he has passed to the foot of Ladore,
Where he patiently waits for the waters to pour.

Now they come dropping and hopping and stopping—
I suppose it's a very dry season for shopping;—
There they go lazily oozing, refusing
To cherish a fame that was not of their choosing.
Disturb not their slumbers, but leave them a-snoozing.

Turning back, there's the toll-man who fleeced him before;
He is one of the parties that make the "uproar"
Of the sponging brigade, and he's true to the *corps*
(Surely Southey was here when the tariff was lower).
He tips him a sixpenny-bit, as of yore,
And finds that he's out of small change—what a bore!
It is thus that a fellow comes down at Ladore.

Wandering up an easy hill, I came to a turn leading to a tall green gate. A hedge higher than my head bordered the garden I so longed to enter; but, by a printed sign across the gate post, was strictly forbidden to do so "on pain of prosecution." Between the pickets I saw the gravel-walk leading along the front of the house where for many years Wordsworth lived and where he died. There were roses in bloom and the birds were singing. The spot was inexpressibly beautiful in the summer stillness and the soft shadows of approaching dusk. I did break a commandment, and run the risk of being prosecuted by the present occupants of the poet's home. I got my leaf and withdrew to muse on the top of a hitching-post over the way. Fifty odd years ago Emerson called on Wordsworth in this very house, and found him "a plain, elderly, whitehaired man, not prepossessing, and disfigured by green goggles." Afterward they walked in the garden, where Wordsworth composed many of his poems; and there the poet recited his latest sonnets to Emerson, "standing apart in the garden walk, like a schoolboy declaiming." When Walter Scott visited Wordsworth, the latter set so slim a table that Scott used to slip away into the village after dinner and get something to eat.

Not far away, in a little two-story stone cottage, once an inn, with the sign of "The Dove and Olive-Branch," Wordsworth lived five years or so before he moved to

Rydal Mount. It was then and there that he wrote his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," "Revolution and Independence," "Michael," "The Cuckoo," and the greater part of "The Excursion." After Wordsworth left the Dove Cottage for a residence at Allan Bank, De Quincey moved in. One day the turbaned Malay knocked at the cottage door for alms, and De Quincey spouted Greek to the swarthy beggar, who ultimately bolted at one gulp all the opium on the premises—enough to have filled half a volume of "Confessions." De Quincey fretted about the fate of the Malay, of whom he never heard again; and the consequence was that lurid and dazzling vision, and the "Cancerous Kisses" that accompanied it.

In Grasmere churchyard there is a line of graves. Wordsworth, his wife and daughter and son, his sister also, and Hartley Coleridge,—all these sleep under the tender English grass among the yeomanry of the land. On the poet's grave fall the shadows from the eight yew trees that he was wont to watch with loving care. A friend tells me that when he entered the church at Grasmere, where there is a memorial window to Wordsworth, he heard singing; and found that it was a country choir on a pilgrimage, who had asked the privilege of singing in the church it was the poet's custom to attend. Yet I fancy that he was not popular in the neighborhood during his life; poets are so queer, especially those who make verses in the open air and walk about with their heads in the clouds.

Every nook in the lake district is inviting. A pedestrian must be in the seventh heaven of delight when he strikes these kindred shores. Turn which way you will, some prospect invites your eye; and it is so easy for the feet to follow over English sod, up gentle knolls, down dreamy dells, and all that sort of thing.

Mount Skiddaw is handsome. "Your Skiddaw is a fine fellow," said Charley Lamb; and again, "Oh, its fine bleak head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all around and about, making you giddy! And, then, Scotland afar off, and the Border countries so famous in song and ballad." How these good fellows loved it!—the placid meres, with the cattle standing knee-deep at evening along the shallow shore; the waterfalls that flash among the trees; the rustic and antiquated cottages, with sunken roofs covered with ferns and moss, and with window panes not larger than the palm of your hand. All lovely flowers and sweet-smelling herbs grow in their dooryards; and the faces that look out from the eaves, with a half welcome in their every glance, are so wholesome and so homelike. It is England; it is the poets' corner of England, where poems grow; and it is the warm, fragrant, soul-satisfying season, when the days are long and delightful, and the nights are delicious and brief; and when the twilights are like two seasons from some other planet.

Just by way of contrast, I turn to a page of notes jotted at the seaside out of the fashionable season. How unlike the lake region is all that follows!

What if it isn't the season at New Brighton, the Sands, the "Long Sands," are there all the year round; and I need a whiff of sea-air and a glimpse of the sea itself before I shall feel quite myself again. Therefore I pay my "thruppence," and take the little iron ferry-boat at St. George's Station, Liverpool, and set sail—if one *can* set sail when one is only steaming. About twenty other folk go along with me; they also wish to paddle in damp sand, and hunt for sea-shells that have long since disappeared—if indeed they ever existed in that locality.

We touch at Seacombe for a moment; and a very young Jack Tar—not more than fifteen, I take it,—gets quite rosy, not to say purple, in the face, trying to make fast to the slender pier at this particular suburb of Birkenhead, with a rope nearly as big

around as his leg. The dock at Seacombe is on wheels, and runs up and down an inclined plain in the most obliging manner, to suit the changeful tide.

There is nothing after this very noticeable during the twenty-minute sail; nothing but a continuous panorama of walled-in shipping discharging cargoes at the very doors of great storehouses; and a vast but somewhat scattered congregation of water craft, swinging at anchor in the stream, or being wafted to and fro in a breeze that is all too light. There are many barges with large leather-colored sails, oiled and painted to preserve them from mildew and the everlasting moisture of the climate.

These little ferries, like the one I am aboard at present, run with astonishing speed. Their powerful engines propel them against the tide with apparent ease; and as we hasten toward the mouth of the river Mersey, whither we are bound, I note the character of the shore line. There are clay cliffs on the Birkenhead side of the river, and short strips of beach now and again. The houses grow scarcer—that is, they no longer seem to have congealed into a solid, habitable mass. There is a grove or two, and then more beach, that grows broader and broader, and is littered with boats and barges. Now the sand begins to crop out in the highland at the back of the shore; and when it has all turned into sandhill, with a strip of low flat beach, and a lighthouse at the tip end of it—there you have New Brighton.

We land at a floating stage; climb a steep bridge that leads up to the top of the pier, thirty or forty feet above the sands, and so enter the village on a dead level. Whole rows of houses are closed now. Some of the hotels that are built on the beach facing the sea are buried up to their window-sills in sand-drifts; the walls that shelter the dooryards are covered in many places; the gates, standing half-open, are firmly bedded in the sand; and there is a general air of decay about the place, that must be in strong contrast to the gayety at the height of the summer season.

From my window, in a hotel that seems paralyzed in one wing—only half of the house is at present habitable,—I see a big curve of the beach that sweeps around to the battery. Just beyond the battery is the lighthouse, and from that on to the horizon there is nothing but open sea. Ships are continually passing out of the river into the ocean; for the tide is nearly full, and it is only at high water that larger ships can pass. Two great steamships have just stolen beyond the battery, and are out of sight for the present; but I shall catch another glimpse of them to the left of the lighthouse, unless they plunge into a bank of snow-white fog—it is clean, for a wonder; how long it is since I have seen such clean fog as this!—that lies curled along under the edge of the sky, looking very cold and cruel. Fog has no consideration for any one.

I have been up onto the highlands, and found two or three quiet streets with a few people at the windows,—the people apparently much astonished to see a stranger in town at this season. I have likewise been under the hill, where there are twenty eating-houses all in one solid block, with nothing but a thin partition and considerable rivalry between them. I have waded in the mud up to my ankles, and been asked over and over again to ride six horses that look as though they had already been ridden to death. I have watched a brace of red-stockinged youngsters astride of two bandy-legged donkeys, under the guidance of a sturdy little donkey-boy, who pushes the beasts from behind with a hand on the tail of each. I fancy he is the prime propelling power in this case; but the wee passengers in the saddles seem to enjoy it hugely.

I have seen a few men and women in detached groups picking up imaginary treasure; and I have looked within the portals of the barracks, that seem to me

about as dismal as the interior of a gigantic barnacle might be, if it were mounted with cannon and manned. There is nothing really natural about that fortification, save a monkey who is chained to the carriage of one of the guns, and is very cold and unhappy,—facts which he takes no pains to conceal.

The lighthouse is scarcely more edifying; it begins on the crest of a wave, and shoots up through twenty feet of barnacle incrustation, tapering into a graceful and chaste column, with a bubble of crystal atop of it. A long ladder runs up the side of the lighthouse to the front door, which door looks as much like an attic window as possible. The sea embraces this solitary sentinel at high tide, and has left traces of storm at its base. I can not conceive how people entertain themselves in a home like that; I should be sorry to luxuriate in a lighthouse, much as I love solitude.

A few children—no doubt such as have been pushed along on the mechanical donkeys to their heart's content—run about on the hard sand that is glossed with water; and their bare legs meet shadow legs, that seem to sink into the sand and give the youngsters the appearance of walking about on stilts. All this, it must be confessed, is monotonous and a little depressing. The night comes, and I quietly retire to my hotel.

Later. At this moment the sea is singing to me. It sounds very much like a high wind among the tree-tops; but I know that it is the sea, and am satisfied. The town is otherwise, to all intents and purposes, dead and buried—in profound sleep. I sink back upon my pillow with a sigh of relief. I shall not again be urged to witch the world of New Brighton with noble horsemanship, in company with animals that are to say the least ignoble, and no doubt frights even at the height of the season.

Now there is nothing for me to do but lie on my early pillow, and count the flashes of light that are launched into the darkness from the revolving beacon at the river's mouth. First an orange glow comes and goes; then a half minute of darkness is followed by a crimson spurt of radiance that is out in a second, leaving the darkness palpable. I wonder it doesn't make me dizzy; yet it is pleasant to be in New Brighton—for one night only!

The Virgin and Child.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

ST. ANSELM, the great Archbishop of Canterbury, a glory of the Benedictine Order, is distinguished even among the saints for his fervent devotion to the Mother of God. The character of this illustrious Saint gained for him the love and admiration of all who were brought into relations with him. As Primate of England, he strenuously, and in the end successfully, maintained the rights and liberties of religion, suffering for this cause persecution and exile. As a theologian, he is eminent for his originality and sublimity of thought and his profoundness of erudition. That no grace might be wanting to him, he was endowed also with the gift of song. In the following poem, one of many in honor of Our Lady, the verses are addressed alternately to the Mother and the Child:

Child of the Virgin,
Glory of holiness!
Scatter the darkness,
 Shine on our night!
Mother! pure dawn
Whence the world's light is drawn,
Let us turn from the past
 To a future more bright.

Unto the Father,
 Coequal in power,
Christ, who didst languish
 In the death-hour!
Lest passions enslave us,
Liberate, save us!
Mother! thou wonder,

Most fair of creation!
His Mother He willed thee,
With graces He filled thee;
Make for us ever
To Him supplication.

We believe, we adore;
Christ-Child, draw anear us;
Be our trust in Thy mercy,
Our pledge Thou dost hear us.
Mother, whose Child
God-born, uncreated,
Is with our dust mated;
From tangle of errors,
From death in its terrors,
Save, Undefiled!

Virgin-born Deity!
Lord of all space!
Dower us with holiness,
Fill us with grace.
Mother all-gifted,
To glory uplifted
By the All-Just!
Let us come nigh to thee;
Hearken, we cry to thee
Out of the dust.

Child of the Virgin!
By the completeness
Of her pure sweetness,
From sins that entomb us
Lift us, illume us.
Christ! intercessor
For the transgressor!
Let faith, like a ray,
Guide our heavenward way.

The day of this world
Grows dim in its west;
But Thou, living light,
By no shade art oppressed.
Mother of Light!
In light never ending
Let us too find rest.

Præfulgens sol justitiæ
Ortus de sacra virgine,
Splendore tuo noxias
Nostras illustra tenebras.
Orientis castissima
Mater, fac nobis Domina,
Vita prorsus ut decidat
Vetus, nova proficiat.

O Christe, proles virginis,
Patris compar altissimi,
Per tuæ mortis merita,
Dele nostra peccamina;
O mundi venerabilis
Virgo, mater mirabilis,
Maria plena gratia,
Ora pro nobis, Domina.

Te credimus ex virgine
Natum, benigne Domine,
Sit nobis hæc confessio
Peccatorum remissio.
Quæ genuisti Filium
A summo Patre genitum,
Per hæc tua nos merita
A lapsu mortis libera.

Nate summe rex utero
Mariæ de virgineo,
Emunda nos a vitiis
Et orna sanctis meritis.
Dei mater, O Domina,
Sublimis tanta gratia,
Tua fac exaltatio
Sit nostra relevatio.

Fili Mariæ Virginis!
Da nobis ejus meritis
A peccatis resurgere,
Et ad vitam pertingere.
Cujus es factus filius
Deus pro peccatoribus,
Hoc qui fide pronuntiant
Fac ut salutem sentiant.

Sol casto nascens utero,
Vesperascente sæculo,
Illustra nos perpetue
Nec declines in vespere.
Æterni solis genitrix,
Tuis hoc magnis meritis
Age, quo perpes maneat
Nobis, nec unquam decidat.

A Noble Convert.

THE Denbigh peerage is not among the very ancient ones in the roll of England's aristocracy; nevertheless, the family is of noble origin, being closely connected with the royal house of Hapsburg; and the Earls bear as a secondary title that of Count of Hapsburg, Rheinfelden, and Lauffenburg in the Holy Roman Empire. The first Earl of Denbigh was created by James I. in 1620. His son took part with Cromwell; and thus father and son fought on each side during the civil war in England, some twenty years later. Rudolph, eighth Earl of Denbigh, whose death took place March 10, 1892, was not a leader of men nor a prominent figure in the history of his country; yet he has

left a memory behind him, an example of consistent and practical holiness. He has shown us how a man born and bred amid the surroundings of wealth, high rank, and social position, may live as one poor in spirit and fervent in well-doing.

He was born on the 9th of April, 1823, with a twin sister. His father was an old-fashioned Protestant, and brought up his family piously. His mother died in 1842. When Viscount Feilding, as he was then called, prepared for college, his father's fear was not that he should be led away by the temptations of the great universities, but that he should imbibe the errors of the day; for the Tracts for the Times were in full circulation, and John Henry Newman was silently meditating at Littlemore. Oxford is close to Newnham Paddox, the seat of the Denbighs; but to avoid the High Church teaching of Oxford, Rudolph Lord Feilding was sent to Cambridge. But all in vain: the young man's ardent nature took fire, and he became very High Church indeed.

He was twenty-three when he married Louisa, only child and heiress of David Pennant, Esq. He thus became possessed of the beautiful estate of Downing in North Wales. The marriage was one of those perfect unions so rarely met with. Lord Feilding venerated as well as loved his wife; she was a charming being, with many gifts and a cultured mind. She was of the same religious opinions as her husband, and was thought by his Protestant relatives to have "urged him on."

Desiring to help forward the cause of the Church of England, which they then believed to be a branch of the Church Catholic, they resolved to build at Pantasaph, about two miles from Downing, a beautiful Gothic church. The foundation stone was laid in 1849, and the preacher on the occasion was Archdeacon Manning, of Chichester, afterward the dearly loved Cardinal, who preceded Lord Denbigh but two short months to the tomb. However, before the church and land actually passed out of Lord Feilding's possession, a great change had taken place.

The year 1850 was a stirring one in England. The "Gorham case" was decided. A clergyman named Gorham had preached in the diocese of Exeter that there was no regeneration in Baptism. The Bishop of Exeter, a leading High Churchman of that day, prosecuted him. The final appeal rested with the privy council, who declared that in the Church of England ministers were free to preach this doctrine or the contrary, as they pleased. This decision struck dismay into the hearts of the High Church party.

Lord Feilding believed in the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and thought that the Church of England possessed this treasure. Having gone to the Protestant Communion one day in a strange church, he saw with horror the crumbs of the bread that had been used brushed off to the floor. Lord Feilding remained till the church was empty, and then licked up the crumbs with his tongue. God rewarded that devotion, however mistaken in its object.

In the summer of 1850 Lord and Lady Feilding were in Edinburgh. There they happily met with the Very Rev. Dr. Gillis, Vicar-Apostolic. This learned and accomplished prelate soon convinced the young couple where they could find the true religion. All was arranged for their reception into the Church at an early hour on the Feast of St. Austin, August 28, and the preceding evening they retired early to rest. But they were not asleep when there came thundering into the courtyard of the hotel a carriage and four. It contained Lord Denbigh with his chaplain. He had guessed from his son's letters that he was in danger of "going over to Rome"; and, deeming this the worst that could befall that beloved child, the old Earl posted day and night (there were few railways in those days) to Edinburgh. Hearing from

the hotel servants that Lord and Lady Feilding had retired for the night, Lord Denbigh said he would not disturb them, and went to his own apartments. And there he slept soundly, when in the early August morning of the following day Lord and Lady Feilding wended their way to St. Margaret's Convent, and in the beautiful Gothic chapel were received into the Holy Catholic Church, and strengthened with her mighty Sacraments, no longer to "eat of the crumbs," but to be fed with the children's Bread.

They needed all the strength they could find; for on their return to the hotel the storm burst. Lord Denbigh's anger was excessive. He would, he said, disinherit his son, leaving away from him all the property in his power. But this threat weighed little with the fervent convert; it was far harder to bear the breaking up of family ties—the anger of the father he loved so dearly, the estrangement from family and friends.

In gratitude for the grace received within the walls of St. Margaret's, Lord Feilding afterward placed in it a stained-glass window, with a Latin inscription composed by Cardinal Newman.

Another hard trial was at hand. The church to which we have alluded at Pantasaph had not been legally conveyed to the Protestant Bishop, and Lord Feilding could not in conscience give up the land and the partly built church to the professors of a false creed. It must now become a Catholic church. The Protestants were furious, and for a long time Lord Feilding was the best-abused man in England. But he did not quail, and bore all bravely, even joyfully, for his Master's sake. The building went on, and in 1852 the Church of St. David was consecrated to the worship of the Catholic Church, and confided to the care of the Capuchin Fathers, for whom, later on, Lord Feilding built a monastery.

Several of the winters following their conversion were spent by the Feildings in Rome, and there it may be said their spiritual life "grew into color and distinctness." When they were leaving it for the last time, Lady Feilding, who wrote graceful and pleasing verses, composed the following lines:

A FAREWELL TO ROME.

Farewell, dear Rome!—a long and last farewell!
The cruel words die on my lips away;
Mournful their sound as of the passing-bell,
That o'er some moorland tolls at close of day.
Here have I learned to love and learned to pray,
Like some poor infant at its mother's knee,
Who lisps the words he hardly yet can say.
Mother thou art, and yet still more to me
Than earthly mother:—in thy peaceful home
I learned my Saviour's shadowy Form to see,
And heard His accents mild in thine, O Rome!
In thy majestic tones His thunders roll,
And the calm whispers of His still small voice,
That, like soft music o'er the weary soul,
Soothe the dark heart and bid the sad rejoice.
Farewell, dear Rome! farewell! Each well-loved scene
Shall dwell engraven in my inmost heart;
Others may love thee for what thou hast been,
But I will love thee, Rome, for what thou art.
Mother of Love! upon thy peaceful breast
The weary, footsore pilgrim hath found rest.

This peaceful union of heart and soul with his wife, which had brightened Lord Feilding's life for nearly seven years was about to end. On May 1, 1853, Louisa Lady Feilding died. She left no children, so Lord Feilding was alone in the utter blankness of his sorrow. The remains of his beloved wife were interred in Pantasaph church, and a place beside her prepared for himself.

Had he followed his own inclinations, he would have withdrawn from the world and remained a widower; but as time passed on he perceived this was not the will of God for him. His path was to be in the world, though not of the world; and he was to turn away his thoughts from the memory of his angelic wife, and dwell only on that blessed meeting on the eternal shore, where all are as the angels of God.

With this faithful servant, to know God's will was also to strive to do it. Conquering his grief, he began to move in

Catholic society. Lord Feilding had always a great devotion to the angels, and especially to the glorious St. Michael. On the feast of the Archangel, September 29, 1857, he married Mary, a daughter of the late Robert Berkeley, of Spetchley, the head of one of the old Catholic families of England, noble by long descent, and still more by long fidelity to the faith. Mary Berkeley was born on the Feast of the Assumption, 1833.

God abundantly blessed this union, which lasted nearly thirty-five years. Husband and wife were knit together in closest affection and union of head and mind, and saw their children grow up around them according to their hearts' desire. Their eldest son will now take, as far as possible, his father's place. He married, in 1884, the Hon. Cecilia Clifford, a sister of Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh, the head of another of the faithful, noble Catholic English families. A younger son is preparing for the priesthood, and one daughter is a Sister of Charity.

In 1865 Lord Feilding became, on his father's death, Earl of Denbigh. He was again the object of severe public censure for having said in a speech at a public meeting that he was "a Catholic first and an Englishman afterward." These words were, of course, tortured into an assertion of lukewarm loyalty to the English crown. They were simply meant to express the speaker's desire to follow the Gospel teaching, and to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.

No more loyal Englishman ever lived than Lord Denbigh, and also no more loyal and devoted son of Holy Church. His whole life was spent in doing good—in lending a helping hand wherever the interests of the Church were at stake. He never lost the fervor of his youth, but lived almost to his sixty-ninth year a devout and lowly-minded Catholic, crowning his well-spent life by a holy death.

The Month of Mary in Paris.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

WHILST the Radical and the Socialist regard May 1 as an opportunity for noisy demonstrations against the Government, to the pious Catholic it is preeminently the opening day of the Month of Mary. And Paris, with all its gayety and frivolity, and even with all its lamentable free-thought, is in no way behind other Catholic cities in displaying devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Scoffers may shrug, and declare that the devotions of the *Mois de Marie* are only a pretty superstition or a fashionable craze; nevertheless, the fact remains that every church in Paris observes the month with special services, which invariably attract large congregations. The Madeleine, St. Roch, Ste. Clotilde, and other fashionable churches, vie with one another in their brilliant display of flowers and lights before the altar of Our Lady. Parisians are proverbial for charming extravagance in regard to flowers; and just now, when the shops on the boulevards are gay with azaleas and lilacs, roses and lilies, rich and poor alike may be seen laden with exquisite blossoms, not for the adornment of their own homes, but for that of their favorite shrine.

Every visitor to Paris will remember the delightful *Marché de Fleurs* which is held twice a week along the pavement beside the Madeleine, from whence the freshly-cut blossoms can be carried straight up the broad flights of stairs into the vast, solemn interior of the great building. Let us, too, enter for a moment this most impressive of all the Paris churches; and the memory of the scene will cheer our hearts when we hear of ever-new acts of religious intolerance on the part of a freethinking Government.

It is the hour of the evening service, which takes place every day at half-past

eight throughout the month of May. From end to end the brilliantly lighted church is filled with a silent crowd of worshippers. Men, both young and old, are there in numbers; and women of every rank in life, from the well-dressed lady to the servant-maid in her close white cap; whilst here and there may be noticed women with their heads tied up in the great black silk bows of the Alsacian peasant. For these services a special altar is erected on the steps of the sanctuary in front of the high altar, with a tall, graceful statue of Our Lady in the centre, encircled in wreaths of light, and below great clusters of white azaleas and tall bushes of margarites.

As the preacher, clad in the Dominican habit, descends from that historic pulpit which only a few weeks back was so worthily filled by Père Didon, a chorus of exquisite female voices, hidden behind the high altar, breaks out into a hymn to the Blessed Virgin; whilst well-dressed girls and children, conducted by the solemn vergers, make the collection for the expenses of the month. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament brings the hour's service to a close,—the Sacred Host, as It is held up by the priest in benediction, appearing above the figure of the Blessed Mother of Christ.

But there is one sight missing from the evening devotions, which is always to be seen at the Sunday afternoon service, when the statue of Our Lady is carried in procession round the great building. I mean the sweet-faced Sisters of Charity, whose quaint white headdress makes them objects of note in any crowd. They always muster in numbers at the Madeleine; and with them come the charity-school children whom they educate—groups of bright-looking girls, all so neat and happy in their dark-blue Sunday frocks, their hair tucked away into close-fitting, frilled white caps; whilst round their necks are broad, pale-blue ribbons attached to medals of Our Lady. For they are all Children of Mary, come to pay homage to their Protectress.

Another church, which is a favorite resort of the poorer classes at all times, but more especially in the month of May, is Our Lady of Victories, situated in the midst of the high, narrow streets near the central market. One feature in the otherwise simple building is of pathetic and beautiful interest. The whole interior, up to the very roof, is literally lined with *ex-voto* tablets let into the wall, one and all expressive of love and thanksgiving to the Virgin Mary for benefits received,—touching memorials, testifying not only to the inexhaustible tenderness of our Blessed Mother toward all who appeal to her for help, but also, happily, to the heartfelt gratitude of the fortunate recipients of her favors. No doubt each recurring Month of Mary brings forth a fresh crop of ardent petitions offered up and granted, followed by the presentation of yet more of these thank-offerings.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SYMBOLISM IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

WE all agree that the difference in people is largely a matter of education. Temperament counts, of course; but what can not be done by education? Instruction, after all, is what the agriculturist calls "top-dressing"; but education permeates the very depths of the soil. One can see what the modern gardener has done by means of culture. He can not change the species, nor can he produce naturally a blue rose; but he has given us magnificent flowers in all seasons by the force of his art. If culture can produce from a rose-cutting a flower more magnificent than was ever dreamed of—if it can so enlarge and beautify the wild pansy

that it becomes as brilliant as gold and as soft as velvet,—what can it not do for the human race?

But instruction, as we all know, is not education. Education begins with the sights, the colors, the sounds, about the little child. He gets his first idea of heaven, not from words—words are too clumsy for the fine comprehension of a child,—but from the pictures near him. From the angels in Murillo's Immaculate Conception, which appeal to the very little one, to the face of the Mother is an easy transition. Is any man so stupid as to say that this does not count? Schopenhauer, the Mephistopheles of modern life, the devilish opponent of all hope, fears most the influence of early education. "No child," he says, "under the age of fifteen should receive instruction on subjects which may possibly be the vehicle of serious error, such as philosophy, religion, or any other branch of knowledge where it is necessary to take large views; because wrong notions imbibed early can seldom be rooted out."

Schopenhauer's "wrong notions" are our right notions; if any writer represents Satan especially, it is Schopenhauer. And if the children of darkness are wiser in their way than the children of light, his testimony is valuable. He fears early instruction and education; the more should we value it.

What child is not insensibly influenced by the habit of the teaching Sister in school? It means Christian dignity, Christian self-sacrifice, Christian charity. The child may not be able to express these phrases; but the robe and the headgear of the Sister, so unlike all the costumes around him, speak them all. If the mind be not diseased, anything can be done with it; but the work must be begun when the mind is young. The platitude about the twig and the tree is as familiar to us as any other proverb. But it is not only a question of bending the twig: it is a question of light and shade, of feeding the soil about the twig, of influencing even by such feeding the quality of the sap. By watchfulness the gardener can make his azaleas pink or red; he achieves his best results by influences.

Similarly, influence is the main factor in education. Influence directs taste, devotion, and fits the mind for true principles. "My son has no taste for solid books." Why, Madam? Because you never cultivated it. "My son does not see the necessity for so much attention to religion." Why? Because his mind was influenced neither at home nor at school by the religious symbolism which in all ages has meant so much and been so powerful.

A crucifix in the school-room means a great deal; a statue of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Aloysius, of St. Sebastian,—they speak in silence. And they who neglect symbolism as factors in education overlook a most potent influence. No art can be fine enough for children; no symbol too beautiful. When they are very little they have great powers of idealization. Witness the rag dolls or the hideous wooden horses. But, a little older, they become more critical; and when the symbolism of the Church abounds in such entrancing emblems of beauty, the children should have the best of them.

What child can forget a good copy of Murillo's Immaculate Conception or of the Sistine Madonna, seen in the school-room? The beauty of these glimpses of heaven follows it in dreams, tinctures its thoughts, keeps it from sin, leads it to contrition, and helps to excite its love at the hour of death.

Our non-Catholic friends are coming back to the use of Christian symbols. Look at the Christmas and Easter cards;—when Puritanism had exhausted its symbolism of the May-flower, it had to turn to the Catholic Church. So far, among cultivated Americans, the Church has triumphed by the beauty of its symbolism; is the step so very far to a doctrinal resurrection?

The school-room can not reasonably be

a mere cave for instruction, a vault of pedagogy: its walls must speak of God, of the divine mysteries, limned as the greatest masters of art have painted them; and the voice of symbols, all the more powerful because it is silent, becomes a great part of education. It is not the cord that bends the twig, but it is the quality that colors the sap, that tinges the blossoms, that kills the canker; it influences, it strengthens, it heals. To turn our back on the use of spiritual symbols in the home and the school-room, is to deny the wisdom of the Church and the experience of all men who have intelligently considered the subject of education.

The Story of an Easter-Egg.

WHEN one has visited the ancient and venerable Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, has admired its beauties and prayed at its many altars, I know not whether anything makes so deep an impression on one as a glazed closet in the sacristy, wherein are to be seen a row of worn-out cassocks, torn and pierced with bullet holes. They are the cassocks of the Archbishops of Paris murdered by the populace. There hangs the soutane of Archbishop Affre, who in 1848, in his love of his neighbor and the desire of quieting the excited populace, mounted the barricades, and was shot down; there is the cassock of Archbishop Sibour, who was murdered during the procession in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont in 1857; and finally there is the soutane of Archbishop Darboy, who, with other prisoners, was shot in the prison of La Roquette in 1871.

Until a few days before the last-named execution the prisoners were kept in Mazas, whither a lady came one day to the prison-keeper and asked permission to see Archbishop Darboy. The jailer was astonished at the boldness of this request; and he would have expressed his surprise and displeasure in a forcible way had he not been impressed with a feeling akin to respect by the noble carriage of the lady.

"You can't see the prisoner Darboy," he said; "and you ought to have known it."

"But I beg you earnestly to do me the favor."

"Who are you? What papers do you bring? What is your name?"

"My name—my name is Clementia," answered the lady.

"I know of no such name. Have you an order to enter?"

There was no answer.

"Then go away or you will be arrested, because you have given the prisoner an unlawful title. Be off!"

"Will you not, then, have the kindness to give this to the prisoner?"

"What is it?"

"It is harmless, at least," she said,—"only an Easter-egg."

"Easter! We have no Easter here."

"Will you not kindly give it to him?"

"Well, leave it there; but begone!"

The lady went sorrowfully away.

The warden placed the egg on a table as an officer in showy uniform entered.

"Well, anything new?" he asked, in a rough tone.

"Nothing, captain; except that a woman left this for the prisoner Darboy."

"Give it to me."

In the evening the Communist officers met as usual at a banquet in the Rue St. Honoré, the captain amongst them. In the course of the conversation, which consisted chiefly of blasphemies against religion, the captain produced the egg. Herein, according to the blasphemers, was an evidence of the superstition of the Christian faith in regard to the beautiful festival of Easter.

One of the officers picked up the egg. "I have often heard of strange intrigues carried on by means of eggs. Be assured you will find something in that one."

The company laughed. "Open it and let us see," they said.

He did open it, and truly there was a note neatly folded up in the eggshell.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Do you believe me now?"

"Read it! Read it!" they all cried out.

"MONSEIGNEUR L'ARCHEVEQUE:—As I am not allowed to see you, I take this means of expressing to you my deepest gratitude for the many benefits that you have conferred on me and my children. Without your help they would now be dead; for they could not have endured the siege. Now they are quite well, and they crave your blessing. Every day, at two o'clock, I will bring them to Mazas, that they may again receive the treasured blessing of their benefactor, together with their unhappy mother—"

Here the reader was interrupted by loud laughter.

"Surely a most interesting conspiracy!" he remarked.

"But it does not seem to be very dangerous," said another. "Is there no signature to the letter?"

"There is a signature, but it is not easy to make it out. Clementia, I think it is—yes, Clementia Arpentini."

These words were followed by a death-like silence; and all eyes were turned to the captain, who became pale as death.

"Clementia Arpentini!" he stammered. "That is—yes, that is my mother. What a wretch I am!" And he rushed from the room, and the company soon broke up.

What became of the captain was never learned with certainty. It is related that when the Archbishop and the other victims were thrown against the wall and the slaughter was about to begin, a man in a torn uniform threw himself on his knees before the prelate, exclaiming, "Monseigneur, I also must look death in the face. Bless me, as you so often blessed my mother and my brothers."

He was shot down with the prisoners.

Notes and Remarks.

The vagaries of human reason, when left to its own devices, have never been better illustrated than in the problematical theories put forward by "advanced thinkers" in every age toward the formation of a "new religion." They claim to be independent of revelation and faith; but, with singular inconsistency, all that is good and practical in their system is found to be taken from truths and principles made known to man by his Creator. A recent instance is furnished by the utterances of Dr. Paul Carus, who says:

"A new religion is growing in the hearts of men, ... which will be the religion of humanity."

The true religion of humanity already exists, and is embodied in Christianity. The teachings of its Divine Founder as expressed in the law of love, divine and human, and in the beautiful Sermon on the Mount, inculcate all that can tend to the betterment of man, the perfection of his relations with his fellows, and the attainment of his final destiny. Dr. Carus says further of the "new religion":

"It will be the embodiment of all that is sacred and pure and elevating. It will promote righteousness; for it demands justice. It will ennoble human life; for it represents harmony and beauty. It will be an ethical religion."

Again, all this is found in the one true religion, which for nineteen centuries has exerted its influence for the good of mankind. Dr. Carus' ideal has a living reality, and it is the religion established by the Saviour of the world.

The Mylapore *Register* quotes the correspondence of a Mr. V. Manuel, of Cochin, relative to a miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin. An oil merchant named Pora, of a village near Cochin, happened to come by a number of pictures, among them a likeness of Our Lady. He gave it to his children as a toy, but on two successive nights heard a voice warning him to take the picture from the children and give it to some one who would honor the personage portrayed. Somewhat affrighted, Pora gave the picture to his servant, a Christian. This latter placed it for greater safety in his private box; but he, too,

was warned by the mysterious voice to have the picture framed and placed in a hut for public veneration. This was done, and Mr. Manuel adds that many miracles are being wrought through the agency of the Holy Picture. The first one was the instantaneous cure of a pagan woman subject to excruciating chronic pains in the stomach. Large numbers of people daily throng to the locality, and a church will shortly be erected there.

The Rev. Julius Frère, C. S. C., whose death occurred last week at Notre Dame, had an experience which seldom falls to the lot of priests except in pagan countries. He was the exorcist appointed by the late Archbishop Purcell for a case of demoniacal possession, which took place in Ohio in the year 1858. An account of this extraordinary event was published in THE "AVE MARIA" some years ago, and afterward in a book called "Glimpses of the Supernatural." The narrative, at least in its entirety, would not be suitable reading for persons of weak faith or weak nerves. The venerable Father was a priest of holy life, and bore the privations and sufferings of his last illness with exemplary patience and resignation. May he rest in peace!

The Chinese General Tihm Kita-Ny, who was recently executed for alleged high-treason, was a convert to Christianity. He made a journey to Europe some years ago, and visited the Pope. The Catholic missions had a generous supporter in him. This was enough to constitute high-treason. The young Emperor is said to have signed the decree of death with much reluctance.

One of the most gratifying circumstances in connection with the solemnities of Holy Week in Rome, this year, was the attendance thereat of enormous crowds, who filled all the churches in which solemn services were held. From morning till evening the different offices were followed by throngs of devout worshippers. To explain their presence by curiosity or the love of fine music is ridiculous: mere sight-seers do not stand or kneel for three and four hours at a time during several successive days. The truth is that at heart the Italians are far more Catholic than their rulers would fain have the world believe.

In Madrid, too, the past Lent, and more especially Passiontide, demonstrated that Catholicity is not on the wane, despite the blatant rant of socialistic scoffers. A correspondent of the London *Tablet* states that, in deference to the public and Catholic sentiment, "the Radical periodicals during Holy Week leave off their occasional sneers and petty complaints about the Church and her efforts for the good of the nation, and issue numbers of their papers full of pious thoughts on religious services, the beauty of the various monuments in the temples of God, short epitomes of the best sermons, meditations on the Passion, and produce copies of holy pictures."

Commenting on the tendency of anarchical bomb-throwers to aim their deadly missiles at churches or religious processions, the *Sacred Heart Review* pertinently remarks: "In fact, they [the anarchists] hate religion worst of all. It is a constant reproach to them. The Church is the great conservative force of the age, the friend of law and order, and the most powerful enemy of those wretches who would destroy society from pure hatred and wickedness. It is one of the glories of the Church that these men hate her, and would destroy her if they could."

The Notre Dame Club is the name of an excellent and successful institution for Catholic working girls in New York city. A gymnasium, a library, and a reception room are among the features at present offered to hundreds of young women, whose evenings have heretofore been necessarily dull; and classes in many of the industrial arts have also been organized. The work of the Club is cordially approved by Archbishop Corrigan.

In recent issues of the New York *Sun* there appeared a series of articles upon "The Choice of the Next Pope," written by one who signed himself "Innominato." They were full of speculation as to the qualifications of men prominent in the ecclesiastical world, and their

probable influence upon social conditions in Europe. To all such writings the man of faith need pay little attention. However, the concluding paragraph of the last article expresses very eloquently a great truth, and we may be permitted to quote it:

"Eminently progressive in its historic march and its exterior organization, the Papacy is the power above all others which has the most marvellous energy of transformation and of adaptation to the metamorphoses of society. If it is faithful to this new mission, it will have a place of the first order in the play and the struggle of the influences that will share the future of humanity. The Papacy has been eternally a moral resource in times of crises and convulsions of Europe and of the world. It will henceforth be the great pacifying and amphictyonic tribunal. International in its very nature, it belongs to the entire world."

The most famous of Canadian shrines, that of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, is to be enriched with another relic of the illustrious mother of the Blessed Virgin. A request of Cardinal Taschereau to the Pope has resulted in securing a portion of Ste. Anne's wrist, about three inches long, for the Basilica at Beaupré. Mgr. Marquis, of Nicolet, P. Q., who brought the relic from Rome, consented to its exposition for a few days in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York; and the New York papers record that the veneration of the crowds who thronged to view it has been rewarded by several favors of an extraordinary nature.

A visitor to San José, Cal., speaks of the late Sister Mary Cornelia as a great and true benefactor of that city. Sister Mary Cornelia was born in 1815, at St. Nicholas, Liege; entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame at Namur, Belgium, in 1834, and made her religious profession in 1836. After successfully filling several offices of the community in her native land, she, with five companions, came in 1844 to Oregon, to take up the pioneer work of religious education in the Northwest. The long journey was full of perils and privations. In 1852, Sister Mary Cornelia went to San José, and from that period until her lamented death had been identified with the best interest of her Order on the Pacific coast. During the past five years, however, she was a paralytic, bearing her heavy cross with sublime faith and patience. Gifted with a fine mind and rare talents, the venerable religious was a veritable "valiant woman," whose loss is deplored by all Catholics on the Pacific slope. Her life and her death are her best eulogy, and the beautiful convent which she erected at the cost of many sacrifices in San José is her most fitting monument. *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —Heb., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev Julius Frère, C. S. C., whose happy death, after long suffering, took place at Notre Dame on the 2d inst.

The Rev. Father Stanislaus, C. P., one of the pioneers of his Congregation in the United States, who died full of years and merits on the 3d inst.

Brother Chrysostom Basil, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who passed to his reward on March 26.

Sister M. Claver, of the Sisters of Mercy, who was called to the recompense of her devoted life on the 21st ult., at Providence, R. I.

Mr. James E. Daley, who departed this life on the 19th ult., in New York city.

Master Gustave Busha, of Detroit, Mich., who piously rendered his soul to God on the 22d ult.

Mrs. M. Howard, who ended her days at Lowell, Mass., on the Feast of St. Joseph.

Mrs. John Lillis, of Chicago, Ill., whose good life was crowned with a precious death on the 18th ult.

Mr. Michael Boylan, who breathed his last not long since, at Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. Bridget Murphy, of Manchester, N. H., who departed from among the living on the 15th ult.

Mrs. Hannah Carr, whose life closed peacefully on Good-Friday, in Chicago, Ill.

John, Thomas and Albert Livingstone, Mrs. Catherine Reynolds, Mrs. Martin Brown, Mrs. Mary Walsh, Mr. Frederick Seifert, Mrs. Alonza Reese, and Mrs. Anna McMullen,—all of Newport, Ky.; Mrs. Catherine Barry, Van Horn, Iowa; Mrs. Mary McBride, Manayunk, Pa.; Mr. John Lynch, Mr. John Condon, and Mr. Edmund Tobin, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen Bardin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Thomas Kilduff, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. John J. Sullivan, Mr. John P. Kelly, Mrs. Mary Collins, and Miss Bridget Lowney,—all of New Bedford, Mass.; Miss Margaret Manning, Fall River, Mass; and Mrs. Margaret Davis, Kilkenny, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Memorare.

NEVER was it heard of
Since Jesus came on earth,
And of thee, O Blessed Mary,
Took pure and sinless birth,
That any sought thy presence
In sorrow or in pain,
And found thy mercy wanting,
Or cried to thee in vain!

So, in thy love confiding,
To thee I lift my prayer,
And place my soul's salvation
Within thy tender care.
Could I be first to perish?—
Shall it of me be said:
"Trusting she came to Mary,
And all too vainly plead"?

Nay! nay! my Blessed Mother,
No such repulse I fear,
Since Christ, my Elder Brother,
Made thee my Mother dear;
Morn, noon, and night I'll seek thee,
To thee in danger fly,
And 'neath thy mantle hide me
When clouds obscure the sky.

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Such is the Memorare,
Great Bernard's constant prayer;
His confidence in Mary
Her children all may share;
Her Heart o'erflows with pity
For each poor sinful one,
In country, town, or city,
For sake of Christ her Son.

ADELE.

A May-Day Gift.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.

"MOTHER!" cried Abby, the day after the arrival of the unique May-basket from Father Dominic, "now that we have such a lovely statue of the Blessed Virgin, don't you think we ought to make a regular altary."

"A what!" exclaimed Mrs. Clayton, at a loss to understand what her little daughter could possibly mean. "I told you that you might have an altar, dear. And you may arrange it whenever you please."

"No, but an altary," persisted Abby. "The Tyrrells have an altary in their house, and I wish we could have one too. Why, you must know what it is, mother,—just a little room fitted up like a chapel; and the family say their prayers there night and morning, and at other times if they wish."

"Oh, an oratory!" observed Mrs. Clayton, trying to repress a smile.

"Perhaps that *is* the name," admitted Abby, a trifle disconcerted. "Anyhow, can't we have one?"

"Well—yes," said her mother, after a few moments' reflection. "The small room

next to the parlor might be arranged for that purpose."

"That would make a beautiful al—chapel!" exclaimed Abby. She did not venture to attempt the long word again.

"I think I could get enough out of the carpet that was formerly on the parlor to cover the floor," mused Mrs. Clayton aloud. "The square table, draped with muslin and lace, would make a pretty altar. Then, with the pictures of the Sacred Heart and the Bouguereau Madonna to hang on the walls, and my *prie-dieu*—yes, Abby, I think we can manage it."

"Oh, how splendid!" cried the little girl. "When shall we begin to get it ready?"

"Perhaps to-morrow," answered her mother; "but I can not promise to have the preparations completed at once. It will take some time to plan the carpet and have it put down."

Abby was not only satisfied, but delighted. She told Larry the minute he came into the house. He had been over to the pond with his boat again.

"That will be grand!" said he. "When you get everything fixed, I'll bring you the little vase I got for Christmas, and my prayer-book, and—oh, yes, my rosary, to put on the altar. And, then," he went on, quite seriously, "there's my catechism, and the little chalk angel, and—"

"The little chalk angel!" repeated Abby, scornfully. "Why, that has lost its head!"

"But it's a little chalk angel all the same," argued Larry. "And if I find the head, it can be glued on."

"Oh—well, we don't want any trash like that on our altar!" rejoined his sister. "And the books and rosary can be kept on the shelf in the corner. It would be nice to have the vase, though."

Larry, who at first had been rather offended that his offerings were not appreciated, brightened up when he found he could at least furnish something to adorn the shrine.

The following day was Saturday. There was, of course, no school, and Abby was free to help her mother to get the little room in order. She was impatient to begin. But alas for her plans! About nine o'clock in the morning Mrs. Clayton suddenly received word that grandma was not feeling well, and she at once prepared to visit the dear old lady.

"I may be away the greater part of the day, Delia," she said, as she tied the strings of her bonnet; "but I have given you all necessary directions, I think.—Larry, do not go off with any of the boys, but you may play in the park as usual.—And, Abby, be sure that you do not keep Miss Remick waiting when she comes to give you your music lesson."

"But what about the altary—oh, oratory I mean?" asked Abby, dejectedly.

"There is a piece of muslin in the linen press which you may take to cover the altar," said her mother; "but do not attempt to arrange anything more. I will attend to the rest next week. I am sorry to disappoint you and Larry; but, you see, I can not help it."

She hurried away; and the children ran up to the parlor, which was on the second story of the house, to take another look at their precious statue, which had been placed on the marble slab in front of one of the long mirrors. Then they went into the small room which was to be the oratory. The only furniture it contained was the square table which they had brought there the evening before. Abby got the muslin, and began to drape the table to resemble an altar; Larry looking on admiringly, volunteering a suggestion now and then. She succeeded pretty well. Larry praised her efforts; he was prouder than ever of his sister,—although, as he remarked, 'the corners *would* look a little bunchy, and the cloth was put on just a *teeny* bit crooked.'

Presently the little girl paused, took several pins out of her mouth—which

seemed to be the most available pincushion, —and glanced disconsolately at the pine boards of the floor.

"What is the use of fixing the altar before the floor is covered?" she said. "I am almost sure I could put down the carpet myself."

"Oh, no, you couldn't!" said Larry. "You'd be sure to hammer your fingers instead of the tacks—girls always do. But if you get the carpet all spread out, *I'll* nail it down for you."

The roll of carpet stood in the corner. It had been partially ripped apart, and there were yards and yards of it; for it had covered the parlor, which was a large room. Mrs. Clayton intended to have it made over for the dining-room, and estimated that there would be enough left for the oratory. She had not thought it necessary to explain these details to Abby, however.

"We'll do it," declared the latter. "Mother said to wait, but I don't believe she'll care."

"Course she won't," agreed Larry.

Both the children felt that what they had decided upon was not exactly right,—that it would be better to observe strictly their mother's instructions. But, like many people who argue themselves into the delusion that what they want to do is the best thing to be done, Abby tried to compromise with the "still small voice" which warned her not to meddle, by the retort: "Oh, it will spare mother the trouble! And she'll be glad to have it finished." As for Larry, the opportunity to pound away with the hammer and make as much noise as he pleased, was a temptation hard to resist.

Abby opened the roll.

"What did mother mean by saying she thought she could get enough out of this carpet to cover the floor?" said the little girl, with a laugh. "She must have been very absent-minded; for there's lashin's of it here, as Delia would say."

"Oh, my, yes—lashin's!" echoed Larry.

Abby was what is called "a go-ahead" young person. She was domestic in her tastes, and, for her years, could make herself very useful about the house when she chose. Now, therefore, she had no diffidence about her ability to carry out her undertaking. And Larry, although he frequently reminded her that she did not know *every*thing, had a flattering confidence in her capacity.

"I'll have it done in less than no time," she said, running to get her mother's large scissors.

Click, click went the shears as she slashed into the carpet, taking off breadth after breadth, without attempting to match the pattern, and with little regard for accuracy of measurement. Instead of laying it along the length of the room, she chose to put it crosswise, thus cutting it up into any number of short pieces.

"No matter about its not being sewed," she went on; "you can nail it together, can't you, Larry?"

"Oh, yes!" said Larry.

The more hammering the better for him. He hunted up the hammer and two papers of tacks, and as fast as Abby cut he nailed.

Delia was unusually busy; for it was house-cleaning time, and she was getting the dining-room ready for the new carpet. Therefore, although she heard the noise upstairs, she gave herself no concern about it; supposing that Larry was merely amusing himself, for he was continually tinkering at one thing or another.

By and by Larry remarked: "Say, Abby, you've got two of these pieces too short."

Abby went over and looked at them. "Gracious, so I have!" she said. "Well, put them aside, and I'll cut two more."

Click went the scissors again, and the carpet was still further mutilated. Then, as a narrow strip was required, a breadth was slit down the centre. Finally the boards were covered.

"There!" she cried, triumphantly. "It is all planned. Now, *I'll* nail."

Larry demurred at first, but Abby was imperious. Moreover, the constant friction of the handle of the hammer had raised a blister in the palm of his hand. Abby had an ugly red welt around her thumb, caused by the resistance of the scissors; for it had been very hard work to cut the heavy carpet. But she did not complain, for she felt that she was a martyr to industry.

At last the work was completed; and, flushed and tired, with her fingers bruised from frequent miscalculated blows from the hammer, and her knuckles rubbed and tingling, she paused to admire the result of her toil. The carpeting was a curious piece of patchwork certainly, but the children were delighted with their achievement.

The lunch bell rang.

"Don't say anything about it to Delia," cautioned Abby.

Larry agreed that it would be as well not to mention the subject. They did not delay long at the meal, but hastened back to their self-imposed task.

"Now let's hurry up and finish the altar," said Abby.

Having completed the adornment of the table, by throwing over the muslin a fine lace curtain, from the linen press also, and decking it with some artificial flowers found in her mother's wardrobe, Abby brought the statue from the parlor, and set it upon the shrine which she and Larry had taken so much trouble to prepare. Larry placed before the lovely image his little vase containing a small bunch of dandelions he had gathered in the yard. He was particularly fond of dandelions. Abby had nothing to offer but her May wreath, which she laid beside it. But the decorations appeared too scanty to satisfy her.

"I'll get the high pink vases from the parlor," said she.

"Yes," added Larry. "And the candlesticks with the glass hanging all round them like a fringe, that jingles when you touch them."

The little girl brought the vases. Then she carried in the candelabra, the crystal pendants ringing as she walked in a way that delighted Larry. She knew perfectly well that she was never allowed to tamper with the costly ornaments in the parlor; but she excused herself by the plea: "I'm doing it for the Blessed Virgin." Larry also had a certain uneasiness about it, but he said to himself: "Oh, it must be all right if Abby thinks so! She is a great deal older than I am, and ought to know."

The shrine was certainly elaborate now. The children were so engrossed with admiring it that they did not hear the house door open and close. A step in the hall, however, reminded the little girl of her music lesson.

"Gracious, that must be Miss Remick!" she said, in confusion.

She quietly opened the door of the oratory, intending to peep into the parlor to see if the teacher was there. To her surprise she encountered her mother, who had just come up the stairs. But Mrs. Clayton was much more astonished by the sight which greeted her eyes when she glanced into the oratory.

"O Abby," she exclaimed, in distress and annoyance, "how could you be so disobedient! O Larry, why did you help to do what you must have known I would not like?"

Larry grew very red in the face, looked down, and fumbled with one of the buttons of his jacket.

"But, mother," began Abby, glibly, "it was for the Blessed Virgin, you know. I was sure I could put down the carpet all right, and I thought you would be glad to be saved the trouble."

"Put it down all right!" rejoined her mother. "Why, you have ruined the carpet, Abby!"

Both children looked incredulous and astonished.

"Don't you see that you have cut it up so shockingly that it is entirely spoiled?

What is left would have to be so pieced that I can not possibly use it for the dining-room, as I intended."

Abby was mortified and abashed. Larry grew more and more uncomfortable.

"And, then, the vases and candelabra!" continued Mrs. Clayton. "Have you not been forbidden to lift or move them, daughter?"

"Yes, mother," acknowledged the little girl. "But I thought you wouldn't mind when I wanted them for the altar. I didn't suppose you'd think anything you had was too good for the Blessed Virgin."

"Certainly not," was the reply. "I had decided to place the candelabra on your little shrine. The pink vases are not suitable. But these ornaments are too heavy for you to carry. It was only a happy chance that you did not drop and break them. And, then, the statue! Do you not remember that I would not permit you to move it yesterday? How would you have felt if it had slipped from your clasp and been dashed to pieces?"

A few tears trickled down Abby's cheeks. Larry blinked hard and stared at the wall.

"My dear children, that is not the way to honor our Blessed Mother," Mrs. Clayton went on to say. "Do you think that she looked down with favor upon your work to-day? No. But if you had waited as I told you,—if each of you had made a little altar for her in your heart, and offered to her the beautiful flowers of patience, and the votive lights of loving obedience,—then indeed you would have won her blessing, and she would have most graciously accepted the homage of such a shrine. As it is, you see, you have very little, if anything, to offer her."

(To be continued.)

BATTLES nor songs can from oblivion save,
But Fame upon a white deed loves to build.
From out the cup of water Sidney gave
Not one drop has been spilled.

—*Anon.*

A Shrewd Artist.

An amusing and characteristic anecdote is related of the painter Meissonier. When he had just become famous he was patronized by a wealthy but penurious Parisian gentleman, who had a great liking for posing as a friend to rising genius. One day Meissonier was breakfasting with this friend, and expressed his admiration of the exquisite damask cloth which covered the table.

"It is like satin," he said. "I believe I could draw upon it."

Suiting the action to the word, he took a pencil from his pocket and went to work. A few minutes later there appeared on the fine linen the head of a man.

After he had gone, the host, improving the opportunity to secure the work of a master at a trifling cost, cut out the hastily drawn picture, and had it framed. He congratulated himself on his good fortune, and gave the work a conspicuous place in his drawing-room.

Soon after this Meissonier was again invited to breakfast with his patron, and found beside his plate a nice assortment of crayons and other suitable materials for drawing,—among them a penknife, well sharpened. At the conclusion of the repast, while the other guests were chatting over their coffee, the host cast his eyes toward the eccentric artist, who, he observed with much delight, was busily engaged with the utensils he had so thoughtfully furnished. He could hardly wait to bow his guests out. But at last, all having departed, he hurried toward the place where Meissonier had sat. Alas! the economy of the rich man was matched by that of his distinguished visitor. Meissonier had made a fine picture, to be sure; but he had also made good use of his host's penknife, and the decorated corner of the beautiful tablecloth was safe in his pocket several blocks away!

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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In Our Lady's Month.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

WHEN underneath the vernal skies,
Whose arches glow with gentle graces,
The emerald earth, Madonna, lies,
The flowers unveil their lovely faces;
And primrose pale and daffodil,
And buttercups and snowy daisies,
Bid welcome back to dale and hill
The month that multiplies thy praises.

Melodious are the groves and woods,
Wherein the birds rehearse thy glories,
And winds, to fill the interludes,
Exhaust their sweetest repertories;
And when the day's devotions die,
As field and wood and grove grow shady,
Each scintillating sphere on high
Hymns nocturns to thee, Blessed Lady.

Stray Sheep and their Shepherds.

NOT unfrequently it happens that people who enjoy leisure and opportunity for satisfying their taste for devotion are disposed to be severe upon those who, absorbed by the hard work of earning their daily bread, neglect the duty of prayer, and sometimes, alas! end by forgetting their souls and the other life. Among this countless multitude is the class of strolling players and peddlers, who spend their lives roaming through France, from one fair to another. They move about in covered carts, or vans, that hold all their belongings—their children, theatrical scenery, and live animals, such as dogs, monkeys, birds, and even wild beasts. These carts in which the poor creatures eat and sleep, and take shelter against the inclemency of the weather, are partitioned, lighted with small, curtained windows, and scantily furnished.

A few years ago some pious ladies, filled with compassion at the abandoned condition of these people, many of whom are honest and deserving, thought of founding in Paris a work of mercy that would afford the poor hawkers and players religious instruction, and even the temporal assistance which they often sadly need. This work is called Œuvre des Forains, and was approved of by the Archbishop of Paris. From the very outset, many instances of sincere and lasting conversions consoled the charitable teachers and encouraged them in their mission, making amends for frequent disappointments. The patronesses affirm that the showmen and women do not deserve the evil repute and contempt that is often their lot; that they are sensitive to the slightest act of kindness, and frequently endeavor to bring to the mission recruits from among their neighbors and acquaintances.

At Grenelle, a populous quarter of Paris, a woman belonging to a wandering troop,

seeing one of the ladies of the society passing, called to her and said: "A family has just arrived; they do not know how to find you, and they have several children to be prepared for First Communion. Oh, how they long to see you!" The lady knew nothing of the persons referred to; but she went to them without delay, and found that they were honest Catholics, who made their livelihood chiefly at the fairs of the provinces. They had had twenty-two children, all baptized as soon as possible after their birth. Nine of these had died in infancy; of the remaining thirteen, five were old enough to make their First Communion, but had not yet learned the catechism. The parents had left the suburbs, where they made more than they could earn in Paris, in order to have their children instructed by the ladies of the society. They had no acquaintances in Paris, and hardly dared to tell the object they had in view; so they simply prayed, and waited patiently for God to send round "the lady of the First Communion."

Their prayer was heard: the lady visited them, and was received with respect in the poor cart, the lodging of the whole family. Catechism was at once begun; the five children being joined every day by the two older sisters, and a brother aged nineteen, besides a sickly little girl, a neighbor. The older sisters and brother were to be prepared for Confirmation. At the end of a few weeks these poor children, full of good-will and beaming with happiness, were ready to receive the Bread of Angels. A devoted Marist Father came from a great distance at an early hour to say Mass for the First Communicants in the parish church of Grenelle. He declared he had never experienced greater consolation during his ministry in Paris; the respect and pious dispositions of these young Communicants delighted him. On the following morning Cardinal Richard administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the nine happy candidates in his own private chapel, and addressed a touching exhortation to the poor outcasts, who were overwhelmed with the honor. At the conclusion of the religious ceremony, this family, having no further business in Paris, left the city, but first paid a visit of thanks to the kind Marist Father.

The Cardinal gave another proof of paternal interest in the work in question. A poor old woman lay paralyzed upon a wretched pallet in a corner of a rolling cart, surrounded by monkeys, serpents, etc. The misery of the company was so great that they could not afford the merest necessaries of life; the children were burning their rickety chairs and scanty furniture to warm their grandmother, who was almost famished. Their filial affection drew a blessing upon them. The Cardinal, when he learned of the terrible distress of this deserving family and the heavy burden they had to bear, sent the poor old crippled grandmother to his asylum of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. This favor was appreciated not only by those immediately concerned, but likewise by the entire corporation of Forains, as they are called; they felt as if the boon had been conferred upon each in particular, and were loud in expressing their gratitude to the beneficent prelate.

Several priests devote their time and energy to the instruction of these strolling players, and are readily and gladly helped by female religious communities. In the beautiful chapel of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Boulevard des Invalides, a most interesting First Communion took place lately,—that of a little girl of the class we speak of. The child, in white dress and veil, knelt on a *prie-dieu* before the altar; a lighted taper on one side and a white lily on the other, symbols of her fervor and of the purity of her young heart. All the pupils of the school were present at the ceremony. At the moment of Communion, two young ladies led the happy child to the Holy Table, while the

mellow tones of the organ and the sweet voices of the spouses of Christ exalted the mercies of Him who loves the poor and the lowly. The kind nuns, in making the ceremony as imposing as possible, acted in accordance with the suggestion of the good Jesuit Father who had prepared the child for this most important action. "Let there be fine music," he said, "and every sign of rejoicing that this poor little soul may remember to have been happy at least one day in her life,—on the day she first received our Blessed Lord."

Those who take a lively and active interest in the Forains relate many consoling facts of the good-will and piety of these simple souls. One poor widow of their number never lets a day pass without hearing Mass, and often goes to Holy Communion. With admirable perseverance and patience, she teaches the children of her neighborhood their prayers and catechism. Another woman is ever ready to second the ladies in their excellent work; she is useful in a thousand ways, and lends her theatre for catechism. As a return for any kindness shown her, she pressingly invites her benefactresses to her theatricals. "Come, *do* come!" she urges. "You will see there is no harm. The play is to be the 'Death of Joan of Arc.'" The ladies sometimes find it hard to elude such good-natured offers, which, it is needless to add, are in nowise tempting.

All these poor creatures vie with one another in proving their sense of gratitude for the good done to them. One young girl, called Eugénie, is remarkable not only for her piety, but for her zeal, her sole thought being the religious education of the children about her. She is marvellously ingenious, and her suggestions are often available to the members of the association. One of these suggestions was the establishing of an elementary catechism class for children from seven to eight, to be held during all the principal *fêtes* that attract the strolling players to the Capital. Hers also was the idea of placing children in orphan asylums for the time of their First Communion, or else making them learn a trade. God alone can count all her endeavors. She is the indispensable help of the ladies, warning them of the poor sick that lie in danger of death, and preparing these latter for the priest's visit. The secret of the influence exercised by this young girl is her devotion to the Most Holy Eucharist.

One of the most interesting features of the good work is the assistance of the sick and dying. The consolations of religion have been brought to many poor souls who, but for the timely intervention of the ladies of the pious association, might have died without the Sacraments.

A young girl, named Louise B——, the daughter of a showman, was dying of consumption, lying in the corner of the cart, her only home, where the air is stifling in summer and icy in winter. She was a pretty young creature, and, in spite of her failing health, had worked on bravely at the show that meant daily bread for her and the family. She had been prepared for her First Communion by the Sisters of St. Charles of Lyons. Later, at Angers, some ladies took an interest in her, and further encouraged her pious dispositions. She always retained an affectionate recollection of them; and during her illness kept constantly near her a crucifix which they had given her, and which was her solace to the last. She went to confession during the *fête* of Neuilly. When the festivities were concluded there, they were resumed at Montmartre. She was conveyed thither, and again begged to see a priest. A Jesuit Father came, and she received Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum with angelic piety. She remained calm and resigned in her sufferings, and never allowed a word of complaint to escape her lips; she even tried to conceal her bodily pain, that she might not afflict her poor mother or lessen her own merits before God. On the

eve of her death she confided to the lady who visited her that she felt very low; that was all,—she quietly closed her eyes and expired, without five minutes' agony.

Our Divine Shepherd chooses for Himself pure souls in every class and clime. Little Louise was a flower of the flock; she excited the admiration and respect of all who knew her. On hearing of her death, a poor neighbor exclaimed: "It is a little saint that has died!" Her funeral was followed by a crowd of showmen and women, and among them walked three ladies of the pious association, who came to pray, and to prove their sympathy for the bereaved parents. Devoted priests are always ready to attend such cases, and thus these poor sheep are kept in the Fold; or, if wanderers, led back to its protecting shelter.

A Crust of Bread.

A Story of Memorial Day.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

"SO it is a question of money?" said the young man, with a smile that to the older man seemed tinged with cynicism,—the unworthy cynicism of one who despises that which he does not possess.

"No, it is not a question of money—money in hand. It is a question of the ability to accumulate money," returned the older man, calmly. "According to your own statement, you have reached the age of thirty years—"

"Thirty-two," corrected the other.

"So much the worse. Thirty-two years, without owning so much as a foot of ground, a share of stock, or having any bank account. Now, to my mind the ability to accumulate money is worth more than a big inheritance. Fortunes may tumble down any day; but the man who knows how to pile them up is safe, and so are those who are dependent upon him. For, of course, no man with any real manliness would wish to depend upon his wife's father."

"If I had not what seemed to me a sufficient salary, I should not have asked you for your daughter. I would not have spoken to her had I not felt able to support her in comfort," said the young man, with the first touch of spirit that he had shown throughout the interview. "Of course I do not pretend that I can give her these things," looking around the luxurious apartment as he spoke; "but I believe she would be content to do without them. She should never know want while I lived, and my life would be insured for her benefit in case of my death."

"Horace!" exclaimed a young woman, whose slender figure was half concealed by the heavy folds of a curtain at a window looking out upon the bay. She turned her face toward him as she spoke, and there were tears in her bright dark eyes.

"I know she does not think of these things, sir," he went on, answering her look of reproach with a grateful glance. "It is natural that *you* should. And it is only right that I should satisfy you of my ability to care for her."

"This is really going too far. The whole thing is out of the question, entirely out of the question," said the father, with decision. "The circumstance upon which you seem to rely most—the fact that you have such a salary, an uncommonly good one for a young man—is most against you."

"I fail to understand you, Mr. Duncan."

"A man of your age, in the receipt of such a salary for how long?—six years?—ought to have laid by a very neat sum, if he had the right ideas of thrift and economy. Why, man, you could have saved and invested, invested and saved, and doubled your money in that time, touching nothing but good, legitimate enterprises. And you haven't a dollar, by your own confession, to say nothing

of any sort of a home to offer a wife!"

The young man whom he addressed, who might have been likened to the Prisoner at the Bar by virtue of his downcast eyes and general aspect, answered this indictment by stammering in an undertone that there were ways which he could not very well explain, and he could not well help, —but the earnings were gone. Still he hoped that now he might do better, and get ahead a little.

Mr. Duncan frowned severely upon this sorry effort at defence.

"We are talking about the present and the past, sir,—not of what you may possibly do in the future. Well, well! Of course I know it's easy enough for a man to run through with double this amount in these days, without any really criminal waste or extravagance; but it isn't such habits that maintain a wife and family. Now, sir, if there is one hobby that I have, it is that no man has any business to think of marriage who hasn't a home to give his wife. My wife and I went to housekeeping in our own house on our wedding-day. And how do you think I bought it? Out of a beggarly salary of four dollars and a half a week, selling flour and molasses over the counter of the village store. I date the beginning of all my prosperity to the ownership of that little home. Yet you young fellows, who have your thousands a year where we had only hundreds in those days, don't get ahead as we did."

His daughter's suitor was silent.

There was something in the memory of that little home and the thought of the faithful wife now dead, which softened the older man; but he still maintained his brisk, every day air. When he spoke there was noticeable the veneer of superficial courtesy and even geniality with which the modern tyrant disguises an inexorable purpose.

"I presume that both of you young people are mentally writing me down as a stern and implacable monster, but you will see the case differently in years to come. I believe I can trust to your honor, sir, not to press your suit in the face of my disapproval, or to bring discord into what has always been a happy home."

Adroitly as Mr. Duncan framed this appeal, he would have had more respect for the young man if it had been met with at least a show of resistance. To him there was something almost contemptible in the submission with which the latter received his words. The fellow was evidently possessed with self-distrust, to men like Mr. Duncan the most craven and pitiable of all human attributes. How would his daughter be affected by this development of her lover's character? He looked to her with some anxiety.

He was surprised and irritated to see her leave her retreat and go straight to her lover's side; to hear her protest, in what seemed the most indelicate way, that she would wait for him, if need be, till both their heads were white; begging him, in absurd contradiction of her woman's place and duty, to have courage for the future; assuring him of her undying devotion.

The father interrupted this absurd demonstration in a severe voice.

"Eleanor, come here!"

The girl did not move from where she stood; but she withdrew her hand from her lover's clasp, and raised her eyes to her father. The latter was fain to cross the room and stand beside her.

"You ought to know that I oppose you in this only because I care so much for your welfare, my child." He turned in sudden anger to the young man. "Sir, I will thank you not to prolong this distressing scene! Eleanor is a sensible, healthy girl. She is not going to die of grief, or to break down under this little disappointment. Neither shall I forbid you the house. I simply depend upon your honor as a gentleman not to press your suit."

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"Jump in, sir! Plenty of room. You're scarcely fit to walk," said James Duncan, stopping his carriage on the way back from the cemetery on Memorial Day, to hail a feeble-looking, elderly man, lagging behind a party of veterans who travelled on foot.

"I did it once, sir; guess I can do it again. Isn't a circumstance to the marches we took then," objected the man, although Mr. Duncan had swung open the carriage door, and a long line of vehicles was brought to a halt.

"But we picked you up then when you were maimed or hurt. Old age is an uglier foe than the Johnnies; takes surer aim, and hits the mark every time, eh? Be good enough to consider this dusty street a battlefield, and this rig the ambulance."

This pleasantry delighted the old man, and he climbed into the carriage. Mr. Duncan wore the epaulets that he had won by gallant conduct on the field more than a score of years before; and the old patriotic fire, rekindled in the breast of every veteran on this day, warmed his heart to each old comrade.

There was something curious in the demeanor of his guest. He endeavored to sit upright, as became the dignity of the occasion, but collapsed in a mournful heap; righted himself, collapsed again; and then, grasping the back of the seat for support, turned to the owner of the carriage, and, with a confiding air that was inexpressibly comical, made a confession that at once amused and shocked his hearer.

"I beg your pardon, sir!—perhaps I ought to tell you I'm in liquor."

He spoke a little thickly; but his admirable command of language, and his clear recognition of the situation in all its bearings, proved him to be a well-seasoned old toper.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Duncan, not thinking of any more original comment to make upon a situation that was at once ludicrous and beset with all possible embarrassments.

"I got it down at the Post," explained the old man, as though he felt that some apology was necessary for his condition on that day. "Got thirsty; some of the boys brought out the jug. California claret; nothing in the world but California claret —with a stick in it!" And he shut his weak old eyes, and opened them again with a smack of his lips that recalled the hapless draught.

Here was a pretty situation for a man of wealth and position. There was no telling at what moment his companion might perform some absurd act that would draw the attention of the crowd and make a laughing-stock of the carriage and its occupants. The intoxicated man still had fairly good command of his senses and his speech, albeit his utterance was a little thickened. Duncan quickly reasoned that if he engaged him in conversation until they could escape from the procession and get away from the public streets, all might be well.

"Did you enlist here in California?" he asked.

"Bless you, sir, no! Away up in the Granite State."

"One of the rank and file?"

"Yes, sir," assented the old man, with a certain dignity. "Getting to be quite an honor to claim place in ranks these days, when the whole country bristles with military titles. I'm Brown—Private Brown, of the ——th New Hampshire."

"Private Brown, of the ——th New Hampshire?" James Duncan's voice had a strange sound. He was bending eagerly forward, searching the aged face with more than common interest. "How do you come to be in San Francisco?" he asked, with a certain quiver in his voice.

The old man's eyes were dim and his senses dulled. He answered the rich man's question with the weary monotony of one who rehearses a story that has grown old by repetition.

"We came away soon after the war was

over. Times were bad up our way. Children growing up. Old farm wouldn't give us all a living. Drifted about a good deal. Out to Chicago first, then to a little Indiana town. Hard luck everywhere. I'm not much of a business man. My health isn't good. It's never been the same since Andersonville."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

To One who Said: "Remember May!"

AH! could I e'er, forgetting
The month that in my heart
In memory's jewelled setting
Dwells holy and apart,

Deny the first glad greeting
That on my eyelids smiled,—
The Maytime, fair and fleeting,
That made me Mary's child?

Or when mid spring's soft laughter
The "Help of Christians" came,
Then and forever after
To bless me with her name?

Or that sweet morn when, kneeling
Within the holy shrine,
The Lord, Himself revealing,
First touched these lips of mine,

My strength to be forever?—
O First Communion Day,
I can forget thee never,
As long as May is May!

Or that bright hour when giving
My troth to heart of gold,—
His still, pure, warm and living,
Through sorrows manifold?

Nay, I could ne'er forget thee,
Sweet month! Thou shin'st apart;
A jewel fair I set thee
Within my inmost heart.

And sometimes, thoughtful, sitting
Life's downward path half-way,
I think it would be fitting
Were I to die in May.

MARY.

The Fable of the Female Pope.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

THE story of the female Pope constitutes one of the most delicious morsels ever offered for the delectation of the credulous children of Protestantism. The celebrated advocate of the Reformation, Mosheim, does not defend the truth of the story, but he asserts that "during five centuries there are six hundred testimonies to this extraordinary event; and until the Lutheran Reformation no one deemed the story incredible, or ignominious for the Church."* Many Protestant authors, however, advise the rejection of the fable,—*e. g.*, Blondel, Leibnitz, Bayle, Casaubon, Jurieu, Basnage, Burnet, and Cave. Æneas Sylvius, afterward Pope Pius II. (1458–64), seems to have been the first Catholic polemic to undertake a refutation of the tale.† The task was also assumed by Florimond de Rémond,‡ Panvini,‖ Papire Masson,§ Bini,¶ Leo Allatius,** Bellarmine,†† and many others, cited by Labbe.‡‡

Who was the first to publish to the world the tale of the female Pope? Anastasius the Librarian, triumphantly reply the friends of the fable,—Anastasius, an officer of the Papal court and a contemporary of the Popess. But it is very strange that this contemporary, a resident of the Papal Palace, should introduce so extraordinary a narrative with "they say"; we should suppose that such a witness would be able to speak of what he himself had

* Cent. ix, c. 20.
† Epist. 139 to Card. Carvajal, dated Aug. 2, 1451.
‡ "Refutation of the Popular Error Concerning the Popess Joan," ch. 3, no. 4.
‖ Notes to Platina's "Lives of the Pontiffs."
§ "Bishops of the City of Rome."
¶ Notes to Councils—Lives of Leo IV. and Benedict III.
** "Refutation of the Fable of the Popess Joan."
†† Rom. Pont., b. iii, c. 24.
‡‡ "Eccl. Writers," Paris, 1664.

seen and heard. But the fact is, Anastasius does not speak of the female Pope. The Protestant Bayle thus deals with this alleged testimony: "If we were to find that one and the same MS. informed us that the Emperor Ferdinand II. died in 1637, and that he was immediately succeeded by Ferdinand III.; but that, nevertheless, Charles VI. succeeded Ferdinand II., and reigned for more than two years, after which Ferdinand III. was chosen emperor,—we would insist that one and the same writer could not have penned all this; that copyists must have injudiciously joined things written by different persons. Only a crazy or a drunken man would tell us that on the death of Innocent X. he was at once succeeded by Alexander VII.; and that Innocent XI. became Pope immediately after Innocent X., reigning more than two years, and being succeeded by Alexander VII. Yet such is the absurdity of which Anastasius the Librarian would have been guilty had he written what is found concerning the Popess in some of the MSS. of his work. We must conclude, therefore, that another hand than his added the passages concerning this woman." *

But Marianus Scotus (d. 1086) is also adduced as an authority for the story of Joan. At the year 853, it is said, this author writes: "Pope Leo died on the calends of August, and he was succeeded by the woman Joan, who reigned during two years, five months, and four days." But, we ask, did Marianus really make this assertion? If he made it, is his authority of sufficient force to nullify the arguments which, as we shall see, militate against the fable? It is by no means certain that the quoted testimony is from the pen of Marianus Scotus. According to the editor of the "Metropolis" of Krantz, † the best codices of Marianus do not contain this passage; * and the learned Benedict XIV. advances stringent reasons for his belief that the passage is an interpolation. † Again, it is very curious, if not suspicious, that only the modern propagators of this tale adduce the authority of the Irish chronologist. Indeed, down to Martin the Pole, who wrote two centuries after Marianus, all historians make Benedict III. the immediate successor of Leo IV., thus leaving no room for the female who is said to have reigned "two years, five months, and five days"; which certainly shows that they were unacquainted with the passage of Marianus. But of what authority is Marianus? His frequent blunders should cause us to hesitate in accepting his assertions, if unsupported; still more care should we exercise ere we receive as true such things as become dubious under light from other sources. Alexandre gives many instances of anachronisms on the part of Marianus, but we shall notice only one, and that is connected with the present question. In the year 854, which, according to the quoted passage, ought to be the second of the Popess, Leo IV. founded the city of Leopolis, twelve miles from Centum Cellæ. In the following year the Emperor Louis visited Leo IV. at Rome; and the Pontiff died soon after, on the 10th calends of August. The entire period, therefore, which Marianus is said to assign for the pontificate of Joan was spent by Leo IV. in the Papal Chair. ‡

* "Dictionary," art. "Popess Joan."

† Cologne, 1574.

* Leo Allatius observes that the Frankfort printers carefully omitted this note of the editor: "Florimond de Rémond, writing on the supposed testimony of Marianus, says: 'Chronologies are special victims of the marginal notes of their readers; since there are in them, quite frequently, hundreds of omissions, these are supplied by the first comer, and often he makes great blunders. Do not we ourselves comment again and again on the Chronologies of the learned Pontac and Génébrard, because of their omissions or fancied defects? If one of these annotated MSS. should fall into the hands of a printer, how easily he would accredit the work of the glossarist to the author!" *Loc. cit.*, ch. 5, no. 3.

† "Canonization," b. iii, ch. 10, no. 3.

‡ Anastasius: "Life of Leo IV."

The third argument in favor of the existence of the Popess is taken from Martin the Pole, penitentiary to Pope Nicholas III. This author died in 1270,—that is, a hundred and eighty-four years after the death of Marianus, and four hundred and twenty-five years after the election of Benedict III. He is said to tell us that Joan was English by birth, but of German origin; that during a solemn procession she gave birth, when midway between St. Clement's and the Colosseum, to a child; that ever after the Pontiffs always went to the Lateran by another street, because of this hideous memory. Now, laying aside the fact that Martin merely gives a rumor, and that he writes more than four centuries after the supposed event, we ask whether it is certain that he is the author of the alleged testimony. Suffrid, who caused Martin's "Chronicle" to be printed at Antwerp in 1584, observed that it had been greatly interpolated; and he also noted that the various codices greatly differed, and that in the Tongerlœnsian MS. the narration about Joan was placed in an appendix, not in the body of the work. But the very words of the story, as said to have been written by Martin the Pole, betray the hand of an interpolator, and manifest an ignorance which renders the whole narration unreliable as evidence. Joan is said to have been taken, when still a girl, to the schools of Athens, and to have acquired therein a great reputation. Now, where were the famous schools of Athens in the ninth century? What was then the condition of Athens? As far back as the year 420, Synesius wrote: "There is now nothing splendid in Athens, but the names of celebrated places; just as, after a sacrifice, nothing remains of the victim but its skin. Wandering around, you may gaze upon the Academy and the Lyceum, and the Portico which gave name to the sect of Chrysippus. The proconsuls have taken away the artistic productions of Thasius. In our day Egypt teaches, she who received the seeds of wisdom from Hypatia. Athens was once a city, the home of learned men; now it is occupied by apiarists."* The schools of Athens were afterward revived, to some extent, but not during the supposed student life of Joan. Cedrenus and Zonaras inform us that the Emperor Michael III., after he had removed his mother Theodora from the government, allowed the Cæsar, Bardas, to restore the Athenian gymnasia; but Theodora was not relegated to private life until 856, while Joan is said to have died in that year. Equally absurd is the statement that the talents of Joan, a stranger, caused her to be chosen Pontiff. It is certain that, for many centuries, the custom had obtained of raising to the Chair of Peter only a priest or deacon of the Roman Church; one trained, as it were, in view of such a contingency. A departure from this rule would scarcely have been made without grave reasons, and none such can be conjectured as having subsisted in the case of Joan. Ridiculous indeed is the assertion that the supposed Pontiff gave birth to a child during a solemn religious function. If it can be believed that stupidity was so rampant, so universal, in the Roman court, that the sex and condition of this person could so long remain hidden, exposed, as every Pontiff must necessarily be, to the scrutiny of prelates, ministers, courtiers, physicians, chamberlains, and servants, we can not believe that so successfully cunning an impostor would have possessed so much asininity as to subject herself, at such a time, to the risks of a processional walk from the Vatican to the Lateran. Again, in this very mention of the procession to the Lateran, the interpolator of Martin's chronicle betrays himself. He says that the Pontiffs avoid the street that was fatal to Joan when they proceed to the Lateran. It is certain that the Popes did not commence to inhabit the Vatican before the reign of Boniface IX., who mounted the throne in 1389.†

* Epistle 35. † Panvini: "The Seven Churches."

Proof for the existence of the Popess is also sought in a certain statue, representing, it is said, a woman and infant; which was erected in memory of this event, say our credulous adversaries, and was finally thrown by some Pontiff into the Tiber.* Is it likely that the Popes would have allowed the erection of a memorial to perpetuate the remembrance of so disgraceful an event? But the fact is, there was once a marble group, of evident antiquity, in the same street leading to the Lateran; and it was removed by Sixtus V. (1585–90) when that street, like many others, was widened and straightened. In that group, however, the most vivid imagination could discern no indication of a design to represent the female Pontiff. It represented two persons indeed, but not a woman and an infant. One figure was that of a man, thought by antiquaries to be of a pagan priest; preceded by a well-grown boy, probably his attendant minister. But there was once a statue of the Popess in a church at Sienna, and it was removed by order of Pope Clement VIII. (1592–1605), as we are informed by Baronio,† who was the intermediary between the Pontiff and the Grand Duke on the occasion. The existence of this statue may show the prejudices or ignorance of the Siennese; but as a positive argument it is valueless, in the face of the many contrary and more weighty reasons which militate against the fable.

Having examined the arguments adduced by the propagators of this story, we now proceed to show, by the testimony of contemporary and closely following authors, that Pope Benedict III. succeeded immediately to Leo IV., and that hence the two years and more of pontificate on the part of Joan are an impossibility. Lupus, Abbot of Ferrara, writing to Benedict III., praises the virtues of Leo, "his predecessor." Ado of Vienne (d. 875) writes: "The Roman Pontiff Gregory died, and Sergius was made his successor; he having departed, Leo succeeded; this Pope dying, Benedict was placed in the Apostolic See." Where, then, was there room for Joan? Anastasius the Librarian informs us that Leo IV. died on July 17, 855; and that Benedict III. was installed on September 29 of the same year. Where are the two years of Joan? Hincmar of Reims tells us that he had sent messengers to Pope Leo IV. to ask for a certain privilege; and that while on the way they heard of that Pontiff's death, but nevertheless proceeded to Rome, and obtained the boon from the new Pope, Benedict III. Here again we find no interval for Joan's two years of pontificate. Nicholas I., immediate successor of Benedict III., writes: "Leo, Pontiff of the Apostolic See, who knew the desire of Hincmar, was taken from this life; and when that apostolic man, Benedict, of holy memory, had succeeded him in the pontificate," etc. Therefore, there was no Popess between Leo and Benedict. Photius, the father of the Greek schism, would certainly have made capital of the case of Joan, had it been veritable. Nor could such an event have escaped his knowledge; for at the time of its alleged occurrence he was Secretary of State to the Emperor Michael III. But the learned, cunning, and vindictive schismatic, in a book written by him when his bitterness against Rome was fully developed,* distinctly enumerates the

* In his "Table Talk" Luther says: "In the great street that leads to St. Peter's, I have seen with my own eyes the statue of a woman clothed with the Papal insignia and holding a child in her arms. The Pope never goes by that way.... It is of that Agnes, born at Mayence, sent to England as Cardinal, then recalled to Rome, crowned Pope, and delivered of a child in the street in which her image is erected.... Truly, I wonder that the Popes allow it to remain; but it is there as a miracle of God, who strikes them with blindness."

† Epistle to Florimond de Rémond, given by this author in his "Fable of the Popess Joan," ch. 22.

* "On the Procession of the Holy Ghost, against the Latins." When Photius wrote this treatise, he had been many years an intruder in the patriarchal throne of Constantinople, and was fully and finally committed to the schism.

successors of Leo IV. down to that day. And not a hint of so acceptable an interregnum as that furnished by the episode of Joan consoles his rebellious heart. Metrophanes of Smyrna, scarcely less bitter than Photius in his hatred of Rome, bears the same testimony.* Finally, when Photius was deposed, and peace was restored for a time to the Eastern Church, there was affixed to the main entrance of the Basilica of St. Sophia a synopsis of the Eighth General Council, in which the Church of Constantinople divided the forty-five years between the beginning of Leo's reign and that of Formosus among nine Pontiffs, whose names were given. And no word of the two years and more of Joan.

Summing up our observations on this subject, we have shown, firstly, that Marianus Scotus, who is, according to the disseminators of the fable of Joan, the first recorder of the tale, is not undoubtedly in its favor; that there is good reason to suppose that his works have been interpolated; and that, granting that he did narrate the story, his authority is not great enough to justify the rejection, in his favor, of the many positive arguments which militate against the truth of the tale. Secondly, we have seen that the Chronicle of Martin the Pole must be regarded as vitiated. Thirdly, we have proved that the fable can not be incorporated into history merely because of the existence of certain statues said to have commemorated the disgraceful death of Joan. Fourthly, we have shown that the story bears intrinsic marks of its own falsity. Fifthly, we have adduced the testimony of contemporary and closely following authorities, who all agree that the pontificate of Benedict III. immediately succeeded that of Leo IV.; and that therefore, after Leo, there could not have been on the part of Joan "a reign of two years, five months, and four days."

It may naturally be asked, what could have given rise to this fable of a female Pope? Erudite men have been able only to conjecture. Bellarmine thinks it may have originated from a remark made by Pope Leo IX. (1049–54) in a letter to Michael, Patriarch of Constantinople. The Pontiff had alluded to a widely-spread belief that the Constantinopolitan Church had once raised a woman to the patriarchal chair.* Then, says Bellarmine, this rumor may have acquired strength, and "after a while the name of the place may have been omitted, and people have begun to talk of an 'œcumenical' patriarch; then some persons, who hated Rome, asserted that the woman had been Pope of Rome. Probably the report arose (in its new dress) about the time of Martin the Pole."† This idea is not incredible; for, as Bellarmine remarks, the Protestant centuriators of Magdeburg, the most prominent among the fosterers of a belief in the story, insert more incredible things. "Martin only said that the woman was English, of Mentz origin; and the centuriators tell us that her name was Gilberta. They say her father was an English priest, and that she was raised as a monk, at Fulda. They add that she wrote books on magic." Whence this information? Mosheim, as we have said, admits, in an affectation of impartiality, that certainly the story is not well founded. But he says that it must have owed its origin to some extraordinary event which happened about that time; that it is incredible that, for five succeeding centuries, a number of historians should narrate the affair, in almost the same language, if it was entirely destitute of foundation. We have seen

* "Divinity and Procession of the Holy Ghost."

* "We would not wish to believe, what public rumor hesitates not to assert, that the Constantinopolitan Church, promoting eunuchs to the patriarchal chair, in defiance of the first chapter of the Council of Nice, even raised a woman to it. . . . When we consider your indifference to canonical censures, in promoting eunuchs and mutilated persons, not only to the clerical state but even to the episcopacy, we are of opinion that this may have happened."

† "Rom. Pont.," b. iii, c. 24.

that what he regards as incredible has not occurred. As for this "some extraordinary event" which must have happened, according to Mosheim, the reader may rest assured that there occurred, in the Middle Age, few if any such that were not recorded by the indefatigable, though sometimes injudicious, chroniclers of the time. The science of criticism was not, perhaps, well developed in those days, and the chronicler was often so ambitious for material that he put into his annals whatever he read or heard, historical facts or monastic gossip. No event sufficiently "extraordinary" to give origin to such a story as that of Joan, would have been unacceptable or too prurient for insertion, as experience shows to all who have time to peruse these monuments. The Protestant John Aventinus derives the fable of Joan from the career of Pope John IX. (898–900.)* Theodora, mother-in-law of Albert, Prince of Etruria, procured the election of this Pontiff; and since she always exercised much influence over him, the story went around, says Aventinus, that a woman was Pope of Rome. Panvini thought that the fable originated among the Romans, who detested the vices of John XII. (956–64); and who were fond of saying that a certain Joan was really the ruler of Rome.† Baronio deems the easy-going course of John VIII. in the matter of Photius the origin of the story.‡ Leo Allatius finds its source in the "Annals of the Franks," and the "Chronicle" of Sigebert, where is described the condemnation, in the time of Leo IV., of a certain Thiota of Mentz, a pretended prophetess, etc.‖

* "Annals of Bavaria," b. iv.

† Notes to Platina ‡ At y. 879.

‖ In the year 1845 Bianchi-Giovini published a "Critical Examination of the Acts and Documents Relating to the Fable of the Popess Joan," in which, taking up the story from its first appearance, he carefully weighed all the authorities for and against it. The reader may also consult the 'Notes" of Gennarelli to the "Diary" of Burkhard, published at Florence in 1854. See the part on "Innocent VIII."

Traces of Travel.

Epsom Downs and the English Carnival.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

FOR two weeks London had been going mad over the approaching Derby. The very air smelt of the stable, and men and women talked of the turf with all the enthusiasm of old sportsmen who had come out of a long retirement to celebrate their centennial. Not a shop-window but had displayed something necessary to the complete enjoyment of the great race:—outfits for ladies and gentlemen, including Derby boots and field-glasses; hampers for luncheons to be eaten on the Downs; luncheons put up to order; new umbrellas; and the smallest possible hats and caps, all of a jockey cut and as rakish as could be.

By the advertisements that enlivened the dull walls of the town, it was announced that commodious coaches would leave such and such corners, or public-houses, at frequent intervals; and as for the railways, the trains were to fly to and fro almost incessantly. The ride by rail is popular and convenient, and far more reasonable than the drive through the green lanes; but the drive, after all, is *the* thing; for it is as much a part of Derby Day as the brief but brilliant charge of horseflesh, on the result of which hang fortunes.

It had been raining, but the clouds scattered in the morning of the eventful day, and left the green fields beyond the city basking in intermittent floods of sunlight. All the world seemed on the move; and the tremendous current setting toward the Downs increased in volume as it flowed, until the country for miles around the track seemed inundated with vehicles of every possible description packed close together, while every inch of space between them was filled in with eager but jovial

pedestrians. Your English crowd is voluminous and a little boisterous, but it is nearly always provokingly good-natured.

London overflowed on Derby Day to such a wonderful extent that the usual throng in the streets seemed transported bodily into the winding lanes beyond the city. Notwithstanding the late rains, a dust cloud hung above these avenues; so that from a slight elevation you could mark them for miles around by the yellow, smoky-looking masses that hung in the air above them. These caravans were composed almost entirely of sight-seers and pleasure-seekers. The professional people had camped in the Downs some days before, put up their booths, got everything in order, and were now ready to receive the world. It didn't matter to me whether I reached the track in time or was blocked out by the thousands of traps in advance of me. The whole drive was one series of absurd stoppages, comical mishaps and unaccountable occurrences, as interesting and surprising as a chapter out of Jules Verne.

What larks for the spruce young clerks in hansoms; and for the second-class coaches, literally bursting with men and women, who were out for a holiday from the city shops and factories; as well as for the dashing four-in-hands, with lovely ladies on the roof and lovely gentlemen on the box, and a couple of footmen in livery —two pinks of perfection—hanging over the stern, and getting lots of good-natured abuse from the folk out of livery, but a little in liquor even so early in the day! We must have been a spectacle for the gods who sit in the clouds and contemplate human nature; for we started, one after another, and jogged along at a moderate pace for a few rods, and then were brought up in a hurry by a new blockade. Meanwhile the head of the caravan was again in motion, and probably the tail of it as well; for the obstruction sent a wave of consternation down the road, that travelled slowly but surely from beginning to end. Miles of us bowed to the inevitable, and our restive beasts backed into the footboard. But you know how it is with these English horses: there is nothing they like better than an excuse for making a grab at the plump calves of the footmen on the chariot ahead of them—the serio-comic brutes!

All the way to the Derby we forgot to realize that we were out of town. It was quite impossible to do so under the circumstances: the little villages were so thick on the road and the country so full of people. Old inns, with weather-beaten signs; great, glorious trees, with their branches spread out to shelter us; long walls, long rows of cottages, open fields, and a bridge over a brook here and there; mile after mile of this, hour after hour, by fits and starts, we worked our way out through the land in the beauty of May, and heard at last the hum as of myriads of bees swarming, and saw the thin dust cloud hovering over the meadows beyond the trees; and knew by the thickening throng and the lengthening waits in our journey, and the increasing excitement visible everywhere, that we were close to the edge of the Downs, and in very good season too.

Imagine a great, undulating meadow, with a sky over it that turns down at the corners and meets the meadow somewhere beyond the low, breezy hills. There are bits of park-land lying close against it, and clouds of rooks wheeling over our heads. There is a kind of valley at one end of it, where the grass runs down to drink at a hidden and noiseless stream; through this meadow there is a race-track, shaped almost like a horseshoe,—a very broad, long track, that is grass-grown; though the grass is cropped close, as if sheep had fed on it from the beginning. In the centre a thousand booths are pitched; this is the City of the Vagabonds, and through its busy streets—it is laid out in streets, quite like any city of the world—you may wend your way over the meadow

road, and see such sights as Derby Day alone can muster. The race-track is enclosed with a long chain, that swings from post to post on each side of it. There are shelves for thousands of spectators built on one side of it; there is a royal box, wherein the Prince of Wales and the Princess and most of the royal family sat yesterday and witnessed the great race. Near the judge's stand is a tall post, with red signal-boards, that shift about and telegraph to the people the results of the contest. With your field-glass you can read the important messages from the farthest end of the enormous enclosure. Fancy this meadow covered with more than a hundred thousand spectators!

Within the track, among the booths and all over the spring meadows, there are vehicles; pedestrians are lounging about, seeming for the most part to care very little for the race; they are bent on enjoyment, and are willing to take it in almost any shape. You can get seats at any price: they range all the way from the limits of the purse of hard earnings to the bottomless pockets of the indolent aristocrats. But it is better still to drive into the enclosure and sit on the roof of your chariot, with as many of your friends within hailing distance as is possible.

The crowd surges and sways like an ever-changing tide; for it is between times, and the blooded stock is not visible. Most of the benches are filled with the anxious spectators, who have grown weary of wandering among the booths, and who have come out to the Downs modestly, by public coach, hansom or train. Everyone looks out for himself; the crowd is too great and the attractions too numerous to admit of any single sensation save only the one crowning heat, when twenty splendid steeds are to dash forward at the same moment, and the one who leads them all is to drop into history as naturally as if he were an emperor or an earthquake, or anything else such as history is made of.

The arrival of the royal party was scarcely noticed. A company of well-dressed but commonplace-looking individuals can not hope to impress a hundred thousand people at a horse-race. We looked for the jockeys, and for the beasts that were to carry them: we cared little for the spectators; though they were royal, many of them, and had been well advertised in advance of their first appearance on Epsom Downs in many a year. We were scattered and whirled hither and thither by the eddying currents; and most of us had only the will to drift, for there was nothing but novelty on every hand.

Down the streets of the gipsy city, between two rows of tent-houses with splendid façades all golden and crimson, I looked for the living skeleton, and found twenty of him. Fat women were there, tons and tons of them, looking as if they had been inflated to the bursting point, and if you were to stick a needle into them anywhere they would suddenly collapse. Numberless acrobatic families tumbled over one another; Amazonian mothers in brief skirts threw their offspring into the arms of herculean fathers, who returned the same done up in a small bundle of flesh and bone, with large knees and sharp shoulder-blades protruding on all sides. The wild Zingarella, as brown as burnt coffee, accosted me at every turn. The "merry-go-round" was loaded with laughter-loving youths. "Aunt Sally's" head was decapitated successfully by an extraordinary run of luck. The snake-charmer, charming never so wisely, hinted vaguely that his snakes were not harmless. Everybody went to see something; and not a tumbler but turned an honest penny, to judge from the fluency with which copper circulated.

Tom, Dick and Harry were there—they go everywhere in their old clothes and sorely in want of a clean shave,—but one gets used to them. It was Tom, Dick and Harry who got all the tracts that

were thrust upon us as we were working our way up to the Downs, thanks to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, those clerical end-men who were lately taking London by storm, but were getting the brunt of it in their teeth now that their season was over. Their "last week" was advertised, and their audiences were thinning out; but it took a while yet to get rid of the tract-slingers, who haunted the Derby with single-sheet bills that read like this: "Sinner, where are you going?" "Your soul's in danger!" "Touching story of little Jaky of Chicago, as related by Mr. Moody," etc. It is needless to add that before the day was over these leaflets of memory got hopelessly mixed with the programme of the day's races and photographs of the winning horse.

So the race began. Ten to one on Unknown. Fellows in scarlet hats and capes had been offering pools for two hours. More than once the track had been cleared, after much skirmishing by a small army of police; and we had had an inferior run, a sort of spurt, just to keep us up to the proper pitch before Unknown came on,—the winged beast who flew like the wind. Again the police swept down the track, driving the crowd before them like so many sheep. A bell rang the half-hour: all sorts of signals were run up, and the racers, twenty of them, were walked up in front of the royal box, over the grass as clean as a croquet lawn, when they turned and struck across the country to the head of the track, and began fitting into the start. Of course they were recalled over and over. We grew impatient, the whole hundred thousand of us. The handsome racers seemed to be miles away; but we could note their colors, and many a sudden bet was made in consequence of the mettle displayed by two or three restless animals who were over-confident of their success.

At last they shot out, all abreast, like a broadside of arrows, and skimmed along the white line of the horizon. It was magnificent to see that chain of jockeys form and reform, moving all the while on a dead level—"like a train of cars," as some one said near me. They swung round the great course, and bore down upon us as we were gathered near the judge's stand. Every man's heart was in his throat; the fate of empires seemed to rest upon the result of the next moment; life or death, equally glorious, hung in the balance. Every soul of us sprang to his feet; already the black-sea of spectators was cheering at the upper end of the field; the thunder of applause increased in volume as it rolled toward us in the wake of those rushing steeds, with their round-shouldered jockeys crouching in their saddles and craning their necks, and thrusting forward their cap-visors like so many duck-bills. And the next moment Unknown dashed over the goal as lightly as a fawn, all aglow, his skin shining like satin, his eyes flashing fire, his slender legs spurning the earth—and the day was ours!

You might have heard the shrieks of delirious joy miles away over the hills. We surrounded him and embraced him. We didn't care "tuppence" for the rest of the cavalcade; it was instantly swallowed up in the universal chaos that followed the triumphant entry of the winning horse. Such a thrilling moment comes to us seldom in a lifetime, and the memory of it makes my blood tingle even now. We began to extricate ourselves after that; we got home as best we could, covered with flour that was thrown over us by rollicking bucks, and having little dolls dangling at our hat brims—because this folly is a part of the traditions of Derby Day. How we ever came out of the confusion of drags, carriages, coaches, pedestrians, etc., I know not; but all that night London was noisy, more noisy than ever, with the unmusical tumult of the English Carnival; and for a week after Londoners could think of and talk of nothing but Unknown, and how gallantly he won the day.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE LACK OF ENTHUSIASM.

HAS enthusiasm gone out of fashion? Are the young no longer hero-worshippers? A recent writer complains of the sadness of American youth. "The absence of animal spirits among our well-to-do young people is a striking contrast to the exuberance of that quality in most European countries," says this author, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Our young people laugh very much, but they are not, as a rule, cheerful; and they are amiable only when they "feel like being amiable." This is the most fatal defect in American manners among the young. The consideration for others shown only when a man is entirely at peace with himself is not politeness at all: it is the most unrefined manifestation of selfishness.

Before we condemn the proverbial artificiality of the French, let us contrast it with the brutality of the average carper at this artificiality. "A Frenchman," he will say, "will lift his hat to you, but he would not give you a sou if you were starving." Let us take that assertion for its full value. We are not starving; we do not want his sou, but we do want to have our everyday life made as pleasant as possible. And is your average brutal and bluff and uncivilized creature the more anxious to give his substance to the needy because he is ready on all occasions to tread on the toes of his neighbor? He holds all uttered pleasant things to be lies, and the suppression of the brutal a sin against truth. One sees this personage too often not to understand him well. He is half civilized. King Henry VIII. was of this kind,—charming, bluff old fellow, bubbling over with truth and frankness, slapping Sir Thomas More on the back, and full of delicious horseplay, when his dinner agreed with him! It is easy to comprehend that the high politeness of the best of the French is the result of the finest civilization. No wonder Talleyrand looked back and said that no man really enjoyed life who had not lived before the Revolution.

But why should enthusiasm have gone out? Why should the young have no heroes? Have the newspaper joke, the levity of Ingersoll and the irreverence of the stump-speakers, the cynicism of *Puck* and the insolence of *Judge*, driven out enthusiasm? George Washington is mentioned,—what inextinguishable laughter follows!—the cherry-tree, the little hatchet! What novel wit that name suggests! One *must* laugh, it is so funny! And, then, the Scriptural personages! The paragraphers have made Job so very amusing; and Joseph and Daniel!—how stupid people must be who do not roar with laughter at the mere mention of these august names!

Can not this odious, brutal laughter, which is not manly or womanly, be stopped? Ridicule can not kill it, but an appeal to all the best feelings of the human heart might; for all the best feelings of the human heart are outraged. How funny death has become! When shall we grow tired of the joke about the servant who lighted the fire with kerosene, and went Above; or the quite too awfully comical *jeu d'esprit* about the boy who ate green apples, and is no more? These jokes are in the same taste that would put the hair of a skeleton into curl papers. Still we laugh.

A nation without reverence has begun to die: its feet are cold, though it may still grin. A nation whose youth are without enthusiasm has no future beyond the piling up of dollars. It is not so with our country yet; but the fact remains: enthusiasm is dying, and hero-worship needs revival.

One can easily understand why, among Catholics, there is not as much hero-

worship as there ought to be. It is because our greatest heroes are not even mentioned in current literature, and because they are not well-presented to our young people. St. Francis Xavier was a greater hero than Nelson; yet Nelson is popularly esteemed the more heroic, because Southey wrote his life well. But St. Francis' life is written for the mystic, for the devotee. It is right, of course; but our young people are not all mystics or devotees; consequently St. Francis seems afar off—a saint, to be vaguely remembered, but nothing more.

If the saints whose heroism appeals most to the young could be brought nearer to the natural young person, they would soon be as friends, daily companions,—heroes, not distant beings whose halos guard them from contact. One need only know St. Francis of Assisi to be very fond of him. He had a sense of humor, too, but no sense of levity. And yet the only readable life of this hero and friend has been written by a Protestant. (I am not recommending it; for there are some things which Mrs. Oliphant does not understand.) And there is St. Ignatius Loyola. And there is St. Charles Borromeo,—*that* was a man! And St. Philip Neri, who had a sense of humor, and was entirely civilized at the same time. And St. Francis of Sales! His "Letters to Persons in the World" make one wish that he had not died so soon. What tact, what knowledge of the world! How well he persuades people without diplomacy, by the force of a fine nature open to the grace of God!

Our young people need only to know the saints—not out of Alban Butler's sketches, but illumined with reality—to be filled with an enthusiasm which Carlyle would have had them waste on the wrong kind of heroes.

WHEN a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.—*Emerson.*

A Lesson from Lower Canada.

IN these days of excessive laxity toward the users of profane language, it is refreshing to pick up a recent Quebec paper and there read, in the proceedings of the Recorder's Court, that two men were fined and sentenced to a month's hard labor for the crime of blasphemy. Those who are fond of shaking their heads at the sad and slow state of things in Lower Canada would do well to make a note of this. In certain parts of the United States blasphemy is, according to the code, a crime; but where is that law remembered? In the city of Quebec it was enforced as a matter of course, and the record of it was published without other comment than the remark that the Recorder was evidently bound to cure the sinful habit.

Concerning that same habit there is not much in our land to encourage the optimist. Profanity is getting so widespread as to become unnoticed, and the best of us find our hearing dulled. We no longer shudder at words which once would have seemed like dagger thrusts. Actors emphasize their rhetoric with curses intended to raise a laugh; novelists give fancied strength to their imaginary conversations in the same manner; and the youngster who apes the manners of men of fashion copies first the objectionable phrases of their vocabularies. If this state of things were confined to the dwellers in cities, there would, perhaps, be more hope of its abatement; but it is not. People in remote districts or on secluded farms are not behind their brothers of the crowded towns in this respect, as all frequenters of city streets on market-days well know.

The Pilgrims of New England were a grim sort of fanatics, and seldom tempered their justice with any show of mercy; but there was much in their enforcement of the moral precepts to which the world at large might to-day turn with benefit to

itself. There was but a small modicum of profanity in the New England colonies, partly on account of certain disagreeable ways the authorities had of dealing with the breakers of the Commandments. A good man said the other day: "I am in favor of hanging married people who quarrel."—"Why," said a listener, surprised at so harsh a verdict from so gentle a being, "would that not be rather severe?" —"Not at all," he answered. "If they knew they would be hanged, they would not quarrel." Perhaps if the stocks and the scold's bridle of our forefathers were conspicuously displayed, there would be less use for them.

But meanwhile, as they are not, we can learn a lesson from our cousins in "mediæval Quebec."

Notes and Remarks.

The proposal to crown solemnly the statue of the Virgin de la Rábida on occasion of the celebration of the discovery of America recalls the facts that beside this statue the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated thousands of times by Father Juan Perez, the friend and patron of Columbus. The Admiral himself, his soul weighed down by misfortunes, often recovered strength and courage kneeling at the feet of the same sacred image. It is of wood, about five feet in height. The Blessed Virgin is represented holding the Divine Child, a dove in His hand. It was in the sanctuary of La Rábida that Columbus and the Pinzons prostrated themselves on the morning of their departure for the New World.

From Brother Maurelian, secretary and manager, we have received a "Circular of Information and Directions for the National Catholic Educational Exhibit, World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893." In a twenty-four page pamphlet, the well-known Christian Brother of Memphis gives a number of suggestions that will prove of real value to all educators who contemplate participating in the Exhibit, and much general information on points connected therewith. Were any proof needed of the wisdom displayed in the selection of the gentleman to be entrusted with the manifold and weighty duties of manager, the business-like and practical methods advocated in this circular would convince us that no better choice could have been made.

The Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph was this year made memorable in the United States by the unique ceremony of the coronation of the statue of St. Joseph at De Pere, Wisconsin. The solemn act was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, in the presence of a large concourse of the clergy and laity from all parts of the country. Sermons in English and French were preached by the Rev. Joseph Rainer, President of St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee; and the Rev. Father Vaillant, of Oconto, Wis. The Holy Father, with whose approval the coronation took place, granted a plenary indulgence to all participants in the solemnity.

A beautiful form of acknowledgment was devised by Archbishop Vaughan for those who sent congratulations on his elevation to the See of Westminster. It consisted of His Grace's card, with the words, "The Archbishop thanks you for your good-will toward him, implores the divine blessing upon you, and earnestly asks your prayers." A neatly-printed leaflet was also enclosed with the card, containing prayers for the Archbishop and the flock entrusted to him, for England, and for his sainted predecessor in the See of Westminster. How like Cardinal Manning himself!

In the course of a tribute to the late Archbishop Smith, whose death we noted, Canon Donlevy said in the Pro-Cathedral of Edinburgh: "One little incident will illustrate how much he practised that great lesson of prayer he so forcibly gave us in a recent pastoral. A good few years ago, when he was pastor of this congregation, all the clergy of the house had retired to rest, and the night —a very stormy one—was far advanced, when suddenly a sick call demanded the services of a priest. I myself rose to attend the

dying person. Being familiar with the whole church, I little thought of taking a light with me; and in the dark I made my way toward the tabernacle to bring the Communion to the sick person. The lone lamp burned before the altar, and not a sound was to be heard. After I had opened the tabernacle and had taken the Blessed Sacrament, and was making my way to leave the church, I suddenly stumbled against some one, and found, even at half-past one o'clock in the morning, the Archbishop engaged in fervent prayer. He said nothing beyond, 'I much regret that you have to leave the house upon such a night as this.'"

We hear much of the misdeeds of Mexicans—their rough treatment of emissaries of the sects, their horror of Americans, etc. Of the misconduct of the latter we hear little. The following paragraph, from a recent issue of the *Universal*, of Mexico, is significant:

"We have learned that yesterday morning, Holy Saturday, there occurred a grave scandal in the 2d St. Francis Street, which might have had serious consequences. In front of the Protestant temple figures of Judas dressed as priests were burned, and at the same time the American clergymen threw money amongst the crowd. One portion of the people scrambled for the coins; whilst another portion, indignant at the insult offered to their religion, were about to pelt the sectarians with stones. Fortunately, a picket of policemen arrived in time, quieted the excitement, and prevented harm."

The lesson of the times to Catholics seems to be that loyalty to Holy Church and the best interests of the true religion in our country should so predominate in the characters of individual Catholics as to absorb, or at least outweigh, considerations of personal pique in real or fancied defeat, and personal glorification in real or imaginary victory. The gravity of the issues involved may well excuse the elimination of the personal element altogether.

In a character sketch of Mr. Gladstone by Mr. W. T. Stead we find a strong objection to the Darwinian theory. The great English statesman is reported to have remarked, referring to a need for men of intellectual superiority: "I do not see that progress in the development of brain power which we ought to expect on the principles of orthodox Darwinian development: no doubt it is a slow progress. But I do not see it at all. I do not think we are stronger, but weaker, than the men of the Middle Ages."

Two archbishops twenty-eight bishops and other prelates, several hundred priests, and a great number of the laity, were present in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Albany, on the 5th inst., to witness the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, second Bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y. The Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan officiated as consecrator, and Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, preached the sermon. Mgr. Gabriels, late President and one of the founders of St. Joseph's Seminary at Troy, N. Y., is a native of Belgium. He is an accomplished linguist, a profound theologian, and a scholar whose general erudition is both wide and deep. A zealous, self-sacrificing priest, he will be a worthy successor of the lamented Bishop Wadhams in the missionary Diocese of Ogdensburg.

One of the most notable events in the Catholic history of New England was the consecration on the 8th inst. of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford, Conn. The edifice is a magnificent product of architectural skill, and, among the splendid churches of the country, ranks second only to St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York. A large number of American and Canadian prelates and priests took part in the solemnities of the consecration, Bishop Hennessy of Dubuque and Bishop Healy of Portland being the preachers at Mass and Vespers. Hartford Catholics, and more especially their energetic Bishop, Mgr. McMahon, have reason to be gratified at the splendid consummation of their hopes.

The evidence becomes more and more abundant that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is doing his utmost to ruin Catholic mission schools among the Indians. A well-informed Catholic gentleman of Washington writes as follows to the *Sacred Heart Review:*

"The policy of the present administration is more ruinous, I believe, to the Indian missions than any other that has ever been inaugurated. Though compelled by the action of Congress and by public

opinion to distribute an appropriation to the [Catholic] contract schools equal to that formerly received by them, General Morgan is diligently planting new Government schools beside every mission school. Then his rule comes into play, that no new pupils must be admitted to the private school until the Government school is filled. Then, when he shall have been driven from office, his successor will find it practically impossible to reverse his policy, on account of the immense sums of Government money invested in schools."

Most persons regard the phenomena of hypnotism as something novel, dating at the farthest from the time of Mesmer. The Rev. Father Portalié, in a recent number of the *Etudes*, points out that the principal phenomena of the system were known to and judged by theologians of the Middle Ages, who allowed it to have a natural and scientific character. Father Portalié shows that the opinion of a Franciscan of repute in the thirteenth century coincides with the theory now in vogue, which attributes the phenomena of hypnotism to suggestion,—that is, the influence of imagination on the human organism.

The following passage occurs in a circular addressed to the inspectors of academical institutions by the Prussian Minister of Worship:

"It is a pious custom to celebrate Masses for the dead. The scholastic regulations must not stand in the way of the due celebration of such offices. In parishes where the teacher acts as organist or sacristan, he will have the right to assist at Mass, even should it be during school hours. If there is no one to whom he can entrust the school, he will bring the children to the church. The master shall choose five or six boys to serve at the altar. When one is required to attend the priest on his visits to the sick or dying, the choir boy whom the priest names to accompany him must be dispensed from school."

It may surprise and interest the generality of our readers to know that there are Protestants not a few who subscribe to THE "AVE MARIA." Last week we received the gratifying intelligence that a non-Catholic gentleman in California, who has been a reader of the magazine for several years, was received into the Church.

The interest which the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York is taking in the Bahama group of islands, part of his episcopal charge, is producing excellent results. His first visit to these islands of "perpetual summer" was made five years ago. On the occasion of his last visit, in February, the growth of the mission was so apparent that he publicly congratulated the people of Nassau upon it. On the morning of last Holy Saturday, twenty converts were baptized. Archbishop Corrigan announces, too, with the gratitude and pleasure of one who sees a good deed which he has much at heart in process of accomplishment, that some generous Catholics of New York have given him $2000, to build a school for colored children at Nassau.

New Publications.

AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND THE ROMAN QUESTION. By Mgr. Joseph Schroeder, D. D., Ph. D. Benziger Brothers.

Our great American Catholic University, although in its earliest stages, has already made its impress upon "men and conditions." It goes without saying that we refer simply to the prime object of the institution; and we mention it now to add, if possible, to the sincerity of our wish that this representative of our American Catholic people may long endure and prosper. There are questions so intimately connected with the ordinary intercourse which exists between us all in society, that we fail to realize their import until passion or prejudice, oftentimes both, call upon us for apology, defence or denial. Perhaps no more striking illustration of this can be given than the present "anti-Catholic movement," which was supposed to have died out with the "Know-Nothings" of days of yore, but which seems to have renewed its life near and far.

Mgr. Schroeder, therefore, has done a good work in the republication of his learned article in pamphlet form, and it should be welcomed as an important contribution to the literature of the day. It is possible that his scholastic treatment of the subject may deter the ordinary reader; but the man of thought, especially if interested in our present social questions, will not fail to peruse the

essay carefully. We have not the time nor the space at our disposal to attempt an analysis of Mgr. Schroeder's argument, but we may quote the starting points:

"Obedience to ecclesiastical authority, to the Pope and the Episcopacy, puts upon every Catholic the obligation to defend to the utmost of his ability the temporal sovereignty of the head of the Church. What is the fundamental reason of this obligation? Is it the maintenance of a possession to which, both from an historical and juridical standpoint, the Popes have an inviolable right? No: it is to be found in the intimate relation existing between the temporal power of the Pope and the divinely ordained independence and freedom of the head of the Church, which is the freedom of the Church itself. Hence our position in the Roman Question is prescribed by the inviolable rights of our Father, of the Church, and of all the Catholics of the world."

Then again he says:

"The right to this independence [temporal] is essential to the Papacy. The exercise of that right, however, is not absolutely necessary to the existence of the Church (*ut Ecclesia sit*), but it is necessary for the perfect development of its social life (*ut bene sit*). Providence availed itself of the temporal power as a means to secure to the Popes the free and undisturbed development of their sublime prerogative."

Finally, not to be too long, Mgr. Schroeder observes:

"The theological basis for the temporal power is to be found in the dogma: The Bishop of Rome and he alone always was, and is up to the present day, the successor of St. Peter. The immutability of this relation between the primacy and the See of Rome only serves to enforce the argument. As to this, it is sufficient to say that no other See can become the 'Apostolic See of Peter.' It is only the See of Rome in which the Pope is 'the successor of Peter, Prince of the Apostles.' It must always remain true, because it is defined, that 'the Roman Pontiff is the successor of St. Peter'; that 'the Roman Church possesses by divine ordination the primacy over all churches.' The profession of faith, 'I acknowledge the Roman Church to be the mother and teacher of all churches,' can never be changed; the Church of Christ must always remain the '*Roman* Catholic Church.' The translation of the Apostolic See to another city, for instance to Cologne or Baltimore, would necessarily change those definitions and professions into these: 'The Cologne Catholic Church,' 'the Baltimorian Catholic Church'! We will add that the apostolicity is a visible note of the true Church, and that no change could take place without shaking the stability of the apostolic succession, and without serious detriment to the whole Church. All this goes to prove that not even the Pope has a right to effect such a translation."

We would gladly make further quotations, but we must rest contented with recommending the work, and exhorting our readers to give it a circulation as extended as possible.

LETTERS OF CARDINAL MANNING. Edited by John Oldcastle. Burns & Oates, and the Catholic Publication Society.

In this volume the reading public is admitted to intimate acquaintance with the high aims, the noble impulses and charitable heart of the great Cardinal. From the text of the earlier letters it is not hard to realize the sufferings undergone by him at the time of trial and sacrifice, when Divine Providence blessed him with the gift of faith, and gave to the Church one of its brightest ornaments. How nobly he championed her cause and how zealously he labored in the service of God and his neighbor are current history; but in these "Letters," as in a mirror, we see reflected the great heart that beat only for God and suffering humanity. To be poor and afflicted was to enlist his warmest sympathies, and no movement tending toward the betterment of the hard lot of the poverty-stricken lacked his support, either by word or pen.

The book is embellished with several portraits of the Cardinal, the one dated 1844 being remarkable for a refined beauty of countenance. His eyes have an eager, questioning look, as if trying to read the future; while in the picture on the opposite page, of later date, he wears the expression of one who had looked beneath the surface of things, and won the strength that comes of suffering nobly borne.

THE WISDOM AND WIT OF BLESSED THOMAS MORE. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Burns & Oates (Ld.), and the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The prolific Redemptorist author, to whom English-reading Catholics already owed so large a debt of gratitude, has placed us under yet another obligation. In collecting and editing from Sir Thomas More's English works the extracts that make up this handsome little volume of two hundred and forty pages, he has rendered a distinct service to the general public. The selections are classed under five heads: Ascetic; Dogmatic; Illustrative of the Period; Fancies, Sports, and Merry Tales; and Colloquial and Quaint Phrases. To the large class of readers who are

unfamiliar with the greater works of Blessed More, these classified extracts will give a fair idea of the wealth of piety, erudition and entertainment of which those works are the treasury; and Father Bridgett's introductory essay of twenty-five pages, on More's "Wisdom and Wit," is especially valuable, as furnishing the keynote of the great Englishman's character. Pre-eminently the "just man" of English history, Blessed More's life and writings can not be studied without spiritual profit, or read without intellectual pleasure as well as gain.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY. From the French. By the Rev. Thomas F. Ward. Benziger Brothers.

Whatever tends to strengthen and to propagate the beautiful devotion of our Heavenly Mother's month will not fail of a hearty greeting from faithful Christian souls. Devotion to the Mother of God is intimately connected with the faith and love of the Catholic heart; so much so that it constantly seeks to find new expression for the sentiments with which the soul is animated. We welcome, therefore, this book of "Instructions," which Father Ward has well adapted after a pious French writer. In so far as we may distinguish it from other books on the same subject, its chief merit lies in the practical considerations made upon each event of our Blessed Mother's life, from her exceptional privilege of the Immaculate Conception to her crowning glory of the Assumption, and the relationship with which she is still united to her children upon earth.

THE TWO PATHS. By Louisa Dalton. And Other Stories and Sketches. Reprinted from THE "AVE MARIA." H. L. Kilner & Co.

The tale which gives its name to this attractive little volume of Kilner & Co's Premium Library Series is a fresh and interesting narrative of events in a French Canadian village, with an interlude of life in an American city. The heroine's character is depicted in such colors that one has no need to be ashamed of the sympathetic interest evoked by her adventures, which is more than can be said of the average heroine of fiction. "A Tale the Bretons Tell" deals with incidents more romantic but not less interesting, and is a good May story. The remaining sketches in the book are: "The Madonna of the Emerald," "A Midnight Penitent," "The Miracle of Metz," "An Extraordinary Answer to Prayer," "The Legend of the Ghostly Mass," and "Barry's Christmas Gift."

WAS IT A LOST DAY? AND OTHER STORIES. By Katherine Jenkins. John Murphy & Co.

One might be at a loss to determine whether this collection of short stories is intended for Catholic readers or not. Some allusions in one or two of the tales would lead to an affirmative decision, which would be speedily reversed by the account of the young woman in "Aunt Sarah's Wedding Boots," whose thoughts upon the occasion of her bridal were entirely directed to the important subject of her foot wear, without a protest from the author. Though interesting, these stories are not of surpassing merit; but the style is agreeable, and the moral tone, though unemphatic, sweet and pure. The collection is issued in a style that reflects credit on the publishers.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mother Mary Xavier Daly, of the Presentation Convent, San Francisco, Cal., whose devoted life was crowned with a precious death on the 1st inst.

Mr. James Canning, who passed away on the 26th of March, at Oakland, Cal.

Miss Rosa A. Reisch, whose holy death occurred in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 7th inst.

Mrs. Catherine Pyne, of Fall River, Mass., who peacefully breathed her last on the 28th ult.

Mr. Terrence Cunning, who died a happy death on the 5th inst., at Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Catherine Duffy, who departed this life at San José, Cal., on the 9th ult.

Miss Catherine R. Sullivan, whose life closed peacefully on the 26th of March, at Newport, R. I.

Joseph, John, and Michael Byrnes, Miss Hannah Moore, Mrs. Eliza Byrnes, Mrs. Ellen Corcoran, and Mrs. Catherine Murphy,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Rooney, St. Paul, Minn.; James Blaney, Oldcastle, Ireland; Mr. James Fitzpatrick, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Donnelly, Fitchburg, Mass.; Mrs. John Freeman, Vallejo, Cal.; John Hughes and Patrick Flynn, San Francisco, Cal.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



May Pilgrimages.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

THIS is Our Lady's month, sweet May,—
Let us away
With the fresh dawning of each day.

Let us climb slopes of dewy grass,
Where pilgrims pass,
Wayworn but blissful, to the Mass.

Let us seek out the hidden place
Where her pure face
Blesses the silence for a space.

Let us, in crowded, busy mart,
Find set apart
Some image of her stainless Heart.

Let us go kneel at each: the meed
Of earnest deed,
The fire and tenderness of love outspeed.

Chains of the flesh may bind; and still,
In heart and will,
The pilgrim's task we shall fulfil.

THE late ex-Gov. Holden, of North Carolina, began life as a newsboy. One cold day he was invited into the dining-room of a rich man's house to warm himself. A college student was sitting at the table, and when the boy was going out he gave him a buttered biscuit. Time brings great changes. Thirty years later the student who gave the biscuit was defeated for Governor by the barefooted lad who received it!

A May-Day Gift.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

FOR two or three days Mrs. Clayton suffered the oratory to remain as the children had arranged it. They said their prayers there morning and evening; and to Abby especially the ridges and patches in the carpet, which now seemed to stare her out of countenance, the pink vases, and the candelabra, were a constant reproach for her disobedience. Larry, too, grew to hate the sight of them. He often realized poignantly also that it is not well to be too easily influenced by one's playmates; for if he happened to be late and ran into the room and popped down on his knees in a hurry, he was almost sure to start up again with an exclamation caused by the prick of one of the numerous tacks which he had inadvertently left scattered over the floor.

When the good mother thought that the admonition which she wished to convey was sufficiently impressed, she had the carpet taken up, repaired as much as possible, and properly laid. Then she hung soft lace curtains at the window, draped the altar anew, took away the pink vases, and put the finishing touches to the oratory.

It was now a lovely little retreat. Abby and Larry never tired of admiring it. They went in and out of the room many times during the day; and the image of the Blessed Virgin, ever there to greet them, by its very presence taught them sweet lessons of virtue. For who can look upon a statue of Our Lady without being reminded of her motherly tenderness, her purity and love; without finding, at least for a moment, his thoughts borne upward, as the angels bore the body of the dead St. Catherine, from amid the tumult of the world to the holy heights, the very atmosphere of which is prayer and peace?

Whenever Abby felt cross or disagreeable, she hid herself in the oratory until her ill-humor had passed. This was certainly a great improvement upon her former habit, under such circumstances, of provoking a quarrel with Larry, teasing Delia, and taxing her mother's patience to the utmost. She liked to go there, too, in the afternoon when she came in from play, when twilight crept on and deepened, and the flame of the little altar lamp that her father had given her shone like a tiny star amid the dusk of the quiet room. Larry liked it better when, just after supper, the candles of the candelabra were all lighted, and the family gathered around the shrine and said the Rosary together.

To Abby belonged the welcome charge of keeping the oratory in order; while Larry always managed to have a few flowers for his vase, even if they were only dandelions or buttercups. He and his sister differed about the placing of this offering.

"What a queer boy you are!" said Abby to him one day. "Your vase has a pretty wild rose painted on it, yet you always set it with the plain side out. Nobody'd know it was anything but a plain white vase. You ought to put it round this way," she added, turning it so that the rose would show.

"No, I won't!" protested Larry, twisting it back again. "The prettiest side ought to be toward the Blessed Virgin."

"Oh—well—to be sure, in one way!" began Abby. "But, then, the shrine is *all* for her, and this is only a statue. What difference does it make which side of the vase is toward a statue? And it looks so funny to see the wrong side turned to the front. Some day we'll be bringing Annie Conwell and Jack Tyrrell, and some of mother's friends, up here; and just think how they'll laugh when they see it."

Larry flushed, but he answered firmly: "I don't care!—the prettiest side ought to be toward the Blessed Virgin."

"But it is only a statue!" persisted Abby, testily.

"Of course I know it is only a statue," replied her brother, raising his voice a trifle; for she was really too provoking. "I know it just as well as you do. But I think Our Lady in heaven understands that I put the vase that way because I want to give her the best I have. And I don't care whether any one laughs at it or not. That vase isn't here so Annie Conwell or Jack Tyrrell, or anybody else will think it looks pretty, but only for the Blessed Virgin,—so there!"

Larry, having expressed himself with such warmth, subsided. Abby did not venture to turn the vase again. She was vaguely conscious that she had been a little too anxious to "show off" the oratory, and had thought rather too much of what her friends would say in regard to her arrangement of the altar.

It was about this time that Aunt Kitty and her little daughter Claire came to stay a few days with the Claytons. Claire was only four years old. She had light, fluffy curls and brown eyes, and was so dainty and graceful that she seemed to Abby and Larry like a talking doll when she was comparatively quiet, and a merry, roguish fairy when she romped with them.

"How do you happen to have such lovely curls?" asked Abby of the fascinating little creature.

"Oh, mamma puts every curl into a wee nightcap of its own when I go to bed!" answered the child, with a playful shake of the head.

Larry thought this very droll. "Isn't she cunning?" he said. "But what can she mean?"

"Your mother puts your hair into a nightcap!" cried Abby. "Those are curl papers, I suppose."

"No, nightcaps," insisted the little one. "That's the right name."

The children puzzled over it for some time; but finally Aunt Kitty came to the rescue, and explained that she rolled them on bits of muslin or cotton, to give them the soft, pretty appearance which Abby so much admired; because Claire's father liked her to have curls, and the poor child's hair was naturally as straight as a pipe stem.

"Come and see our chapel, Claire," said Abby; the word oratory did not yet come trippingly to her tongue.

Claire was delighted with the beautiful image, and behaved as decorously as if she were in church. Afterward the children took her to walk. They went into the park, in which there were many handsome flower-plots, several fountains, and a number of fine pieces of marble statuary. Claire seemed to be much impressed with the latter.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, pointing to them reverently. "Look at all the Blessed Virgins!"

The children laughed. She stood looking at them with a little frown, not having quite made up her mind whether to join in their mirth or to be vexed. When her mistake was explained to her, she said, with a pout:

"Well, if they are not Blessed Virgins, then I don't care about them, and I'm going home."

The children had promptly sent a note to Father Dominic thanking him for his appropriate May-Day gift. Each had a share in the composition of this acknowledgment, but it had been carefully copied by Abby. Later they had the satisfaction of showing him the oratory. While Claire was with them, he happened to call again one evening just as the young people were saying good-night.

"Larry," whispered Abby, when they went upstairs and she knelt with her brother and cousin before the little altar, —"Larry, let's say our prayers real loud, so Father Dominic will know how good we've got to be since we've had the lovely statue."

"All right," said Larry, obediently.

They began, Abby leading off in clear, distinct accents, and Larry following in a heavy alto; for his voice was unusually deep and sonorous for such a little fellow. Baby Claire listened wonderingly. Then, apparently making up her mind that the clamor was due to the intensity of their fervor, she joined with her shrill treble, and prayed with all her might and main.

To a certain extent, they succeeded in their object. The din of their devotions soon penetrated to the library, where their friend Father Dominic was chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Clayton. In a few moments the latter stepped quietly into the lower hall.

"Abby!" she called, softly.

The little girl pretended not to hear, and kept on.

"Abby!"—there was a decision in the tone which was not to be trifled with.

"What is it, mother?" she asked, with an assumption of innocence, breaking off so suddenly as to startle her companions.

"Not so loud, dear. You can be heard distinctly in the library."

Abby and Larry snickered; Claire giggled without knowing why. Then Abby applied herself with renewed earnestness and volubility to the litany. She did not intend any disrespect: on the contrary, she meant to be very devout. But she not only believed in the injunction "Let your light shine before men," but felt that it

behooved her to attract Father Dominic's attention to the fact that it *was* shining. Clearer and higher rose her voice; deeper and louder sounded Larry's; more shrilly piped Claire.

"Abby!" called Mrs. Clayton again, with grave displeasure. "That will do. Children, go to your rooms at once."

The others stole off without another word, but Abby lingered a minute. Father Dominic was going, and she could not resist the impulse to wait and learn what impression their piety had made. Leaning over the balusters, she saw him laughing in an amused manner. Then he said to her mother:

"Tell Abby she has such a good, strong voice, I wish I could have her read the prayers for the Sodality. She would surely be heard all over the church."

He went away, and Abby crept upstairs with burning cheeks and an unpleasant suspicion that she had made herself ridiculous.

Mrs. Clayton suspected that her little daughter had overheard the message. She therefore spared the children any reference to the subject. But the next time they met Father Dominic he alluded, as if casually, to the devotions suitable for May, and then quite naturally went on to speak of the virtues of the Blessed Virgin, especially of her humility and love of retirement; saying how, although the Mother of God, she was content to lead a humble, hidden life at Nazareth, with no thought or wish to proclaim her goodness from the house-tops. The lesson was gently and kindly given, but Abby was shrewd enough and sufficiently well disposed to understand. She felt that she was indeed learning a great deal during this Month of Mary.

About the middle of the month there was a stir of pleasurable excitement at St. Mary's School.

"Suppose we get up a May drama among the younger pupils?" suggested Marion Gaines, the leading spirit of the graduating class.

The proposition was received with enthusiasm, and Mother Rosalie was applied to for permission.

"Yes," she answered, "you have my consent to your plan; but on one condition —that you arrange the drama and drill the children yourselves. It will be good practice for you in the art of composition; and, by teaching others, you will prove whether or not you have profited by Professor Willet's lessons in elocution."

The Graduates were delighted.

"That is just like Mother Rosalie," said Marion. "She is willing to trust us, and leaves us to our own resources, so that if we succeed all the credit will be ours. Now we must draw up a plan. Shall we decide upon a plot, and then each work out a portion of it?"

"Oh, dear, I never could think of anything!" declared one.

"I should not know how to manage the dialogue. My characters would be perfect sticks," added a second.

"I can't even write an interesting letter," lamented some one else.

"I respectfully suggest that Marion and Ellen be requested to compose the drama," said the first speaker, with mock ceremony.

"I agree with all my heart!" cried one.

"And I,"—"and I!" chimed in the others.

"It is a unanimous vote," continued their spokesman, turning to the young ladies in question, with a low bow.

"But we shall have all the work," objected Marion.

"No: we will take a double share at the rehearsals, and they will be no small part of the trouble."

"I'll do it if you will, Ellen," began Marion.

"I don't mind trying," agreed Ellen.

Thus the matter was settled.

"Let us first select the little girls to take part in our drama," Marion continued.

"There's Annie Conwell," said one.

"And Lucy Caryl," interposed another.

So they went on, till they had chosen ten or twelve little girls.

"As it is to be a May piece, of course we must have a Queen," said Ellen.

"Yes; and let us have Abby Clayton for the Queen," rejoined Marion. "Abby is passably good-looking and rather graceful; besides, she has a clear, strong voice, and plenty of self-confidence. She would not be apt to get flustered. Annie Conwell, now, is a dear child; but perhaps she would be timid, and it would spoil the whole play if the Queen should break down."

After school the little girls were invited into the Graduates' class-room; and, although not a word of the drama had yet been written, the principal parts were then and there assigned. Lucy Caryl was to have the opening address, Annie as many lines as she would undertake, and so on.

Abby was delighted to find that she was chosen for the most prominent *rôle*. She ran all the way home, and skipped gaily into the house and up to the sitting-room, where Mrs. Clayton was sewing.

"O mother!" she exclaimed, tossing off her hat and throwing her books upon the table, "we are to have a lovely drama at our school, and I'm to be the May-Queen!"

(To be continued.)

A Japanese Hero.

Sometimes we find among people who are not Christians examples of true heroism by which any of us might profit. A well-known writer tells an interesting story of a young Japanese nobleman, which is worth relating here.

The imperial forces, or rather a small portion of them, were besieging a fortress, and in hourly anticipation of the coming of reinforcements to the enemy. This would prove disastrous to the Emperor's soldiers; for the newcomers would bring supplies, and the fort be able to hold out. As it was, there was not supposed to be food and water within the walls for more than a few days' use. If the garrison could be kept from fresh supplies for a week, the besiegers could hold out and capture the coveted stronghold.

But the fighting against uncertainty was weary work; it was positively necessary to know just how well the fort was provisioned. Who would undertake to go as a spy into the hostile camp and find out how matters stood? Volunteers were called for. "I will go," said a young nobleman; and his offer was accepted on the spot.

He disguised himself in some successful way, and entered the fort without detection. Once there, it was easy to gain the information he desired. He found the enemy in danger of starvation; and knew that if that fact could be communicated to the Emperor's forces outside, they would take fresh heart, and wait with patience for the prey, which must so soon fall into their hands. Of course his next move was to go out as he had come in; but that was not so easy. Just as he was leaving, some one penetrated his disguise and announced the presence of a spy. It was of no use to deny his errand, and the commandant said to him:

"You are a spy, and deserve a spy's death. But if you will go to the wall and tell your people that we are supplied with food for a week, and are daily looking for reinforcements, you shall not be harmed."

The prisoner seemed to acquiesce, and, in charge of a guard, went to the ramparts. He could see the dear faces of his wife and children, never dearer than at that moment. The guard, unseen by the besieged, were waiting to hear him speak, and his friends outside were listening likewise. He held up his hands.

"Do you hear me?" he called.

"Yes," they answered.

"The supplies are almost exhausted. If you can hold out against the fort for two days, it is the Emperor's."

He spoke no more on earth; for the spears of the furious soldiers within the fort made quick work with his brave young life. But he had done his duty to his native land; and Japanese mothers are fond of telling their children the story of the nobleman who valued honor above all earthly things.

A Queen with a Kind Heart.

When the present Queen Regent of Spain was about five years old, it is said, she was taking a walk in the country with her governess when a violent storm came up The little Archduchess was greatly frightened, and the governess sought some place where they could find shelter. There happened to be no house at hand except the humble hut of a poor shepherd, and they rushed in without stopping to knock at the door.

The shepherd and his wife welcomed them in a most cordial manner, although ignorant who they were. But their son, a small boy, who sat in the corner playing with some pebbles, resented what he thought an intrusion; and, getting up and walking across the room, he gave the little girl a slap on the shoulder. Maria Christina was both hurt and frightened by this unceremonious proceeding, and began to weep in a loud voice, quite as if she had been a common child instead of a noble one. But her kind governess finally quieted her; and the storm soon subsiding, they left the hut.

Years went by, and the happy time came for the First Communion of the little Archduchess, whose surprise was great to see in the class of children prepared to receive the Holy Sacrament at the same time the lad who had struck her. The kind girl, who was paying for all the garments worn by the poor children on that occasion, harbored no ill-will toward the boy; but, hearing that his heart's desire was to be a priest, offered to bear all the expense of his education.

In due course Maria Christina became Queen; then, on the death of her husband, Queen Regent; but she never forgot the shepherd's son, who had meantime become a priest. The other day she wrote to his Holiness the Pope, recommending him as a worthy candidate for a vacant bishopric. "I want you to be a bishop," she wrote to the priest, "because you understand so well the laying on of hands." In this pleasant way she reminded him of their first meeting, and also assured him of her forgiveness.

FRANCESCA.

Slanders and Feathers.

St. Philip Neri—his feast falls on the 26th of May—had once among his penitents a woman whose besetting sin was that of evil-speaking. As a last resort, finding other means ineffectual, he bade her go to the market, procure a chicken and strew the feathers broadcast as she walked. The woman did as she was bid, and went back for further instruction. "Now," said the Saint, "walk over the same path and pick up every feather which you have scattered."—"But how can I, Father?" asked the woman. "The wind has taken them all over the fields and the streets."—"You can gather them again, my child," said the holy man, "far easier than you can recall the slanders which, by your own confession, I know you have set afloat."

HE that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he whom nobody can please.—*Colton.*

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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An Angel's Part.*

AS when a cautious mother deems her boy
In peril of a fall, she loudly chides;
Yet when he falls, full quickly lifts him up,
Prompt pardon grants unto the weeping child,
And fondly kisses all his tears away;
So let the priest rebuke each erring one,
Yet kindly lift the sinner fallen low.
To fall but human is; to rise, divine:
Who stretches forth in love a helping hand
To raise the prostrate, doth an angel's part.
So wish, so order I, the clergy's Queen,
That pastors ever greet with kindly yearning
Each truant member to the fold returning.

Some English Shrines of Our Blessed Lady.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE city of Ipswich, in the county of Suffolk, is now one of the least interesting and attractive of English country towns. Situated as it is on the east coast, at no great distance from the sea, the flat, unpicturesque country around offers no inducement to the landscape-painter to linger in its environs in search of subjects for his pencil; nor does the town itself possess either ancient monuments or modern buildings of sufficient architectural beauty to tempt the tourist to turn thither his steps. Ipswich was not always so unimportant and uninteresting. It was in olden days one of the great sanctuaries of the land; and on the 8th of September the quiet streets presented a busy scene: the inns were thronged with strangers, anxious to invoke Our Lady of Grace on the Feast of her Nativity, and take part in the solemn procession held in her honor on that auspicious day.

There were four churches of our Blessed Mother at Ipswich, each of which had an image of Our Lady, with the usual light burning in her honor. But the celebrated and miraculous image, called Our Lady of Ipswich, was in a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Grace, situated at the northwest corner of the lane without the west gate, which to this day goes by the name of Lady Lane. Many great miracles were wrought there, and it appears to have been a very popular pilgrimage, though less famous and ancient than Walsingham. These two sanctuaries are often mentioned together. They are coupled by the apostate Bishop Latimer, when he advocates the burning of the image of Our Lady of Worcester. "Our great Sibyl [as he profanely terms her], with her old sister of Walsingham and her younger sister of Ipswich, would make a jolly muster in Smithfield."

* From "Plurima Misericordia," in "Carmen Jubilare," by the Rev. Joseph A. Alizeri, C. M.

Under the Tudor sovereigns this venerated sanctuary was more particularly frequented. We find it named amongst the shrines to which Queen Elizabeth, the consort of Henry VII., made her yearly offerings. It was to the Chapel of Our Lady of Ipswich that Cardinal Wolsey, himself by birth an Ipswichman, ordered a yearly procession to be made, from the college which he founded in his native town, on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the special patroness of his foundation. There exists in the Vatican a letter from Cardinal Wolsey to Pope Clement VII., dated London, April 16, 1526, returning thanks to His Holiness for the indulgences which he had granted to this sanctuary, the glory of the land and of his birthplace on account of the renowned miracles that had taken place there. An interesting notice of this famous pilgrimage occurs in Sir Thomas More's Dialogues. We will quote the passage entire:

"As for the point that we spoke of, concerning miracles done in our days at divers images where pilgrimages be, yet could I tell you some such done so openly, so far from all cause of suspicion, and thereto testified in such sufficient wise, that he might seem almost mad who, hearing the whole matter, would distrust the miracles. Amongst which I durst tell you for one the wonderful work of God that was within these few days wrought in the house of a right worshipful knight, Sir Roger Wentworth, upon divers of his children; and especially one of his daughters, a fair young gentlewoman of twelve years of age, in marvellous manner vexed and tormented by our ghostly enemy the devil, her mind alienated and raving with despising God and hatred of all hallowed things. After that, moved in her own mind and monished by the will of God, she went to Our Lady of Ipswich. . . ." Finally, he goes on to relate, this young lady was laid before the image; and there, in the sight of many bystanders, she was grievously tormented, her features being distorted and strangely altered. Suddenly not only the maiden herself, but several other persons present, who were by the permission of God afflicted in a similar way by the devil, were perfectly cured and restored to their normal condition. The end of the matter was that the maiden was so deeply impressed by the miracle that she forthwith, for all her father could do, forsook the world and consecrated herself to the Blessed Mother of God, through whose intercession her cure had been effected, "in a very good and godly company at the Minories."

Who would believe that a near descendant of this very Sir Roger Wentworth should have been the man to lend his ready aid in destroying this sacred and venerated image? Yet we find in a letter addressed by one William Laurence to Lord Cromwell, the authorizer of every work of sacrilege, the following sentences referring to the Lord of Wentworth, one of the descendants of Sir Roger: "I opened to him your mind concerning the image of Our Lady of Ipswich. His good counsel and the help of his servants were so ready that she was conveyed into the ship so that very few were privy to it, and shall come up so shortly as the wind will serve." By the expressions here used it is evident that the sacrilegious removal of the image would have been opposed by the people, and that great caution had to be used by those entrusted with the disgraceful affair.

The image was sent to London, and received by Cromwell's steward, who writes to his master informing him that "Our Lady that was in Ipswich" is now in his house near the Austin Friars, and "bestowed in the wardrobe of beds" till his lordship's pleasure shall be known. "There is nothing about her," he says, "but two shoes of silver, and four stones of crystal set in silver." A little later he writes: "I have received from my fellow at Ipswich Our Lady's coat, with two chains of gold to put about her neck; and

an image of Our Lady, of gold in a tabernacle of silver gilt, with the feather in the top of it gold, and a little relic of gold and crystal." These offerings of the faithful went, as a matter of course, to enrich the King's treasury. The image was burned at Chelsea, with that of Our Lady of Walsingham. It was one which was specially obnoxious to the Reformers, as being regarded with peculiar veneration by the people.

Another sanctuary in the east of England, much frequented by pilgrims, was that of Our Lady of Thetford. A church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin had from primitive times existed there; when rebuilt in 1075, on a larger scale, it became the cathedral of the diocese. But some twenty years later the episcopal see was transferred to Norwich; and from that time forth Thetford, the ancient capital of the kingdom of East Anglia, began to fall into decay. The church was served by a community of Cluniac monks, who after a time set about building a large and commodious monastery and chapel outside the walls of the town. Thither, when it was completed, they removed, taking with them all the movables of any value out of the old church and cloister.

Amongst other property thus carried away was an image of the Holy Virgin, which had previously been set over the high altar of St. Mary's whilst that was used as the cathedral church of the diocese. It was placed by the monks over the high altar of their new church; but in process of time, a finer image being made, the ancient one was taken down and put in an obscure place. This old image, however, was in the course of a few years to attract far more notice than the grander one that had replaced it, and became the chief ornament of a beautiful chapel, wherein Our Lady of Thetford was venerated by many a pious pilgrim, until the disastrous period of the Reformation. The narrative is thus related in a manuscript preserved in Cambridge:

"There was at that time in the town a poor workman, who incessantly called on the Blessed Virgin for relief from an incurable disease from which he suffered. One night she appeared to him, telling him that if he would be cured he must hasten to the prior of her monastery, and command him in her name to build her a chapel on the north side of the monastery, which he had newly repaired. As he neglected this message and paid no attention to it, she again appeared to him thrice; whereupon he acquainted the prior with it, who, being much astonished, resolved to obey the command and build a chapel of wood. But the sick man, returning to him, desired him, on the part of Our Lady, to build it of stone, and showed him the exact spot on which she would have it stand. Shortly after this the prior departed out of the town; and the man, going to the monastery and not finding him at home, went to an old monk who had resided many years in the house, and gave him a token where the foundation stone of the chapel should be placed, by showing him, and everyone else who would see it, for two hours together, the shape of a cross upon it, wonderfully adorned with gold and jewels, which afterward disappeared.

"As the prior on his return still delayed commencing the building, Our Lady appeared to a woman in the town, bidding her go to one of the monks and command him to bid the prior build the chapel at once. The woman neglected to fulfil this behest, whereupon the Blessed Virgin came to her in the night, and blamed her for her neglect, at the same time touching her arm, of which she immediately lost the use. Perceiving this when she awoke, and grieving for her carelessness, she ran to the monk, and told him with tears what had happened. He advised her to offer an arm of wax to the Holy Virgin. This being done, her arm was restored."

The chapel was built at last; and, judg-

ing from the ruins that yet remain, it was not much inferior in size to the choir itself. The prior, desirous to increase the people's devotion to the Holy Mother of God, caused the old image, which stood by the door near the chapel, to be taken down and re-painted.

As the painter was cleaning it preparatory to beginning his work, he found a silver plate fastened to the top of the head; and showing it to the prior and monks, he took it off in their presence. It was found to conceal an opening, in which were laid many holy relics of saints, carefully wrapped in lead, with their names on them. Most of them had been brought from Jerusalem; they consisted of portions of the Holy Sepulchre, of the sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin, of the rock of Calvary; pieces of the purple robe in which Christ was arrayed, of Our Lady's girdle, of Our Lord's Manger, of the earth found in the sepulchre of St. John the Evangelist; together with relics of St. Vincent the martyr, St. Leger, St. Barbara, St. Gregory, St. Leonard; also some of the hair of St. Agnes. There were besides two relics of English saints, a portion of the wooden coffin, miraculously preserved from decay, in which St. Edmund the martyr had been laid, and in which his body had been found whole and incorrupt many years after his death; and pieces, too, of St. Ethelreda's coffin, wherein, eleven years after her death, she was discovered lying as if asleep. The image itself had been made by the order of Sir Ralf, a monk of Thetford, who had been born and brought up in the town. He had placed the relics within the head, and had caused a tabernacle to be made for the statue, adorning it with jewels. And, being a great client of Mary, he persuaded a lady, a friend of the house, to purchase the famous picture of the Blessed Virgin at that time preserved in their refectory. For all these services his anniversary was to be observed on October 15.

The image was now set up in the new chapel, wherein were also kept the relics newly discovered. Many persons coming to pay their devotions there and obtaining numerous favors, it became richly adorned by means of their offerings; and the fame of the miracles being noised abroad, the renown of Our Lady of Thetford was greatly increased. The historian records two or three of the miracles that occurred there. A certain woman in Thetford having overlaid her child in the night, and finding it dead in the morning, ran with it in her arms and placed it before the image, when it immediately came to life again. Another woman, having lost her voice through an affection of the throat, was urged by her friends to go and make an offering to Our Lady of Woolpit, in Suffolk. But she made signs that she would rather go to the image in the monks' new chapel; and doing so, she recovered her voice. She declared that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to her and touched her tongue; in gratitude, she vowed to keep a candle constantly burning before the image for the remainder of her life.

The city of Norwich, which was chosen to be the cathedral city of the diocese instead of Thetford, was in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries rich in shrines of our Heavenly Mother, some of which were of great renown. All the churches—and these were many in number—possessed images of Our Lady, before which lights were kept constantly burning. The one most frequented of these was Our Lady of Pity, in the church of the Augustinian Friars, where there was the celebrated chapel of Our Lady called the Scala Cœli, which was a constant and favorite resort of pilgrims. Many were the rich offerings made at the altar. It was endowed with precious indulgences by various popes; most people desired to have Masses sung for them there, or to be buried in the cloister of the Scala Cœli, in order that they might be partakers in the many indulgences

and pardons granted to this sanctuary.

But the greatest attraction at Norwich was the image known as Our Lady of the Oak, which hung in an oak tree that grew in the churchyard of St. Martin, whence the church itself commonly bore the title of St. Martin's of the Oak. The historian says that this statue and the oak began to be of remark about the time of Edward II.; for then it was first called Our Lady *at* the Oak. What particular virtue this image possessed he is at a loss to say; but it was certain that it was very much visited and venerated by the populace, who left many gifts in their wills to paint, dress and repair it. This image was so placed that it could be seen by all who passed in the street. On the coming of Edward VI. to the crown, Our Lady was taken down, and most probably the oak was cut down too, lest it should be visited for her sweet sake; since the one that now stands on the spot appears from an entry in the parish register to have been planted by one John Tabor, constable and overseer, in 1656.

The custom of painting and dressing statues was almost universal in England. The image of Evesham is said to have been "right well painted and fair arrayed with gold and divers other colors." Nor were the wooden ones alone colored and gilt: statues made of alabaster, marble or stone, were almost invariably, when placed inside the church, painted in natural colors, in order to appeal more forcibly to the senses of the people. Many of the English images of Our Lady were beautiful specimens of the artist's skill. A traveller who visited England in 1465, by name Leo de Rosmital, was profoundly struck by those he saw. "At the abbey church in Reading," he says, "there is an image of the Mother of God so exceedingly elegant that, in my opinion, I have never beheld, nor ever shall see, one to be compared to it, even were I to go to the ends of the earth." Elsewhere he saw "a most beautiful image of Our Lady sculptured in alabaster"; this statue and that of Salisbury were so lifelike as to appear to him to be "not as handiwork, but alive."

The custom of robing the statues helped to give them a more natural appearance. Bequests of rich textile fabrics, to be made into garments for some favorite image of the Blessed Virgin, and of jewels to adorn her head, neck and arms, are even more common than legacies of money for painting and gilding. The Anglian homily on "The Peril of Idolatry," which may be taken as trustworthy evidence, says: "Our churches stand full of great puppets, wondrously decked and adorned; garlands and coronets be set on their heads, precious pearls hanging about their necks; their fingers shine with rings set with precious stones; they are clothed in garments stiff with gold."

In a list of ornaments belonging to the Church of Holy Trinity, Milford, the following items occur: "Coats belonging to Our Lady:—A coat for the good days, of cloth of tissue bordered with white; and for her Son another of the same in like case. A coat of crimson velvet, and another for her Son. A coat of white damask, bordered about with green velvet," etc. These "coats" were probably mantles clasped round the shoulders of the image on feasts, to give it a more festal character. The kerchief, or veil, was undoubtedly the earliest form of applying woven fabrics to images of Our Lady, as at Glastonbury, where it was used before the twelfth century; for we know from the record that the great fire spared not only the wooden image, but the veil that covered its head.

Many wealthy ladies bequeathed dresses of specially rich and costly material to favorite images of our Immaculate Queen. King Henry III. had a ruby and an emerald of great value hung upon the forehead of a statue of Our Lady, which Queen Eleanor had set up in the Church of St. Edward of Westminster. One William Brokshaw leaves in his will a circlet of gold adorned with stones for the image of

the Blessed Virgin, to be worn in the procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi and on the Feast of All Saints. Beatrix Krilkemer bequeaths to Our Lady of Norwich her best beads, to hang about her neck "on good days"; and John Carr, of York, leaves a diamond ring to be hung round the neck of the image above the high altar. Legacies of girdles, necklaces, clasps, rings, etc., are too frequent to be enumerated; and even in some instances the feet of images of our Blessed Mother were fitted with silver shoes by the piety of her loving subjects, as was the case with Our Lady of Ipswich.

A Crust of Bread.

A STORY OF MEMORIAL DAY.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

(CONCLUSION.)

AT the mention of the Southern prison the question which James Duncan's eyes had been asking was answered. All sense of the ludicrous was gone now. The comedy had become a tragedy. He looked mournfully at the poor wreck opposite to him.

"Hard times, eh, with your children to take care of?"

"Rather the other way, sir. Shoe was on the other foot," clumsily explained Private Brown. "Fact is, I don't know what I would have done hadn't it been for my son Horace."

Heaven had disappointed James Duncan in denying him the son he had always yearned for. As a general rule, he did not care to hear the virtues of other men's sons extolled. In this instance he lent the speaker grave attention. Possibly his wide worldly experience had made him familiar with the mysterious law of coincidence, and he was prepared for what was coming.

"Son Horace," continued the old man, "has stood by us through thick and thin. Went to work when he was a boy. Picked up his education—he's a fairly well educated man—in night schools and reading and studying at home. Been like a bond-slave to the family all along. Children were always ailing. Mother was sick a long time, and we lost her. He's been keeping his sister Julie—a bright girl—at the Art School these three years. Next year Harry'll be through high school. Horace promised him two years in college. Julie thinks she'll be able to help. There's no telling. Likely as not, though, it'll all come on Horace."

"And he doesn't mind it?"

"Not a bit. That's one comfort. Don't believe he expects anything else. He's never known anything different. Always given up everything to others."

Mr. Duncan recalled the face of the young man whom he had sent from his house but a few weeks before, and the look of meek submission that had so irritated him. Was it the great patience of one who bore many burdens? Then his mind travelled back to other days and distant scenes.

"Perhaps it is in the blood, Private Brown," he said.

There was something so significant in his words and manner that the old veteran eyed him closely. Then he gave a quick exclamation:

"There!—missed my car! Another one in four minutes. Couldn't think of troubling you, sir. We live a long way out."

But Mr. Duncan had given a direction to his coachman, and the carriage turned down a side street. As he thought of going home, Private Brown grew ill at ease.

"Got to sober off, somehow. The folks'll feel cut up. First time in two months, on my word, sir. Promised Horace I'd keep straight till fall."

"See here, Private Brown," said Mr. Duncan, leaning forward and speaking in

a confidential tone. "What is the very best thing for sobering up?"

"Drink of milk and bath of cold water," returned Private Brown, promptly and joyfully. It was rare good luck to find a friend and sympathizer in this emergency. Then his face fell. "I'm done for, anyhow. Slipped down on the pavement. New suit, too."

He ruefully called the attention of his new-found friend to an unsightly rent in his brown coat, the skirts of which were smeared with mud.

"Never mind," said Duncan, cheerily. "Trifles like that are easily mended."

To his coachman's surprise, he stepped down with the old soldier, and the two men were soon lost to sight in the bustling throng.

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"I do not know why you have sent for me, sir," began Horace Brown, a little resentment mingled with his surprise.

His host cut him short. "I have sent for you because I want to present you to another old friend of mine, and to tell you both a little story."

"Why, father!" cried the young man, as the feeble old veteran rose at his approach, a little dazed by his strange surroundings. No casual observer would have recognized in the stately old gentleman, clad in decorous evening dress, the weak and garrulous old man who had stumbled along with the procession that day, and shrunk from observation in Mr. Duncan's carriage.

"Private Brown, of New Hampshire," announced Mr. Duncan. "Eleanor, I want you here, please. When a man has a story to tell which reflects great credit and glory upon himself, it is only fitting that his child should hear it."

The lovers stole looks of puzzled inquiry at each other. Was the cool, level-headed man of business taking leave of his senses, that he should conduct himself in this eccentric fashion? The old man listened with the dull apathy of age.

"It may not seem much of a story," proceeded Mr. Duncan; "and it is about a crust of bread."

Again the lovers exchanged anxious glances; but, as though some woful picture had been called up by his own words, the speaker paced up and down the room in silence. At length he stopped before his daughter.

"Eleanor, you have heard the story of my army life. You have followed me to the tent and to the battlefield. One experience alone has been withheld from you. Of my sufferings at Andersonville I have never spoken before to-day."

The girl gave a sharp exclamation, the cry of one who unexpectedly stumbles upon a charnel-house. Into her father's face had come a look she had never seen there before. The real man stood before her, bared of all the pomp of circumstance, scanning an eventful past, looking into a dark abysm of memory.

"Yes," he said, "I was one of the poor wretches there. I am not going to tell you of all I saw or underwent. One incident alone I wish to relate. You know enough of the history of the time to have some faint idea of what that prison life was. Hunger, hunger, hunger!—that was the everlasting cry."

The old man who formed one of the trio of listeners was wide awake now, intent, alert, watching the every gesture of the speaker, assenting to his statements as one who journeys again over a familiar road, recognizing old landmarks.

"Starvation works differently with different men," continued Duncan. "Of some it made scoundrels; of others, weaklings; of others it made heroes."

He was looking directly at the old man now. The young people followed his eyes. Unseen and unconscious, the aged veteran bore their gaze. Out of the darkness of the past a flood of blessed memories, like rays of light, illumined his faded eyes; while the wrinkled face be-

neath the snow-white hair shone like that of an eager, expectant child.

"I was one of the weaklings," Duncan went on. "Whether it was bodily weakness or the cravings of youth or the want of spiritual stamina that made me so it would be profitless to discuss. I took no thought of any one besides myself. I held on to every morsel of my own rations. So long as my money held out, I bribed the guards for more and bought from the men. Yet all the while I grew weaker. A time came when I lay like a dog in the sun waiting for death. My stomach turned against the raw meal of our rations. I was perishing for want of proper food. I remember wishing it were all over, and making a feeble effort to crawl toward the dead-line, in the hope that a shot from the guard would put an end to my misery. A man pulled me back. He dragged me to the shade of a tree, and brought me water from a pool the boys had scooped with their hands. Then he took from his pocket a crust of bread,—homemade bread, dried and dirty. He handled it as a miser might his gold. I had no money left. My blankets had been bartered away long before. I was nothing but a poor, penniless, miserable wretch, clothed in rags; but I felt that I would barter all I might ever have to get possession of that crust. I looked at him. He was older than I, a living skeleton, with a skin like parchment, and death—death by privation—written in his face. But I begged him for it. He gave it to me; and I ate it to the last crumb, while he looked on."

In the hour of his humiliation Eleanor Duncan came to her father, and wept softly on his shoulder.

"That crust of bread saved my life. Four days later I was exchanged. Now, friends," concluded James Duncan, "I need scarcely tell you that I am not a man of sentiment, but I have an uncommonly strong grip on a purpose. Lying in that sweltering swamp, gnawing that dried crust of bread—the sweetest morsel I ever tasted,—I promised myself that if I lived to get away, I would share my last cent with the man who had given me his last crust. But I lost all trace of him after I came away. The Lord knows I've tried hard enough to find him, but I had little to go on: only his name—unfortunately a common one,—the State in which he enlisted, and the fact that he was a private soldier. But I was always sure that I should meet with him; and many a time, in these later years, I've wondered where and how I'd find him. I've seen him honored and thriving. I've fancied him old and neglected and homeless. I've thought of him ill and in want. But in whatever condition I found him, rich or poor, ill or well, I was ready to lay claim to him. I've only feared that I might find a grave. —Private Brown, of New Hampshire, I've been looking for you twenty-five years!"

After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century the two men clasped hands, and gazed at each other with eyes that were not ashamed of the tears gathered in them.

"It wasn't much," said old Private Brown. "I had the rest of the loaf. I'd been saving that crust for days for some poor fellow like you."

"No, it wasn't much, but it meant a good deal to me. Do you know how hard I've tried to find you?—confound your name! I've had the war records searched; I've put detectives on your track; I've even had personals in the daily papers. But when Fate tried to lend me a hand by marrying your son to my daughter, I turned the lady with the distaff out of doors. Never mind!" he added, lowering his voice. "She's found her way in again, and her web will be finished yet."

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Across the room Eleanor and Horace were standing, their hands joined in a cordial clasp. Tears stood in their eyes as in those of their fathers'—tears of joy.

A Song in May.

BY R. HOWLEY.

"Come errante pecorella
Torna al chiuso abbandonato
A quel cuore che hai lasciato
Torna o figlio del dolor."
—*Italian Popular Hymn.*

THE breeze is balm, the grassy wold
Is sweet to breathe and soft to tread.
Bright blooms the spring; beyond the fold,
For wayward lambs fair gifts lie spread.
In thy love shrined,
Make us to find
Our fold alway;
Let no false joy
Our steps decoy,
Glad Queen of May!

Ah! who dare tell, young May, thy spell,—
For heaven too sad, for earth too sweet!
What sudden fires, what wild desires,
And mystic thrills thy coming greet!
But Mary's name
Subdues thy flame;
Her gentle sway
O'er all thy scene
Sheds ray serene—
True light of May.

Back to thy fold, world-weary soul!
O Mary, compass her around!
And, filled with peace, her days shall roll
Where pastures bloom and meads abound.
In thy fond Heart
Fold us for aye;
Life's where thou art,
Death 'tis to stray.
Ah! could we make
For thy dear sake
Our years one May!

MAY 10, 1892.

IF we knew more of one another, how much more love, pity, compassion, and generous feeling, there would be in the world! It is from that very ignorance of one another's trials and afflictions that we judge so hardly, and sometimes so unjustly.

The Faith that Moves Mountains.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

THOSE who believe that the age of faith, and the circumstances which made it remarkable, have alike passed from among the generations of men, would be less certain of their position if they sometimes pushed inquiry outside the limits of what we are pleased to term high civilization, and studied the conditions which exist where primitive simplicity of belief, and confidence in supernatural helpfulness, still hold their sway. The little story which follows is taken from a collection recently published by one of the foremost Spanish novelists—Father Luis Colomba, of the Society of Jesus. Its absolute truth in every particular is vouched for by Archbishop Arciga of Mexico; and the fact that he publicly expresses his pleasure that it has been printed makes it evident that he satisfied himself first of the honesty of the narrator before he allowed the touching history to be published.

One of the most sublime teachings of Holy Writ is its presentation of the workings of Divine Providence in a visible and marvellous manner, in the small as well as the great events which make up the lives of men. We see God triumph in battles, overthrow cities, destroy thrones, ruin empires. Kings become rods in His hands wherewith to scourge other kings; people, calamities with which to destroy other people; the elements, ministers of justice which devastate a world. On the other hand, we see Him sustain the frail basket of reeds in which a child floats upon the water; place an olive-branch in the beak of the ark-returning dove; direct the wings of the raven that bears food to His prophet; speed the stone from the sling of a shepherd boy, who is afterward to become the ruler of His

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people. And in this mixture of the great and the small, of catastrophe and insignificance, man discovers the ways in which Infinite Wisdom works with omnipotent foresight. He sees face to face the divine beneficence of One who directs all things for the ultimate good of His children; and in the shadow of that limitless love, under shelter of that supreme power, he rests tranquilly, like the child cradled in the love of a mother and the strength of a father.

Nor is this form of instruction without practical application in the present. The time is gone by when patriarchs and prophets conversed familiarly with their Creator, and received His commands by means of celestial messengers and prodigious signs. But truth is older than time: it neither decays nor dies. God remains forever the same; He is pleased sometimes to rend the veil which hides Him, in order to demonstrate to man that the omnipotent Hand which worked success and failure in Bible-days guides yet the happenings of existence; that the same paternal solicitude that fed the Israelites in the desert feeds now the wanderer who trusts in Him; and that to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow, one should replace in every tongue the pagan word Fate by the more beautiful and blessed Christian thought, Providence.

What we are about to relate was told to us by the Jesuit Father, who received the account from the lips of the Most Rev. José Ignacio Arciga, Archbishop of Michoacan, to whose knowledge it was personally brought.

In that portion of Mexico known as the Tierras Calientes, or Hot Lands, is the town of Huacana, about seventy miles distant from Morelia, the capital of Michoacan. It contains some five thousand inhabitants, and is the market of all the villages and farms for twenty leagues around. The prevalence of a multitude of diseases (which the heat, great even in winter, renders unusually severe)—constant malaria and yellow fever, with other complaints indigenous to the locality—keep strangers away from the beautiful country, and make it one of the least populous districts in Mexico. Nevertheless, it is richer than any other portion,—like an infected Paradise in which it is forbidden to dwell. The flora and fauna are superb in variety and beauty. Magnificent rivers roll through the land; groves of palm, plantains and fruit-trees cover its surface, alternating with rich forests of precious woods. Birds of wonderful plumage, for which science and fashion dispute,—the one for its cabinets, the other for its caprices; game of all kinds, from the hare to the leopard, from deer, which abound, to the jaguar, with its spotted skin and ferocious cunning, swarm in the thick underbrush of the mountain defiles. And in the midst of this ostentatious luxury of nature, deep in the bosom of the opulent but inhospitable earth, as if wicked spirits had buried it there to mock at human covetousness, is hidden treasure of copper, of iron, of silver, that not even the grasping fingers of avarice have been able to disinter.

Laziness, which fertility of soil and the enervation of a tropical climate help to increase, is the general vice of the natives, who are for the most part descended from early Spanish settlers from Andalusia and Estremadura. They have not the cunning of most indolent races, whose habitual gentleness disguises somewhat the quick passion that smoulders beneath. They are simple, hospitable, generous, and brave. When roused to anger, the panthers of their native woods are not more terrible than they, with the long, slender Moorish daggers, which they use with consummate skill in their quarrels. To "play the knife," as they call it, with greater dexterity than any others of their countrymen is the highest glory to which they aspire; and during the bloody combats in which their champions indulge, if the injuries are

limited to the loss of only an arm or a leg, the bystanders are accustomed to say, with the greatest indifference: "Ah, it was like swan's-down!"

Toward the close of the year 1868 the Archbishop of Michoacan arrived at Huacana, to prepare for Confirmation at the parish church of San Juan de Huaca. It was his first visit to this portion of his diocese, and the country people received him with an enthusiasm bordering on frenzy. Bands of men and women came from the distant mountains; long processions, on foot or on horseback, journeyed down the precipitous paths, singing joyously on the way, and running like pleased children to salute the Archbishop. According to the custom of the country, each brought an offering,—gifts in almost every case of too great value for the poverty of their condition.

"I have a young milch cow for your Grace."

"And I a yoke of oxen."

"And I a fine colt."

Overwhelmed by such spontaneous and splendid generosity, the good Archbishop attempted to find some way in which, without wounding their pride and self-respect, he could spare his people the sacrifices they were making in his behalf. Receiving them with most paternal affection, he succeeded in making them understand that he would be more pleased with some simple present of fruit or flowers, while giving full credit to the large-heartedness of their desire to do him honor. With admirable tact, he thus bestowed on them again their own charity; and, as result of the compromise, the largest building in the town overflowed with melons, oranges, lemons, and cocoa-nuts, from which the rustic visitors were generously fed.

One day on entering the confessional, according to his custom on these pastoral visits, in order himself to prepare the older people desiring Confirmation, he saw a poor paralytic waiting his turn patiently among the throng without. Beckoning to him, that he might be spared the weariness of long delay, the prelate, before hearing his confession, began to question him, as was necessary because of the ignorance of Christian doctrine in those remote regions, where priests were few and far between.

"Where do you come from, my child?"

"From the mountain, about fifteen leagues away, little Father," answered the old man, with the loving use of diminutives which belongs to primitive races.

"And how did you get here?"

"On the back of a mule, little Father."

"Are you married?"

"I am a widower, little Father, with two little girls, who are married now."

"What is your occupation?"

"A hunter, little Father."

"You—a hunter!" said the prelate, astonished and smiling.

"Yes, little Father," answered the paralytic, very seriously.

"But what do you hunt?"

"I hunt deer, my little Father."

"Deer! Oh, my good man, that can not possibly be!" said the kind Archbishop, half amused, half annoyed, convinced that he had to do either with a weak-minded fellow or a wag. But his doubt as to sincerity was soon removed; and a lively curiosity took hold of him when the old man, with a gentle, deprecating shrug, but an expression of simple conviction, as if he were offering the key of the enigma, went on:

"It certainly could not be if my Father God did not help me."

Surprised and moved at the *naïve* answer, the Archbishop began to inquire his meaning more particularly.

"You see, your Worship, this is the way. As I told you before, my wife died long ago, and left me with two young children to bring up. Ever since this is the way I have passed the days the Lord has given me to live: I get up in the

morning and say a prayer to my Father God. Then I eat the food my little girls have left for me; and, dragging myself along as well as I'm able, I go into the field near my hut with my carbine. When I get a few steps away from the house, my Father God sends a deer, just as I asked Him in my prayer. I shoot him; my children come and drag him into the house; and with the flesh and the skin, which we sell, we have supported ourselves all these years."

The Archbishop, amazed at the story, and the simple ingenuousness with which it was told, in the quaint and picturesque dialect of the region, waited a moment before he asked the old man to repeat the prayer which he made each morning to Him whom, with the trusting confidence of a child, he called "Father."

"Oh, I can not do that! I can not do that, little Father!" answered the paralytic.

"And why not?"

"Because it would make me too much ashamed."

"But, my child, don't you say it each morning to God?"

"Ah, yes, little Father! But my Father God—why, you see it is quite another thing with Him."

"But I beg you to tell me. Why will you not give me this pleasure?"

"Little Father, I would like to do anything you wish, but not this; this would make me too much ashamed."

"But when I beseech you! Come now, my dear child, do me the favor I ask. Don't mind at all, but tell me."

"But, my little Father, I didn't learn this prayer from any book, and no one ever taught me a word of it."

"No matter,—no matter! Let me hear it."

"Well, then, little Father, since you insist, and if you won't laugh at me. When I kneel down by my bed, I say: 'Eh, Father God! It was You who gave me these two little girls that I have; and it was You who gave me this sickness which won't let me get about. I have to feed my little girls, so that they won't be driven to do anything to offend You. Come now, my Father, bring me a deer to-day where I can shoot it, and so bring help to my poor children.'"

The Archbishop listened silently and reverently, as if the Prince of the Church were receiving a lesson from the humble creature before him; and the old man continued with the same simplicity:

"That's the whole prayer, little Father. Then when I say it I go into the field, sure to meet what I prayed for to my Father God; and I always meet it. It's twenty years now, but it has never failed me; for my Father God is very good,—oh, very good!"

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Does this miracle startle you? Do you perhaps doubt it, because sometimes you too have asked a grace and it has not been granted, or a help which has not been given, or some coveted desire which never was fulfilled? Perhaps the poor paralytic would have been able to tell you why. The Archbishop might whisper to you—but very softly, so as not to humiliate your pride—that this poor half-savage, in the wilds of Mexico, invoked his God with a heart perfectly submissive; and lifted up to Him, like St. Paul, "pure hands,"—so pure that, after twenty years of battle with infirmity and poverty, his most grievous fault was that he had once struck a dog which he found devouring the carcass of his deer. He had no sins to confess. Let this remove your scepticism. For it is no surprise that God should do what He has promised; the surprise would be if He should not fulfil His word.

If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.—*George MacDonald.*

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

THE thinking people of this country are showing a very keen interest in education, and in certain systems and methods of education which a larger experience has tried and adopted. Our country has nothing, perhaps, to learn politically from any other form of government; but socially and educationally we have much to learn. Our people are finding this out, and hence that persistent looking abroad for foreign models which some of the jesters call Anglo-mania.

Now, it is well to note, there is a kind of Anglo-mania which is despicable, which confines itself to the imitating of cockneyisms or the worship of titles. Idleness, too much money, an education without true ideals, are responsible for this. But there is no good reason why some of the social practices of the English—who are a more comfortable people socially than we are—should not be adopted. Educationally, we have more to learn from the French and the Germans. Until very recently, the French convent school system was looked upon with contempt by every schoolmistress in the country; but a broader knowledge has shown that Americans have much to learn from it. The secularizing of education in France has not paralyzed the energies of the good Sisters; they have shown themselves equal to the occasion; and not long ago an English educational expert announced publicly that the best convent schools in France were far superior to the secularized establishments,—this expert specially mentioned the Convent of the Assumption at Auteuil.

Miss Dana's late article in the *Atlantic Monthly* has contributed a great deal to this change. It followed Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's on private schools, in *Scribner's;* and it has been followed by an article on "Private Schools" in the May *Harper's* by an eminent schoolmistress, and by E. E. Hale's "Where shall Polly Go to School?" in *The Cosmopolitan.* Miss Dana's description of the French school was a revelation to many people,—as great a revelation as the life of an American convent school would be to many others. It showed that the Sisters' methods of education were much in advance of the cut-and-dried pedagogism in vogue here. Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's article reminded one of Madame Campan, Napoleon's favorite teacher of young women: it showed how a fine lady might be produced, but not how the simplicity of girlhood could be retained. Miss Dana announced, to the amazement of a narrow-minded world, that the Sisters in France were not the slaves of text-book makers, and that they actually taught by means of lectures; that their greatest aid was the power of awakening the sympathy and interest of their pupils. To hear of a system which depended on other powers than an overburdened memory was a shock to certain educators, who fancied that the secular schools of the United States led the world.

It would destroy some of the self-conceit of the professional pedagogue if he could get near enough to understand the educational work done by the convent schools in this country. Fifteen years ago there was a tradition that the embroidered "sampler," the group of wax flowers, and two or three piano fantasias, represented the sum of convent education; to which was added the art of getting in and out of a carriage gracefully. But that was fifteen years ago, and an outworn tradition then. Nobody repeats it seriously now. The greatest enemies of the convent school are the ignorant or fashionable parent. Their old enemy, ultra-Conservatism in themselves, was routed long ago. To be abreast of the

times is not always the beatific condition it is supposed to be; in the best sense, the convent schools of America are taking their places gradually in the van of education.

No teachers in the country give up their vacations to hard and intelligent work as religiously as do the Sisters. It is popularly supposed that they betake themselves to the singing of canticles during those two months, in which our climate makes work very difficult. Every hour is occupied by some duty, and very many hours by lectures. The "advanced educator" has sometimes made it a matter of reproach that the Sisters can not attend educational conventions and conferences. They hardly need them; their vacations are filled with a constant succession of conferences on education,—conferences which do not concern themselves merely with instruction.

The ignorant parent has no patience with the axiom that art is long: he or she wants his or her daughter "accomplished" in the shortest space of time. And the fashionable parent has no sympathy with the restrictions that tend to keep girls free from distractions. The opera box, the flirtations during the daily walks, the monthly receptions, are necessities in the eyes of those Philistines, who fancy that they are fitting their daughters for life. The theory of the Sisters is that young girls should be out of the dissipations of the world as long as possible. And Miss Dana, in her article, explains why the young girl under the convent system acquires more knowledge in a short time than her sister under other rules. She is concentrated: her attention is kept on the one important thing at her time of life—her education.

SURROUNDED by those who constantly exhibit defects of character and conduct, if we yield to a complaining and impatient spirit, we shall mar our own peace without having the satisfaction of benefiting others.—*T. C. Upham.*

The Decadence of the Home.

"And homeless near a thousand homes I stood."
—*Wordsworth.*

THIS is truly an age of wonders. Marvels upon which the fairies in the old nursery tales would look with incredulous surprise are of hourly invention. We have made of the lightning a willing and competent servant; we have arranged matters so that a trip around the world is possible in a summer's outing; we have multiplied printing-presses until all that we should read, and much that we should not, is easily accessible; we have brought heat and light from the bowels of the earth, and numbered the stars in the firmament; we have put an education within reach of the poorest, and we have dotted the land with philanthropic and reformatory institutions of every sort and degree.

What are we doing with the home? There is no lack of houses. They spring up everywhere, like weeds after a spring shower; and among them—God be praised!—are many which are homes in the true sense. But what shall we say of those which remain but heaps of building material, arranged in the form convention happens to smile upon, mere shelters for few or many people?

Man is a migratory animal, and the fashion of the day is in accord with that fact. In spite of the admiration for English "repose," it is good form to be restless. Ultra-fashionable people, who must be quoted because they are copied, wander about from town to country, from California to the Riviera, with a stern persistence equalled only by the Indian of the plains or the Arab of the desert, until they know not, and care not, where their hearth fires glimmer.

Meanwhile the home life, such as it is, gets on as best it can, and often sadly dies a natural death from neglect. Comparatively few have the means and leisure to

follow the fashion to its extent; but many flit about as much as their purses permit, and their houses are emptied or left to servants' care. And the leisure class, as is well known, is growing, and growing fast.

Travel is a benefit: a change of air and scene often desirable for mind and body; but sometimes one is forced to think that it would be better to live and die without seeing aught of the world ten miles away from one's birthplace, than to live the nomadic life which threatens to be the widespread fashion.

Love of home is, or should be, one of the strongest impulses of a well-rounded life. Thus it follows that in time of war the military bands of one European country are forbidden to play a certain air, because the sound of it would produce homesickness and cause a panic in the ranks. The Ranz des Vaches brings back familiar scenes, and breaks the hearts of wandering Switzers. In the lamentable civil war in our own country the dead wards of the hospitals contained many men who might have been saved but for nostalgia. An air of doubtful merit and words of halting rhythm are wedded in the immortal "Home, Sweet Home!" And when we think of heaven, it is of a place which will be the best of homes forever.

Why, then, are there presages that the homes of America are in peril? Because the power that fashion wields is great; because there exist numberless people in every community who follow certain leaders, and those leaders are looking with compassionate eyes upon the heroes of the divorce court, and rearranging social life so that the home continually counts for less; because multitudes find it cheaper and easier to dwell in "Furnished Rooms," and eat at restaurants,—and the personage who finds mischief for the idle people to do is not slow in taking advantage of this; and because women, many of them, are more occupied with their own prospects as political leaders than with the danger of the social revolution, that will surely come if the sacredness of the home life is permanently endangered. It is a perilous thing to help along this frightful crisis, even by failing to sound the alarm; and one who is active in precipitating such disaster is not only "the summer pilot of an empty heart unto the shores of nothing," but something worse.

In the hands of Catholics lies the ounce of prevention which is better than the pound of cure. The conservative opinions of mother Church, its firm stand in regard to the sundering of the marriage covenant, the example of its blessed saints, its sweet traditions of the past, and its holy hopes for the future, make it the protector and the preserver of the firesides of our own beloved land.

Readings from Remembered Books.

THE WORSHIP OF THE VIRGIN.

"MR. TELLIFER," said Miss Letterly, "has a wonderful faculty for finding the origins of all sorts of Roman Catholic vagaries in the Bible. But there is one which I defy him to discover there, and that is the worship of the Virgin."

"Let us see," replied the gentleman challenged; "I think we must go to the Bible if we wish to perceive the beginnings of this worship—"

"Well! really,—now, you know, that is taking the bull by the horns; it is indeed, you know," broke in Sir Henry.

"In Luke's Gospel are very clear indications of an increase in veneration for, and cult of, the Mother of Christ. Seven years after the Passion Matthew was satisfied with the brief mention that 'she was found to be with Child by the Holy Ghost.' Twenty-three years later, that is, thirty years after the Passion, Luke gave an account of the great honor paid to her by an Archangel at the command of God Himself; by the mother of John the Baptist when, or because she

was, 'filled with the Holy Ghost,' and by the aged Simeon. In fact, the Angel Gabriel and Elizabeth were, between them the first to recite the 'Hail Mary,' excepting the request, added after she became a saint in heaven, that she would pray for us; so added by those who believe, as well as profess to believe, in the communion of saints. In the Catholic sense of worshipping, when spoken in relation to the Virgin, Elizabeth, when 'filled with the Holy Ghost,' worshipped her, saying, 'And whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?' Plainly, the Mother of Jesus stands at the beginning of this Gospel a prominent, a very remarkable, a most highly favored figure, and does not so stand in the two earlier Gospels."

"To confirm your theory, St. John's Gospel ought to make her more important even than Luke's."

"And so it does; describing the fact and the manner of the first miracle—not mentioned by the other Evangelists—wrought under her direction; particularly pointing out the Virgin's part in it, her foreknowledge that it would be effected through her influence, notwithstanding Christ's objection. For having named to Him the occasion, that is, made the request, disregarding His plea, she 'saith unto the servants, Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.' Also in the record of how Christ on the Cross made Mary the adopted mother of John, and him her adopted son. And these indications of the Gospels are confirmed by those in the catacombs—images of the Virgin and Infant Jesus, coeval with the Apostles, as some of us have seen."

"Oh, you talk like a regular papist!" exclaimed Miss Letterly, impatiently.

"Is, therefore, truth which I utter any less true? And why should you hate and reject the truth simply because it is papistic? Or why should you object to honor paid the Virgin by Apostles, when you profess to believe that the greatest honors were paid to her by God Himself?"—"*Lady Merton: A Tale of the Eternal City*," *J. C. Heywood.*

A WONDERFUL EXHIBITION OF PATIENCE.

When I was a young man, and gave little thought to the gout and the other ills that vex me at present, I saw a wonderful exhibition of patience, which I now daily recall to mind and wish I could imitate. I was sojourning in Florence, that lovely city, whose every association is one of calm and satisfactory pleasure undisturbed by anything like bodily suffering. I enjoyed the friendship of a young American amateur artist of unquestioned talent, but whose artistic efforts were interfered with by the frequent attacks of a serious and excruciating disorder. It was considerable time after I made his acquaintance before I knew that he was an invalid. I noticed his lameness, but whenever we met he wore a smiling face, and had a cheerful word for everybody.

One evening I called in at his quiet lodgings near the Lung 'Arno, and found a party of some six or eight Americans talking over their recollections of home. He was entertaining them with the explanation of an imaginary panorama of New England, and a musical friend threw in illustrative passages from the piano in the intervals. The parlor resounded with our laughter at his irresistible fun; but in the midst of it all he asked us to excuse him for a moment, and went into his bedroom. After a little while, another engagement calling me away, I went into his chamber to speak with him before leaving. I found him lying upon his bed, writhing like Laocoon, while great drops stood upon his brow, and agony was depicted in his patient face. He resisted all my attempts to do anything for him; the attack had lasted all day, but was severer at times than at others; he should feel better soon, and would go back to his friends; I had better not stop with him, as it might attract their attention in the parlor, etc. So I took my leave.

The next morning I met one of his friends, who told me that he returned to his company a few minutes after my departure, and entertained them for an hour or more with an exhibition of his powers of wit and humor which eclipsed all his previous efforts. Poor S. C.! his weary but uncomplaining spirit laid down that crippled body, which never gave aught but pain to its possessor, three or four years ago; and passed, let us hope, into a happier state of existence, which flesh and blood, with their countless maladies and dolors, may not inherit.—"*Aguecheek.*"

REDMOND'S CROSS.

In the south of Ireland, near the city of C——, are the ruins of Redmond's Castle, the seat and heritage of the Redmond family, who flourished for many long generations under the Irish kings. All that now remains of its once great beauty and strong, massive towers is one old arch, with a low wall overgrown with ivy. Beside the arch stands a large stone cross, covered with the moss and ivy of many years' growth. It is somewhat broken now, and the green moss quite covers its base, while the ivy trails round its arms, and falls from it in many graceful festoons. The old courtyard where the arch stands is full of trees—old oaks, sturdy and strong; elms with shivering, shiny leaves that throw fantastic shadows on the grass and reeds; tall and graceful linden-trees, where the wind mourns the decay of the old house, and the blight of its once proud inhabitants. A little brook, the sole remnant of the large moat, runs by the foot of the cross and loses itself in the trees. Redmond's Cross is known to everyone far and wide; artists have come to sketch its picturesque beauty, poets have sung of its ivy and moss, of its murmuring brook and stately trees; and now, in the mellow summer light, with the sunshine streaming through the thick green leaves, playing round the ivy tendrils, making the little brook sparkle like diamonds, and bathing the whole in one delicate flood of golden light,—it is enough to inspire thoughts beautiful as itself.

A short path from the ruins to the fields leads to the highway, and there, on the outskirts of the town, stands the pretty little Church of Our Lady of Mercy. And now, flocking from all parts, the people hasten to the Benediction; for the bells have ceased ringing, and the service has begun. It is beautiful, this little chapel. A large stained-glass window is above the altar, representing Our Lady of Mercy; her sweet face is bent, with a look of tender love and pity, to the crowd of suppliants at her feet. One arm clasps her Divine Son; the other is extended to the helpless and the miserable, to whom that dear arm is the plank of hope. Some who visit the city take away with them a vivid recollection of Redmond's Cross; others have that fair picture of Our Lady so photographed on their memory that it is never forgotten, but lingers with them as the perfume of a sweet flower. The richest crimson, the deepest blue, the brightest emerald, the purest gold, and the darkest purple,—all stream in one grand light from the window, and fall upon the little sanctuary, and fill the church with that beautiful mellow radiance so well called "religious light." Now the glory of the sunset has somewhat passed, and the light in the sanctuary is that of innumerable tapers burning on the altar.

Look around you, dear reader. You are in the Emerald Isle—St. Patrick's home, the seminary of saints, the land that has held its faith in spite of persecution, fire, and sword; a land in which a Catholic may be proud to live, and for which he may be proud to die. The people before you are the sons of Erin, brave and faithful as her daughters are beautiful and good: men with hearts simple as children and yet strong as death, who will die by famine, by torture, by misery, and by grief; but who will *never* deny, in thought or deed, the faith for which their fathers suffered and bled,—men with hearts soft and docile to the kind word and charitable deed, but proud and hardened to injustice and tyranny. Look at the bowed heads, the clasped hands, the beads gliding quickly through the trembling fingers; listen to the many fervent prayers, the oft-times audible supplications. There are old men on the verge of the grave; young men, with stout, hearty frames, and honest, sunburnt faces; women still in the spring-time of youth and beauty, others bent with age and care; but every heart is the same, bowed with the utmost reverence and awe. The beautiful chant of the Litany is soon caught up by those wild, sweet voices; the tears in the eyes of the aged, and the light in the faces of the young, tell its power. It is ended, and the more solemn strain of the *Tantum Ergo* follows, then the Benediction. But the Litany lingers in the hearts of the people, so alive to the beauty and love of Mary. You can see it as they pass out, in the kindly greeting, the lingering tone, the offered charity.—"*Tales from the Diary of a Sister of Mercy.*" *C. M. Brame.*

LONGFELLOW'S TRIBUTE TO ITALY.

I should fail were I to attempt to convey in words the thousand charms of the Italian landscape and climate. Rome, Naples, Sorrento, Florence, Genoa, Venice; the Tiber, the Po, the Arno; the Alps, the Apennines,—these are all names to conjure by. The mind resolutely refuses to associate anything disagreeable with Italy. Horace, in his Ode to Thaliarchus, may speak of winter firesides and Soracte white with snow,—but the imagination is not chilled. Dante may speak of the snow and sleet of the Apennines, blown on and beaten by the Sclavonian winds,—but our fancy does not feel them. Returning travellers may tell us of the wintry rain in Rome for weeks and days together,—but our enthusiasm is not damped. To the imagination, Italy always has been, and always will be, the land of the sun and the land of song. And neither tempest, rain, nor snow will ever chill the glow of enthusiasm that the name of Italy excites in every poetic mind. Say what ill of it you may, it still remains to the poet the land of his predilection; to the artist the land of his necessity, and to all the land of dreams and visions of delight.—"*Journal*," *1851*.

ROYAL TRUTHS.

A great, loving, generous heart will never find peace and comfort and field of labor except within her unstatistical, sunlike, benevolent motherhood. . . . I am a Catholic just as I am a dweller on the planet. . . . Man never made anything so like God's work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other church: they are all just way-stations.

The greatest service a man can do for a good cause is to die for it. No man's life or work, however illustrious, is so potential as a martyr's death. The cause for which men are willing to die can never be destroyed. There is no seed so infallible and so fruitful as the seed of human sacrifice.

There is nothing of a man but the word, that is kept or broken—sacred as life, or unstable as water. By this we judge one another, in philosophy and practice; and by this test shall be ruled the ultimate judgment.—"*Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly*," *edited by Katherine E. Conway*.

COLUMBUS' DEBT TO EARLIER NAVIGATORS.

"Your Majesties determined to send me, Cristoval Colon, to the said parts of India to see the said princes and nations and countries . . . and directed that I should not go by land to the Orient by the way it was customary to travel; but by the route to the West, *by which we do not know to this day, o' a surety, that any one has passed.*"

In such frank phrase did Columbus begin the journal in which he wrote down from day to day, for the information of his sovereigns, the incidents of the daring adventure he had undertaken. Neither here nor elsewhere in his writings did he claim to have invented the theory of a western passage to Asia. On the contrary, he based his belief in its practicability on the consensus of evidence which for twenty years he had been industriously accumulating—partly by studying the works of ancient and contemporary philosophers and travellers; partly from his contact with other seafaring men; partly from observation of winds and currents, and the spoil they cast on more than one Atlantic beach. To himself we owe our chief knowledge of the sources whence his faith was derived. Pedro de Velasco, pilot to Diego Detiene, told Columbus in the Convent of La Rabida of a lonesome voyage far out into the Ocean Sea, the fruit of which was the discovery of Flores Island. Martin Vincente informed him in Portugal of a voyage four hundred and fifty leagues due west from Cape St. Vincent, which resulted in nothing more than pushing back the horizon that much farther. From Cazaud he learned of the voyage in search of a western land seen by Diaz de Tavera. The blind sailor and his Portuguese shipmate, who are mentioned in our narrative, told him how they were blown far to the northwest of Ireland, and caught sight of a coast they fancied was Tartary. All these facts, and others, we owe to Columbus' own pen. He did not attempt to ignore his debt to others: he determined to prove "of a surety" that the Dark Ocean was a highway, not a bottomless chaos.

We put aside as futile the argument that he was indebted for his steadfast confidence to the Norse Sagas, which describe the voyages of Leif Erikson and his hardy countrymen to Labrador. If in the *Ultima Thule*, visited by Columbus in 1467, we recognize the modern Iceland, it is not credible that at

twenty-one or twenty-two years of age he should have time or inclination to study Runic lore while on a hasty privateering cruise. Had he done so, or had he learned in later years of Vinland the Good, as some would have it, through the medium of faded parchments "procured from the Vatican for the Pinzons," he would surely have adduced so pertinent a witness when quoting the far less important testimony of Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny. If he attached weight to the vague tales of the blind sailor of Murcia, why should he have failed to present the positive proof of a voyage which could be so circumstantially established? That Leif Erikson reached Labrador we are prepared to believe; but that Columbus knew of so momentous a corroboration of his theory, we greatly doubt. As to the Pinzon fable, it is refuted by the testimony of Pinzon's own son, who asserts that he was present with his father when the latter obtained in Rome a certain "writing" concerning the western lands, and that it was "of the time of Solomon." Even the Dighton Rock can hardly claim so venerable a pedigree.

The legend of the dying pilot, Sanchez, delivering to Columbus in 1485 a map showing the location of Hispaniola, whither Sanchez had been blown by easterly gales, and whence he had miraculously returned, rests on an equally frail foundation. Las Casas says it was "common" in Hispaniola after Columbus' death, but he gives it no credence. It is so variously and loosely related in other chronicles that we may safely assume, with the doughty Benzoni, "there were many who could not endure that a foreigner and an Italian should have acquired so much honor and so much glory, not only for the Spanish kingdom, but also for the other nations of the world."

Mutatis mutandi, the same might be said of those who, under the pretext of "historical criticism," spend their powers in trying to prove that we owe the discovery of our Continent to a happy combination of good luck and fraud.—"*With the Admiral of the Ocean Sea*," *Charles Paul Mackie.*

I WOULD give little for that man's religion whose very dog and cat are not the better for it.—*Rowland Hill.*

Notes and Remarks.

Mr. Mallock, who has done good work for Christian truth in his "Is Life Worth Living?" and other books, has just paid his respects to Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mr. Stead, and kindred admirers of the "critical method" so appreciatively commended in "Robert Elsmere." In a paper upon "Amateur Christianity" he demonstrates that the assumption of the mythical character of Christ's miracles completely changes the traditional conception of Christ Himself. Mr. Mallock's logic is as unsparing as is that of Ingersoll's demolisher, and his conclusion reminds one of some of the sarcasm to which America's little-great agnostic has been subjected by Father Lambert. He declares that Mrs. Ward and Mr. Stead should, in the name of honesty, drop the name of Christ. "What they recommend they recommend on their own authority, not on His. If He has any authority at all, He can, according to their principles, only have it in virtue of their recommendation. They give Him His *cachet;* He does not give them theirs."

The oppression of the Catholic priesthood in Russia continues with unabated rigor. The heads of seminaries and colleges are strictly forbidden to send students or priests to foreign countries for higher education. It is very hard for infirm priests to obtain permission to visit the baths of foreign countries; and when the permission is granted, a promise is required that the absentee shall not visit Rome or Cracow. From Zytomir comes the information that if an accusation is made by any one against a Catholic priest, no trial is given the accused; and the bishop is forced by the Government either to remove him from his parish, or to send him ostensibly to do penance in the Bernardine monastery in Zaslawie.

The selection of James Jeffrey Roche, LL. D., as the poet of the national monument dedication at Gettysburg, on June 2d, has elicited many complimentary references to that able Catholic journalist. The *Independent*, not especially noted for its eulogies of Catholics, had the following: "If the persons

in charge of this affair were in search of a man of high-hearted sympathy, old-fashioned patriotism, and manly frankness, such as our elder signers had, their choice could not have fallen more happily."

The Liverpool *Catholic Times* mentions, in connection with the honor done the Boston poet, Mr. Roche's long association with the late John Boyle O'Reilly, and says: "If ever a man was hero to his *protégé*, O'Reilly was so to James Jeffrey Roche." Hero also, apparently, was O'Reilly to Mr. Roche's editorial associate on the *Pilot*, Katherine E. Conway. Her review of O'Reilly's biography gave evidence of the same spirit of appreciative admiration that had animated the biographer, and her more recent "Watchwords" is one of the fairest tributes as yet paid to the dead poet's memory. Both editors of the *Pilot* loved their late chief, and their work on the Nestor of Catholic journals shows that they pay him the sincerest flattery—imitation.

Dr. Bitter, whom the Holy Father has appointed first Bishop of Stockholm, was born in Hanover in 1848. During ten years he acted as pastor of Gothenburg, whence on the abatement of the Kulturkampf storm he returned for a brief period to his native Germany. Appointed shortly afterward Vicar-Apostolic of Stockholm, he now becomes the first Catholic Bishop of Scandinavia since the "Reformation."

"The Italian Government holds Rome and the adjacent district, known as the Patrimony of Peter, through the violation of a solemn treaty. . . . King Humbert's Government has absolutely no right except that of brute force to the Papal territory taken in 1870."—*The Sun*.

Seen in a Catholic journal, these statements would seem old, trite, and common; coming from a great secular daily like the New York *Sun*, they seem fresh, uncommon, infrequent. Truly the world moves!

The project of founding a Catholic Summer School on the plan of the Chatauqua institution has advanced a stage and assumed practical shape. At a preliminary meeting held at the Catholic Club, New York, on the 11th and 12th insts., officers were elected, and a course of study was adopted. This course comprises lectures on History, Literature, Ethics, Science, Revealed Religion, Political Economy, and miscellaneous subjects. The proceedings were most satisfactory to the organizers of the new movement, and all zealous Catholics will hail with gratification a work that promises to make for broader culture and higher standards in the thought and act of Catholic men and women. The official organ of the institution is the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, of Youngstown, Ohio.

Dr. Parsons has conclusively shown, in his "Some Lies and Errors of History," that not all that goes by the name of historical narrative is worthy of credence. An instance of the manner in which history may come to be the transcript of falsehood, is afforded by the recent publication of an anecdote concerning Pope Pius IX. and Mr. Gladstone. It was stated by a Mr. Severn, on the authority of the English statesman, that, in an interview with the latter in 1864, Pius IX. had inveighed against railways, and declared that he would never permit their introduction into the Papal States. The inference of the future historian who should meet with this statement would, of course, be that the Pope was a sadly retrogressive ruler, a hopelessly unenlightened Pontiff, etc. Fortunately for truth, this error will not need a future Dr. Parsons to expose its falsity. A correspondent of the *St. James' Gazette* writes to that journal that he travelled by rail in 1859 from Civita Vecchia to Rome; and, in 1861, from Rome to Ceprano on the Neapolitan frontier. Railways, therefore, had been introduced into the Papal States five years before the alleged remark of Pius IX. Mr. Gladstone, we presume, was erroneously quoted as authority for the anecdote.

An exhaustive report of the events incident to the exposition of the Holy Coat at Treves having been forwarded to the Holy Father, he has addressed to the Bishop of that See a congratulatory letter, in which is expressed his gratification at the "numerous and splendid proofs of piety" shown at the time of the exposition. The Pope mentions also the joy with which he learned of the occurrence of

some miraculous events, adding that "in a time of intellectual conceit and presumptuous pride, which are the offspring of license and of widespread unbelief, it is a great joy and a consolation to witness such events, which are a manifestation of God's goodness, and a proof that Christ still reigns in the hearts of men."

The text of a prohibition recently issued by Cardinal Rampolla respecting telegraphic communication with the Holy See, explains why the Sacred Congregations are not, as an ordinary rule, to receive requests for favors by telegraph. The inconveniences likely to arise include absence of proof of the authenticity of either request or concession, the difficulty of expressing conditions attached to the concession, danger of receiving an incomprehensible, incomplete, inexact answer through some fault in the transmission, etc.

The *Bulletin*, of Sydney, N. S. W., in a notice of the death of Dean Donaghy, a worthy priest of Victoria, noted for his self-sacrifice and devotedness to the poor, says:

"The late Dean Donaghy died possessed of twopence.... He left no will, no executors, no visible fortune of any kind; but his friends looked into the waistcoat pocket of the departed, and there his entire worldly wealth was discovered. 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' And Dean Donaghy has doubtless gone to collect a long bill on the golden shore."

As the *Glasgow Observer* remarks, "to a comment so pithy nothing need be added."

There are at present as many as fifty priests in the various parliaments of the German Empire, twenty-three of them being in the Reichstag. This is all the more notable when we remember that in Germany the Catholics number only one-third of the population.

French women have not as yet, we believe, taken to themselves the direction of municipal affairs, as is the case with some of their American sisters; but on occasion they give indisputable evidence of man's inability "to stem the torrent of a woman's will." "At Gye-sur-Seine last Saturday," says the London *Weekly Register* of May 7, "the Municipality had decreed the abolition of an old Calvary standing in the *place* before the church. The scaffolding for the work had hardly been set up before the women of Gye began to gather. Not an axe ever touched the figure or the cross! The local Catholic paper makes much of the moral suasion of the victorious women, but we are informed that there was a distinct appeal to force. After a brief resistance the workmen fled, and the demolition has been deferred without date." The Municipality have evidently concluded to believe of the woman of Gye that "If she will, she will, you may depend on't; and if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —Heb., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Charles Raynes, of Enfield, Ill., who departed this life on March 24.

Catherine Normile, whose life closed peacefully on the 5th inst., at W. Troy, N. Y.

Mr. Benjamin H. Konerman, of Ludlow, Ky., who died last month in Rio Janeiro, S. A.

Mrs. Catherine Purcell, of Ballintaggart, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, whose virtuous life was crowned with a holy death on the 6th ult.

Mr. Michael Heinaghan, whose happy death took place on the 4th inst., at Davenport, Iowa.

Mrs. Johanna Geary, of St. Louis, Mo., who passed away on the 6th inst., after receiving the holy Sacraments

Mr. Jeremiah Connelly, who died a happy death on the 4th inst., at Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Michael Yonnan, of Sacramento, Cal., who piously yielded his soul to God last month.

Mr. J. B. Pursel, of Columbus, Ohio; Mr. A. P. Robinson, Latrobe, Pa.; James, Ellen, and Michael Farmer; Daniel, Anna, and Thomas Kennedy; Miss Jennie F. Brothers, Mrs. Winifred Gallagher, and Mr. James Timlin,—all of New Haven, Conn.; John Muldoon, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. C. Howley and Mrs. T. McCarthy, Pittsburg, Pa.; William Gannon, Allegheny, Pa.; Miss Mary Fitzgerald and Miss Mary Fitzgarell, McKeesport, Pa.; Mrs. Thomas Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.; John Healy, Chilicothe, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Cassilly, Covington, Ky.; and Mrs. J. McBride, Johnstown, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

PERSONAL.—Will "A Philadelphia Catholic Girl" kindly send her address? We have a letter to forward as soon as she is heard from.



Twilight in the Maytime.

THE fair, sweet day of Spring is done,
The sunlight's banner dropped and furled;
And twilight softly stoops to woo,
With balmy breath, the waiting world.

Far back the grand old mountains stand;
And almost at our feet the sea,
Bathed in the parting smile of day,
Chants its unceasing melody.

And hark! upon the listening ear
The Angelus peals from afar;
While in the glowing sky appears,
Through dewy mists, the evening-star.

Wrapped in the sound of twilight bells,
We kneel upon the flowery sod,
And feel in this sweet hour of hours
That all the world is filled with God.

M. M.

The Little May Mine.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE traveller over a certain picturesque railway sees, if the conductor or some one else is kind enough to attract his attention to it, a town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, perched like an eagle near the top of a peak of the Rocky Mountains. Then, while he is wondering how it is possible for any animal less fleet and sure of foot than an antelope to reach that dizzy height, the informant tells him that the town boasts an opera house, three fire-companies, and an electric light plant; and as to hotels, can 'distance anything that side of Denver.'

It was not always so. Some years ago the entire population of the place would not have numbered a hundred. There was a sort of enterprise, to be sure, and a saloon for every ten men; but the concerts, decidedly informal gatherings, were held in a bar-room; while tallow dips, or, at best, smoking kerosene lamps pierced the gloom of the scattered cabins. The history of one mining town is the history of all: the story of a mad thirst for wealth, incessant brawling, hard drinking, perilous games of chance, and, sometimes, of kind hearts hidden under very rough garbs.

There was no lack of such hearts in the town of Sunshine, and one of them beat under the blue shirt of James Dunbar, dubbed Slim Jim by his fellows. He was in many respects no better than they: having been known to try his luck when stakes were high, and ready with a pistol when an insult was suspected; but he had a habit of withdrawing into the recesses of the hut he called home, which had given him the reputation of being unsociable. Besides that, he had personal habits of which Sunshine did not approve; such as a fancy for fine soap, and even tooth-powder.

So Slim Jim was not a favorite, and if it had not been for some powerful friends—

Grizzly Pete, for instance, whom he had nursed through the mountain fever; or Nick Wade, whom he had rescued from the *vigilantes*,—he might often have been in grave peril. But he had another friend, the Superintendent, who had liked the dark, silent man from the time when he arrived to take charge of the mine in the interest of the Eastern capitalists, who were furnishing the money to keep it running; and he had been steadfast through good and evil report. His friendship was not too openly displayed; that would not have been safe either for himself or Slim Jim. But he had managed to convey his sympathy unobserved, or at least without comment; and often, when the work of the day was over, and the wild mirth of the settlement at its height, the two men might have been seen, if one had taken the trouble to look, smoking their pipes together, and softly talking by the firelight.

It was April, and the snow was beginning to disappear; for the peak on which the hamlet rested was, although so high, below the white line of perpetual frost.

"James," said Superintendent Wheaton —he was the only man in the Rockies who called Slim Jim that,—"I have a little surprise for you."

The miner sent a whiff of smoke up toward the boards of the roof. Had ore in better paying quantities been discovered; or was there talk of dealing harshly with Broncho Bill, the ringleader of every bit of mischief since Sunshine was started?

"Well?"

"My wife and the little one are coming next week."

Slim Jim only poked the fire and smoked the harder. The Superintendent was disappointed, and showed it.

"You don't seem to take much interest. I thought you would be glad. You have seemed willing enough to listen when I talked about them."

"Well—you see," said Slim Jim, "you sort of sprung it on me. All I've got to say is, if there's a place in all creation that's a worse one to bring a wife and kid to, I'd like to know where you find it."

The evident truth in this made the Superintendent only the more annoyed. Had he been mistaken in choosing this man for his friend out of all that crowd of miners?

"Your remark," he answered, "is a little late as well as unexpected."

"Oh, I didn't mean it the way you take it!" answered the host. "It's a way I have to speak right out in meeting. There isn't much soft talking floating around these diggings, you know. I only felt sort of sorrowful about bringing the little one here."

"There is no occasion for that; though I'm much obliged, I'm sure," said Mr. Wheaton, considerably mollified. "It is a case of necessity. The mountain air may cure Mrs. Wheaton, the doctor says. She has not let me know how she was failing. So she is coming here, and she could never leave May behind."

"May! Is that her name?"

"Her name is Mary; but she was born in May, and we shortened her name before we knew it."

"There isn't any better name than Mary. My—" then Slim Jim seemed to lose his interest in the subject; and the Superintendent soon said good-night, and departed without further ceremony. Again he asked himself if he had been unwise in making a friend of this strange man, and again he answered himself that he did not know.

Little May and her mother arrived the next week, and took up their abode in the front room of Mrs. Morgan's boarding-house,—a residence palatial for the vicinity, having two chimneys, several real glass windows and a board floor. Mrs. Wheaton improved in health from the moment when the life-giving mountain air first entered her tired lungs; and the child was soon installed as the pet of the

community, and the recipient of many crude but well-meant attentions from the men, many of whom had not gazed into the calm eyes of a child since leaving home in "the States."

The mother shuddered at first, as some rough words were unthinkingly uttered in the presence of her carefully reared little girl; but May's words calmed her fears.

"They don't know how much better the good words would sound," she said. "I spect they haven't any nice mammas to tell them how to talk; I guess I'll have to set them an example," she went on, using one of her largest words. "And I like James best; but he doesn't need an example though. P'rhaps it's 'cause he has a sister back in the States; when he left her she was little like me, and her name was Mary too."

As the month of May drew near Mr. Wheaton became less cheerful. It was impossible to deny that the mine was giving out. The working apparatus, put in at great cost, was growing useless, and the directors threatened a suspension. What should he do? It was madness to think of removing his wife from the influence of the mountain breezes with healing in their wings; yet he knew that with the closing of the mine the town of Sunshine would vanish from the earth, like a drop of dew under a torrid sun. Well, he had strong friends, and could find employment elsewhere; and there were other mountains of similar altitude, and he would not cross a bridge until he came to it.

"I will ask the Blessed Virgin to help you," said little May one night, after hearing between her father and mother a conversation containing dubious forebodings; and her father said: "Thank you, dear," but shook his head; not that he had ceased to trust in Our Lady himself; but he had prayed long and earnestly, and she did not seem to hear, or, hearing did not answer.

The very last day of April duly arrived, finding May busy with a plan all her own. There were great sheets of wild flowers down in the cañon,—"baby blue eyes," of Our Lady's own color. She would fit up a shrine, the central object of which should be a treasured image of the Blessed Virgin; and before it each day she would recite a decade of the Rosary, with certain especial May devotions, until, the sadness passing from her father's face, she would know her prayers were heard.

At sundown there was an alarm. Little May was missing. Then the miners turned out as one man to hunt for her. "We'll bring her back," cried one, "if we have to tip the Rockies over!"

Slim Jim, after the first alarm, was not to be found.

"Sulking in his tent," suggested one man, ambitious to be thought a scholar.

"The sneak!" exclaimed another, with ominous gestures. "We'll do for him after we find the little girl; and she set such store by him!"

And so they set off in a great, excited crowd, beating the sparse bushes, and calling with all their might; and when they came back, after the moon had appeared over the range, their torches burned out, their ardor gone, afraid to tell of their failure — there, in Mrs. Morgan's front room, sat Slim Jim, with little May by his side!

He had heard her talking of the flowers the day before; and she, poor child, had found the blossoms, which looked so near in that clear atmosphere, to be far away. By the time her basket was filled she was lost, and in untold danger from cold and hunger and savage beasts. Her friend had found her sheltered behind a great rock, which had been dislodged and fallen into the cañon that very day. She was playing with some "pretty stones" which the accident had loosened from the mountain side, and waiting for the help which she believed would surely come.

Our Lady's shrine was built the next day, and the "pretty stones" helped to

decorate it. Mr. Wheaton, who had been away during the excitement, started when he saw them; for they were silver quartz, pronounced unusually rich by the nearest assayer. May had discovered a new mine! Its veins reached up and up, to join the one already opened, and as yet show no signs of failing. That is the reason why the famous mountain town of Sunshine flourishes so to-day.

The new mine was called the Little May; and Slim Jim, for his services that anxious night, was given an interest in it. His sister Mary is with him now, and he is growing stout and popular and happy.

Mrs. Wheaton is well again, but forced to live in the mountains if she would live at all. And at Sunshine May Wheaton, a tall girl now, is still pursuing her gentle way; and each Month of Mary she culls the blue spring flowers from the cañon for the shrine of Our Blessed Lady.

A May-Day Gift.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(Conclusion.)

IV.

"Just think, Larry!" said Abby to her brother, when he came home after a game of ball, "I'm to be Queen of May!"

"*You!*" he cried, in a disdainful tone.

"Yes, indeed! And why not? I'm sure I don't see why you should look so surprised. I've been chosen because I can speak and act the best in our division."

"But the Blessed Virgin is Queen of May," objected Larry.

"Oh, of course!" Abby said. "But this will be only make believe, you know. We are going to have a drama, and I'm to be Queen,—that is all."

"I should think you would not even want to play at taking away what belongs to the Blessed Virgin," persisted Larry, doggedly. "She is the Queen of May, and no one ought to pretend to be Queen besides."

"Oh, you silly boy! There is no use in trying to explain anything to you!" cried Abby, losing patience.

For the next half hour she was not so talkative, however, and after a while she stole away; for in spite of her petulance at Larry's words, they had suggested a train of thought which made her want to be by herself. She went up to the oratory and stayed there a long time, amid the twilight shadows. Finally the ringing of the supper bell put an end to her musings. She knelt a few minutes before the statue, and then ran down to the dining-room. She was very quiet all the evening; and, to Mrs Clayton's surprise, the family heard no more of the May drama.

The next day, at school, Abby waylaid Marion Gaines in one of the corridors.

"I want to speak to you," she began.

"Well, what's the matter, Abby? What makes you so serious this morning?" inquired Marion.

"Nothing—only I've been thinking about the May piece, and I want to tell you that I'd rather not be Queen," faltered the little girl.

"You'd rather not be Queen!" repeated Marion, in astonishment. "Why not? I thought you were delighted to be chosen."

"So I was—yesterday," the little girl hastened to say; for she would not have Marion think she did not appreciate the compliment.

"Then what has caused you to change your mind so suddenly?" Marion went on. "What a fickle child you are, to be sure!"

"It is not that," stammered poor Abby, a good deal confused; "but—but—well, you know the Blessed Virgin is Queen of May, and it seems as if we ought not even to play at having any other Queen."

Marion stared at her incredulously. "And so missy has a scruple about it?" she said, smiling.

"No," returned Abby; "but my brother Larry thought so, and if it looks that way even to a little boy like him, I think I would rather not pretend to be Queen."

"A May piece without a Queen! Why, it would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out!" declared Marion. "Did you not think that if you declined the part we might give it to some one else?"

Abby colored and was silent. This had, indeed, been the hardest part of the struggle with herself. But there was an element of the heroic in her character. She never did anything by halves; like the little girl so often quoted, "when she was good, she was very, *very* good."

Marion stood a moment looking at her. "And do you really mean," she said at length, "that you are ready to give up the *rôle* you were so delighted with yesterday, and the satisfaction of queening it over your companions if only for an hour? —that you are willing to make the sacrifice to honor the Blessed Virgin?"

With some embarrassment, Abby admitted that this was her motive.

A sudden thought occurred to Marion. "Then, Abby, you shall!" said she. "I'll arrange it; but don't say a word about it to any one. Let the girls think you are to be Queen, if they please. Why, missy," she went on, becoming enthusiastic, "it is really a clever idea for our drama. We shall have a lovely May piece, after all."

Marion hastened away, intent upon working out the new plan which her quick fancy had already sketched in outline. To be sure, she and Ellen had devised a different one, and agreed that each should write certain scenes. Ellen had taken the first opportunity that morning to whisper that she had devoted to the drama all the previous evening and an hour before breakfast. Marion, indeed, had done the same.

"But it will not make any difference, we can change the lines a little," she said to herself, after reading the manuscript, which Ellen passed to her at the hour of German study,—a time they were allowed to take for this particular composition.

Ellen, however, thought otherwise.

"What! another plan for the May piece!" she said, when Marion mentioned the subject. "Why, see all I've written; and in rhyme, too!"

"But it can be altered without much trouble," explained her friend.

"No, it can't. You will only make a hodge-podge of my verses," she answered, excitedly. "I *do* think, Marion, that once we agreed upon the plan, you ought to have kept to it, instead of changing everything just because of a notion of a little girl like Abby Clayton. Here I've been working hard for nothing,—it was just a waste of time!"

Marion pleaded and reasoned, but without avail. Ellen's vanity was wounded. She chose to imagine that her classmate, and sometimes rival, did not care whether her lines were spoiled or not.

"No, no!" she reiterated. "I'll have nothing to do with your new plan. You can get up the whole piece yourself."

"At least give me what you have written," urged Marion. "We are so hurried, and the children ought to have their parts as soon as possible "

But Ellen remained obdurate.

Marion consulted the others of the class, and, after some discussion, they decided in favor of the later design. For the next few days she devoted every spare moment to the work. By the end of the week she had not only finished the portion she had been expected to write, but also much of what Ellen was to have done; and the parts were distributed among the children. There were still wanting, however, the opening address and a dialogue, both of which Ellen had completed.

"Oh, dear," cried Marion, "that address of Ellen's is so pretty and appropriate! If she would only let us have it! As we planned it together, if I write one the principal ideas will be the same; and then,

likely as not, she will say I copied from hers. How shall I manage?"

Ellen remained on her dignity. She would have nothing to do either with Marion or the drama, and kept aloof from her classmates generally.

The intelligence had spread through the school that the two graduates had differed over the May piece. The exact point in dispute was not known, however; for Marion wished to keep her design a secret, and Ellen would not condescend to explain. In fact, she did not clearly understand it herself; for she had been too vexed at the proposal to change the plan to listen to what Marion said upon the subject.

During this state of affairs poor Abby was very unhappy. She felt that she was the cause of all the trouble; and it seemed hard that what she had done with the best of intentions should have made so much ill-feeling. This disastrous occurrence was followed by another, which made her think herself a very unfortunate little girl.

As has already been explained, it was Larry's delight to keep always a few fresh blossoms in his pretty vase before the beloved statue of the Blessed Virgin. This he attended to himself, and no one ever interfered with the vase. On the day referred to Abby had been rehearsing with Marion, and thus it happened that they walked part of the way home together. Marion stopped at a florist's stand and bought a little bunch of arbutus.

"Here, put this on your altar," she said, giving it to Abby. She had heard all about the oratory.

When the little girl reached the house Larry had not yet come in, and the flowers had not been renewed that day.

"I'll surprise him," she said to herself. "How pleased he will be to see this nice little bouquet!"

She took the vase, threw away the withered violets it contained, replaced them with the May-flowers, and put it back. But, alas! being taken up with admiring the delicate pink arbutus, and inhaling its fragrance, she did not notice that she had set the vase in an unsteady position. The next moment it tipped over, fell to the floor, and lay shattered at the foot of the altar. Abby stood and gazed at it hopelessly, too distressed even to gather up the fragments.

"Oh! what will Larry say?" she cried, wringing her hands. "He thought so much of that vase! What shall I do?"

While she was thus lamenting she heard Larry's voice. He was coming straight up to the oratory. In another minute he threw open the door; he had a little cluster of buttercups in his hand, and was so intent upon putting them in the vase that he was half-way across the room before he noticed the broken pieces on the floor. When he did so, he stopped and glared at his sister.

"O Larry," she stammered, contritely, "it was an accident! See! Marion Gaines gave me those lovely May-flowers, and I thought you'd be pleased to have them in your vase. Just as I went to put it back, it fell over. I'm awfully sorry!"

Larry's eyes flashed angrily, and his face grew crimson.

"Abby Clayton," he broke out, "you are always meddling! Why can't you let things that don't belong to you alone?"

A storm of reproaches would no doubt have followed, but just then his angry glance turned toward the statue. There stood the image of Our Lady, so meek and beautiful and mild. And there, in a tiny frame at the front of the altar, hung Father Dominic's words of advice: "Try every day to do some little thing to honor our Blessed Mother."

Larry paused suddenly; for his indignation almost choked him. But in that moment of silence he had time to reflect. What should he do to-day to honor the Blessed Virgin, now that his little vase was broken? He looked again at the statue. The very sight of the sweet face

suggested gentler thoughts, and counselled kindness, meekness, and forbearance.

"Well, Abby," he blurted out, "I suppose I'll have to forgive you; but, oh, how I wish I were only six years old, so that I could cry!"

So saying Larry laid the buttercups at the feet of Our Lady's statue, and rushed from the room.

The next day it happened that Ellen discovered Abby in tears at the window of the class-room. Ellen, although quick-tempered and impulsive, was kind-hearted.

"What is the trouble now, child?" she asked, gently, taking Abby's hand in hers.

"Oh," sobbed Abby, "I feel so dreadfully to think that you and Marion don't speak to each other! And it's all my fault; because from something I said to Marion she thought that, instead of taking one among ourselves, it would be much nicer to choose the Blessed Virgin for our May-Queen."

"And was that Marion Gaines' plan?" asked Ellen, in surprise.

"Why, yes! But surely she must have told you!" said the little girl.

"I see now that she tried to," replied Ellen, with a sigh at her own impetuosity. "But I was too vexed to listen. I did not really understand before. Dry your tears, Abby; I'll do my best to make amends now. How foolish I've been!" she ejaculated, as Abby ran off in gay spirits. "And how I must have disedified the other girls! I must try to make up for it."

She found the verses she had written; and, on looking them over, concluded that, after all, they needed only the change of a few words here and there. Then she wrote a little note to Marion, as follows:

"DEAR MARION:—I did not realize until to-day what you wanted to do about the May piece. If my verses would be of any use at this late hour, you are welcome to them. I should like to do all I can to help now, to make up for lost time.

"ELLEN."

Marion gladly accepted the overtures of peace. The May drama was duly finished, the rehearsals went on smoothly, and on the last day of the Month of Mary the performance took place.

It had been rumored in the school that Abby was not to be Queen, and there was much speculation as to which of the little girls had been selected instead. As the drama progressed, and the plan was unfolded, the audience was taken completely by surprise. Everyone had been eager to see the May-Queen; but there was a general murmur of appreciation when, at the close, the curtain rose upon a beautiful tableau: a shrine glittering with many lights, in the midst of which was enthroned a lovely image of Our Lady, at whose feet the children laid their crowns of flowers—a crown to honor each transcendent virtue,—and paid their homage to their beautiful Queen of May.

A few days later Father Dominic called at the Claytons.

"Well, children," he asked, incidentally, "have you done anything to please the Blessed Virgin during the past month?"

Abby and Larry were silent, but their mother kindly answered:

"I think they have tried, Father Dominic. And as for your lovely May-Day gift, the presence of the statue seems to have drawn down a blessing upon the house."

Three Inscriptions.

In one of the most beautiful and celebrated cathedrals of Europe there is a triple doorway, and over the splendid arches are three inscriptions. Over one is carved a wreath of roses and the words, "All that pleases is but for a moment." Over another a cross is sculptured, and the motto, "All that which troubles is but for a moment." While over the great central arch is this sentiment cut in stone: "That only is important which is eternal."



THE MADONNA OF SEVILLE.
(MURILLO.)

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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The Lost Sheep.

BY THE RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D.D.

OF the hundred sheep, O Lord! I am the one
Of whom Thou spakest—lost and gone astray,
In deserts wandering, far from the way,
Mid dangers which I know not how to shun.
Unless Thou find me, whither shall I run?
In this drear wilderness how shall I stay,
Where beasts pursue ahungered for their prey,
And every blade is parched by burning sun?

My foolish heart has borne me far from Thee,—
From Thee, my Shepherd, who each day didst lead
Me forth long gentle streams to flowery lea,
With all my fellows on sweet herbs to feed:
But now I hear Thy voice and to Thee flee,
My guide, my Saviour still, in utmost need.

The Christian Pentecost.



OTHER of all Festivals is the title which St. John Chrysostom gives to Pentecost; and among the Jews its celebration had a twofold object: the promulgation of the Law on Mount Sinai and the offering of the first fruits. The feast derives its name, which signifies *fiftieth*, from the fact of its being the fiftieth day after Easter. For the same reason it was known as the feast of the seven weeks. It is called also in Holy Writ the solemnity of the harvest and the day of the first fruits, on account of the custom, prevailing from the most remote periods, of offering to the Creator on that day the first sheaf and the earliest fruit. There were sacrificed also on the occasion seven lambs without spot, a calf and two rams. St. Augustine has proved from Scripture itself that it was on Pentecost, or the fiftieth day after Easter, that the Law was given to Moses on Mount Sinai; for the Law was confided to the patriarch on the third day of the third month. Now, if we count, says the great Doctor, from the fourteenth of the first month, the day of the Pasch, to the third of the third month, we shall find seventeen days remaining in the first month, thirty in the second, and three in the third, or fifty in all.

The promulgation of the Law was the principal object of the Jewish feast, which was celebrated with great pomp. The Synagogue, the place appointed for the reading of the Law, and even the private houses were decked with branches and flowers. Pentecost ranked with Easter and the Feast of the Tabernacle as one of the three great festivals. All the Israelites were obliged to present themselves on the occasion of its celebration in the Temple of

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Jerusalem; and even at present, in the service of the modern Jews, the promulgation of the Law is commemorated on this day.

The Christian Pentecost has for object to recall to our minds the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, and to celebrate the promulgation of the New or Evangelical Law.

The Law of Moses was not intended to last forever. It was merely a code of transition, to be observed by the Jews while awaiting the coming of the Redeemer. The Law itself was the figure of that which obtains in these later times, and the prophets traced in express terms the character of the code by which it was to be replaced. "I will make," says Jeremias, "a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Juda. Not according to the covenant which I made with their fathers, in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt: the covenant which they made void, and I had dominion over them, saith the Lord. But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel, after those days, saith the Lord. I will give my law in their bowels, and I will write it in their heart: and I will be their God, and they shall be my people."* Ezechiel is not less explicit. "I will give you," he says, "a new heart, and put a new spirit within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit in the midst of you: and I will cause you to walk in my commandments, and to keep my judgments and do them."†

The accomplishment of these promises was wrought on the day when the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles; and in order that the concordance of the two Testaments might be fully realized, Jesus Christ, who had willed to be immolated, like the true Pasch and the true Lamb on the day of the figurative Pasch, willed also to send His Spirit the very day on which the Mosaic Law had been given, so that the true and the figurative Law were promulgated on the same day.

There is a constant tradition in the Church that the fiftieth day after the Resurrection of Our Lord was a Sunday. According to Josephus, Pentecost was celebrated the fiftieth day counting from the second day of azyms. If Friday, the day of our Saviour's death, was the first day of azyms, and Saturday the second, then the fiftieth day thereafter was a Saturday, and not a Sunday. Baronius, however, Bellarmine, Cardinal Gotti, Benedict XIV., and many other authors, remark that when the second day of azyms occurred on a Sabbath, as was the case in the year in question, the offering of the first sheaf and the first fruits was made on the third day; since it was not permitted on the second day, or Sabbath, to put a scythe to the harvest. This fully accounts for the coincidence of the first true Pentecost with our Christian Sunday.

As to the house in which the Apostles were assembled on that first Whitsunday, Scripture tells us that it was the Cenacle; and St. Luke specifies that the meeting was held in a high chamber. As a matter of fact, it was in the upper story of their houses that the Jews had their oratories which they called *alijoths;* thither the disciples retired to give themselves up to their private devotions. To whom did this particular house belong? Some say to John the Evangelist, others to Simon the Leper, others to Joseph of Arimathea, and yet others to Nicodemus. The most probable opinion is that of Baronius, who holds, with Jansenius, Canisius, Menochius, and many other judicious writers, that it was the house of Mary, mother of John Mark, the cousin of Barnabas, and that the dwelling was that to which St. Peter betook himself after his deliverance from prison.

The Feast of Pentecost, like that of Easter and the Ascension, is of apostolical

* Jer., xxxi, 31-33. † Ezech., xxxvi, 26, 27.

institution. If the Apostles could not forget the death of Jesus, His Resurrection and Ascension, if they perpetually celebrated the anniversaries of these great mysteries, they assuredly could not act otherwise with respect to the all-important event of Whitsunday. On that day they received the Holy Ghost, and were transformed by His gifts into new men. His light illumined their intelligence, and made them understand the new doctrine which Jesus had given to the world. His fires inflamed their hearts, and communicated to them that ardent charity which enabled them to triumph over all obstacles and conquer mankind. In a certain sense, that moment marked the birth of the Church; for St. Peter, going forth from the Cenacle, saw as the result of his first sermon thousands converted to the New Dispensation, the law of love immediately storming the hearts of all. The Apostles and the faithful did not neglect to celebrate the anniversary of this great event; and hence we see the Christian Whitsunday replacing at once the Jewish Pentecost, even as the true Easter had replaced the figurative Pasch.

After Easter, then, Whitsunday may well be called the greatest festival of the ecclesiastical year; for it is the feast of the foundation of the Church. On this day it was that Jesus Christ perfected His work by sending upon earth His Paraclete, who created a new people, destined to adore God in very deed and truth. On this day Judaism received its death-stroke, paganism was vanquished, and the universal alliance of God with men consummated in the bosom of the Church. Advent prepared us for Christmas, Lent for Easter, and the Paschal time for Whitsunday. "We prepare ourselves for the Feast of Easter," says Eusebius, "by forty days of fasting, and we dispose ourselves for Pentecost by fifty days of holy joy. Easter is the baptismal day. The Resurrection of Jesus Christ fortified the Apostles. Pentecost perfected their charity and rendered them invincible. On this day the Holy Ghost was given with the plenitude necessary to the Church for the subjugation of the universe; this is why I regard Pentecost as the greatest of feasts." Pentecost being the consecration of all the other mysteries, the crowning of the building of our salvation, St. John Chrysostom calls it, as we have remarked, the complement of all solemnities, the first, or the mother, of all festivals.

Properly to celebrate this great day, it behooves us to enter into the spirit that animates holy Church, and to re-echo in our inmost hearts the joyous canticles of thanksgiving and praise with which she heralds the coming of the Paraclete. Gratitude for the beneficence of God, who has given us in the Church, His spouse, an instructor and a guide to pilot our footsteps through a world of dangers, should be mingled with earnest aspirations that, even as centuries ago the Holy Spirit came down in the form of tongues of fire and sat upon the Apostles, so now that same Illuminator may descend into our hearts to dispel the darksome shadows of sinful ignorance, to strengthen our vacillating will for works of merit, and confirm the charity which binds us all to our home and Father—heaven and God.

THERE are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual. It has been acutely said that "philosophy readily triumphs over past and future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy." Philosophy is a goddess whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon earth. She attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs. She can teach us to hear of the calamities of others with magnanimity, but it is religion alone that can teach us to bear our own with resignation.—*Colton.*

James Luno's Secret.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

I.

UNCLE BASIL CAMUS kept a little inn on the outskirts of a small Spanish seaport town. His wife was dead, and his eldest son had become a priest, and had been sent to Lima as military chaplain. Basil had with him only his youngest son, who was so stupid that some thought him to be half-witted. He was a great vexation to his father, as he was of no use in the inn; so he was sent to tend the goats.

One day Basil was sitting outside his inn in the sun, and by his side his greatest friend, Bernard, an old soldier on half-pay.

"Cheer up, neighbor!" said the latter; "don't be so down-hearted. Follow my example. I have my cares as well as other people. Do you know what I do? When I am going to bed I put down my hat and I say: 'Now, there are my cares'; and I put down my waistcoat and I say: 'There are my troubles'; then I take holy water and go to sleep. Why can't you do the same?"

"I am in such pain with my leg, for one thing," said Basil. "But the worst of all is that the time for conscription is close at hand, and suppose Joseph should draw a bad number?"

"Never mind if he does. My Manuel is gone to the army. And for Joseph it would be a good thing: it will draw him out; he will see other places. If he stays forever minding the goats he will become imbecile. The army is not so bad as you think. I got on well enough. The service made a man of me. It is true I was an officer's servant, and I had a famous master. I loved him like a brother. I once saved his life. You see this scar on my forehead? I threw myself between him and a French soldier, and got the blow on my head instead of its going through his heart."

"Ah, Bernard! my poor boy is not fit for a soldier. He is not like his brother Gaspard in any way; but he is meek as a lamb, and has a good heart."

"Very well, then; if you don't want him to go, why can't you buy him off?"

"Where is the money to come from?"

"From your savings, old fellow; I know you have got some. Your goats are flourishing, and so is your business. Don't be miserly, I say."

"Don't talk nonsense, Bernard; the matter is serious. Am I to be left alone in my old age?"

"Sell your inn, and come and live with me in the town."

"Impossible! I have always lived here, and I could not bear to go anywhere else. I shall stay here till I depart for the other world."

Neither of the friends had known that a young man had been lying on the grass near them, but out of sight, and overhearing the conversation. He now came forward as if passing by, yawning with all his might.

"My lad," said Bernard, who had a very sharp tongue when he wanted to use it, "the fellow that yawns at midday is not worth much."

"I have been shooting," said the young man, "and have walked many miles."

"Well, no one forced you to go. I thought you were a barber, and I heard the other day you wanted to learn Latin. Why can't you mind your business, and not wish to be above others? People who do that generally go wrong."

"Uncle Bernard, you have a long tongue and a bitter one. If it were not for your gray hairs I would give you a good drubbing"; and, casting on the man a look of fury, he passed on.

* A true story.

"Be off with you, my lord barber!" cried Bernard after him. "You are brimful of pride. I am not afraid of you nor twenty like you. You care little for my gray hairs, but a good deal for what I could tell of you if I chose."

"My word, how you are giving it to the barber!" said Basil. "He'll have a spite against you for sure."

"I said only the truth," replied Bernard. "He is the worst fellow in the town; but I am a match for him, and he knows it."

II.

James Luno, the barber, did not go home; but wandered up to the hills, where he found Joseph Camus feeding his goats. The poor boy was glad to have a chat with any one. He gave James some milk, and they talked away.

"So, Joseph, you are going to draw your lot?" asked James.

"Yes," replied the lad, beginning to cry; "my father won't buy me off. What good does his money do him?"

"Has your father any money?"

"Yes: he has a hundred gold crowns and more. He puts all his gains into gold. His share when grandfather died was in gold."

"And do you know where he hides this gold?"

"I do; but my father does not know that I do. He thinks I'm a fool. But I know—oh, yes, I do! One night I saw him making a hole in the wall, just above the head of his bed; he placed his money there; then he put the brick back and whitened the wall again. No one could find it out. Well, what is the good of keeping the money there instead of buying me off? But, as he won't, if I draw a bad number I shall take to my heels and hide."

"You will never hide long," joined James; "they'll soon find you, and then you'll go to prison. Listen to me. I have to draw also, and if I get a bad number I shall go with the others. But, as soon as I see a good opportunity, I mean to desert; and you'd better come with me."

Joseph's face lighted up. "Will you really take me with you?"

"Yes, if you will promise to tell no one. Will you swear it?"

"Yes," answered Joseph, "by the soul of my mother."

Some weeks after this the drawing of lots took place; and both Joseph and James drew bad numbers, and were soon drafted off to Seville. Joseph fell completely under James' influence, and served him like a slave.

After some months James told Joseph he was going to desert; he kept his word, and they both got as far as the mountains in the vicinity of their native town. They hid in a cave, and James sent off Joseph to the shepherds to beg for bread, as they would be sure not to betray him.

"When night falls you can go to your father, and beg some money from him to escape to Gibraltar; and there we can live in peace, and earn our bread," said James. But when evening came the wily barber observed: "After all, I think *I* had better go to your father. I can argue with him better than you can."

Joseph, who dreaded his father's anger, gladly agreed.

James was about to depart when he remarked: "Your father has a dog; lend me your knife, and your handkerchief to cover my head."

Joseph complied.

At the end of an hour James returned. "Your father will give nothing," he said. "All I could do was to get from him your shepherd's clothes. Here they are; put them on. I find the soldiers are on our track, and we must separate. Bury yourself in the mountains. As for me, I shall try and get to Portugal."

III.

The morning rose fresh and beautiful. Uncle Bernard went out for his early walk. As he passed the inn he was astonished to find it shut.

"I hope old Basil is not ill," said he. "I'll see." He pushed open the door.

All dark and silent within. "Basil!" he called; "are you there?"

No answer but the moaning of a dog. Bernard threw the door wide open, and the light came in. To his horror, he found a knife on the ground, and near it the corpse of his old friend, half hidden by the mattress. There had evidently been a struggle. All the furniture was overturned, and there was a hole in the wall behind the bed. The dog was half dead.

"Robbed and murdered!" exclaimed Bernard; "his gold has cost him his life. May God have mercy on his soul!"

He closed the door and immediately set out for the police.

The knife lying on the ground, with which the murder had been wrought, belonged to Joseph; it was well known. And a handkerchief of his, all blood-stained, was found in a bush near the inn.

Inquiry proved that Joseph had deserted the day before the crime was committed, and shepherds owned to having met him, and given him bread and water. He had often told the neighbors that his father had money, and could buy him off if he pleased, but would not. Save the gold, which no one could prove to have been there, nothing was gone but Joseph's shepherd dress of sheepskin. Everyone was convinced that Joseph had committed this terrible crime. Search was made for him through the mountains, but in vain.

IV.

Some years passed, and our story leads us to Lima, in South America, in which place much notice was taken of an officer who had distinguished himself in the war, and who was on most intimate terms with the colonel of his regiment. It was even whispered that he would eventually marry the colonel's only daughter.

Another battle was fought, and Don Victor Guerra, as the young officer was called, again distinguished himself, though he nearly lost his life. He was carried from the field, and the surgeon attended to his wounds; they were so serious that the chaplain was sent for, the surgeon having declared that the officer might die suddenly.

The chaplain, Don Gaspard, hurried to the hospital, and was left alone with the sufferer. When he came out he was deadly pale.

"Are you ill, Don Gaspard?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, no! It is nothing. That room was so very close; I shall be quite well in a few moments. Do go back to that poor man; he is in dreadful pain."

The chaplain hastened to the nearest church. He fell before the altar, and prayed there for a long time. When he rose all trace of agitation had passed away.

Our readers will easily guess that Don Gaspard had heard the confession of his father's murderer—of him who had blighted the life of his unfortunate brother.

James was not aware that Don Gaspard was the son of Uncle Basil, and he did not learn it from the priest. Don Gaspard fulfilled his duty as a confessor, and none but his Master knew of his inward suffering. Contrary to all expectation, Victor Guerra, as we must now call him, recovered. He was praised for his courage, and advanced to the rank of colonel. The remorse of his sick bed bore no fruit. Puffed up with pride, he threw himself more and more into the vortex of the world. His colonel was now general; and Victor was more than ever anxious to marry his daughter, a beautiful girl, and heiress to a large fortune.

The regiment was ordered to Spain; and Victor, quite confident that no one would recognize him, though he had been absent a comparatively short time, went with it. When all had arrived at Malaga, he boldly pressed his suit. The General disliked the idea; but, unhappily, Victor, by his agreeable manners and the *éclat* of his prowess in battle, had won to his side the young lady and her mother; so the General yielded. Victor and Teresa were betrothed.

The marriage was to take place in Madrid, where the eldest brother of the General resided; and to his house the family proceeded. Colonel Guerra had to stay at Malaga for a court-martial to be held on a deserter. He was president of the council, which was formed of six subordinate officers.

The indictment was read out against Joseph Camus, a shepherd, who was accused of desertion from the army and parricide! After long search he had finally been apprehended. No one observed the deadly pallor that overspread the face of the Colonel, nor his strong effort to preserve his composure. The thought came into his mind: "This man's death will place a perpetual seal on my secret."

The defence was feeble indeed. It consisted simply of the prisoner's strong assertion of innocence, and his council's declaration that he was half-witted.

The Colonel managed to avoid meeting the prisoner's eye; but he said, in a harsh, rough voice, to the members of the council: "Question the fellow."

One of the younger of the officers was moved with compassion at the sight of this wretched, broken-down creature.

"Did you not say that on the day of the crime you were not alone?" he asked.

"Yes, I did say so."

"Who were you with?"

"I can not tell you."

"Why not?"

"Because I have sworn to be silent by the soul of my mother."

"What did you do with the money you stole?" asked another.

"I stole nothing."

"He means to deny everything," said a third, with some irritation; "these peasants are such liars!"

"Do you know this knife, prisoner?"

"No, I don't." He had in reality quite forgotten it.

"Enough! enough!" interposed the president, who, at the sight of the knife, started up as if struck with a blow. "Remove the culprit."

"In the name of God, in the name of Our Lady, I am innocent!" screamed the prisoner, raising his hands. "Have pity on me by the Precious Blood of our Saviour."

"Take him away!" cried the president.

"I am innocent!—I am innocent!" exclaimed Joseph, with groans and tears, as he was led away.

"I believe he is," said the youngest officer, much moved.

"What are your reasons for that?" asked the president, sharply.

"I feel it," replied the officer.

"Unanswerable proof," said the president, scornfully. "Perhaps this is your first court-martial?"

"No, it is not," answered the young man; "and at the last one I voted for the condemnation of the prisoner. My conscience obliged me to do so; and to-day my conscience obliges me to declare this poor man innocent."

"You can think what you please," said the president; "but you have only one vote, which must be given in writing."

The voting began, and on examination the votes were found to be equal: some for life, some for death. The casting vote rested with the president. In case of condemnation his vote counted for one, in case of acquittal it reckoned as two. He did not hesitate a moment but wrote down:

"Having heard the evidence against Joseph Camus, I vote that he should be shot in conformity to the standing orders of the army." And he signed the death-warrant, "Victor Guerra."

The next day the prisoner was executed, and Colonel Guerra left for Madrid.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

THE one who in trial will be found capable of great acts of love, is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Cor Cordium.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

(A Night in June.)

I.

RICH is the scent of clover in the air,
And from the woodbine moonlight and the dew
Draw finer essence than the daylight knew;
Low murmurs and an incense everywhere!
Who spoke? Ah! surely in the garden there
A subtle sound came from the purple crew
That mount wistaria masts, and there's a clue
Of some strange meaning in the rose-scent rare:
Silence itself has voice in these June nights,—
Who spoke? Why, all the air is full of speech
Of God's own choir, all singing various parts;
Be quiet and listen: hear—the very lights
In yonder town, the waving of the beech,
The maples' shades,—cry of the Heart of hearts!

II.

On such a night spoke raptured Juliet
From out the balcon; and young Rosalind
Wandered in Arden, like the April wind.
And Jessica the bold Lorenzo met;
And Perdita her silvered lilies set
In some quaint vase, to scent the Prince's mind
With thoughts of her; and then did Jaques find
Sad tales, and from them bitter sayings get.
To all of these the silence sang their thought,
To all of these it gave their thought new grace:
Soprano of the lily, roses' lone
And passionate contralto, oak boughs' bass—
All sing the thought we bring them; be it fraught
With the sad love of lovers, or God's own.

III.

This sweetness and this silence fill my soul
With longing and dull pain, that seem to break
Some cord within my heart, and sudden take
Life out of life; and then there sounds the roll
Of wheels upon the road, the distant toll
Of bells within the town: these rude things make
Life wake to life; and all the longings shake
Their airy wings,—swift fly the pain and dole.
Again the silence, and the mute sounds sweet
Begin their speaking; I alone am still.
What are you singing, O you starry flowers
Upon the jasmine?—"Void and incomplete."
And you, clematis?—"Void the joys that fill
The heart of love until His Heart is ours."

IV.

O choir of silence, without noise of word!
A human voice would break the mystic spell
Of wavering shades and sounds; the lily bell
Here at my feet sings melodies unheard;
And clearer than the voice of any bird,—
Yes, even than that lark which loves so well,
Hid in the hedges, all the world to tell
In trill and triple notes that May has stirred.
"O Love complete!" soft sings the mignonette;
"O Heart of All!" deep sighs the red, red rose;
"O Heart of Christ!" the lily voices meet
In fugue on fugue; and from the flag-edged, wet,
Lush borders of the lake, the night wind blows
The tenor of the reeds—"Love, Love complete!"

The Martyrs of the Charterhouse.*

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

AMONG the confessors honored, during the reign of Henry VIII., with the privilege of shedding their blood in defence of the Pope's supremacy were fifteen Carthusian monks, who, together with other English martyrs, were beatified by his Holiness Leo XIII. on the 29th of December, 1886. In the order of time, indeed, these white-robed sons of St. Bruno were the first of the glorious band of martyrs whose sacrifice, during more than two hundred years, honored the Catholic Church in England, and probably, in the economy of Divine Providence, earned for her the peace and liberty she now enjoys.

* Taken partly from "Henry VIII. et les Martyrs de la Chartreuse de Londres," by Dom Victor-Marie Doreau, Prieur de la Chartreuse de St. Hugues de Parkminster. 1890.

Like all momentous epochs of history, when the shock of human passions brings into play with greater activity the germs of good or of evil latent in each human soul, the period of the so-called Reform was productive of heroic virtues and hideous crimes. Even among the clergy and episcopacy of England, we find deplorable instances of cowardice, laxity, and servility to the tyranny of the crown; but the horror of such examples is redeemed by the heroic bravery and generous self-sacrifice with which hundreds of men and women, priests and laymen, poor and rich, suffered torture and death for the faith of Christ.

At the head of this noble band the monks of the Charterhouse worthily hold their place. A life of prayer and solitude, of intimate union with God and contemplation of higher things, had fitly prepared these recluses for the struggles among which their lot was cast. During long, quiet years of close communion with the Master to whom their lives were devoted, they had gathered up treasures of strength for the day of peril. They had also the inestimable grace of being governed and directed by a saint; and if so many Carthusians preferred a cruel death to apostasy, their constancy may be attributed, in a great measure, to the example and influence of their holy prior, Blessed John Houghton.

Born in Essex in 1487, of an ancient family, the future prior of the London Charterhouse was from his youth remarkable. As a student of the Cambridge University, he was reputed for his keen intellect and sound knowledge; while his handsome person, winning manners and lovable character, made him the pride and delight of his parents. They entertained the wildest dreams of ambition for a child so gifted and so beloved; but these received a rude shock when, at the age of twenty, their son announced to them his intention of becoming a priest. The voice of God, calling him to a life of greater perfection and of devotion to others, found a ready response in the young man's noble and generous soul.

To his parents, however, this new sacrifice of their beloved child seemed almost more than they could bear, and it was against their will that he left his home to begin his studies for the priesthood. These he pursued with great assiduity; and in 1511, at the age of twenty-four, he was ordained. He then returned to his parents, and strove by his affection to conquer their opposition, and to reconcile them to his holy vocation. He fully succeeded in doing so. His father and mother discovered that their son, in consecrating himself to God, had lost none of the lovable qualities that had made him, as a youth, the joy of his home. They not only fully forgave him for having thwarted their plans in obedience to a higher call, but they even rejoiced with him at the honor bestowed by God. Little did the loving parents dream of the cruel death that, twenty years later, was to give their beloved one a place among God's martyrs; little did they think that, three hundred years later still, Christ's Vicar upon earth would raise their son to the altars of the Church, for whose dear sake he had laid down his life!

To the grace of the priesthood John Houghton soon felt that God had added that of a religious vocation. He had more than once visited the Carthusian monastery, known as the London Charterhouse, celebrated for the exemplary lives of its inmates; and he yearned to consecrate himself to God under the rule of St. Bruno. After much thought and prayer, he decided to tell his parents of the new sacrifice demanded of them. Their grief was loud and bitter; but by degrees they acquired the conviction that their son's vocation was no passing caprice, but a real call from God. The spirit of faith triumphed over their natural feelings, and they generously gave their consent to his departure.

Thus, at the age of twenty-eight, John Houghton, with a joyous heart, turned his back upon the world, and sought admittance into the monastery of the Salutation of Our Lady, popularly known as the Charterhouse. In 1515 he took the habit, and from his first entrance into that abode of recollection and prayer he became an example of every virtue to his religious brethren.

The history of the foundation of the Charterhouse deserves a brief mention. It exemplifies the spirit of faith and piety that shone so brightly amidst the excesses and crimes of the epoch.

In the year 1348, under the reign of Edward III., in the month of August, a mysterious and awful sickness, called the black plague, broke out in England. Its ravages were terrific: men and beasts alike were carried off in the space of a few hours; the sittings of the Parliament were interrupted, the law courts deserted, all business suspended. In the country there was no one left to bring in the harvest, and whole districts became deserted,—the inhabitants having either fallen a prey to the fell disease, or having fled in the vain hope of escaping from it.

Very soon the London churchyards were filled to overflowing, and new cemeteries had to be made. The Bishop of London, Ralph Stratford, unwearied in his devotion to his unhappy flock, was anxious to provide for the disposal of their remains, and also for the salvation of their souls. With this double object in view, he bought a large piece of ground to the north of the city, and erected upon it a small oratory, where Masses were celebrated for the fifty thousand victims of the plague who were buried in the new cemetery. A knight of French origin, Walter de Mauny, completed the Bishop's work: he bought a second piece of land adjoining the first, and founded an oratory, which was popularly called the Chapel of the Pardon.

At the court of Edward III., where he was an honored guest, Walter de Mauny had formed an intimate friendship with Michael de Northburgh, the King's chaplain. The two friends resolved to establish a Carthusian monastery on the site of the Chapel of Pardon. It is possible that they were acquainted with the Carthusian monasteries that already existed in England: at Hinton in Somersetshire, and at Beauval in Nottinghamshire.

Be this as it may, when Michael de Northburgh died Bishop of London in 1361, he left a bequest of 2000 pounds toward the foundation of a Carthusian monastery, which was to be erected on the ground bought by Sir Walter de Mauny. The latter completed his friend's good work by adding largely to the sum; and very soon the tiny chapel grew into a spacious monastery, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the title of the Salutation, or Annunciation, of the Mother of God. It was completed toward 1371, and John Luscote became its first prior. Sir Walter de Mauny died the following year, 1372; according to his wish, he was laid to rest in the choir of the church, to the foundation of which he had so largely contributed.

During nearly one hundred and fifty years—from 1371 to 1516, when John Houghton crossed its threshold—the London Charterhouse was justly renowned as a school of holiness and piety. As our readers well know, the spirit of laxity and worldliness had at this period penetrated into many monasteries, both in England and on the Continent; but, owing perhaps to the special protection of Mary, under whose patronage they had been founded, the London Carthusians remained attached to their holy rule. No breath of scandal ever tarnished their name; and it was precisely its well-deserved reputation for austerity and strict observance of rule that induced John Houghton to join the community.

Among these holy men the new recruit soon distinguished himself by his fervor.

Humility was his favorite virtue, and he adopted as his motto the words: "*Ama nesciri et pro nihilo reputari.*" Nevertheless, in spite of his endeavors to pass unnoticed, his superiors were not slow in recognizing his rare gifts of mind and heart. Prior Tynbygh, a religious of extraordinary holiness, blessed with supernatural favors, appointed him in 1523 to the office of sacristan; in 1528 he was made procurator of the monastery.

As our readers doubtless know, the procurator of a Carthusian monastery is, with the exception of the prior, the only member of the community who communicates with the outside world. John Houghton accepted the office from obedience, but at the cost of a real sacrifice. He dearly loved the solitude of his cell, the silence of the monastic life; and he dreaded to lose, in frequent dealings with the world, that interior spirit which he regarded as the most precious heritage of a son of St. Bruno. However, his very fear of transgressing proved his safeguard, and he filled his new office with complete success. He showed himself a prudent and able administrator of the temporal affairs of the monastery, and at the same time kindly solicitous of the interests and welfare of each one of his brethren. His heart and mind remained fixed on God throughout the manifold occupations and distractions of his charge, which were not allowed to impair that inward spirit of recollection he so dearly prized.

In 1532 his brethren elected him to be their prior,—a dignity which he accepted with great reluctance, little dreaming that this dreaded honor was but the stepping-stone to greater labors and sufferings. His rule was just and charitable; unsparing of his time and strength, he was ever ready to help, encourage or console those of his brethren who needed his ministrations. His example was a more powerful stimulant even than his words; and by his truly religious spirit he was a living ideal of monastic perfection. Like all really holy souls, he had the lowest opinion of himself; and frequently, with many tears, he publicly confessed his faults and shortcomings.

Around the prior, whose sanctity shed new lustre on the London Charterhouse, gathered a chosen band of religious, eager to serve God under the rule of one so holy and so beloved. Many of these were men of gentle birth or of high intellectual culture, who had sacrificed brilliant prospects in the world for a life of solitude and prayer. Among them we must name William Exmew, Humphrey Middlemore, and Sebastian Newdigate. The vocation of the last created a sensation at the court of Henry VIII. He was the son of John Newdigate, of Warefield, and of Amphyllis Neville. By his mother he was descended from John of Gaunt, son of King Edward III.; and, as events will prove, the blood of the Plantagenets revealed itself in the hour of peril under the robe of the Carthusian.

Young, wealthy, handsome and accomplished, Sebastian Newdigate was for some years one of the most brilliant nobles at the court of Henry VIII. His only sister, Lady Dormer, a woman of great virtue and generosity of character, followed her brother's worldly career with many anxious thoughts and fervent prayers. Far from being dazzled by Newdigate's popularity or the favors showered upon him by his royal master, she trembled to see one so dearly loved exposed to the corrupt influences of that brilliant but dissolute court. The King's orthodoxy was as yet above suspicion; but his neglect of his unfortunate Spanish wife, his ungovernable bursts of temper and dissolute conduct, inspired thoughtful minds with dark misgivings as to the future of a once promising reign.

Lady Dormer, unable to conceal her anxiety, asked her brother to come and spend a day with her in the country; and there she spoke to him of the rumors that were current as to the King's immorality

and violence, and of her fears for the salvation of his own soul.

Sebastian began by defending his royal master; then suddenly, leaning his head upon his hand and looking fixedly at his sister, "What will you say, sister," he asked, "if the next news you hear of me shall be that I have entered the Charterhouse to become a monk?" Lady Dormer shook her head. "I pray God to keep thee a good Christian," she said; "for perfection such as that is fit for men of other metal than loose courtiers."* Her brother only smiled, and the same evening he returned to the court.

Not long afterward, to the astonishment of all who knew him, Sebastian Newdigate gave up his place at court, the King's favor, and all his hopes of further advancement, and entered the London Carthusian monastery. Lady Dormer heard the news with no less astonishment than the world in general; she knew her brother's luxurious habits, and she could not believe him capable of embracing a life of strict enclosure, perpetual silence, and continual fasting and abstinence. Full of misgivings, she hastened to the Charterhouse; but an interview with the prior set her fears at rest, and in her joy and gratitude she could but exclaim: "Blessed be God! The happy lot is fallen upon him."

The prior, experienced in God's dealings with souls, had judged rightly when he assured Lady Dormer that her brother's vocation was a true and solid one. Ere long the brilliant courtier of other days became a model religious; the holy life he had embraced appeared so natural to him that we are told he seemed to have spent all his life in the monastery.

By the side of John Houghton, Sebastian Newdigate and their fervent brethren, the London Charterhouse numbered, no doubt, some weak characters and indifferent religious,—men who in times of peace would have passed unnoticed, who might even have been regarded as exemplary monks; but who, exposed to the shock of persecution, were unable to withstand its violence. Dark days were at hand for the Catholic Church in England, and it needed more than ordinary virtue to contend with extraordinary difficulties and temptations.

(To be continued.)

* "Life of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria," edited by Father Stevenson, S. J.

A Corner of Brittany.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

BRITTANY stands unique among the provinces of France in the conservative instinct which prompts it to remain steadfastly loyal to the habits, customs, and traditions of bygone centuries. The Provençal of the sunny south is not so gay, rollicking an individual as his grandfather; the modern Marseillais no longer tells those extraordinary tales which made the reputation of his city in a former generation. In fact, throughout nearly the entire extent of France the various provinces are slowly but surely getting rid of their local peculiarities, or characteristics, and merging themselves more and more in the national life of the country.

The Breton, however, is at heart and in habits the same to-day as he was in the days of Brennus the Gaul. He has still the same tenacity of will and purpose, and the same strong, if somewhat sombre, imagination that used to make him in the long ago a warrior as well as a poet. The Breton clung with a rugged persistency of his own to the Druidic altars of his fathers, until he could no longer resist the onward march of Christianity. Once he became a Christian, all the forces of hell could not prevail against his faith. He rose up in rebellion against the Revolutionists, little over a hundred years ago, on behalf of the Catholic instinct that was in him; and to-

day he still remains the most zealous and devoted of French Catholics.

During a few weeks' stay in Brittany I had occasion to study peasant life, and I must say that nowhere on the Continent did I witness such simple and fervid faith as in the little country churches of that province. Arriving in Morlaix in the opening days of the month of September, some years ago, I was informed that the annual pilgrimage to Folgoet, in honor of the Blessed Salaun, was on the eve of taking place. Salaun was a peasant lad who lived in the fourteenth century, and who led the existence of a hermit in a wood called Folgoet, situated near the village of Lesneven. Tradition says that he used to go barefooted every morning, winter and summer, to hear Mass at the church of that little hamlet, where his devotions to the Blessed Virgin were of a really inspired character. In the sombre forest where he lived he was accustomed daily to sing canticles to the Mother of God. The charitable neighbors used to furnish him with bread, while his thirst was satisfied at a fountain, which has been for years the object of the veneration of the faithful.

We have it on the authority of Albert Legrand, the Froissart of the saints of Brittany, that after his death a perfumed white lily sprang from his grave, on the leaves of which the words "*Ave Maria*" were written in letters of gold. Pilgrims shortly afterward came in thousands to see this miraculous flower; and among them were priests and nobles, who saw in the lily an image of the spotless purity of Salaun. The lily, after shedding its fragrance around the grave for six weeks, withered and died; but reappeared at the same time on the following year. A church was built by Duke John IV. near the fountain associated with Salaun's name, and is now known as la Chapelle de Notre Dame du Folcoat. For hundreds of years pilgrims have gathered to this spot, and it is on record that even the "pagan" Francis I. and his grand dukes used to pay their devotions at the shrine.

In the afternoon of the 7th of September I took the train from Morlaix to Landerneau. We passed through thick, overhanging woods, the presence of which almost everywhere reminded me of Brizeux's definition of Brittany: "A land of granite covered with oak." On either side of us could be seen a stretch of woodland or a wild waste of rock. Here and there a Druidic cavin met the eye; while overhead hung those gray, melancholy skies, which are as dear to the Breton as is to the Neapolitan the sunny blue over the Bay of Naples.

Getting off at the station of Landerneau, we proceeded on foot to Folgoet, the scene of the pilgrimage. Here the pilgrims were fast gathering by the hundreds, most of whom came into the village, in cars or on horseback, from the various parishes of the surrounding country. The peasants were clad in picturesque, Old-World costumes; the women particularly displaying a profusion of colors as well as of necklaces. All the contingents had their crosses and banners; and a few of them came provided with a band, that played several sacred airs appropriate to the occasion.

Folgoet itself is a straggling little hamlet, almost exclusively composed of mud cabins; which, however, looked coquettish enough on the evening of our arrival, bedizened as they were with green garlands and Chinese lanterns. In the public square stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin; while all around were tents, where medals of Our Lady of Folgoet and little banners in metal strewed the shelves. Every pilgrim provided him or herself with these articles. At sunset the little village was brilliantly illuminated, and later a torch-light procession took place.

Next day, the festival day of Salaun, High Mass was celebrated in the *chapelle*, which could not contain one half of the pilgrims present—those who could not be

accommodated being compelled to perform their devotions on the street without. Here I saw some sturdy Breton sailors, wax tapers in hand, offering up their grateful prayers for having been saved from shipwreck; and mingling with peasants who had found favor in the sight of Heaven, and had come from afar off to lay their tributes at the feet of Our Lady of Folgoet. The religious sincerity and enthusiasm of these thousands of people were most edifying, and proved beyond yea or nay that the spirit of scepticism, now so rampant in other parts of France, had not as yet penetrated the heart of Brittany.

The procession that took place subsequently must have been attended by no fewer than thirty thousand of the faithful. It was headed by several archbishops and bishops, followed by a few hundred priests. The officiating archbishop on the occasion to which I refer placed a crown of gold on the head of the statue in the square, after which the late Mgr. Freppel, who was an orator of commanding talent, preached the panegyric of Salaun. The ceremonials of the day concluded with Vespers in the *chapelle*, and then most of the pilgrims returned to Morlaix.

Ernest Renan, himself a Breton though an apostate, was quite accurate when he said that "no force, revolutionary or other, could wean the people of Brittany from their faith in Catholicity. The Church," he exclaimed, "has struck its roots down deep in the Breton's heart; it has become part and parcel of his existence; it speaks to his fervid imagination in its gorgeous and dazzling ceremonials; it consoles him for the loss of his kindred by the hope that dead and living will meet once more in a Paradise beyond the skies; it strengthens and fortifies him in his darkest hours, and blesses him in the days of his prosperity."

This testimony from the famous French agnostic is ample proof that the Church is as strong and powerful as ever throughout the length and breadth of Brittany.

The Old Chief and the New.

BY P. GOLDIE WILSON.

LONG before the death of Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of Salford was regarded as his successor in the See of Westminster. In the public movements of the day he takes a conspicuous interest; and his able administration of the Diocese of Salford, which possesses many features in common with that of Westminster, marked him as the most likely person to fill the vacancy caused by Cardinal Manning's death. That the appointment of Mgr. Vaughan was considered a certainty even by those outside the Church, is evidenced by the fact that newspaper correspondents in Rome, weeks before the matter was finally settled by the Holy Father, announced his election.

In view of the fact that the Protestant press, and some Catholic journalists as well, in anticipating what has proved to be the choice of Leo XIII., have declared that the transference of Bishop Vaughan from Salford to London was one that would not be received with favor by the clergy and laity of the latter diocese, and that the appointment was a "sop" thrown to the Conservative Catholics, who had become alarmed at the part the Church was taking in England on social questions, it may not be uninteresting to readers of THE "AVE MARIA" to inquire if any reasons for this disapproval exist, and also to compare the views of the late Metropolitan of England and the new. And this may not be the less interesting, since not a few American secular journals, ignorant of Catholic matters generally, have taken their cue from the English press and attempted to write "down" Mgr. Vaughan.

It is amusing to read, in one American newspaper, that Archbishop Vaughan,

descended from an old aristocratic Catholic family, takes no interest in social questions, and will generally be found opposed to the great bulk of his people on all the leading subjects of the day. Nothing could misrepresent more the actual facts of the case. It is quite true that Mgr. Vaughan is a Conservative, and it is also true that Cardinal Manning was a Liberal; but beyond this point of difference in political creed, absolutely none other exists between the prelate who has gone and he who comes after him. And a journalist, however badly informed on other matters, ought surely to know that in the Catholic Church politics are made subversive to religion.

The question which, perhaps, more than any other lay nearest to the great heart of Cardinal Manning was the education of our children. To him it was a national duty, or responsibility of the people; and he deprecated the intervention of the State because it obstructed the fulfilment of parental and national duty. He strenuously opposed the elimination of religious instruction in the school, and declared that the Catholic Church would accept as education nothing less than the formation of the whole man. Secular teaching without the light of faith and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, in the late Cardinal's opinion, not only can not form a man, but deforms him. Now let us see what the new Archbishop has done for Catholic education, and what are the views he holds on this the most important question concerning Catholicity in England.

Cardinal Manning was a strong opponent of the School Board system, and his successor is not a whit less earnest in his antagonism. He says of it that it is "a system which is fired by an ambition to become dominant and universal; which feeds its vital energies at pleasure and unchecked upon the public rates; naturally tends to color and cover every educational agency within the area of its district." And again: "The Board School system, armed with its present powers, and destined in the mind of its champions to become universal, is the most subtle and fatal dissolvent of Christianity that has ever been set up in England by Parliament since the reign of Elizabeth. It is the legal negation and proscription in national education of doctrinal Christianity and of the certainty of divine faith."

Not in his late diocese alone, but wherever help was needed for the promotion of education, Archbishop Vaughan has been a most earnest and assiduous worker. The schools of Salford are amongst the best in the kingdom, not even excepting the Board Schools, subsidized as they are by the public funds; and he has taken a leading part in the movement for the improvement of the condition of Catholic teachers. It is due to his indefatigable efforts that the schools so recently under his charge were enabled to maintain their independence, and justify their existence by the excellent results they were able to produce. Thus, so far as education is concerned, no person was better fitted to take up the threads laid down by Cardinal Manning; for, combined with a thorough knowledge of the educational requirements of the age, Mgr. Vaughan has a keen appreciation of the difficulties in which Catholic schools are placed, and the best means by which their efficiency may be maintained and their usefulness increased.

Cardinal Manning may be said to have been the very life of the League of the Cross, a society—even the enemies of the Church admit—which has had an enormous influence in bettering the condition of the artisan class in England. Archbishop Vaughan has lost no time in declaring his intention of following in the path of his illustrious predecessor. If only, he recently declared, Catholic workingmen would make a stand against their common enemy—drink,—they would rise very speedily on

the social ladder. From its inception the Catholic Temperance Movement has had in him a very warm supporter and earnest advocate.

It is his Toryism, however, that is dangled before the eyes of English Catholics, and especially the great mass of Catholic workmen in London, in order to sour them against the prelate who has been appointed to "Our Cardinal's" chair. The laboring classes looked upon Cardinal Manning as a leader; his advice on difficult points was the first sought; his was the sympathy asked and never denied. The detractors of Archbishop Vaughan say that he can not succeed in the position to which he has been called, because of his political views being diametrically opposite to those of the great majority of his people. The assumption is absurd, besides being contrary to fact. No living man in England has a keener sympathy with the toiling population than Mgr. Vaughan. And this sympathy, unlike much of the same good quality of which we hear a great deal but see very little, takes practical shape. It is the care of the child, after he has left school and begins his fight with the world, that the Archbishop advocates as the best way of setting to work on so gigantic and perplexing a problem as that which concerns the condition of the working classes. Night schools and continuation schools, when the day's work is done, for study, and clubs for recreation are his plan. It is the mind, he is continually insisting, that governs; and its development and training are essential to real progress.

He is a firm believer in organization, and never wearies urging his views on this head on our Catholic people. If he does not lend himself to extravagant proposals and chimerical doctrines, it is because his strong common-sense refuses to accept of the specious pleading indulged in by people who imagine they have a mission to set the world right. Hitherto Archbishop Vaughan has not had the opportunity of taking the leading part in social movements that is permitted the Metropolitan of England; but when occasion demands there will be found in the Conservative ecclesiastic an unsparing censor of the abuse of wealth or position, and a fearless champion of the cause of the poor; for, after all, as he himself would tell you, what concerns the poor must concern the Church that has ever been their guide and counsellor. Although known not to be a supporter of Home Rule for Ireland, no man has a warmer feeling for the people and the country. His political opinions, it is safe to predict, will never obtrude themselves into his administration of the high office he now fills. To speak of him, therefore, as either unacquainted with the social problems of the day, or as lacking sympathy with the wage-earning classes, is to betray an utter ignorance of his history and his teachings.

In conclusion, reference may be permitted to the leading position he occupies in the Catholic Truth Society of England, of which he is the head. And in this Society he evidences his broad-mindedness by having, at the annual conferences, papers read and discussed, dealing with the various aspects of social questions and the suggested remedies. Bold and fearless as a speaker, he wields a trenchant pen, as non-Catholics very well know. Dissemination of good Catholic literature is one of his most cherished ideas; and he has a profound belief in the power of the press, which he utilizes on occasions for the assertion of some Catholic right or the defence of some Catholic privilege. He is strong on the conversion of England by the power of prayer, and is a devoted client of the Blessed Mother of God.

It will be gathered from the foregoing that Archbishop Vaughan is likely to disappoint those, Catholics among the number, who gravely shook their heads when his appointment was made known. The policy of Cardinal Manning will not be

dropped; the interests of the Church have been given to the keeping of a capable, earnest, vigorous and brilliant administrator, whose attainments and past services warranted his promotion; and the history of his career, if it points to anything, indicates a careful guidance of the Church in England, and undiminished activity in the promotion of her great missionary enterprises.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WORK IN THE WORLD.

FATHER FABER tells us what even greater men have told us before—that each human being has his vocation in life. And we nearly all accept it as true, but the great difficulty is to realize it. Ruskin says that work is not a curse; but that a man must like his work, feel that he can do it well, and not have too much of it to do. The sum of all this means that he shall be contented in his work, and find his chief satisfaction in doing it well. It is not what we do, but *how* we do it, that makes success.

The greatest enemy to a full understanding of the word vocation among Americans is the belief that it means solely the acquirement of money. And the reason for this lies not in the character of the American—who is no more mercenary than other people,—but in the idea that wealth is within the grasp of any man who works for it. The money standard, therefore, is the standard of success. But success to the eyes of the world is not always success to the man himself. The accumulation of wealth often leaves him worn-out, dissatisfied, with a feeling that he has somehow missed the best of life. That man has probably missed his vocation and done the wrong thing, in spite of the opinion outside of himself that he has succeeded.

The frequent missing of vocations in life is due to false ideas about education. The parent tries to throw all the responsibility of education on the teacher, and the teacher has no time for individual moulding. A boy grows up learning to read and to write, like other boys. He may be apt with his head or his hands, but how few parents see the aptitude in the right light! It ought to be considered and seriously cultivated. The tastes of youth may not always be indications of the future: they often change with circumstances and surroundings. But they are just as often unerring indications of the direction in which the child's truest success in the world will lie. If a boy play at swinging a censer when he is little, or enjoy the sight of burning candles on a toy altar, it is not an infallible sign that he will be a priest. And yet the rosary that young Newman drew on his slate, when he was a boy, doubtless meant something.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," Longfellow sings. He who comprehends them gets near to the heart of youth. But who tries to do it? The boy is as great an enigma to his father, as a rule, as the old sphinx in the Egyptian desert is to passing travellers. And who but his father ought to have the key to the boy's mind, and find his way into its recesses so gently and carefully that the question of his child's vocation would be an easy one for him to answer?

If the religious vocations in this country are not equal in number to what they ought to be, we may attribute it to these two causes: the general desire to make money, and the placid indifference of parents. A boy is sent to "school,"—school implying a sort of factory from which human creatures are turned out, polished and finished, but not ready for any special

work in a world which demands specialists. And what is specialism but the industrious working out of a vocation?

God is very good to a man when that man is true to his vocation. To be content in one's work is almost happiness. To do one's work for the eyes of God is to be as near happiness as any creature can come to it in this world. Fortunate are they who, like the old sculptors of the roof of "the cathedral over sea," learn early in life

> "That nothing avails us under the sun,
> In word or in work, save that which is done
> For the honor and glory of God alone."

Direction and coercion are two different things. The parents who mistake one for the other make a fatal error. Direction is the flower; coercion the weed that grows beside it, and kills its strength and sweetness.

The true gospel of work begins with the consideration of vocation, and the prayers and the appeals to the Sacraments that ought to accompany it. This is the genesis of that gospel. It is true that if a man can be helped to take care of the first twenty years of his life, the last twenty years will take care of him. Those who find their vocation are blessed,—

> "And they are the sculptors whose works shall last,
> Whose names shall shine as the stars on high,
> When deep in the dust of a ruined past
> The labors of selfish souls shall lie."

THE man who knows nothing of the novitiate of patience—who has passed through life without the chastening discipline of bodily pain—has missed one of the best parts of existence. To suffer is one of the noblest prerogatives of human nature. Without suffering, life would be robbed of half its zest, and the thought of death would drive us to despair.

IF you do not wish for His kingdom, why pray for it? If you do, you must do more than pray for it: you must work for it.—*Ruskin.*

Recklessness of Speech.

SLANG, says the dictionary, is low, vulgar, unauthorized language. Slang, says a recent writer, is the arterial life-blood of conversation, which keeps its current from stagnation. Slang, says one who is a man of the world in the best sense, is the most vicious enemy of society which does not hang its head. Actual blasphemy has some restraint upon its choice of times and places, and a rough man will cease or subdue his oaths if a woman worthy the name comes within hearing of them; but slang, that very much worn stepping-stone to profanity, is utterly bold and unblushing. The users of it even evince a sort of pride and a rivalry as to the most copious vocabulary.

The first sign of a decadence in morals is carelessness of speech; thus it is said that the pickpockets and other criminals of the White Chapel district of London have gradually evolved a language unintelligible except to one another; and that the ordinary words of their native tongue are so strange to them as to seem the words of foreigners. We all remember the indignation of the fishwoman when a wit, as a retort as well as a last resort, pronounced her, in stern tones, to be an individual. "Individual!" she screamed. "I'm no more an individual than your mother is!" But she was conquered. His epithet exceeded any at her command.

As a rule, the height of one's refinement is measured by the purity with which one's mother-tongue is spoken. As a gentle voice breeds gentle manners, so purity of speech accompanies a pure heart. Certain provincialism may be endured,—nay, like the quaint dialect of the rural districts of New England, or the pretty, flowing phrases of the South, some deviations from the rules of lexicographers may not only be allowable, but positively charming.

We are not speaking of dialects, but of the corrupt, vulgar, senseless jargon, which is as natural as the drawing of the breath to so many who would resent any criticism of their taste or conduct, and which is by no means confined to that sex which we are wont to term the sterner. The young woman of the end of the century has a facility in this direction which her brother finds difficult to keep pace with; and a crowd of public school-girls can disturb the air with a string of verbal distortions that would cause the historic women of Billingsgate to grow green with envy.

It is difficult for even staid people to avoid falling into this pernicious habit when these words are the current coin of conversation; and of all habits the linguistic are usually most tenacious; but the cure must exist if we can but find it. A preconcerted charge all along the line might rout the enemy and work a radical change. Let the parents begin by putting their own language in order, and a good beginning will have been made.

If the dear young people, and the dear old people too, could know the origin of much of the slang which comes so trippingly from their lips—if they were aware that they were putting themselves on a level with thieves and worse, when they use the phrases which they fancy add embellishments to their conversations,—the use of slang might in time go out of fashion; and, once out of fashion, there would be an end of it.

One would think that our language was copious enough and rich enough without this addition of mongrel words and dubious expressions, especially as it is legitimately added to year after year, as the need arises. But as it seems the aim of the unthinking talker to emphasize his meaning by words borrowed from the slums, the guardians of propriety and good English have a task before them which would make Hercules look to his laurels.

Notes and Remarks.

Dr. Strahan, an eminent physician of London, has written a book on "Marriage and Disease," from which temperance lecturers might draw most effective material. The following example is presented to show the degeneracy produced through drunken parentage. First generation, father a drunkard; second generation, son a drunkard; third generation, seven grandchildren: first and second died of convulsions; the third was an idiot at twenty-two years of age; the fourth, melancholiac with suicidal tendency, and became demented; the fifth, peculiar and irritable; the sixth has been insane repeatedly; the seventh nervous and depressed, and indulges in most despairing anticipations as to his life and reason.

The joy with which the true Catholic parent beholds a favored son raised to the dignity of the priesthood was doubled recently in the case of a worthy father and mother of Cambridgeport, Mass. They witnessed the somewhat uncommon spectacle of two sons being ordained at the same time. The brothers are the Revs. Edward and John Butler, the former of whom has been assigned to St. John's Church, Quincy, and the latter to the Church of the Assumption, Brookline. Both places are in the Archdiocese of Boston. Two daughters of the same blessed family are professed religious.

It has been suggested that a monument be erected to the memory of the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea, by the generous contributions of those hosts of friends whose hearts and minds have felt the influence of the good wrought by the distinguished historian during his career. Were this done it would indeed be only a slight tribute to worth rarely met with in the ordinary run of human life. To adapt the thought of the *Catholic News*, the loving words said of Dr. Shea since his death serve to prove how far-reaching has been the influence of his gifted mind and painstaking energy. Now, if words be taken as the expression of sentiments sincere and heartfelt,

the tribute to Dr. John Gilmary Shea should be such as not only to perpetuate his memory in one locality, but make it enduring for years to come. Let, then, the monument be erected; but let something more be done: establish a fund which would secure cheap editions of the monumental works of the departed historian—notably his last great undertaking, "The Catholic Church in Colonial Days,"—which would bring them within the reach of every reader in the land to whom the history of religion and country is near and dear at heart. What an undying monument would result from such action were concerted measures adopted!

"The Fathers of the Congregation of St. Gregory the Great" is the name of a society recently instituted by Archbishop Vaughan of Westminster. The main object of the Congregation is the conversion of Protestants; and their work was begun under favorable auspices, last month, at Charlestown, a large suburb of Manchester. A procession through the streets of the town, and an open-air service, at which upward of four thousand persons were present, were the initial steps in the great enterprise. The success attending the demonstration was but an earnest, we trust, of magnificent results to be achieved in the future by the Fathers of St. Gregory.

In the death of the Very Rev. Thomas Gilmartin, D. D., Ireland's great ecclesiastical College of Maynooth has sustained a grievous loss. Although still a young man, being only thirty-five years of age, Dr. Gilmartin had already furnished evidence of his uncommon ability, and his success in the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Maynooth gave bright prominence of future eminence. His "Manual of Church History," appreciatively noticed in our columns a few weeks ago, is so excellent that its readers will keenly regret the incompletion of the work and the early death of its author. *R. I. P.*

The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Tabernacle Society of Washington, D. C., presents extremely gratifying results in the matter of assistance rendered to poor churches throughout the country. Four thousand dollars have been expended in furnishing, to indigent missions, vestments, chalices, censers, etc.; and this sum is just balanced by the receipts from subscriptions and cash donations. "The Annals of the Association of Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches," the quarterly bulletin of the Tabernacle Society of Philadelphia, is also on our table; and among other interesting matter contains a letter, dated June, 1886, from Cardinal Simeoni, then Prefect of the Propaganda, strongly recommending the Society to the fostering care of the American bishops. We rejoice in the prosperity of all such meritorious associations, and wish them increased facilities for a still greater measure of successful work.

In a recent issue of the *Pilot*, Mr. Eugene Davis gave some of his experiences as a reporter of anarchist meetings in Paris ten years ago. So great was the commotion that the president spent most of his time in ringing a bell and making vain demands for order. In the debates pugilism figured more prominently than logic or argument. Mr. Davis says that the agitators are logically consistent in one thing only:

"They practised what they preached; for their very meetings, where they denounced the classes with such ardor and hate, were as disorderly as any admirer of anarchy would wish them to be."

Commenting on this statement, our excellent contemporary, the Antigonish *Casket*, truthfully observes:

"Even the trifling compliment of being consistent in one thing, which the writer pays them, does not seem to be deserved; for at all events they elected a president, who at least claimed obedience, and vigorously attempted to enforce it. Thus, even in their own petty saloon assemblies, these men recognize in theory the necessity for that order which they desire to eradicate from the earth."

The state of the Church in Africa may be surmised from the following statistics, given in a recent issue of *Annales Apostoliques:* In the Dark Continent there are two archbishops, sixteen bishops, twenty-four apostolic vicars, one pro-vicar, nineteen prefects, and one patriarchal vicar of the Oriental rite.

The death of the Hon. William Walsh, of Maryland, which occurred on the 18th ult.,

deprives the United States bar of one of its most eminent members, and the Church of a worthy son. Born in Ireland sixty-four years ago, Mr. Walsh came to this country when fourteen years of age. After a four years' course in Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, he entered a law school in New York. Admitted to the bar in 1850, he gave to his profession the almost undivided attention of his life, caring little for politics, although taking a citizen's part therein, and even serving several terms as a legislator. A man of high character and stainless record, his loss is mourned by Southern Catholics and Protestants alike. *R. I. P.*

With no less surprise than regret we notice in the *Book-Buyer* an advertisement of a salacious book, "The Confessions of a Nun." It is worse than anti-Catholic,—it is anti-Christian, being distinctly immoral. The publishers themselves admit that the great distributing agencies of the book trade have refused to "handle" the work. Having some acquaintance with Messrs. Scribner's Sons, we feel certain that the advertisement in question crept into the *Book-Buyer* through inadvertence, and that the pages of that ever-welcome monthly will speedily be relieved of so disfiguring a blot.

Of the cities of Great Britain, Glasgow is third in point of Catholic population, which is estimated at 120,000. Only in Dublin and Liverpool are Catholics more numerous.

In a recent number of *Le Couteulx Leader* there appears a comment upon one of Dr. Egan's "Chats with Good Listeners" which merits attention. The 'Chat" referred to appeared in THE "AVE MARIA" of April 20, and spoke of pauperism and its resultant social evils; the remedy for which lay not in the mere giving of occasional alms, but in action, which would tend to remove the cause of the condition in which so many wretched beings find themselves. "Action," said Dr. Egan, "is the word for lay-Catholics to-day." The *Leader* remarks:

"Words like those come forcibly to mind when we see the scarcity of employment for men who are perfectly able and willing to work, or the unnecessary hardships with which profitable work is often accompanied. It is very easy when a man and his family are 'hard up,' by reason of sickness or enforced idleness, to pay a month's rent for them, or to send them an order on one's grocer. It is not so easy—it takes time, thought, and trouble—to help the same man to secure the employment which will make him independent of alms in any shape. It is proper and easy to be horrified and to clamor for 'investigation' when laborers complain that they are cheated out of their wages, and are maltreated in various ways; or when inspectors report the poor as housed in tenements unfit for human habitations. It is harder to see, through personal effort and influence, that workingmen do not fall into the hands of contractors who defraud them, and that employers who dare so to abuse their position shall be punished. It also involves the outlay of time and money, and afterward perhaps of much patience, to build decent houses for the poor and rent them at living prices. Yet these remedies for evils which exist might well be applied by Catholics who have influence, capital, and leisure—if they choose to take this last."

In a recent interview, the Rev. Charles Gifkins, C. SS. R., gave some very interesting details concerning the leper settlement of Batavia, in Dutch Guiana, where he has been stationed during the past three years. Asked whether the unfortunate sufferers were all Catholics, he replied: "By no means. But the Protestants are left entirely unvisited, except by us; and our greatest consolation is that we receive almost all into the Church before they die. They die good deaths, and get all the consolations holy Church can give. Here are some photographs of the poor people." And Father Gifkins showed some pictures of groups of lepers, with feet and arms eaten away by the loathsome disease. In one group was seen the Bishop, the Right Rev. Mgr. Wulfingh, with two Fathers standing on either side, and a group of lepers reclining below and around them. The entire spiritual charge of Dutch Guiana is confided to the Redemptorist Fathers of the Dutch Province; and the mission, as may well be believed, is an arduous one.

The Pope has subscribed ten thousand francs toward the international museum to be erected to Dante at Ravenna, and made that city a present of a rare portrait of the poet.

New Publications.

LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS MARIA DE LIGUORI. Translated from the Italian. Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS R. Part I. General Correspondence. Volume II. Benziger Brothers.

The publication of the "Centenary Edition" of the works of St. Alphonsus has been a great undertaking, and deserves well the support, in so far as it can be given, of everyone whose life and conduct have been influenced by the writings of the great Doctor of Prayer. How little, comparatively, is known of the sanctity which moved the loving heart and formed the directive inspiration of the master-mind of St. Liguori! And yet how many there are throughout the world who have found the immediate occasion of their conversion, and their establishment in the path of virtue, in those devotional works, which have been so long familiar to every Christian soul! To know the inner life of such a Saint should be an attraction to everyone; and, to use the words of Cardinal Newman, the true life of a man is in his letters. The work before us forms Volume XIX. of St. Liguori's Ascetical Works, and Volume II. of his "Letters," of which two more volumes are to appear. We had occasion to speak of the nature of the Saint's correspondence in a notice of the previous volume. We need only say now that the present work is a continuation of the preceding; and the numerous beautiful letters which it contains give further evidence of the gifts of heart and mind with which the Saint was blessed, and the practical influence he exercised over men and affairs in his time.

THE REASONABLENESS OF THE PRACTICES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By the Rev J J. Burke. Same Publishers.

While the world is full of anxious inquirers into the reasonableness of Catholic usages, and while so many of the faithful are ignorant of the meaning of many Catholic practices, we can not have too many books like this. Father Burke knows just what to say, and, what is perhaps more uncommon, possesses the virtues of conciseness and brevity as well. It is difficult to see how an outsider could peruse these pages without a wish to know more of the faith which inspired them. The book is a companion to "The Reasonableness of the Ceremonies of the Catholic Church," published some time ago by the same author.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. Liguori, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Salt Lake City, Utah; Sister M. Camilla, Convent of SS. Benedict and Scholastica, Chicago, Ill.; and Sister M. Teresa, of the Sisters of Mercy, Durango, Colo., who were lately called to the reward of their self-sacrificing lives.

Mr. John Swarbrick, of Fin, Montana, whose happy death took place on the 19th of April.

Mrs. Henrietta McDonald, who passed away at Pottsville, Pa., on the 19th ult.

Mr. Charles Piper, Sr., who peacefully departed this life on the same day, at Niagara, N. Y.

Miss Julia A. Ryan, of Denver, Colo., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 10th ult.

Mr. Norbert Flynn, who died a holy death on the 12th ult., in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Henry Powel, Mrs. James Campbell, Mrs. Rose Marty, Mrs. James Barden, and Mrs. Hugh Keenan,—all of St. Agatha, P. Q.; Mr. Joseph Maher, Randolph, Mass.; Mrs Mary A. McKeon, Somerville, Mass.; Master Joseph S. Harrington, Ironton, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Haight, New York city; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Washington, D. C; Mr. James Lawrence, Mr. John and Mrs. Mary Sheehan, Mrs. Agnes Mason, and Martin Boland,—all of New Haven, Conn.; Patrick Coleman, Ansonia, Conn.; Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Bridget Fitzgerald, New Haven, Conn.; and Mrs. Catherine Tyne, Fall River, Mass.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee. —ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars:—M. T., $1; Sisters of Mercy, $1; Two members of the Third Order of St. Francis, $1; A Friend, $1; M. T S, $2.50; R. J. R., 50 cts.; G H. G., $10; K. C., $1.; M. B. K., $2.

For the Ursuline Nuns, St. Peter's Mission, Mont.:—F. J. U., in gratitude to St. Joseph, $1; R. J. R., 50 cts.; A Friend, Salem, Mass., $5.

For the lepers in the Diocese of Mgr. Osouf, Japan:—R. J. R., 50 cts.; Mrs. John Kelly, 50 cts.; J. K., in honor of St. Joseph, $1; Mrs. J. White, $2.



A Hymn for First Communion.

OH, union wonderful and true!
Oh, love! oh, bliss beyond compare!
What can the heart enraptured do
When God Himself is there?

This moment does the work of years:
The soul hath drunk a joy so deep
That she may bid farewell to tears
Such as earth's children weep.

Jesus! be Thou my hidden rest;
Reign over me supreme, alone,—
The dearest wish within my breast
Is just to be Thine own.

And now if to my daily strife
I must return and bear my part,
Do Thou, my Lord, my Light, my Life,
Still keep for Thee my heart!

Hold it, that it may never stray,
Lost in a world of sin and care;
Fix it in the unerring way
Of discipline and prayer.

Give me Thy blessing, Lord, again,
And I will fight beneath Thine eye;
To win, perchance through days of pain,
A glorious victory.

ONCE there lived an old woman who was so cheerful that everyone wondered at it. "But you must have many clouds in your life, do you not?" asked a friend.—"Clouds?" she replied. "Why, yes, sir! If we had no clouds, where would all the blessed showers come from?"

How Will Moran "Got Even."

BY L. W. REILLY.

I.

"JOE, where are you going?" asked Will Moran one morning last week—that day when there was no school,—as he met his brother coming downstairs in their home, and carrying a heavy parcel in his arms.

"Oh, that's 'telling'!" was Joe's reply.

"Well, what is in that bundle?"

"Don't ask me any questions, Will, and I'll tell you no fibs," was the unsatisfactory response. "I'm going—going to—out on business; and I'd be obliged to you if you'd chop the firewood for me, so that Jennie won't—"

"Can't I go with you?"

"No."

"Am I too young?"

Now, it has long been a sore point with Will that he is only twelve, while Joe is fifteen; for sometimes the older boys exclude him from their sports on the ground that he is too young to play with them. As they always seem to have more fun in their games than his usual playmates have, Will envied them their years, and disliked to be denied anything on the score of his own age.

Not knowing how deeply he was going to hurt his brother, and thinking only of the quickest way to escape Will's questions, Joe answered lightly:

"Of course you're too young. Babies oughtn't to want to go with big boys."

So saying he hurried to the front door, got outside as fast as he could; and, without looking to see the effect of his words, he called out an instant before he turned the knob:

"Don't forget to chop that wood, Will!"

But Will was in no humor to do any favors for his brother. His quick temper was boiling the blood in his veins and making his temples throb. As he would say, he was "mad clear through."

"I'll get even with you, Joe Moran!" he shouted, heedless of the fact that the stout oaken door had closed behind the elder boy, and that his threat was unheard. "And I'll split the wood for you—when the cow jumps over the moon," he added, in a lower tone, putting on his hat and coat as he spoke, with the intention of going over to Frank Bowen's, the Doctor's son, who is of a mechanical turn, and has a set of carpenter's tools, and was making a fancy toboggan.

II.

That day was pretty cold. The sky was overcast, and everybody said that it would rain only that the wind was so high. The sun came out late, and went back early behind the clouds.

Will spent the forenoon with Frank Bowen, admiring the new sled, and helping to finish it. He turned the grindstone while Frank sharpened some tools; he lifted a dozen heavy boards out of the way; he went to the store to buy some oil for the paint, which had become too dry; and he did half the work of putting into the shed a ton of coal that the Doctor had bought that morning.

He hadn't forgotten about Joe's taunt, however. He told Frank of it, and in the telling of it he made it out worse than it was. He thought of it when he returned home, and more than once during the afternoon it recurred to him; yes, and every time that his memory recalled it, his blood boiled and his temples throbbed, and he said: "I'll get even with him yet!"

It was in one of these spells of temper that his eyes lighted on Joe's birdcage; then a wicked thought crept into his heart, and, alas! stayed there: he would open the door and let the bird out.

Now, this bird was one of Joe's pets. It was a poor, worthless mocking-bird, with a discordant cry for its only note,—a miserable bird, that Joe's father called a nuisance, but that Joe's mother encouraged him to keep, "because," as she explained to her husband, "it makes the boy more kind and gives him something to be tender to." Joe was very fond of it. He found music in its shriek, and thought that it really liked him in return. He had for years longed for a canary-bird; and Prince, as he called it, was the shadow of that dream. He loved it, therefore, more for what it represented than for what it was.

"Open the door and set the bird free," said the wicked thought in Will's heart; and forthwith, muttering some words, the last one of which sounded like "even," the boy raised the window, opened the cage and let the mocking-bird out.

Prince did not seem eager to be free. It hopped to the window-sill; and when Will tried to put his hand on it to shove it out, it fluttered to the ground, stepped onto the lawn, flew to the maple near the gate, and disappeared.

Will's ill-temper might have stopped here, but his mother having called him to get a pail of rain-water from the barrel near the barn for Jennie, the maid, who was not feeling well, he passed by the wood pile, and, seeing the axe, he picked it up and threw it into a pile of brush that lay in a corner of the fence, ten feet away from the chopping-block. And again the

Recording Angel heard something about "getting even," that to him sounded painfully unkind.

Joe wasn't home when supper time came, but his father and mother didn't seem to mind his absence. Will would have liked to ask them where he was; but he was afraid to make any inquiries, lest he should be led to say too much. He thought that the more prudent course for him to take was to keep silence, in the hope that they would themselves refer to Joe's whereabouts, and to go off to bed as soon as possible after the meal was through.

Besides, Will wasn't very happy about that time. The wicked thought, that had at first seemed like a spark of fire in his heart, had become like a lump of lead—cold and hard and heavy. It oppressed him. He couldn't breathe easily. His blood was no longer hot; for a shiver went through him as he thought of Joe's grief for the loss of the bird, and the possibilities of punishment for himself. He was half sorry that he had opened the door of the cage; but his remorse was altogether selfish—he might have to smart for it; that was what troubled him then.

He didn't feel like saying his prayers. The "Our Father" had an objectionable passage in it—to which his confessor had called his attention at his last confession,—that said: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us"; and the Act of Contrition—well, it's not the most comforting formula to repeat when one has tried to "get even" and is still unrepentant. He did kneel down, it is true; but he didn't stay long in that posture; and if he said any prayers at all, they must have been short, but they could not have been sweet.

He got off his clothes in a jiffy, and was in bed and asleep an hour before Joe had returned. He was not disturbed by his brother; but in his sleep, the mocking-bird, grown to the size of an eagle, haunted his dreams and gave him little rest.

III.

The next morning Will was aroused a little before six o'clock. His mother was calling him.

"Get up, Will!" she said, as she shook him,—"get up! Jennie is sick. You will have to make the fire while Joe goes for the doctor."

Will opened his eyes reluctantly as his mother turned to go downstairs again. But, after the first peep out from under the covers, he had no desire to close them again; for they had seen what his heart had been longing for—a pair of skates. He thought that he was still dreaming, until, having sat up in bed, he looked steadily at the little table near the window, and saw that the skates were real.

"Whose are they, Joe?" he asked, turning to his brother's side of the room, as a merry laugh from that corner assured him that his embarrassment was noticed.

"Yours," was the laconic answer.

"Mine? What do you mean? Where did you get them?"

"That's telling," said Joe.

"Come, boys! come, boys!" cried Mrs. Moran, coming into the room again; "hurry up! Jennie is very sick; and I want a hot fire made for her as soon as possible, and there is no wood cut. And, Joe, she's crying for the doctor."

In his haste to get out Joe took no notice of Will's failure to split the wood. His affectionate heart was at once full of sympathy for the poor sick girl, and he had but one thought: to fetch Doctor Bowen as soon as he possibly could.

But Will's emotions were many. He wondered if the skates were really to be his. He was reminded of his rage of the day before by Joe's repetition of the expression, "That's telling"; then he remembered the liberated bird, and he felt ashamed of himself and sorry for Joe. He didn't care now if he were to be whipped—he almost wished that he were.

"It was a mean thing to do," he said to

himself, as he buttoned the last button of his jacket and hurried out to the wood pile. "And, thank goodness," he added, as he kicked away the snow, which had fallen during the night, and hunted in the brush heap for the axe, "nobody'll ever know of this!" He found it without much trouble, and was soon making the chips fly at the chopping-block.

He took in an armful of wood, and started a roaring fire in the kitchen stove. Then he went out to split up another stick, and had just struck the first blow when the doctor and Joe drove up to the gate in the former's gig. He hurried around to the other side of the house, and opened the front door for the physician, who was at once taken to the sick girl's room.

Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, Will halted Joe on the front porch, and said:

"Do tell me, Joe, about the skates! Whose are they? They're beauties, anyway. I took one good look at them before I came downstairs: fine steel, latest patent, nickel-plated; and just as good as Dave Clark's, who brags—"

"They *are* Dave Clark's," interrupted Joe; "or, rather, they were until yesterday noon."

"Whose are they now?"

"Yours."

"Mine, Joe!—mine! Oh, don't tease me, but tell me true! Whose are they?"

"Yours, Will. I got them for you. I knew that you had set your heart on a pair, and I heard only day before yesterday that Dave Clark is going to California this winter. So, as they'd be of no use to him there and he had no tennis set, I thought I might make a trade with him But I did not want to tell you about it before I had tried to make the bargain, because it would have been such a disappointment to you if I had failed to—"

"That wasn't your tennis outfit—that you had in the bundle—you took away—yesterday morning?" asked Will, in a low voice, and with a long pause between every few words.

"Yes, it was," said Joe, laughing gaily at the rueful face of his brother. He did not suspect the guilt that was back of that distress.

"O Joe!" gasped Will. He leaned against the porch-rail for support. He covered his face with his hands. "O Joe, how could you!"

"Why, Will, what's the matter? You don't seem pleased with my gift, and I thought that it would give you joy."

But Will shrank away from his brother. He was unworthy, he felt, to be near that generous heart. His own baseness seemed to weigh him down.

"And did you walk—the twelve miles—to Dave Clark's and back—for me?" he faltered.

"Why, of course I did! I wasn't very cold except the half mile by the river; and the hope of making you happy kept me warm, and made the way seem short."

"O Joe!" was all that Will could say. He was crying now. The big tears coursed down his cheeks and fell unheeded to the ground. He was touched to the very quick.

"But you don't seem very happy," said Joe. "Hello, what's that?" he added, as he went down the steps of the porch, and out to the maple near the gate.

"Why, Will," he cried, "look at this! Here's my Prince, my mocking-bird, frozen, stiff and dead! O my poor little bird,—my poor little bird! How did you get out of your warm place into the storm?" And he held it tight in both hands, one over the other; and put it to his cheek, and looked at it again, and stroked its glossy side, and tried to warm it once more to life.

Will did not go when called. His conscience told him what the object was that had attracted Joe's attention, as soon as he looked at the black spot in the snow toward which his brother was running. He only cowered still more and cried the harder—his sin had found him out.

Joe went back to the porch, and held out the dead bird.

"Look, Will," he said, sadly; "look at poor Prince!"

But Will could not bear to look at the consummation of his revenge and his brother's pain.

"I don't want to look!" he wailed.

Joe stood astonished. The tone of Will's reply smote him. He did not understand.

"O Joe, I did it!" Will blurted out.

"You did what?" was the perplexed question.

"Killed Prince."

"You!"

It was only one word, but it was full of feeling, of surprise, of hurt. Will winced as if he had been struck. But the new pain gave him courage to confess.

"Yes, I," he said; "I did it. Hit me! for I deserve it. Take away the skates; for I'm not fit to receive any kindness from you. I did it. I was so angry with you because you would not tell me where you were going nor what you had in the parcel, and because you said I was too young to go with you, and that babies shouldn't go with big boys,—I was so mad all day that I hated you, and thought that I couldn't do enough to hurt you. I was burning to do you some mischief when I saw the cage. I opened the window and drove the poor bird out, and now it's dead! O Joe, I can't look in your face!—beat me. But I was so mad. I wanted to 'get even'!"

"You poor fellow!" exclaimed his brother, pityingly.

"Oh, don't say a kind word to me!" he went on. "The more I think of it, the more I hate myself. And if I had given way to my temper right away, I wouldn't feel quite so bad; but I didn't let Prince escape until the afternoon. Oh, my! oh, my!"

"You poor fellow!" said Joe again.

"And, then, I wouldn't cut the wood for you—and you giving up your tennis set and walking so far for me!"

"Never mind, Will," said Joe.

"Oh, but I *must* mind, Joe, and I must tell you all! I threw the axe in the brush heap over there, so that you couldn't find it when you should come home."

"Did you?" laughed Joe, who had a keen sense of humor, and was amused at the way in which Will's effort to "get even" with his brother had in this instance come back on himself. "Well, you worried yourself there, so you needn't feel for me in that case. And as for the rest, if it weren't for this poor bird, all the knots in the tangle would be untied."

IV.

This morning Joe was awakened by the notes of a canary-bird. It trilled and carolled and chirped, and filled the room with a whirl and ecstasy of song. Its melody was full and rich and sweet. It sang as if it knew the mission of compunction and pardon and peace that had been entrusted to it. It hung in a new brass cage, large and bright, near the window on Joe's side of the room.

How did it get there? Will had been saving up for a toboggan like Frank Bowen's. He had four dollars, and the price was six. He had earned three more dollars in ways that I shall not tell you of—they were all honest, but some of them were hard and menial. The harder they were, though, the better satisfied Will was. He didn't care so long as he got the money fairly and soon. He was working heart and soul for a purpose. When he had seven dollars, he went to a bird-fancier, and got the finest singer and the nicest cage in the shop. The price was eight dollars,—five for the bird and three for the cage; but when the man saw the boy's crestfallen look as he produced the seven dollars, he let him have them for that amount.

For whom was the canary? There is no need to answer that question.

If Will had not suffered and planned and worked to make reparation for his fault, it is probable that I should not have told you

of his revenge. But his last action, while it shows that people who give way to their temper sometimes have to pay dear for their hastiness, also proves that there is a deal of true metal in him. Besides, it gives a sort of artistic finish to this narrative, and makes it read like a make-believe story, instead of being, as it really is, the unvarnished statement of how Will Moran "got even."

A Philosophical Painter.

Of the painter Wills, late of London, many stories, some sad, some amusing, are related; this among the rest.

He arrived in haste at his studio one morning, having an appointment with a sitter; but instead of the expected patron, a burly man in uniform awaited him.

"To what am I indebted for this honor?" asked the polite painter.

The man scowled. "I'm the Queen's taxes."

"The Queen's taxes?"

"Yes," growled the man; and Wills finally understood that his caller was out collecting taxes due the Crown.

"I'll give you a check for the amount," said the artist, hurriedly, thinking of the sitter who was due. But the man shook his head; he wished the money: no uncertain check would satisfy him. At last the artist, despairing of overcoming such stubborn ignorance, asked an obliging neighbor to go to the bank for him, and the tax-gatherer took a comfortable chair and composed himself to wait.

"Dear me!" thought the painter. "I must utilize this unwelcome visitor in some way—ah, I have it!" And his mind turned to an unfinished picture of the period of the French Revolution. Two condemned prisoners were represented in the tumbrel on their way to execution. The chief actors he had portrayed in a satisfactory manner; but there was one particular ruffian in the hooting mob for whom he could find no model who sufficiently represented the brutal traits of his class. The "Queen's taxes" was the man he had been looking for. The picture was turned to the wall; he reversed it, and, begging the flattered visitor to occupy a dais as he would like him for a model in a great picture he had undertaken, he quickly transferred his features to the canvas. When the neighbor returned from the bank the sitting was completed.

The bailiff often posed for the artist after that. He turned out to be a kind-hearted fellow in spite of his unfortunate countenance; and it is said that his new employment proved so lucrative that he finally abandoned his official position as the "Queen's taxes."

In his early days this same Wills was not a painter, but a writer of stories; and had gone to London, like so many, to seek his fortune. Returning one night to his poor lodgings, he found a ragged tramp lying asleep before his door, and recognized in him a wretched author who had gone steadily downward in fortune. Wills roused him, led him in, and arranged a bed for him on some chairs, where he slept until morning. As days went on he showed no inclination to leave, and continued to make himself at home.

A friend called one day, and found Wills sitting on the stairs, wrapped in his great coat, smoking.

"Why, man," he said, "you'll get your death out here! Why not go inside?"

"Well, you see," answered Wills, "that poor P——," naming the tramp, "can not endure the smell of tobacco; and as he is my guest, and I want to smoke, there was no way but to come out here."

It would make us all good if, when we go to the Altar, we were to say, "This may be my *last* Communion."—*Cardinal Manning.*



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A Thought for Trinity Sunday.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

IS music but the poetry of sound?
Melodious noise, tumultuous harmony?
An art, a science, with its birthplace found
In Jubal son of Lamech's minstrelsy?*
Nay, music is a language born in Heaven;
Nor then create, but of eternal birth—
Ere stood before the Throne the Spirits Seven,
Or quiring angels hymn'd the nascent earth.†

God's utter'd Word—the evermore begetting
Of the co-equal, co-eternal Son;
Their mutual love—that tide forever setting
Back to its source:—the perfect Three-in-One:
Lo, here the primal music! Hence were drawn
Law, order, beauty, at creation's dawn.

Mechlin and Its Shrines.

BY E. W. BECK.

THE town of Mechlin, with its clean, wide streets, its venerable houses, its numerous shops, is one which attracts but comparatively few tourists; and the majority of those few think that two or three hours passed there are sufficient, or more than sufficient, to exhaust its charms. But this is a mistake: the old city is full of interest to the Catholic and the archæologist. Being the see of the Primate of Belgium, it naturally possesses a cathedral; and this cathedral, dedicated to St. Rumbold, is a fine building, which more than merits the scanty time our average tourist devotes to the whole town. The most striking feature about it is the gigantic unfinished tower: it is some three hundred and twenty feet in height; but had it been completed, it would have risen another hundred feet or more. It was begun in the year 1452, and the work went on till 1583, when it was stopped by William I., Prince of Orange, who carried off the stones destined for it, and used them in the building of the new town of Willemstad.

This great Church of St. Rumbold has been a cathedral only for three hundred years or so. Before the year 1559 it was simply a collegiate church served by canons. It was then erected into a cathedral, and indeed a metropolitan church, by Pope Paul IV.; the first archbishop being Cardinal de Granville, the celebrated minister of Margaret of Parma, natural daughter of Charles V., who governed the Low Countries as the representative of her brother, Philip II. Her name recalls another Margaret, an English princess, closely connected with the town of Mechlin—Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., who married Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, and after his

* Gen., iv, 21. † Job, xxxviii, 7.

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death received as her appanage the lordship of Mechlin. But she is not the only native of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland closely connected with this ancient city: there is one far more illustrious—St. Rumbold himself, the apostle of Mechlin and the surrounding country.

To what country St. Rumbold belonged will now, perhaps, never be decided: some say he was an Englishman, others an Irishman. It is generally believed, however, that in his own country, be it England or Ireland, he was a bishop; that he left his native land to go to Rome, where he received a mission from the Vicar of Christ to preach in Brabant, being appointed a regionary bishop of the district round Mechlin. He fulfilled his mission with great success, crowning his life with a holy death on June 24, 775. In the cathedral dedicated in his honor is a series of twenty-four quaint paintings portraying the chief incidents in his life.

The first picture shows an angel ordering St. Rumbold to be elected bishop in the place of Bishop Walraf, who had died; the second represents the preaching and miracles of St. Rumbold, and the Saint's being commanded by an angel to resign his see. Then come in turn the crossing of the Saint to France, where he restores sight to a blind man; the resignation of his bishopric into the hands of Pope Stephen; his leaving Rome; the healing of a demoniac by the Saint; and his preaching the Passion to a crowd of people in a meadow near the Castle of Mechlin. The eighth painting shows us the Saint repairing to the Castle at the request of Count Ado, who had received Mechlin as a grant from Duke Pepin in 753; and in the Castle his prophesying that the Countess, though advanced in years, should have a son; after this comes the baptism of the young Count, who received the name of Libert. The next represents the meeting of St. Rumbold, the apostle of Mechlin, with St. Gomar, the apostle of the neighboring town of Lierre. Then the Saint restores the young Count Libert to life. After these come the incidents of the martyrdom: the determination of the servant, who had been reproved for adultery, to kill his master the Bishop; the martyrdom and discovery of the body; and the grief of the Saint's friend, Count Ado. The next painting has for its subject the sack of Mechlin by the Normans, and the remaining ten relate to various miracles and to the cultus of the Saint.

The relics of St. Rumbold are still preserved in the cathedral, in a shrine over the high altar. On ordinary occasions the shrine can not be seen; but on great days—such, for example, as the Easter *triduum*,—the doors are opened, and the shrine is exposed to the veneration of the faithful. The people, however, do not frequent their cathedral to the extent that one would expect in Catholic Belgium; in fact, during the last three days of the last Holy Week only a handful of men and women took part in the ceremonies. But Mechlin, it seems, does not bear the highest reputation for faith and fervor among the Catholics of Belgium.

St. Rumbold is not the only saint whose relics are preserved at Mechlin; for in the trimly-kept Church of the Béguinage is the body of St. Damian, bishop and martyr. This leads one to speak of some other saints, of whose cultus there are many visible signs in the old city. St. Anthony of Padua, or of Lisbon, here as throughout Belgium is held in high honor; and a statue of him, generally dressed, is to be found in nearly every church. St. Barbara and St. Apollonia are hardly less honored. Their statues, and altars dedicated to them, are frequently met with. Another Saint to whom there is evidently much devotion is St Roch, whose statue, with a dog at his feet, is to be seen not only in the churches but even at the street corners.

The cathedral itself possesses no great shrine; however, it has a picture of Our Lady of Miracles, a copy of the celebrated painting in the Church of Santa Maria della Pace in Rome, which is believed to have been painted by St. Luke. It was brought from Rome in the sixteenth century, and the pious people of Mechlin have a great devotion to it. But the pride of Mechlin is the shrine of Our Lady of Hauswyck, which is one of the most celebrated in that land of shrines, vying with Montaigu and Hal, with Lede and Walcourt.

Hauswyck is one of the suburbs of Mechlin. In the tenth century it possessed a chapel dedicated to St. Lambert and St. Catherine; the former being the martyred predecessor of St. Hubert in the See of Maestricht, and the latter a Saint to whom there is to this day an extraordinary devotion in Belgium. Tradition tells us that one day a boat going up the Dyle and bound for Mechlin stopped suddenly when opposite this chapel, and, in spite of all efforts to make it move, remained there. After a time it struck the sailors that possibly a statue of Our Lady St. Mary which they had on board was the cause of this extraordinary circumstance; that it might be the will of God that this statue should there be venerated. Acting on this idea, they removed it and placed it in the chapel; after which, of its own accord as it were, the boat moved on. This is said to have taken place in 988, and four years ago the ninth centenary of the event was kept at Mechlin with extraordinary solemnity.

At the end of the thirteenth century the chapel passed into the hands of the Austin Canons of the Congregation of the Val des Ecoliers, who built a larger church, and removed the statue thereto. From this time the devotion to Our Lady of Hauswyck began to increase, and we are told that sometimes the number of pilgrims was so great that from three to four hundred would, for want of accommodation, have to sleep in the open air. But in the middle of the sixteenth century (to be exact, in 1566) the Iconoclasts spread over the land like a swarm of locusts, and destroyed all before them. The Canons retired into the town of Mechlin, and hid the sacred image in a cellar beneath the Louvain gate, where it remained for five several years. When at length peace came to the desolated city, the Canons built a small church, which in due course was abandoned for a larger one, the present structure.

The first stone was laid in 1663 by the Archbishop Andrew Cruesen. The church was opened for divine worship in 1678, and was solemnly blessed in 1687; but it was only in 1737 that it was consecrated, the Cardinal Thomas Philip, Archbishop of Mechlin, officiating. This church consists of a nave and two aisles, the sanctuary being separated from the nave by a rotunda, surmounted by an octagonal cupola one hundred and seventeen feet in height. The architect was L. Fayd'herbe. The high altar was executed by Van der Meulen, and the pulpit by Verhaegen.

In the year 1783 the Emperor Joseph II. suppressed the religious houses of the Low Countries, and among the rest that of the Canons of Hauswyck was doomed. From that time forward the church was served by secular priests. Thirteen years later the church was sold by the French Revolutionists, but the statue was saved. It had been hidden for some months before the sale, and remained first in one house and then in another till 1802, when it was replaced in the church, where it has remained ever since, and where in 1876 it was solemnly crowned by Cardinal Deschamps, Archbishop of Mechlin, in the name of his Holiness Pius IX., and in the presence of the Nuncio Apostolic and other prelates.

The walls of the church are hung with huge candles and other *ex-votos*, whilst many a tablet testifies to favors received. Among the tablets is one very large, of

white marble, which was placed there by his Eminence Cardinal Goossens, the present Archbishop of Mechlin, testifying to his great devotion to Our Lady of Hauswyck,—a devotion which led him to select her church for his episcopal consecration when he was appointed coadjutor bishop of Liege; and again as the point of departure for the procession when, having been translated to the primatial see, he was about to take possession of his throne in the Cathedral of St. Rumbold.

The centenary and the half-centenary of the coming of the statue are always kept with becoming devotion, and then the gathering of the devout is very great; for example, in 1838 no fewer than one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims were assembled, among them being the King of the Belgians and various members of the royal family. But it is not only on these great occasions that Hauswyck is remembered: constantly throughout the year pilgrims visit the shrine,—the *ex-votos* testify with what recompense, more especially on the feasts of Our Lady.

The Church of Our Lady-Over-the-Dyle possesses two celebrated statues. The older of these is that of Our Lady of the Sun; the other is that of Our Lady of Seven Dolors, of which an account was given in THE "AVE MARIA" for November, 1890. It is unnecessary, therefore, now to do more than recall the facts that it was made in 1626 by Anthony Fayd'herbe for the Royal Confraternity of Our Lady of Seven Dolors, which was instituted by the Archduke Philip, father of Charles V., and that not a few miracles are recorded as having taken place in connection with it.

One other church, that of St. John, for which Rubens painted what he himself considered his finest pictures, must be numbered amongst these shrines of Our Lady. Seven centuries ago, in 1198, during the pontificate of Innocent III., a confraternity was established at Mechlin, having for its object the redemption of those made captive by the Turks; and this confraternity has been approved by no fewer than forty-seven Popes. It was established in the Chapel of Our Lady of Misery; and so many were the favors which were granted on this spot that the statue soon became known as that of Our Lady of Remedies. This celebrated image is now in St. John's Church, which possesses another—a miniature of Our Lady of Montaigu, or Scherpenheuvel, of whose shrine a description was given in THE "AVE MARIA" of February last.

Were an account of the shrines in the neighborhood of Mechlin to be added, this discursive article would run to an abnormal length. Enough has been said to show that, apart from the archæological interests of the place, a leisurely visit to Mechlin will repay the Catholic tourist.

James Luno's Secret.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

A FEW days after the execution of Joseph Camus, Don Gaspard, who was staying with the General at Madrid, read the following paragraph in the newspaper:

"There has just taken place at Malaga the execution of a parricide. The unfortunate criminal, named Joseph Camus, though condemned on the clearest evidence, would never own his guilt. He had deserted years ago from the army, and seemed to be almost imbecile. Whether he were really so or only pretending could not be ascertained. He died like a Christian, quite calm and declaring his innocence with his last breath."

Then followed the names of the members and president of the court-martial.

Don Gaspard leaned forward on his

table and wept and sobbed as men seldom do. Presently there came a knock at the door, and a voice said:

"Let me in, let me in, Don Gaspard! It is I—Bernard. I want to speak to you most urgently."

Don Gaspard rose, tried to calm himself, and opened the door.

"Uncle Bernard," he said, "you must know this fresh grief which it has pleased God to send me. I am not able to see any one."

"I know all," replied the old man,—"and more than you think. I have come to tell you that your brother was guiltless."

"I am sure of it," replied the priest. "An innocent creature like him was incapable of committing so odious a crime. But all the appearances were against him; he either would not or could not defend himself, and the truth never came out."

"It will come out after a while," said the old man.

"Alas! that will be too late," sighed the priest, falling back in his chair.

"This terrible event will darken the rest of my days," said Uncle Bernard, while tears rolled down his withered cheeks. "It seems as if some evil spirit drove Joseph to his fate. I begged of him so earnestly to send for me if ever he was arrested, and he never did. You know he always had a weak head, and his lonely life with the goats stupefied him."

"Then did you see him lately?" asked the chaplain.

"Listen, Don Gaspard: I'll tell you all. I never believed Joseph was guilty of this crime, and so I told the judge at the inquest; but I had no proof to give except my knowledge of the poor fellow's character, and that he could never hurt a fly. I felt sure also I knew the murderer; but again I had no proof, and it was contrary to God's law that I should name him without giving a reason."

"Can you tell me whom you suspect, Uncle Bernard?"

"A man you never knew, Don Gaspard. Wait a while. I have a clue now. Let me continue my story. I took home with me your poor father's wounded dog, and he recovered. One day I was out with him and we passed the inn. It was deserted, and was left for a long time as it was after your father's murder. The dog howled and scratched at the door, so I let him in and followed. He went round and round the place, growling, till at last he flew on a rag hidden in the straw on which he used to sleep at night. I took this from him, and saw it was the fragment of a coat, evidently torn off by the dog in the struggle with the murderer. In this fragment was a pocket, and in the pocket I found a letter."

"A letter!" cried the chaplain.

"Yes, a letter. Its contents were of no importance, but its address was very precious to me."

"A spark can cause a flame. You could have saved my brother's life," said the chaplain in a sad tone of voice.

"Wait, wait!" replied Bernard. "Listen to the end before you judge. I did not know how to act. Joseph and this man had deserted together. I did not know if they were still in company. If I denounced the man and he were found, he might declare that the letter had been given by him to your brother, or he might kill him. I thought it better to wait till he was caught as a deserter. I engaged a lawyer to keep his eye on the military records, and let me know if there was any mention of such a deserter. But years passed—nothing was heard. A few months ago I had to go to Ronda, and one day went out to shoot in the mountains, and whom should I meet face to face but Joseph?

"'My lad,' I cried, 'you here?'

"'Yes, Uncle Bernard,' he said. 'But don't tell any one; for I would be forced back to the army.'

"'Did you desert by yourself?' I asked, in great astonishment.

"'No: I had a comrade; but I have sworn by the soul of my mother not to tell his name.'

"'Very well,' I said; 'I shall not ask you. What did you do after your desertion?'

"'We hid in the mountains; and I begged some bread from shepherds I knew, for we were starving.'

"'And after that?'

"'When night fell my comrade went to see my father and beg him to give money that we might escape.'

"'Why did you not go yourself?'

"'My comrade said I had better not go, and I was afraid of my father's anger.'

"'Did your comrade ask you for anything before he left you?'

"'No. I had nothing—oh, yes! I remember he asked for my knife and handkerchief, and he never gave them back to me. But I did not ask him for them. We were in such trouble; for he said the soldiers were after us, and we must fly. He brought me my shepherd's clothes; he could get nothing else from my father. "Run away into the mountains," said he, "as far as possible from here. We must separate, and I shall try to gain Portugal." I did as he advised. Before long I got work up here in the mountains, where few care to live, and where I have been ever since.'

"'Then your comrade gave you nothing from your father?'

"'Why, I tell you my father gave him nothing, and I knew beforehand that he would not. I told my comrade so.'

"'Had your father any money?'

"'Indeed he had and plenty, Uncle Bernard,—more than a hundred crowns in gold. I saw them.'

"'Did you tell your comrade this?'

"'To be sure! But I also told him my father would rather part with his life than his money.'

"'True enough,' said I. 'That is what did happen. Did not your comrade tell you that your father was dead?'

"'My father dead?' said Joseph, bursting into tears. 'My poor old father!—is he dead? Oh, I did so hope to see him again, and that he would forgive me and get me free of the army!'

"Now, Don Gaspard, I had feared this evil man might have corrupted Joseph; for does not the proverb say, 'Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are'? But the poor boy was overwhelmed with surprise and horror. I saw he was just the same as ever. I went on:

"'Yes, my lad, your father is dead.' He continued sobbing. Then I promised to try and get his pardon from the King for deserting. I said: 'Now, mind, if you are ever arrested, the first thing you are to do is to send for me.'

"He promised faithfully he would. I thought it better not to tell him of the murder: it might drive him mad. I went home, arranged my business, and set off here to obtain his pardon. The General you are with, Don Gaspard, is my old master; and I thought he would help me, he is so good—but I forgot one thing. As I was leaving Joseph, he said:

"'Uncle Bernard, above my father's bed there is a hole in the wall, and there my father kept his gold. Take some and have Masses said for his soul.'

"Now look, Don Gaspard! Here is the murderer's pocket, and the letter with his name."

The chaplain pushed the parcel away.

"Don't show them to me—I won't look at them!" he exclaimed; and he began to walk up and down the room. Presently he stood still, and, fixing his eyes on the blue sky outside his room, he added: "The dead need nothing but prayers. Hide that parcel away."

"What!" said Bernard. "You will not prosecute the criminal?"

"What would be the use now?"

"The use? The truth would be made known, your brother's memory cleared—"

"What does that matter now?"

"It would clear the name of your family from a stain."

"My family ends with me," said the priest, sadly.

"And you are willing to stay here with this infamy attached to your name?"

"I shall not stay here: I shall volunteer for the missions in China, and from there one does not often return."

"But, Don Gaspard, the rights of justice, public safety—"

"That is not my business."

"Then you pardon the murderer of your father and I might almost say of your brother too?"

"Yes, I hope—I trust I do. I will pray that he may repent; I leave him in the hands of God."

"This is too much!" exclaimed Bernard, crossly. "Your father used to say there was barley-water instead of blood in Joseph's veins. My word, Don Gaspard, I think it is so with you. For my part, if I can trace the criminal he shall get his deserts; and I believe that in so doing I fulfil a duty."

"Each of us, Uncle Bernard, must do what he thinks right," said the chaplain. "But you will hardly find the man. Evidently he escaped ten years ago. Perhaps he is dead. Pray for his soul or his conversion."

"Time will tell," said Bernard. "I shall never give up the search. Now I have no longer to fear his vengeance for Joseph. I shall have no rest till I have caught him."

"Well, Uncle Bernard, if you think it a duty to find this man, you must also pardon him in your heart."

"By all the saints in Paradise," cried the old man, "I can't pardon such a crime!"

"There is no exception," said the priest: "we must forgive *all*."

"Oh, well," answered Bernard, "I'm not like you, Don Gaspard,—with one foot in heaven already. I swear to you that if I catch this wretch, I'll give him his deserts. And I have a right to do so."

"Be calm, be calm, Uncle Bernard! You are not yourself just now; and besides we are only wasting words. You won't find the man."

"I found Joseph," remarked Bernard.

"Yes, by a wonderful chance," replied Don Gaspard.

"Providence sends those chances," was the ready answer.

"Yes, but consider: ten long, weary years have passed."

"Never mind. Time is a great master. I am certain that one day or another the criminal will be discovered. As you won't search for him, I will! And if ever I find him, he shall soon be brought to justice."

He departed, and Don Gaspard spent long hours in prayer.

VI.

The General and his brother were alone together in the latter's splendid house at Madrid. They were talking with some heat.

"There are people like him," said the Marquis de Clario. "They get into the best society, and yet no one knows where they come from. Alas! society is no longer what it was. People live in the present, and care neither for the past nor the future."

"Dear brother," said the General, "you think too much of the past. You know I do not agree with you, and I fear you will never approve of Teresa's marriage with Colonel Guerra."

"Never!" said the Marquis.

"And yet you can give no reason save that we don't know Guerra's family."

"But that reason is most important. His family and ours will be closely connected; and if I leave my fortune to Teresa's children, I ought to know their father's origin."

"He belongs to an honorable family; his parents were wealthy people in Zamora."

"Well, give me time to get further information. There is but one family called Guerra at Zamora, so I am told; and they are poor peasants."

"Have you really heard that?" asked the General. "Well, perhaps he has been

foolish enough to represent his people as better off than they are. After all, it is only a folly, not a sin."

"It is not the conduct of an honorable man," said the Marquis. "I could never trust his word again."

"He is a brave officer," replied the General.

"That is true, but it is not sufficient to secure Teresa's happiness."

At this moment came a knock at the door, and the Colonel entered. He had some trifling business with the General; and the Marquis, looking stiff and haughty, leaned back in his chair in silence.

A few minutes passed, and there came another knock.

"Come in!" called the General; and Uncle Bernard entered.

"My good old Bernard, here you are at last!" exclaimed the General, seizing the hands of the newcomer. Then, turning to his brother, he said: "This is Bernard, who saved my life; he bears the scar yet. Bernard, your hair is white, but you seem very robust. Well, first you must come and stay with me as a guest; and then, as I have now settled in Madrid, you must ask your wife to come and live here also. I can't do without you."

At the sight of Bernard, Victor Guerra turned white, and his first thought was to get away; his second was to brave it out, and trust to the chances of not being recognized. But when the General presented him as "My future son-in-law," Bernard stared at him with utter and profound astonishment.

The General now called his servant, and told him to take Bernard to a room and treat him with every consideration due to an honored guest.

"Good-bye for the present," said the General. "Later on I shall present you to my wife and daughter; they know you well by name, and are most anxious to see you."

When Bernard was alone with the servant, he asked:

"What is the name of that officer?"

"Colonel Victor Guerra. Do you know him, perhaps?"

"Oh, I fancy I have seen him somewhere before!" was the careless rejoinder.

VII.

Refreshments were brought to Bernard, but he could not eat; and, on the plea of wishing to return to the inn where he had passed the night, he went out, but no farther than the portico, where he hid himself under the shadow of a winding stone staircase. There he waited half an hour. Then steps were heard coming down the stairs; and as the Colonel descended he heard a hollow voice, coming apparently from the earth, calling:

"James Luno! James Luno!"

The Colonel cast a terrified look first on one side, then on the other.

"Ah, you've not forgotten your name!" exclaimed Bernard, rushing out upon him. "James Luno, thief and murderer, the day of justice has come at last, and you shall be punished for your crimes!"

For an instant the Colonel seemed thunderstruck. But, recovering himself, he said:

"Are you mad, old man? Ought I to pity or punish you?"

"Punish me?" replied Bernard. "Do you think you can change your skin like the serpent and never be found out?"

"Hold your tongue, you insolent old man! Don't exhaust the patience which I have with you on account of the General. Don't oblige me to drag you before a judge for your base calumnies. If you do, you shall—"

"Take me before any judge you please," said Bernard. "I can soon prove what I say. You are a thief and a murderer, and you have shed innocent blood to conceal your crime."

"I can punish you," said the Colonel; "but I prefer to pardon you. I am rich and generous, and you had better make a friend of me. I will give you a hundred pounds, and I shall not stop there."

"Ah!" said Bernard. "You think everyone's measure is like your own. You would bribe me, would you? Well, your whole fortune could not do it. I have been looking for you for a long time. You shall suffer for the death of Joseph and your other dastardly crimes. This is my last word, and by it I will stand."

"Then you shall die, you wretched old man!" and he flew on Bernard with his drawn sword. But at that moment voices and steps were heard on the staircase, and the Colonel fled. When he had gained his own lodgings he tried to calm himself.

"The great thing for me," said he to himself, "is to be perfectly unmoved and composed. The old man speaks of proofs, but none can possibly exist. He may accuse me; I shall deny it. My word will surely be taken before that of a peasant, even though he be a friend of the General's. I must not lose heart so easily; my star is in the ascendant."

Presently he went out as usual to dine at a restaurant, and ate, laughed, and talked according to his wont. On his return home he found a letter on his table. It contained but three words:

"Fly—hide—silence."

The handwriting was disguised, but Guerra felt sure the letter came from the General. He was overwhelmed. He knew the General too well to believe he would condemn any man without proof. Bernard must, then, have proofs; and Guerra could understand how much the General would shrink from any public exposure of a man betrothed to his daughter and a distinguished officer. "Fly—hide—silence." The terrible words seemed seared into his brain. Punishment had come at last. He had built up his fortune on an evil foundation, only to see it all crumble. Then he was possessed with fury. If only he could kill Bernard! But no—"Fly—hide—silence." He must go at once in the darkness, with nothing but the money he happened to have by him. He must leave all else behind, and no trace of him must remain. He was nearly as poor as when he left his native place with Joseph; and his companions henceforth would be incessant fear of detection and perpetual remorse.

Under cover of the darkness James Luno crept out of Madrid. When Bernard heard he had escaped, he said:

"Well, wherever he goes he won't escape punishment from God. *He* knows where to find him, and the hour will surely come, sooner or later."

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A year passed away. Bernard was comfortably settled in Madrid, and Donna Teresa was happily betrothed, when one day there appeared two paragraphs in the papers. The first, headed "News from New York," ran thus:

"The American gaming-houses are dens of robbers. A man named Manuel Jaen, who has not been long in the city, frequented these houses. He made himself hated by his haughty, irritable and passionate temper, and it was suspected he cheated at cards. Lately a man from Lima turned up, who declared he had formerly known Jaen, and that his real name was Victor Guerra. A fight took place between them. Jaen was killed on the spot."

In another part of the same paper was an account of the martyrdom of Gaspard Camus in China. He had given his life for the faith.

Uncle Bernard was much agitated.

"See," said he to the General, "these men have died as they have lived. One dies as a robber and a murderer, the other as a martyr for Christ. May God forgive the one and reward the other!"

"Come, Bernard, I am glad to hear you say this. You talk like a true Christian now—which you really are. I feared you would not forgive."

"Ah, General, death makes a great difference! For the dead a Christian can have no other words than a prayer."

The Heights of Peace.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM J. KELLY, C. S. C.

TO climb is hard. Great weights restrain
The soul's God-given wish to soar
Above the hot and dusty plain,
Where anxious thought and fevered brain
O'er troubles pore;

Where sin and shame in close embrace
Forever haunt our sight,
And passion in its headlong race
Outstrips the slow, majestic pace
Of snowy right.

But heights once gained, their cold air seems
To mingle with a heavenly glow
Of heat and light; and gladsome streams
With lilies laden as in dreams
Around us flow.

Beyond us stretches far and wide
The boundless sea of God's great love;
And o'er its surface spirits glide,
Their white wings now below the tide,
And now above.

And faintly on our listening ear
The sound of distant music falls;
Its soft strains floating pure and clear,
And whispering, as they linger near,
Celestial calls.

Thus in commune with Christ to greet
The advent of each toilsome day,
To lay our burdens at His feet,
And sun us in His presence sweet,
Is ours alway.

I HAVE learned to distrust all evidence of personal evil. The most searching tone of Our Lord's utterances, and one that grows every day in its significance upon me, is, "Judge not, that ye be not judged"; and not on grounds of charity, but truth. It is unmanly, impossible to judge of another: we do not even understand ourselves.—*Paschal Germain.*

The Martyrs of the Charterhouse.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

THE mournful history of the Anglican schism is well known to our readers; the numerous documents, hitherto unpublished, that have been lately brought to light give a complete picture of the fatal drama, whose final act was to cast the once blessed Isle of Saints into darkness and rebellion. We will not here go over a well-known history; but simply, for the better understanding of our narrative, recall the chief events that led to the final separation of England from the See of Rome.

Henry VIII. ascended the throne in 1509; and the same year, having obtained the necessary dispensation, he married his sister-in-law, Catherine of Aragon, the widow of his elder brother, Prince Arthur. For twenty years the royal pair lived in apparent harmony; although there could be no union of mind and heart between the proud, passionate, sensual Tudor King and the holy and gentle Spaniard, whom political interests had condemned to share his throne.

Although his private life was open to censure, Henry up to this time showed himself a fervent son of the Church, which he defended against the errors of Luther. It was not until his passion for Anne Boleyn induced him to demand the dissolution of his marriage with Catherine that, infuriated at the Pope's resistance, he declared the authority of the Holy See to be abolished in England. Ere long Queen Catherine was sent away, in spite of her courageous defence of her rights as lawful Queen of England. In 1533 Henry married Anne Boleyn, and caused her to be solemnly crowned at Westminster.

While these grave events were passing, the Charterhouse monks, in their silent

seclusion, continued their lives of prayer and penance. Rumors of the struggle then going on reached them from time to time. They heard how the King, supported by his creatures Cranmer and Cromwell, strove in vain to conquer the resistance of Pope Clement VII.; how the bishops, cowed by the despot's tyranny, showed themselves in general weak and yielding; how the courtiers, eager for plunder, rejoiced at the prospect of the suppression of the monasteries; and how, in the midst of almost universal servility, Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, and John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, boldly defended the rights of the Roman Pontiff.

So far, however, the tide of warfare had died away at the threshold of the quiet monastery; only sinister rumors were in the air. As they paced their silent cloisters, the sons of St. Bruno thought anxiously of the future. As often happens, when men's minds and nerves are on the stretch, in times of intense anxiety and excitement, mysterious signs in the heavens appeared to them to presage evil days. A contemporary historian tells us, for instance, how in 1533, the year of the King's sacrilegious marriage, a comet appeared and seemed to threaten the Charterhouse. Mysterious globes of fire were also seen, and struck terror into the hearts of the spectators. Nevertheless, the monks little thought that ere long they would be called upon to take an active part in the struggle.

In April, 1534, two royal commissioners, Roland Lee, Bishop of London, and Thomas Bedyll, appeared at the monastery gates, on the part of the King. Their object was to require the monks to accept an oath of supremacy recently drawn up, and also a new act of succession voted by Parliament, which act excluded the King's daughter by Catherine of Aragon from the throne, in favor of his children by Anne Boleyn.

John Houghton was called first. He began by declaring that he and his brethren, solely devoted as they were to the service of God, did not presume to meddle with politics. This evasive reply did not satisfy the commissioners: they pressed him closely on the question of the King's marriage. He then declared that he did not understand how a marriage sanctioned by the Church could be regarded as unlawful. This was enough, and on the spot Prior Houghton and his assistant, Humphrey Middlemore, were conveyed to the Tower of London. They submitted to their fate with calmness and content, resigned to suffer all things for the cause of truth and justice.

One of the chief features of the religious persecution under Henry VIII. is the mixture of cunning and of violence which was shown by the King and his representatives. Before openly condemning his victims, Henry spared no means to deceive and to delude them. He himself was a consummate hypocrite; and this trait in his character reveals itself, no less than his cruelty, in his dealings with those who resisted his caprices.

During their imprisonment, the two Carthusians were visited by Edward Lee, Archbishop of York, and Stokesley, Bishop of London, who had previously received their instructions from the King and his ministers. Feigning a sincere zeal for the good of religion, these prelates assured the prisoners that the act of succession was a purely political matter, and that by rejecting it they uselessly incurred the King's wrath and brought destruction on their monastery. These specious arguments deceived the two monks: they consented to accept the act of succession; but, fearful of transgressing, they accepted it only with this restriction: "So much as the law of God doth permit." They were then set free, and returned to the Charterhouse, where the brethren, in great anxiety, were waiting for tidings of their Prior.

Blessed John Houghton then related to them how he had been induced to follow the advice of two prelates whose

judgment he was bound to respect, and whose integrity he saw no reason to doubt. A contemporary historian gives us the closing words of his discourse: "My beloved brethren, my hour has not come. During the night that preceded my deliverance from prison, I had a dream, in which I clearly saw that before a year is over I shall again be taken to the Tower, and thence to execution. Truly, this is but a dream; nevertheless, I believe that new and harder trials will soon fall upon us. Meanwhile let us live together so long as we may without offending God."

A few days later the royal commissioners again came to the Charterhouse and requested all the religious to take the oath. They did so, convinced that the spiritual supremacy of the King was not implied in the formula; indeed the terms of the oath were so vague and specious that it was difficult to determine its real sense. Very soon afterward, however, these terms were altered, and a new clause was added by the King's command. Doubt was now no longer possible: those who took the oath thereby renounced the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. On the 15th of January, 1535, Henry added to his royal titles that of "*in terræ supremum caput Anglicanæ Ecclesiæ.*" The rupture with the Holy See was thus officially proclaimed.

Prior Houghton felt that now war was openly declared; all concessions were impossible; his path lay straight and clear before him, and it led to the martyr's crown which he had seen in his dreams. He assembled his brethren and spoke to them long and sadly. He foresaw that the elder monks would probably be sacrificed to the King's vengeance, that the novices and younger Fathers would be thrown upon the world without help or guidance; and, content to accept death for himself, he trembled when he thought of the temptations in store for his spiritual children. In moving words he imparted his fears to the assembled religious. "May Thy will be done, my God!" he concluded. "Give me only the strength to die for the honor of Thy name." Here his voice failed him; before his mind passed, as in a prophetic vision, the calamities about to fall on his country and on his monastery. He saw the apostasy of the Isle of Saints, the ruin of his beloved Charterhouse, the dispersion of its inmates, and, worse than all, the fall of many weak souls, unable to resist the shock of persecution.

The solemn silence was broken only by the sobs of the novices, moved by their Prior's visible emotion. By a strong effort Blessed John Houghton recovered himself. "We must be ready," he went on, "to obey our Master's summons at whatever hour it may please Him to call us. The best way for us to prepare for death seems to me as follows: we will celebrate a solemn *triduum*, or three days' prayer. We will begin by making a general confession the first day; the second day we will assemble in the chapter-house, and there beg forgiveness from one another for our mutual transgressions; the third day we will sing a Solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost, in order to obtain the grace to accomplish, at whatever cost, God's holy will."

The idea thus suggested was faithfully carried out; and when on the second day of the *triduum* the monks assembled in the chapter-house, their Prior spoke to them with still greater earnestness. He knew that the end was at hand, and his utterances had the gravity and importance of the words of one about to die. He concluded thus: "It is better to atone for our sins here below by pains that end rather than to incur eternal punishment. Now, my beloved sons, do as you see me do." He then knelt down by turn before each religious, from the oldest Father to the humblest lay-brother and youngest novice, and with many tears he begged pardon for his faults and bad example.

On the third day the Prior sang High Mass in presence of the community. A contemporary historian tells us that at the moment of the Consecration a mysterious breath of wind passed over those bowed heads, and seemed to infuse into the hearts of all new strength and fervor. The blessed Prior, pale and wan, but animated with a supernatural energy, encouraged his children again, exhorting them in particular to practise humility, without which there is no solid virtue. He foresaw more clearly than they did that the danger threatening them was no passing storm, but a radical change, an irreparable catastrophe, in which monastic life was to perish. With the clear-sightedness of an unusually holy soul, he knew that the days of Catholic England were numbered; that in the space of a few years the glorious relics of a saintly past would be swept from the face of the land. The following days were spent by the community in continual prayer; all felt that a crisis was at hand.

(To be continued.)

An Old Irish Town.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

OUTSIDE the capital of Dublin there are three Irish towns of surpassing interest to the student and the antiquarian: they are Youghal, Galway, and Kilkenny. Youghal is the most bewrittten and the most interesting. In its hoary streets, Knight Templars and Geraldines haunt you. In St. Mary's Church at eventide, under a flapping banner, you might think to see Walter Raleigh, with his sun-tinted and dominant face; or the gentle Spenser; or that hook-nosed and talon-fingered Boyle, the great Earl of Cork, who land-grabbed from Raleigh as relentlessly as he had from the Earls of Desmond. Hard by, in an oriel-window of the Warden's House, gabled and twisted-chimneyed and orieled like the loveliest of English manor-houses, Spenser read to his friend "The Faerie Queen," while Raleigh smoked the strange weed from Virginia, which, under the crazy yew-trees yonder, had procured for him that historic douche of cold water.

I could drone endlessly of Youghal. Kilkenny, which is my subject, remains in my mind as a brighter picture. I came into it of a clear evening in early spring, when the trees stood up leafless against a sky of delicate flame, and the blackbird was not yet sure of his song after months of disuse. The railway station is on rising ground: when we came out into the clear air, there were so many fine profiles of tower and spire against the sky that I thought at once Kilkenny was like one's first glimpse of an English university town. It did not disillusion one later; for it is spick and span far beyond the usage of Irish towns. It made one sigh to see the lovely ruins, each preserved under the Public Monuments Act, and reverently cared for. One's thoughts went to Youghal, among other towns, where the ruins have been ill treated, and reduced till there remains of them but a slender gable here and there, standing tall and forlorn amid the great rubbish heap, which is the God's Acre where saints and heroes were laid to sleep.

The streets of Kilkenny converge upon a wide, open space, like the *place* of a foreign town. Here are the two hotels and the banks; and looking upon one side the great, ramparted walls of Kilkenny Castle, the Marquis of Ormond's superb house. Farther away stretch the stables, castellated and imposing. Kilkenny was an Anglo-Norman town, and, like Dublin, New Ross and Limerick, had an Irish town lying outside its walls. The quarrels of the two Corporations, Irish and English, are said to have given rise to the "Kilkenny cats" story. The names of

streets—Rose-Inn Street, Maudlin Street, the Butts Green—are relics of the old domination. At this town, in a special Parliament convened there in 1367, was passed the famous Statute of Kilkenny, which forbade not only intermarriage with the Irish, but buying or selling with them, or accepting them as servants or apprentices.

William Marischal, who was Strongbow's son-in-law, raised Kilkenny from the ashes to which the Norman invaders had reduced it. He built the Castle and St. John's Priory; his son, also William Marischal, founded the Black Abbey of the Dominicans and the Abbey of St. Francis. So it will be seen Kilkenny owes much to the munificent Normans. Kilkenny Castle has no equal for splendor in Ireland, except, perhaps, the Duke of Devonshire's Lismore Castle, in neighboring Waterford. Its great gates and walls are nearly as high as the oaks and elms. It is built round three sides of a square, opening toward the river and the pleasant meadows. The Butlers were always a grasping and dominant race, and men of affairs in Irish history from the founder of the family, Theobald Fitz-Walter, created Chief Butler of Ireland by Henry II. in 1171. You will see a good many of their portraits in the picture-gallery, open to the most casual visitor. When I was there the Marquis was away, and the menials haughty,—far more haughty, said my Kilkenny guide, than the great man himself; so an humble prayer for a peep at drawing-rooms and state bedrooms was received with curt disdain. However, my Lord Marquis makes the world free of his beautiful picture-gallery, and one was within one's right there.

It is a lovely room of truly magnificent proportions, stretching away one hundred and five feet, with oriel-windows, and oak beams across the high ceiling, which, like the walls, is distempered of a rosy terra-cotta. There was a dim blue carpet on the floor, and here and there a cabinet or a table, with precious bits of china openly displayed. The pictures are very fine. There are many Vandykes. There is the Duke of Ormond, commander-in-chief of the Royalist army in the days of the Cromwellian invasion: a handsome and courtly person, with flowing love-locks, but loose-lipped and sensual, as so many fine gentlemen of his day seem to have been. There are many portraits of the Butlers. There are long rows of Sir Peter Lely's bare-necked dames of high degree; and Sir Godfrey Kneller's square cheeks and brows show a type brought in by the Dutch invasion. Of other portraits there are Montrose, melancholy and impassioned; and Strafford, sinister and masterful. The eternal weeping Magdalen of Guido is here. Canaletto flashes his turquoise Italian sky and water, his sunlit Venetian palaces, by the side of Salvator Rosa's blasted heaths and skies full of omen. A beautiful collection, yet none of it comparable to that picture of heaven's painting which one saw from the diamond-paned oriels buried in ivy—Nore, going green and liquid in the depths of verdure below the Castle wall; and lovely St. John's Bridge, with the green light in the water under its graceful arches; and St. John's College amid its meadows, standing out against the elms and beeches. The men who have such homes as this may well cling to their privileges, and count them "by Heavens, worth fighting for," as Lord Randolph Churchill said long ago to the Northern Orangemen.

One daughter of the race counted its privileges against Heaven itself. The priest who had shrived her urged that restitution of some Naboth's vineyard she had grabbed was requisite. She lay and looked at him with the death-rattle in her throat. It was a desirable morsel of land, and dovetailed with the Butlers' possessions to an exquisite nicety. "What will happen if I refuse?" she asked. "You may be lost for all eternity," replied the priest. She pondered, and took her choice. "Very well," she said; "better

one worn-out old woman should burn than that the Butlers should be docked of an inch of their possessions."

From the market-place, where you may see in the early morning the grey anthracite coal—which is one of Kilkenny's specialties—being disposed of in cart-loads, a High Street goes, narrowing at its farther end like the neck of a bottle. Kilkenny folk claim for their city

"Fire without smoke,
Water without mud;
And the streets paved with marble."

The high lights and polish of the pavements after rain prove that the most magnificent portion of the claim is not without foundation. The High Street is full of antiquities. The Market Cross is gone, and the house of Nicholas Shee,—the famous Parliament House of Kilkenny, where on the 24th of October, 1642, the Confederates met under the presidency of Lord Mountgarret. That was the most splendid moment for the national hopes of Ireland in all her history. Owen Roe O'Neill was at the head of the Irish army; and the loyal Catholics of the Pale, stung into rebellion by the savage Penal Acts following on the bogus massacre of 1641, were for once shoulder to shoulder with the mere Irish, who were otherwise so little congenial to them. The hall where they met was forty-nine feet by forty-seven, admirably equipped for such an assembly, with high oak benches half-way up to the mullioned and arched windows; for the repose of the lords, spiritual and temporal, and the honorable Commons, who assembled there in state. A little later came Rinuccini, the Papal Legate, with counsel and help. Kilkenny received him splendidly, as he himself tells us; but, alas! the glory went out like a bubble.

The destiny which withers the hopes of Ireland when they seem fairest was accomplished. Owen Roe died of an enemy's poison. He left his native Irish, as Thomas Davis says, alliteratively,

"Sheep without a shepherd when the snow shuts out the sky."

He left the Lords of the Pale, already chafing at association with their natural serfs, without one to compel them. Rinuccini was magnificent. When the great leader, half-deified with victories, was gone, he was the one to snatch up the flag and hold it. The Lords of the Pale broke away and made terms with the Duke of Ormond, the King's viceroy. They decked Kilkenny one day with festoons of laurel, another day and the signs of rejoicing were torn down by the people. David Rothe, the old Bishop of Kilkenny—you will see his tomb up in St. Canice's, built in his lifetime, with the inscription recording how he "cleansed this church from heresy and schism," deftly chiselled away,—aided by the Nuncio, issued an interdict against the makers of the false and hollow peace. But the mischief was done, and the high hopes faded away like a mirage.

Between Palesmen and Irish chiefs there was little possibility of friendship. To the Lords of the Pale the Irish were barbarians; while the Irish, on their part, cordially distrusted and disliked those polished allies. Many an Irish chieftain would in those days have thoughts such as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy puts in words:

"Let silken Howth and savage Slane kiss the tyrant's rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his monarch to his God.
Little we'd miss their father's sons, the marchmen of the Pale,
If Irish hands and Irish hearts had Spanish blade and mail.
Then let them stay to bow and fawn, or fight with cunning words;
I fear me more their courtly arts than England's hireling swords;
Nathless their creed, they hate us still as the despoiler hates.
Could they love us and love their prey, our kinsmen's lost estates?"

For, you see, those Lords of the Pale were little like the Fitzgeralds, or the other great Norman families, who had gone out among the people of the country, and by Irish fosterage, and by intermarriage

with the Irish, had become more Irish than the Irish. Those Palesmen had kept ever within the English boundaries, watched and guarded; hating the warlike Irish who were wont to make armed descents from the mountains to carry off the sleek cattle, and on occasion came battering with their terrible war-cry at the gates of the city itself, setting the wealthy burghers and the dainty courtiers to shiver.

The burghers of Kilkenny—the Shees, the Graces, the Rothes, the Langtons—were well in the Irish movement by 1642, despite their Norman descent. They were as magnificent as any Flemish burgher, befurred and bevelveted, in the great days for merchantmen of the Middle Ages. Nicholas Shee, whose house contained a chamber fit even for a Parliament, did not stand alone in opulence. The High Street is full of remains of grandeur. Grace's Old Castle is the court-house. Henry Shee's house is in fine preservation, its twisted chimney-stacks and gables and eyelidded windows being quite unimpaired, as well as its escutcheon and inscription—"Henry Shee of Kilkenni, gentleman, and Frances Crisp, his wife's armes." The Langton house springs over an open story of arches. In a stable-yard, half in ruins, at its rear, we found a tablet in the wall: "The insignia of Nicholas Langton, who built this house, 1609."

The Rothe house has double courtyards entered by arched ways. Its oak ceilings and floors are in good preservation. In 1849 a beautiful, worked banner of green silk, which was probably carried before the Nuncio in the great procession, was found behind the oak wainscoting. You may see it at the Archæological Society's little museum, full of valuable things, but somewhat unclassed and disarranged when I was there. The Archæological Society is happily still a thriving fact, where creeds and politics meet without clashing. The Rothe house is tableted, "1594. The arms of John Rothe, son of John Fitzpiers."

You may go down a wretched lane in Kilkenny, and see before you a house over an archway, with carved mouldings on the windows, like the master's lodge at some stately college. The Archer house so approached is now a wretched tenement. I suppose the inhabitants are used to the incursions of archæologists; for we disturbed many folk at their avocations without our presence being resented. We went through a kitchen reeking with soapsuds to find a coat of arms of some Archer, sunk by the side of a stone steps down a narrow well of buildings.

You must go back of the High Street, however, to find the most interesting house in Kilkenny—Kyteler's Inn, the house of Dame Alice Kyteler, the Kilkenny witch. We Irish are proud that we made no martyrs and burnt no witches, the exception to the latter case being Petronilla, Dame Alice's maid, who had not her mistress' high connections to save her. I'm sure our Dame Alice is one of the oldest witches on record. She was tried in 1324. The Irish witch usually contents herself with transferring the butter from her neighbor's churn, or the milk from the cow's udders, or the chickens from the sitting hen. Dame Alice was acquisitive in a larger way. For her son, William Outlaw, who lived in Walkin Street, she wrought the spell,

> "Unto the house of William my sonne
> Hie all the wealth of Kilkenni town,"

which was to enrich him at the expense of his neighbors. She was also accused of poisoning her four husbands; of demon-worship; of sacrificing living animals to a demon she called "Artis Filium." The Bishop of Ossory, De Ledrede, was her accuser. There was a fierce trial; for Dame Alice was connected with the most powerful families in Ireland. Her kinsman, Roger Outlaw, Chancellor of Ireland, defended her; and at one time it seemed likely enough the Bishop might take the prisoner's place. However, he triumphed finally; and Dame Alice took French leave of

Kilkenny,—the ill-starred Petronilla being burnt at the stake, and her ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven.

In the garden at the back of Kyteler's Inn is the Well of St. Kieran. I wonder if it was reputed holy in the witch's time? Now it flows into a baptismal font, and the light comes in upon it from overhead, showing a walled-up window of what was once St. Kieran's Chapel. A pink-frocked child brought me a cup from the witch's house, to taste the efficacious water. Grey pigeons were strutting about on their little scarlet legs, preening in the sun. Whatever of terrible was about the place seemed to have left no memory.

Not far off from Kyteler's Inn is the Abbey of St. Francis, now a quiet flower garden within, with green creepers trailing over the hoary sedilia. From across the river one sees at night its great eastern window naked and delicate, its seven spaces filled in by steel sky and stars. The children press their faces against the gates to see snowdrop and crocus and tall yellow daffodil in bloom. A robin sings in the clear, frosty spring evening. A ruin like this, so reverently tended, is worth many prosperities.

In the Abbey orchard, where the monks grew russets and peach-apples, the first faint pink was on the boughs; for it is still an orchard. I suppose by this it is all out in a foam of rose and white. Here there is a tower, and a bit of the old town wall where Cromwell made his first breach, but was beaten back by Sir Walter Butler and his troop. Another bit of the wall runs through a nail-maker's shop in the mouth of the High Street, and the worthy man hammers his nails upon it with all the unconcern in the world. There are relics of the old walls everywhere about the town. In the days of fortification even, the men of Kilkenny made the walls beautiful; as at Oxford, in New College gardens, the long stretch of wall is made to add another beauty to a garden which is already nobly endowed. Kilkenny walls were built with niches within for garden statues, and on the broad plateau at top were beds of flowers and winding walks.

The Bull Ring was close by St. Francis' Abbey. The last bull-baiting was held so late as 1837. Long before that it had ceased to be honored. In 1700 the high official, who was known as "Lord of the Bull Ring," was decreed by a corporate vote to have his title altered to "High Constable." The bull-baiting was left to butchers and the like, once the Corporation frowned upon it; but that honorable body condoned for giving up baiting the bull by sanctioning cock-fighting. It is on the civic records that the Corporation granted £20 for a cockpit in 1747. The pleasures of Kilkenny folk were very much like those of an English town at the same date. They once had Mystery Plays too, performed at the Market Cross, over against the Langton house.

St. Canice's is built with a low brown tower and squat arches of enormous strength. A round tower, which was old when the hoary Cathedral was young, stands by its side among the many graves. The tower might say to the Cathedral, as the eagle to the oak in the old rhyme:

"When you were an acorn on the tree top,
Then was I an eagle-cock;
Now you are a withered old block,
Still am I an eagle-cock."

Within all is grey and quiet, heavy curtains shutting out sounds of the living. Around are marble knights in armor, and dames with long plaited gowns and horned caps of the time of the Wars of the Roses; all lying, hands clasped and peaceful, upon their slabs. The priceless stained windows which De Ledrede put in were trampled into gold and jewel dust, when Cromwell's Ironsides stabled their chargers here. "They left it roofless, took away five of the great and goodly bells, and broke all the windows," says a chronicler of that day. The transepts, aisles, and chapelries are all lonely, with too much of the cold

daylight pouring into them. In one place droops the dusty ensigns of battle. Viscount Mountgarret's splendid tomb is here—empty forever, for the President of the Confederate Council and General of the Forces died far away. All the Butlers sleep here, from him whose scroll begins with a fervent "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," down to him who records that he was Colonel of the Kilkenny Militia. You may find De Ledrede among the effigies by his Franciscan Cord and naked feet. The Cathedral is supposed to have been built in 1192.

The Black Abbey of the Dominicans dates later: William Earl Marischal built it in 1225. The Dominicans have it once more, and care for it reverently. A great part of the old building stands: the tower, the nave, the south transept. By a stone seat, whereon saints sat chanting nearly seven hundred years ago, people were waiting for confession that Saturday I was there. There are lovely windows in the south transept. One thinks, seeing those worshippers kneeling there, of the divine continuity of the Church, which has not changed her dogmas or her ritual in all those ages, when the houses of the world, builded upon quicksands, are not even a memory. Blue-Beard Harry sequestrated the Black Abbey and its possessions even to the altar vessels. In a stable overlooking a little tributary of the Nore we found a window of the Dominican's library, arched and pierced, and lovely in its degradation. Kilkenny is a mosaic of old and new, and such relics are everywhere.

St. John's Abbey, across the river, was called the Lantern of Ireland, because of the exquisite lightness and airiness of its design. One slender mullioned window follows another, and in the old days the place must indeed have been like a lantern of priceless stained glass. The great eastern window still stands perfect, clothed in the ivy. With all the windows filled with silver of moonlight instead of gold and colors, this ruin was inexpressibly beautiful.

We Irish are in love with our ruins. Only a nation which has lived yesterday can so cling to the relics which remind it of past glories. You Americans, whose inheritance is the fulness of earth, have no ruins. Your old colleges and cathedrals are but the richer for their great age. We, in centuries of war and devastation, have let our precious things come to ruins,—so dear and pathetic that one's thoughts, full of them, can not dwell upon lesser things.

Kilkenny has a social history which would take an article to itself. Theatricals, dancing, hunting, drinking, gaming,—Kilkenny caught the dare-devil gaiety of Dublin life before the Rebellion of '98, and rollicked rather more madly than the capital. But I have no space for it; nor for modern churches, which are fine and imposing,—for we do not cease to be a nation of church builders. The past does not make one melancholy in Kilkenny as it does in other Irish towns; for people seem to care for the things that belong to it. Altogether, with its Castle and churches and abbeys, and its lovely river, I think Kilkenny the most beautiful town I have seen in Ireland.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

AN UNPLEASANT TRUTH.

WHY do we dislike people at all? Why is it that we are not content to take certain folk at the valuation which charity commends? Why is it that the whisper of one person, his peculiar glance, his special tone or manner, irritates us, and intensifies certain prejudices against him? We may not be unwilling to believe evil of him, but would *anything* surprise us?

Now, what is the root of all this? On reflection, it will be discovered that the

object of prejudice has not robbed us or calumniated us—though he may have given to a few confidential friends a not too flattering estimate of our character,—and that, on the whole, he has innumerable good qualities. And yet we can see no good in him; and, worse still, we are inclined to distrust that friend who sees good in him. For, unhappily, we do not always insist that our friends should love our friends, but we do insist that they shall hate our enemies.

The sunsets blaze, the buds burst, and the world seems to float through an ocean of perfumes; a thousand pleasant things are about us, and yet this one person blots out everything for the time. And probably he is unconscious of the space he occupies in our horizon. A friend speaks well of him: the friend is a traitor. If he had given us a mortal offence, it would be easy to forgive him his existence. The greatest wrongs are sometimes the easiest to forgive. But the curious part of it all is that we know we are unreasonable, and that we do not want to be reasonable. "We will drown, and nobody shall save us,"—that phrase expresses the state of the prejudiced man.

Nevertheless, this does not prevent us from finding reasons for our state of mind, and from strengthening our position with ropes of sand. He differs with us on many subjects: his politics are all wrong; he sneers at our doctor's methods; he does not like American cooking; he shrugs his shoulders when our opinions on sermons are quoted, because he finds us too old-fashioned. We have heard all this from time to time, and many more things, for which we dislike him. We salve our conscience by declaring over and over again that we would not do him the least harm in the world. And yet when his name is mentioned why are we so ostentatiously silent? And when he is praised, how chill we can make the atmosphere!

In our hearts we do not credit him with evil intentions: we know well that he is as honest as we give ourselves credit for being; and there are admirable points in his character which we are willing to admit—when nobody is near.

A curious condition of things is that this state of mind is quite compatible with the highest Christian profession on our part, and the faculty of condemning everybody else who is in a similar state of mind,—which goes to show that we look at the faults of others with our eye to the small end of the glass, while we apply the large end of that organ when we gaze at our own.

Self-analysis is a great help to the virtue of humility. The danger is, however, that we learn soon to consider extreme self-analysis a virtue in itself, and thus lose our humility,—for humility is so evanescent that the moment we think it ours it takes wings and flies away. It is better perhaps to feel humiliated than humble,—or, at least, to think that we are humiliated when we have perhaps begun to be humble.

But if we carry out our self-analysis relentlessly, what shall we find? That the object of this constant dislike has done nothing to justify it; that one of two things has occurred: we, whose pride is in our perception and strength of mind, have taken his character at the valuation of a third person, or—but this supposition is so impossible that it is impertinent to mention it:—for who of us has vanity? Who of us is so like the mere rabble of other people as to have such a vulgar quality? Pride? Oh, yes, we may be proud—or, rather, full of self-respect,—but none of us are vain! How could anybody wound our vanity when we have none? And yet, in most cases, this prejudice, which is un-Christian and unkind and unreasonable, comes, not from a wound to our principles, but a wound to our—vanity!

THE chief cause of our misery is less the violence of our passions than the feebleness of our virtues.—*Abbé Roux.*

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most gratifying signs of the times in this age and country is, to our mind, the continuous and ever-broadening sweep of the current of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The main features of Catholic life are reflected in the Catholic press; and no child of Mary who scanned the columns of our contemporaries during the past month could fail to experience the liveliest joy at the manifold evidences to be found therein of the universality of special devotions to the celestial Queen of the May. It is significant, too, that as devotion to our Blessed Lady increases among Catholics, her exalted rank and her importance in the Divine economy is becoming better understood and appreciated by our non-Catholic brethren. No scholarly Protestant dreams nowadays of asserting that we place the Mother above the Son; to do so would be to forfeit all claim to scholarship, and to proclaim oneself a disingenuous bigot. Let us trust that, as a fruit of our increasing devotion, the day may not be far distant when the only contention as to Our Lady will be—who shall give her greatest honor.

On the 3d ult. the Benedictine monastery and chapel of Mount Angel, Oregon, were totally destroyed by fire; and as a result the Fathers and Brothers are left almost destitute. A college standing some fifty paces from the monastic buildings was saved by the heroic action of the students, led by some of the Benedictines. Although, happily, no lives were lost, the sad facts remain that this devoted band of religious are left houseless, and the Archdiocese of Oregon is deprived of a home for its seminarians. Archbishop Gross has published a pastoral letter on the subject, addressed to the people of Oregon, soliciting the assistance of the charitable.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, a high authority in English medical circles, recently delivered before the London Medical Society an address on "Sex and Education." "The address," says the Liverpool *Times*, "is a long one, and full to overflowing with medical proofs that the modern idea of forcing women's education to a level with that of men is absolutely wrong. He points out that the differences between men and women are universal, and involve every organ and every tissue. The mass and weight of the brain in all people and races without exception is, on the average, greater in men than in women. The internal structure of the brain is different; and the blood supply is so arranged by the bloodvessels that it goes more copiously to one part of the brain in man and to another part of that organ in woman. The blood itself differs considerably in the sexes.... Bearing all this in mind, and viewing the system pursued, with its high average of headaches, spectacles, and stooping gaits, he does not hesitate, he says, to affirm that over-pressure is rampant in high schools for girls in England to-day; the checks imposed on evening home work being nominal and not real."

The over-pressure prevails in this country even to a greater extent than in England; but American women will be slow to admit the results to which the Doctor's conclusions point.

In a notice of the annual report of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith, the London *Tablet* relates this edifying little story:

"Some eight years ago an unknown Irishman sent to the Society a sum of 50,000 francs, through the late Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. It has since been ascertained that at the time when he sent the money he thought he was dying, and so gave all he had in the world, except a few hundred francs kept for his burial. But to his surprise he recovered, and then faced the world in silence and penury. For years he lived in extreme want, never speaking of his former fortune or the way it had gone. It was only within a week of his death, which occurred recently, that he revealed his secret, else the Society which had benefited by his generosity would assuredly not have left him to want."

The clamor for Women's Rights is louder than ever. The approaching political campaign explains the commotion; and, as President Lincoln once said, pullets are crowing all over the land. What more do women want? The future of America lies in their

hands. But oh the pity of it! Thousands of girls, Catholics as well as Protestants, spend their youth in a vain hunt after notoriety and pleasure. When they marry they find household cares irksome and disagreeable. How can such women teach their children what they do not know themselves, or educate them properly either in heart or mind? Superficial, flippant, and wedded to gaiety, idleness and folly as they are, their little ones more often a burthen than a joy, they do not realize—or, if they do, unfortunately care little—that

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

A missionary life ranging over a full half century, and spent in fields as wide apart as are Eastern Bengal and the American Northwest,—such was the career recently honored by the celebration of the Rev. L. S. A. Baroux's Golden Jubilee. Born in sunny France seventy-five years ago, he came to Notre Dame in 1846, and shortly after took charge of the mission work among the Pottawatomie Indians. From 1852 to 1859 he labored among the Bengalese and Hindoos in a district about five hundred miles from Calcutta. For the past thirty years he has been doing valiant service in his original field of labor, and has won the fondest affection of all classes with whom he comes in contact. "There is no better loved priest in all the Northwest," says the *Michigan Catholic;* and assuredly there are few whose lives so teem with all the elements of romance. We unite our voice with countless others in wishing the venerable Father Baroux still greater length of days and an abundance of all good gifts.

The May Festival just terminated in Cincinnati was not more remarkable as a musical convention than as a tribute to the power of the Church to inspire genius. The text of the entire score, with the exception, of course, of Opera Night, was drawn from the Catholic liturgy. To hear Mendelssohn's great oratorio "St. Paul" even approximately rendered is a liberal education in itself; and the grand *Requiem* Mass by Dvorak, chanted by a chorus of five hundred trained voices, accompanied by Thomas' Orchestra of one hundred and twenty pieces, might well enkindle faith in hearts the most apathetic. It must have been strange, however, to see this great musical drama enacted on the very stage where, two weeks previously, Ingersoll had regaled an audience of God-haters with the inanities of atheism and blasphemy. It would be interesting to compare the intellectual status of the two audiences.

The episcopate of New England suffers a notable loss in the death of the Rt. Rev. Patrick Thomas O'Reilly, Bishop of Springfield, which took place on the 28th ult. Only fifty-eight years of age, the deceased prelate was in the very prime of his intellectual vigor; but he had grown physically old before his time. A general favorite, Bishop O'Reilly has left many thousands of sincere mourners to lament his early demise, and to pray for his speedy entrance into the home of eternal peace. The success of his administration may be judged from the fact that the thirty-eight parishes, forty-three priests, and eighty thousand faithful of whom he took charge when consecrated twenty-two years ago, have grown to ninety parishes, one hundred and seventy-eight priests, and a lay population of one hundred and seventy thousand. *R. I. P.*

The exposition of a relic of St. Anne in New York roused the ire of many metropolitan bigots, and the report of miraculous cures through its instrumentality was received with incredulous sneers. As the *Catholic Review* observes, these same persons "would have been scandalized if they had witnessed the conduct of some of the first Christians, who, as related in the Acts of the Apostles, took handkerchiefs and towels that had touched the body of St. Paul to the sick, in order that the diseases might depart from them. But they would have received no comfort from the Apostle of the Gentiles, who permitted his disciples to do this, and had no fear that they would idolize the cloths or dishonor God by venerating relics."

Another leading figure of the Oxford Movement has been removed from the human

stage by the death of the Rev. William Lockhart, rector of St. Ethelreda's Church, London. His secession from Anglicanism was the immediate cause of Dr. Newman's resigning the rectorship of St. Mary's (Anglican) Church. Father Lockhart became a Catholic at the expiration of a brief visit to Father Gentili, of the Fathers of Charity, the Institute of which he has been an eminent member during the past half century. Father Lockhart was the author of a life of Rosmini and other works. An indefatigable missionary, he spared himself in naught, and death found him with his hand still at the plough. One of the most prominent figures among the English clergy, his passing away has occasioned widespread grief; but his memory will long survive, and to myriad hearts will ever prove a benediction. *R. I. P.*

New Publications.

A Martyr of Our Own Times. Life of the Rev. Just de Bretenières, Missionary-Apostolic. From the French of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. d'Hulst. Edited by the Very Rev. J. R. Slattery. Benziger Brothers.

On the long list of those who in modern times have been eminently holy, now and then a name stands out written in letters of light; and none is more conspicuous than that of the saintly priest, the story of whose life Mgr. d'Hulst has so well set forth in this interesting volume, edited in its English dress by the Very Rev. Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary in Baltimore. It is a simple tale, well told, which to adorn would be to spoil,—the recital of the struggles, joys and martyrdom of a young French priest, who was so humble that he was unconscious of his heroism, and so holy that the Way of the Cross was a "primrose path." One of the old French *noblesse*, he was surrounded from his birth with an atmosphere of refinement and gentleness; and his prospects were such that in abandoning the allurements of the world to become a missionary in Corea, he gave up all that the world is wont to call of value. This biography must prove an inspiration to other young men, who, like him, have given up all to follow our Blessed Lord; for the fires of the apostolic spirit burned fiercely in his soul, and Mgr. de Hulst has been a faithful chronicler.

An extended sketch of Père Just, under the title "A Companion of Bishop Berneux," was contributed to these columns some time ago by the Comtesse de Courson. It was inspired by the original of the volume before us.

Agnosticism, New Theology and Old Theology, on the Natural and Supernatural. By the Rev. Joseph Selinger, D. D. Hoffmann Brothers Co.

Though written especially for theological students, this treatise will be found interesting and suggestive to every thoughtful reader among the intelligent laity. As its title indicates, it deals with those great phases of modern thought which have been evolved in a blind effort to set forth a religion of reason or a religion of the future. The distinction between the natural and the supernatural which lies at the foundation of Christianity is denied or ignored by our "freethinkers"; and weak reason, discarding the aid of revelation, invents most absurd theories. With dogmatic precision, deep thought, and authoritative demonstration, Dr. Selinger explains the true idea of the natural and supernatural, exposes the sophistry of the agnostic and so-called Neo-Theologians, and establishes the "conclusion" which Christianity teaches and impresses upon the minds and hearts of its adherents. The treatise is a valuable contribution to the polemic literature of the day; though much that is obscure, especially in the first section, might be made clearer by greater attention to English idiom and arrangement of sentences.

My Water-Cure. By Sebastian Kneipp, Parish Priest of Wörishofen, Bavaria. F. Pustet & Co. B. Herder. Muehlbauer & Behrle.

This work embodies the results of forty years' experience in the practical application of a remedial agent to which the author, now in his seventy-fifth year, attributes the preservation of his life and health. While a young man in the pursuit of his studies for the sacred ministry, Father Kneipp became broken down, physically and mentally, and was pronounced incurable by several prominent physicians. A

little book treating of the water-cure came to his notice; and, acting upon its suggestions, within two years he was restored to perfect health, finished his studies, and was ordained priest. Since that time his zeal for the good of others has led him to devote the time that could be spared from spiritual cares to making known the benefits he had experienced, and applying his remedy for the alleviation of physical ailments. His name has become a household word throughout Germany, and in thousands of cases his system of water-cure has been eminently successful. Numerous establishments have sprung up throughout Germany, and are directed, with the best results, by physicians who have studied Father Kneipp's system and practised under his directions.

In view of the wonderful success attending his ministrations, he was induced about four years ago to give to the public his system, as developed and perfected by his long experience. The result was this book, which met with a wonderful sale, having in less than four years passed through thirty-six editions. The work before us is a translation from the last German edition. It is divided into three parts: part first, explaining the different applications of water; part second, treating in a general way of the most useful *materia medica;* and part third, speaking of the most common diseases and their remedies. The work forms an octavo volume of about four hundred pages; and, if success be taken as an indication of merit, this exposition of Father Kneipp's system can not be too strongly commended to the attention of the public.

THE SEALED PACKET. A Story for Girls. By Marion J. Brunowe H. L. Kilner & Co.

Another bright and attractive story from the pen of Miss Brunowe is "The Sealed Packet," essentially a book for girls. It deals, in a thoroughly interesting manner, with the haps and mishaps incident to the school-life of a number of young people. The usual loves and hates, ambitions and rivalries, that crop out in most schools show themselves in Madam Wilde's Seminary, and the reader finds his sympathies enlisted in various quarters. The author has invested the story of Nita the heroine with an air of mystery sure to delight her young readers, to whom the unravelling of the plot will be of absorbing interest. The characters, though not commonplace, are such as one would expect to find in a family of happy, healthy boys and girls, whose budding virtues are side by side with insipient faults, the latter growing "beautifully less" as the story advances. The moral tone of the book is healthy and elevating.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. of St. Urbana, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Rose Anthony and Sister Mary Eustella, of the Sisters of Charity, who were lately called to the reward of their devoted lives.

Mr. Philip A. Murdoch, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who passed away on the 16th ult.

Mrs. Mary Drach, who breathed her last on the 1st ult., at Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Edward F. McHugh, who died a holy death in Albany, N. Y., on Good-Friday.

Mrs. Ellen Cahill, whose life closed peacefully on the 20th ult., at Cohoes, N. Y.

Mr. James Conway, who was called to a better life on the 25th ult., in Boston, Mass.

Mr. Cornelius Sullivan, of Lowell, Mass., who departed this life on the 21st ult.

Mrs. Norah Dee, whose happy death took place on the 26th ult., at Butte, Mont.

Mrs. Mary Toner, of Derry, Pa., who piously yielded her soul to God on the 22d ult.

Mrs. Mary McEvoy, of Ottawa, Canada, whose good life was crowned with a happy death on the 5th ult.

Miss Mary V. Connolly, who passed from this life on the 21st ult., at S. Bethlehem, Pa.

William H. Phillipson, William Rielly, James W. Lamb, Mrs. Margaret J. Murray, Mrs. Mary Glendon, Mrs. Mary Carr, Miss Ellen Mee, Miss Margaret Pew, Miss Catherine Powers, Miss Annie M. Martin, and Patrick Fahey,—all of Albany, N. Y.; Thomas E. Ryan, Mrs. Edward Sifke, Mrs. Thomas Tanner, Mrs. Catherine Mulvihill, and Miss Julia Galvin,—all of Cincinnati, Ohio; Thomas H. Gerrity, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget McKeown, Philadelphia, Pa; Mrs. Mary McElroy, San Francisco, Cal.; James and Ellen Daley, Michael and Ellen Kiernan, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Schneider, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Miss Ellen Brislin, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen McKay, Allegheny, Pa.; and Mr. Terrence P. Cunningham, Dorchester, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Lucy's Luck.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.

"I WONDER how it is that Lucy Brown gets all the first prizes? This is the third year; and, for my part, I think it's a little tiresome. She *is* wonderfully lucky," said a girl of about thirteen to her companion of the same age, as they walked home from school on the last day of the term.

"It can't be called luck, Annie," was the reply; "for we weren't equal, and there was no drawing for prizes. I think it is because she studies hard."

"She doesn't study one bit harder than you or I, or any of the other girls,—of course excepting the dunces," answered Annie. "To be sure, I am not eternally plodding over my books, in doors and out; but I nearly study my eyes out the last few days before examination. And Lucy never seems any more anxious or studious then than at any other time. She's such an awfully slow, steady, poky thing!"

"That is why she comes out first, I suppose," said Mary,—"because she is so steady. Father says quiet perseverance is a surer help to success than brilliancy."

"Well, poor old Luce will never set the world on fire, anyway. As for me, I don't need to. I haven't got to work for my living, like she will have to do."

"No one can tell what may happen to any of us, mother says," answered her more conservative companion.

"O Mary Watts, you're always quoting your father and mother till I'm sick of hearing it! And you've been going so much with Lucy of late that you will soon be taken for twins—oh, there she comes now! Run and meet her. I sha'n't interrupt you. Good-bye!"

So saying the thoughtless girl ran down a side street, while Mary waited for the newcomer.

"Lucy," she said when she came nearer, "I am glad you won the prize again."

"I am glad myself," replied Lucy, "because it will please mother so. I *do* study hard,—I have to. I think you and Annie could learn a page of history in one-fourth of the time it takes me to do it. I often wish I had your quickness."

"You have diligence, and that is better. As I was telling Annie when you came up, I think there is no luck about it."

"If you only knew how hard I have to study, Mary, you would be *sure* there is no luck about it."

The girls parted at Mary's home, and Lucy walked on to the little cottage where her mother awaited her. For most of the other girls vacation meant enjoyment and rest,—for some a little trip or change of scene, for others recreation in their own homes. But for Lucy it was a season of

renewed labor; for then she did all the work of the household, that her mother might devote more time to the sewing by which she earned their subsistence. But it was a labor of love; and, the morning's work over, nothing pleased Lucy better than to be able to sit beside her gentle mother and help her in various little ways.

II.

"It's nothing but luck! Lucy gets everything! At school it was just the same," said a slatternly girl of fifteen or thereabouts, as she dawdled over her coffee at a disorderedly breakfast table in a dirty kitchen. "Ma said I might take the place if I liked, though I wouldn't have kept it long—only till I could get myself a new winter dress; but I wouldn't let Madam Müller know that, if I got it."

The speaker paused to draw a long breath, and help herself to another piece of toast, which she slopped up and down in her coffee as she continued:

"I didn't think there was any great hurry, and I did want to look decent; so I waited a little while longer than I ought to, perhaps, to curl my hair and put that red feather ma gave me on my hat."

"Well," said her listener, a boy two or three years older than herself, who sat at the opposite side of the table, "what time did the advertisement call for?"

"Nine o'clock," was the reply. "But that's awfully early in winter, and who'd have thought there would have been anybody there at that time?"

The boy laughed aloud. "You've got no business faculty, Sallie,—not the least bit, or you'd know that punctuality lies at the bottom of all success in life."

"Hear the oracle!" replied his sister. "Just because you've got a situation with Quait & Co., weighing out groceries, you think you know all about those things! But I was saying—"

"Yes, you were. Go ahead!"

"Who should I meet coming out of the shop but Lucy, in that old faded frock of hers, her mother's *broché* shawl pinned, scarf fashion, tight around her shoulders, a pair of cotton gloves on her hands, and that old hat with the grey ribbon on her head,—I'm sure Noah's wife wore it in the Ark."

"I'll bet five cents her dress was clean, if it *was* faded; and her shoe-buttons weren't half off; and if she did have cotton gloves, her fingers weren't sticking through them."

Sallie's face flushed as she answered: "'Taint long since you got so orderly yourself, Jim. And Lucy said in that prim little way of hers: 'O Sallie, I fear you were going to look for the place, and I have it!'"

"What did you say?"

"Told her no such thing; was only down town to buy some hairpins. Four dollars a week she says,—to sweep out the shop and run errands, and learn to line hats when she's nothing else to do."

"Tell you what, Sallie," said the boy, getting up from the table, "what you want to do is to hustle round here and clean up and keep things tidy, and then sit down and mend your clothes and mine. With father's pension, and the money invested from his life-insurance, and my wages, there is no need for you to go out to work. This house is scandalously dirty, and you're getting too big to neglect it. You know mother isn't any use to clean up; and how you can sit down in this dirt day after day, I don't know. Yesterday morning Mrs. Quait sent me over to Lucy's to ask Mrs. Brown to come and see her about some sewing. They've got carpet on their kitchen, and it looks like a parlor. It is clean as wax, with a sewing-machine, and a table covered with a red cloth, and a canary. Why can't you keep things that way here?"

The door of an adjoining bedroom opened, and a pale, untidy-looking woman entered.

"What are you fussing about, children?" she asked, querulously. "I'd have got up long ago, but I was so interested in that

LIBRARY

lovely story in the weeklies Mrs. Ashtran lent me, that I never lay down till the clock struck two."

The boy bit his lips; but he had some respect for his mother, and checked the reply he felt prompted to make. He said:

"We were not fussing, mother. I was just telling Sallie she ought to try and keep the house more tidy."

"Yes, and holding Lucy Brown up to me for a model," added his sister.

"None of our family was raised to work," said the mother. "We're not to be mentioned with the Browns. We had negro servants before the war—no one knows where the Browns came from."

"No one cares either," shouted Jim, "as long as they're clean and decent. Everyone knows that Sallie's the most untidy, careless, shiftless girl in Alton."

So saying he seized his cap, and, closing the door with a bang, went off to his work.

Meanwhile in Lucy's home her mother was busily cleaning and pressing an old black cashmere dress of her own, preparatory to making it up for her daughter, who was to go to her first situation on the following Monday. Madam Müller had selected her from several others because of her neat appearance.

That four dollars a week meant a great deal to those two, who were all the world to each other, and with whom it was a question of keeping the wolf from the door from day to day. It meant coal for the winter and a new stove, perhaps some warm underclothing for both, and the payment of taxes on the little home. Therefore it was a very hopeful and bright-eyed Lucy that presented herself on Monday morning at Madam Müller's fashionable millinery shop. And when her new mistress saw the dexterity with which she took down and dusted boxes and rearranged the contents of the showcases, her sharp eyes twinkled, and she said confidentially to her forewoman: "Now, indeed, we have a treasure!"

III.

Six years have passed. It is a busy morning at the principal millinery establishment in Alton; for it is opening day. The shop has been painted and renovated inside and out; and above the door may be read in large, newly-gilt letters the sign, "Madam Müller & Miss Lucy Brown. Fashionable Millinery."

Dressed in her best black silk, with real lace collar and cuffs, Madam is smilingly passing among the groups of ladies assembled to admire, criticise and view her beautiful display of goods. A tiny woman, in plain black cashmere, flits to and fro, answering questions and fetching bonnets to be tried on. It is Mrs. Brown, Lucy's mother, who for some time past has been a valued and obliging assistant in the shop. And there, in the midst of a lively group, consisting of several young ladies and two or three more advanced in years, is Lucy, her fair hair gathered into a womanly knot, her eyes brighter, her cheeks more round and rosy than they were six years ago, when she entered as errand-girl the store where she is now joint proprietor with Madam Müller.

That lady was not wrong in her prediction. Lucy proved to be the treasure she had thought her. Step by step she rose, until as head saleswoman she could command a salary of twenty dollars a week. Then a new and rival firm made her an offer which was still more liberal. Having communicated the fact to her employer, that lady asked her what she was going to do about it. Lucy answered:

"If you do not feel, Madam, that you can in justice to yourself give me the salary they have offered me, I shall remain with you as I am. I know you will do what is right; and I should be very ungrateful to give up an assured position, where I have been treated with the greatest kindness, for one untried and which may be very uncertain."

In reply Madam Müller said: "Lucy,

my girl, I was but waiting till the New Year to make you a partner, with a one-fourth interest. You are so valuable to me that I have anticipated others would think you equally so. Apart from the personal interest I take in you, which is great, my own demands that I secure you."

Great was Lucy's surprise and deep her gratitude at this proposal. The result we have seen. To-day she is receiving the congratulations of her friends, among them several of her former schoolmates. We can still recognize Annie Fay and Mary Watts, with two of her old teachers.

"Lucy," said Annie, now grown into a tall, slender young woman, deftly arranging a tiny lace hat on her fluffy bangs, as she turned to her classmate of long ago,—"Lucy, I used to think, when I had less sense than now, that you were fortunate beyond the rest of us at school because you always got the prize. So you were, but I have long realized that it was owing to your own exertions."

"Yes," added Mary; "no girls are to be thought of in the same breath with Lucy. Don't you remember, Miss Hall, how the dear little plodding thing used to stick to her books at school?"

"Miss Madigan and I have only now been recalling it," was the reply. "Patience and perseverance were written all over her little wistful face and dainty figure. Now, Lucy, you have your reward."

"Ah, spare my blushes!" exclaimed Lucy. "I shall not know where to hide my head."

At this juncture the circle was rudely broken into by a gaudily dressed girl, who called out in a loud voice:

"Hello, Lucy! Do, Mary! Do, Annie! That you, Miss Hall? Good-morning, Miss Madigan! How grey your hair is getting! Well, Luce, I thought I'd step in to patronize you on your first day. But you haven't anything to suit my taste,—nothing gay enough. I hate old-fogy colors. And, then, you're so awfully dear!"

"I am sorry we have nothing to suit you, Sallie," replied Lucy. "Perhaps later—"

"Hm! I don't want any of your picked-over bonnets. You can afford to be stiff now, Lucy, I suppose; but you always were in luck. Think I'll step over to Fuss & Smart's; they've got a lovely new stock. Ma told me when I left home I wouldn't find anything to suit me here."

She was gone like a whirlwind, before her listeners had time to reply.

"Pray who was that insulting person, my dears?" asked Madam Müller, who had heard the loud remarks.

"Oh, that was Sallie Smith!" replied Annie. "No one minds her. She is so slatternly and ill-dressed that all the girls avoid her, though her brother makes quite a good living for his mother and herself. He is with Quait & Co., wholesale grocers. Poor Jim, he is dragged down by his relatives! Very patronizing people they are, too,—laying great stress on their former social position in the South. For my part, I believe it's all a myth. Have you forgotten, Lucy, how Sallie used to call you 'neat and orderly' in so sarcastic a way? And, with some of the rest of us, she was always talking about your 'luck.'"

"Luck, indeed!" exclaimed Madam Müller, taking Lucy affectionately by the arm. "All that Lucy has accomplished is due to her own perseverance and ceaseless industry. And it was that very neatness, at which you say that rude girl was wont to sneer, which first gained her a position with me. Believe me, young ladies, if there were more girls like Lucy in America, there would be less discontent and poverty, fewer boarding-houses and more happy households. Come, my dears, and you too, my old friends and Lucy's,—come to my little parlor, and we will drink a cup of chocolate to the success of the new firm of Müller & Brown."

And so we take leave of Lucy, repeating the sentiments of her wise and experienced friend.

The Bell of Justice.

Many years ago the people of Italy had a tender-hearted King, who decreed that in one of the principal cities of his realm a great bell should be hung. So, in obedience to his command, the people gathered together, and, with great ceremony and enthusiasm, hung the bell in the most public place in town—the square where all the inhabitants congregated.

"This bell," said the King, "shall be known as the Bell of Justice; and he who can get fair treatment nowhere else shall have it when he rings. For that will call the city's magistrate, who shall listen to the story of the wronged one, and give him succor."

Years passed, and many times the bell was rung,—sometimes by homeless children, sometimes by those who had been sadly beaten in their struggle with the world. And the magistrates, one succeeding another, had never failed to respond to the summons.

At last the end of the bell-rope, pulled so often, became worn and rotted away; and a wild vine was tied to it by some careless people, who were too indolent to lengthen it properly. And thus it happened that a poor old horse, that had been turned out to starve and die, nibbled at the vine for want of other food, and so rang the bell.

When the magistrate answered the summons he looked about, seeing no one, until some children playing near by told him that the horse had rung the Bell of Justice. The kind heart of the magistrate was touched; in a short time he found the owner of the poor old animal, and ordered him to provide for the horse as long as it lived.

THE virtues of Mary are the flowers that perfume the Church.—*St. Casimir.*

Anecdote of a Chimney-Sweep.

One day a chimney-sweep, whose face was covered with soot, caught sight of himself in a mirror. "What a dreadful-looking object I am!" he exclaimed. "I will break the mirror, and not look this way any more." So he threw the looking-glass to the ground and shivered it into a hundred pieces. Then, quite satisfied, he walked down the street, and was accosted by a man who told him that his face was the color of the soot he removed from chimneys. "What a dunce I am!" cried the sweep, irritated beyond measure. Thereupon he took some soap and water, washed his face and was clean.

So many a man, being shown his faults by the light of God's truth, thinks to cleanse his life by quarrelling with those who try to show him the only way to have a clean heart.

The Duke and the Toad.

The great Duke of Wellington, although so resolute in character as to gain for him the title of the Iron Duke, was capable of extreme kindness toward animals and children. He once found a little boy weeping, and asked the cause. "Why, you see," explained the child between his sobs, "they are going to send me away to school, and no one will take care of my pet toad, because he isn't pretty."—"I will look after your toad with pleasure," promised the great Duke; "and, more than that, I will write and tell you how he gets on."

So every morning the conqueror of Napoleon fed the animal, which was so ugly that no one would care for it; and many letters went from him to his little friend, to say that his toad was doing well and seemingly quite happy.



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St. Anthony's Jewel.

A WONDROUS Being holy arms enfold,
Encircled by the spirits of the air,
Who worship God's own beauty lying there,
The while blest Anthony drinks bliss untold.
Did angels from the sun take shining gold,
And interweave with moonbeams raiment rare,
To clothe that Form Divine, surpassing fair,
Now given Padua's favored son to hold?

Mayhap the fragrant lily soul drew down
The Holy Infant on his heart embraced,
So glorious resting on his habit brown;—
Meek Poverty, your robe is richly graced.
O tell us, happy Saint, what mystic charms
Have lured the Babe Divine within your arms!

S. P.

Pope Zachary and the Antipodes.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

AMONG the calumnies which the philosophists of the eighteenth century urged against the Holy See, and which Protestant polemics of inferior calibre yet sometimes bring forward, is the assertion that Pope Zachary condemned an Irish missionary for teaching that on the side of the earth opposite to us there are human beings who are antipodes to us. Descartes was greatly responsible for the circulation of this charge, when, in his chagrin at the decree of the Holy Office prohibiting the teaching of the Copernican system, he declared that Rome would yet reconsider that question, and would change her mind, as she had in the matter of the antipodes. However, one of the first, if not the first, to start the calumny was the famous Protestant authority, Aventinus, in his "Annals of Bavaria."* Now we propose to show that Pope Zachary did not declare it a heresy to assert the existence of the antipodes; and furthermore, though the idea may seem paradoxical at first sight, that even though the Holy See had so decreed, at that time, nothing would have been decided which could ever conflict with the posterior discoveries of science.

About the year 738 Ferghil—better known by the Latin form of his name, Virgilius,—an Irish priest, became a missionary among the idolatrous Germans, for whose conversion the Englishman, St. Boniface, had been successfully laboring since 716. History informs us that about the year 742 he had a first difference with the zealous apostle then exercising jurisdiction as Archbishop of Mentz and Apostolic Delegate to all Germany. Virgilius and another priest, named Sidonius, wrote to Pope Zachary that they had met, in Bavaria, a certain missionary whose knowl-

* "Annales Boiorum ab Origine usque ad Annum 1508."

edge of Latin was so primitive that he was wont to baptize, "*In nomine Patria, et Filia, et Spiritua Sancta*"; and that Archbishop Boniface had declared that all baptisms so conferred were to be reiterated. In reply the Pontiff expressed his surprise at the decision of Boniface; for, said he, the ignorant missionary had introduced no invalidating vitiation, but a merely grammatical one, into the baptismal form; and we do not rebaptize, added the Pontiff, even those baptized by formal heretics, provided that the Sacrament has been conferred in the name of the Trinity.

This victory over his primate may have somewhat elated Virgilius, or it may have been owing to the interference of mischief-makers that the affair had any sequel; be this as it may, it was reported to St. Boniface that the Irishman was boasting that the Pope had named him, Virgilius, to succeed to the first vacant see in Bavaria. And it was added that the imprudent one was teaching error. The holy primate wrote to the Pontiff on this latter subject; and although his letter has not come down to us, we have the papal reply. This letter of the Pope is the sole monument of the time, in connection with the topic under discussion, that we possess; no other writer than the Pontiff alludes to it in any manner whatsoever. It follows, therefore, that no matter what and how many authors, each copying some predecessor, from Aventinus in the sixteenth century down to the last ranter of our own, have urged this action of Pope Zachary to the detriment of the Holy See, we must, if we wish to form an accurate judgment concerning it, examine the illustrating document, and in the light thrown upon it by the circumstances of the case.

Pope Zachary says: "If it is proved that he [Virgilius] holds that there are another world and other men under the earth, and another sun and another moon, expel him from the Church in a synod, after having deprived him of the priesthood. We have written also to the Duke of Bavaria, ordering him to send Virgilius to us, that we ourselves may canonically decide this matter." The pontifical language is certainly strong, but by itself it does not prove that Zachary deemed Virgilius guilty of heresy in the supposition that he had used the imputed language. Nor does it evince that, this supposition verified, the incriminated missionary was to be excommunicated; the comminatory words may, and very naturally do, imply that he was to be suspended and degraded. Still less does the pontifical threat imply that it had such a sequel as we are asked to contemplate; the sentence was purely comminatory, not declarative. Further light is thrown on this affair by the fact that there is not the slightest evidence that Virgilius proceeded to Rome to justify himself, or that St. Boniface entered upon any juridical investigation into the accusation. This would indicate, remarks a judicious critic,* that the holy primate had satisfied the Pontiff that the orthodoxy of the Irishman's views had been abundantly demonstrated. Very far, therefore, from being compelled to admit that Rome, in this instance, condemned those who advanced the theory of the antipodes, we are justified in holding that she approved of the doctrine before experience had definitely established its truth.

The passing difference between the German Primate and the Irish Abbot is of still less importance, if we reflect that these personages lived ever afterward in mutual harmony and in reciprocal ecclesiastical interdependence; St. Boniface availing himself of the missionary labors of Virgilius, although the monk continued to be Abbot of St. Peter's monastery at Saltzburg until his nomination to that see in 764. Virgilius died in 780, and has been regarded ever since as one of the apostles of Germany. The miracles performed at his tomb impelled Pope Gregory IX., in the thirteenth

* Barthelemy: "Erreurs," art. "L'Evêque Virgilius et les Antipodes."

century, to enroll him in the calendar of the saints; and his feast is assigned to November 27 in the menology of the Benedictine Order. Certainly this canonization would never have taken place had a previous Pontiff ever designated Virgilius as a heretic; or even if, with any appearance of its probability, and without full exculpation, he had ever been charged with heresy. The calm and judicious Leibnitz, who rarely permitted his Protestantism to unduly bias his decisions, thus summarizes his conclusions on this subject: "It is true that Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz, accused Virgilius of Saltzburg of error in this matter, and that the Pontiff replied to his letter in a manner which showed that he leaned toward the ideas of Boniface; but we discover no consequences of the accusation. The two antagonists are regarded as saints; and the learned of Bavaria, who look upon Virgilius as the apostle of Carinthia and the neighboring regions, have justified his memory."* It is certain, then, that Pope Zachary did not pronounce the antipodal doctrine heretical; but we contend also that even if he had issued such a decree, no comfort would thereby accrue to those who discern in Rome the persistent foe of scientific and independent investigation.

One and the same doctrine may be condemned or approved, according as it is understood in one or another sense. Thus we find St. Athanasius, who justified the synodals of Antioch for their rejection of the term "consubstantial," indomitably defending the use of the same definitory adjective when it is adopted by the Council of Nice as the distinguishing test of orthodoxy. The reason of this is evident. In those days heresy had so used this term "consubstantial" as to sustain the impious teaching of Paul of Samosata, which, while admitting only one substance in God, recognized also only one Person. On the other hand, the Arians, while styling Christ the Son of God, would not admit His consubstantiality with the Father. Again, when the Catholic, reciting his Creed, attests his belief in one God, he emits a praiseworthy act of faith; but when he hears a Socinian or a Unitarian pronouncing the same words, he shudders at what he feels to be blasphemy. The one avows the Divinity of Our Lord, the other rejects it. In fact, to use the words of St. Hilary, heresy does not consist so much in the terms used to express it as in the sense given to those terms: "It is the sense of the saying, rather than the saying itself, that renders one guilty in matters of faith."* Now, in the olden time, and to a great extent until after the demonstrative victory of Columbus, the popular, aye, the nearly universal, idea of the antipodes was very different from that possessed by us. It had been shown, to the satisfaction of many, that the earth is round; but, until experience came to their aid, physicists relied on guesswork in the formulation of their theories as to the nature of those inhabitants, if there were any, "whose feet pointed toward ours." Strabo and Cleomedes on the part of the Greeks, and Pliny and Macrobius for the Latins, furnish us with details as to these notions, and they all go to show that physicists had conjectured that the antipodes were not of a common origin with the known portion of mankind. Thus Cicero, in his "Dream of Scipio," makes his philosopher say that those who dwell in the austral zone are of a species entirely different from our own, having, indeed, nothing in common with it.† All this was perfectly concordant with pagan theology; but the Sacred Books of Christianity had taught

* "Spirit of Leibnitz," vol. ii.

* "De intelligentia enim heresis, non de scriptura est; et sensus, non sermo, fit crimen." ("De Trin.," b. 2, ch. 3.)

† "Duo sunt habitabiles, quorum australis ille, in quo qui insistunt, adversa vobis urgent vestigia, *nihil ad vestrum genus.*"

that in the beginning God had created heaven and earth, and that all humanity was issued from one common ancestor. Therefore, certain Christians, like Lactantius, felt it to be due to the integrity of their faith that they should deny all the demonstrations of the mathematicians, as well as the hypotheses of the physicists, in reference to the inhabitants of the opposite side of the earth; while others, like St. Augustine, more prudent as well as more enlightened, contented themselves with doubting only the fantasies to which the scientists had given rein. For the holy Doctor had entered upon the question as to the correctness of the representations, by profane historians, of whole nations of Cyclops—men with one eye in the middle of the forehead,—of giants and pygmies; and he had come to the conclusion that the narrated wonders were not necessarily to be accepted as true; that if true, the wondrous individuals were, perhaps, not human beings at all; and that, finally, if they were men, in our sense of the term, they were certainly descended from our progenitor, Adam.* Such is the rational explanation of St. Augustine's decision that "the fable of the antipodes is not to be credited."

Bearing this explanation in mind, and returning to the question before us, we observe that in the time of Pope Zachary (the eighth century) men had about the same notions concerning the antipodes that they had entertained in the days of St. Augustine; that is, they recognized the demonstrations of the mathematicians, but rejected such absurd conjectures of the physicists as contradicted the articles of Catholic faith. The Pontiff was obliged to suppose that Virgilius, if he held the existence of antipodes, sustained also the theory that there were upon the earth men who did not descend from Adam, who had no part in original sin, who were not called to the Gospel,—a theory as condemnable in those days as in our own. Until Virgilius had convinced the Holy See that such was not his meaning, he was to be treated as though he used his expressions according to the sense ascribed to them in the ordinary language of men. Therefore, Pope Zachary would not have done a ridiculous thing if, as Aventinus asserts, he had condemned the teaching of the Irish monk. But we trust that we have proved that such condemnation never occurred.

* "Ut istam questionem pedetentim cauteque concludam; aut illa, quæ talia de quibusdam gentibus scripta sunt, omnino nulla sunt; aut si sunt, homines non sunt; aut ex Adam sunt, si homines sunt." ("De Civitate Dei," b. vi, ch. 8) The thought of St. Augustine is indicated by the very title of the question he proposes to himself: whether the part of the earth *which is opposite to us* contains antipodes—"An inferiorem partem terræ *quæ nostræ habitationi contraria est*, antipodas habere credendum sit?" He recognizes the rotundity of the earth; his only question is as to the "part opposite to us" containing inhabitants, and as to their nature.

Mary Killevin's Convert.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

MILDRED LONGSTRETH will never forget the first priest she talked with, face to face and eye to eye, as friend speaks with friend. She was not a Catholic, but she had been thrown with Catholics a great deal, and was familiar with the sight of many a priest upon the altar; but, until that summer morning at High Lands, she had never met one on level ground. She had only watched them from afar "upon the heights."

She was at High Lands for the summer by order of the doctors, and Agnes Russell came down to her there on a short visit. "It *must* be a short one," Agnes said; "for there is no church at High Lands." An old-fashioned little town, somewhat stately in its age, and "dreadfully set in its ways," there was nothing to call new life into it; and the old life flowed in the last century's

channels of Episcopalianism and Presbyterianism. The nearest Catholic church, and a mission church at that, was at Great Gap, miles away. Mildred had made diligent inquiries, hoping to overcome the difficulties of the long drive in some way; but the combined Protestant intelligence was unequal to solving the problem of the "services held" at varying intervals and uncertain hours, as the priest could manage to arrange it. The hope had to be abandoned. They could only make the most of the brief, bright days together.

The days were very near their close when the girls were discussing the matter for the last time.

"Who could have believed it!" cried Mildred, as they reached again the plain fact that Agnes must leave for home in two days. "I am sure I never should. The idea of a place like this without a Catholic church! I thought they were everywhere."

"Everywhere the Irish go, Heaven bless them!" said Agnes. "But, you see, there is nothing going on here—not even one small factory,—and there are no Irish in the place—"

"Indeed an' there is, then!" interrupted a half-frightened, half-indignant voice.

The girls turned quickly. They were in Mildred's room, and had thought themselves alone. A small—very small—and rather delicate-looking child had come into it unobserved, and stood near the door, her big blue eyes fixed upon them, under shelter of red and tousled locks. She held in one hand a dust-brush and in the other a scrap-basket, and was evidently intended for some branch of domestic service, although it would have been difficult to say which.

"Indeed and I'm sure there is," said Agnes, laughing, and rising to go to her. "If I had heard that voice in the dark, I should have known it had Irish eyes belonging to it, and an Irish name perhaps. Is it an O or a Mac?"

She had such a pleasant way with her, and such a pretty face, and such a kindly heart within her, that the little maid's shy indignation melted before her advance like snow in April. She smiled a very sunny smile, and parted her red lips over teeth as white and polished as any in the land.

"It's just neither the one nor the other, Miss. It's Killevin. And they do be making an awful lot of fun of it, too."

"I'm sure it is very pretty," said Agnes. "Who is it makes fun of it?"

"The children an' everybody. But there's Reillys here too, an' Milligans."

"Then there must be Catholics?"

"Indeed an' there is—everyone of 'em."

"I feel better already, Mildred," said Agnes. "We may be able to find out something now. Perhaps you can tell us—what is your name first—"

"Mary! Mary! Where on earth are you?" called some one from the hall.

"That's it—I'm Mary. I'll come back an' tell you all I know," said the little maid, whisking out of the door with surprising swiftness and noiselessness.

The two girls looked at each other, overflowing with merriment, but afraid to give it hearty vent.

"Isn't she delightful?" said Mildred, presently. "She must be the new chambermaid. Poor Mrs. Burnett! She has the same trouble we all have. She said the other day she would have to take what she could get, and I suppose we have seen it."

"The chambermaid—that mite! But wasn't it brave in the little soul to speak out as she did? She wasn't quite sure whether I was on her side or the other, but she wouldn't sneak out of being Irish and owning it. She must have an American mother, though."

"Why so?"

"She has the Irish form of speech and the Irish voice, but the American pronunciation. I often notice it now. You know, I am an Irish soul in an American body. My grandparents were Irish."

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The door opened, and Mary came in, smiling over the water-pail.

"If you please, she says will you wait a bit? She'll be done with the thick of the work in a few minutes, an' then she'll be glad to loan me to you."

"We shall be very much obliged to her," said Mildred. "How did she know we wished for anything?"

"I asked her if I might tell you something you wanted to know. I wouldn't be usin' her time unbeknownst to her."

She was off again, and they heard her quick little feet on the stairs before she had fairly vanished.

"Truly, Mildred, I think she *is* delightful," said Agnes. "I am sorry my visit is so nearly ended before she appeared. She is a study."

She proved so indeed. It was not very long before she returned, smoothing down her apron, and holding her hands demurely, as though to recite a lesson. It was evidently a serious matter of good manners and hospitality to her, this answering the ladies' questions. They both asked them; and perhaps to a listener they, too, might have presented "a study," so different the manner and the substance of their inquiries. But alike in one respect they surely were: both were ladies, and equally careful in regard to the feelings of their little informant.

"They live [that is the Killevins, the Reillys, and the Milligans] in the suburbs on the river-side. They all go to Mass sometimes, but not often,—not all of them at once. It is twelve miles to the Gap 'in good weather, an' as far agin in bad,' me father says; so the children mostly have to stay at home. But they know their catechism, everyone of them; so that Father Wilson says they are a credit to their teacher,—an' that's me mother, too. Father Wilson comes there sometimes; in the summer time he comes pretty often, because the roads are good, an' his horse can get up the hills without choking. In the winter time he chokes very often. Then Father Wilson has to get out and lead him. An' that's hard on the poor priest, ye see, 'cause he's got a bad heart, me mother says."

"A bad heart, Mary?" repeated the listening Mildred.

"Yes, Miss. It takes him that bad sometimes he just has to sit down in the road an' wait till it gets a bit better. If he didn't have a real good horse, me mother says, it 'uld be the death of him,—that it would."

"Oh!" answered Mildred, understanding her now.

"When was Father Wilson at High Lands, Mary?" asked Agnes.

"It's a good long while. He's coming soon now. We've all got our catechisms new covered, an' we said 'em to me mother this week an' more. I'll ask me mother an' tell you when he comes, if you like it."

"Oh, yes, please!" replied Mildred.

"I am afraid I shall have to go home before that time," said Agnes, rising to put an end to the interview, as she marked the time, and saw that it was nearing the luncheon hour.

"But what does he do when he comes, Mary?" asked Mildred.

She looked at Agnes with a puzzled air.

"This lady is not a Catholic, Mary," said Agnes; "but she will be some day. If I am not here, you must take her to see Father Wilson. Does he say Mass at your house?"

"Yes, Miss. Me mother likes to have him come there. An' Mrs. Reilly, she's not well ever. An' at Milligans there ain't no missis: he's a widdy man."

"There spoke her *father's* child," whispered Agnes.

"Well, Mary, we are very much obliged to you for telling us all this. You must not forget to let me know when Father Wilson comes. And thank Mrs. Burnett for loaning you. I hope we have not kept you too long."

Mary ran off, and the friends were again alone. They did not speak for a time, and then Mildred said, with a sigh:

"If you were only to be here, Agnes!—if you were only to be here!"

It sounded like an unfinished sentence. Agnes looked up from her letters questioningly. But Mildred did not speak. Agnes did not know until long after that the thought in her mind was this:

"If you were only to be here, Agnes, I would get you to introduce me to this priest. I should like very much to ask him something."

Two days later Agnes was gone; and Mildred missed her more than ever in her life, much of which had been spent with Agnes at her side.

But, strangely enough, the vacancy was filled. Mildred, for some reason, had one of her attacks of weakness and languor soon after Agnes left, and was more in her room and needed more attention than usual. It fell to her lot to have the new chambermaid as her attendant, and to see a great deal of the little red head and the big blue eyes. She was the veriest mite of a creature that ever earned her bread by carrying pails of water, sweeping, dusting, beating up pillows, and "waiting on the boarders." But she did it all with such hearty good-will and patience and diligence that it was said very few ever filled the position more satisfactorily to the parties most concerned—the boarders and the amiable landlady.

Mildred found Mary more than a good servant. She grew actually fond of the little thing, and often found herself thinking of the red head and blue eyes, the white teeth and the glad, soft voice, in the home to which she returned every night. She came to thinking, too, of the good mother the child must have, and the Catholic life they led in their simple way. For some reason, that thought grew and grew upon her. It was a phase of Catholicity never presented before. It had been a foregone conclusion, without thinking of it, that there was a Catholic church *everywhere*. Of course she had often heard of missions, read of them, and helped them with her means when there was a collection in some church where she and her friend, Agnes Russell, sat side by side. But it always seemed to her to be "away far off" the help was asked for; not here, close to her very home.

To Mildred Catholicity had always seemed the going to church, the hearing Mass, the use of the Sacraments: such a help, such a comfort, such *a real thing* in the midst of a life that needed so much to make it worth living. All this it had seemed to her, and all this it was; but here was something more,—something also great and good. Here were three or four families, poor and humble in every way compared with those around them; strangers and aliens, in a certain sense, on account of their faith, who yet made it the glory and the beauty of their life. Mary's devout homage of voice and expression in speaking of anything connected with it showed that. Mildred talked a great deal to her about it. What she would not, *could not*, have said even to Agnes, came easily from her lips to Mary, engaged at her side in some light task for her. What she did not really understand, yet would have been ashamed to confess herself ignorant of, feeling she was supposed to know and ought to have known, she did not mind asking Mary. Usually Mary had something to say that cast a light upon the dark place; and if she was in doubt, there was always the ready "I'll ask me mother. Father Wilson do be telling her something all the time." What power those words came to have over Mildred! What confidence grew up in her heart toward Father Wilson! A strong, fine, noble nature she knew it must be that held so much for these scattered sheep of his Divine Master.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Martyrs of the Charterhouse.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(CONTINUED.)

IT was commonly reported that the King intended shortly to disband all the monasteries and convents throughout England. These alarming rumors reached the priors of the Carthusian monasteries of Axholme and Beauval; and, uncertain as to the fate of their communities, they hastened to the London Charterhouse to consult Prior Houghton. Both Robert Lawrence, Prior of Beauval, and Augustine Webster, Prior of Axholme, were holy men. The idea that brought them to London was a brave and generous one, though it proves that they little knew the King and his advisers. Full of anxiety as to the future of their monasteries, they had resolved to attempt to save them from destruction. They intended to seek an audience with Cromwell, Henry's all-powerful favorite; to represent to him that the Carthusians, solely devoted to prayer, took no part in politics, and on this plea to obtain from him a promise that the monasteries of their Order should be saved from ruin. Should Cromwell reject their demand or require from them aught against their conscience, they thought that by giving themselves up to death they might satisfy the King's rancor and save their brethren.

Full of their project, the two priors asked Prior Houghton to accompany them on their visit to Cromwell. He consented to do so; and, clad in their snow-white habits, the three Carthusians presented themselves before the man who, after Henry VIII., bears perhaps the heaviest weight of responsibility for the separation of England from Rome. The interview was a short one. Cromwell barely allowed the religious time to expose the object of their visit. Upon their refusal to acknowledge the King's spiritual supremacy, they were seized, bound, and conveyed to the Tower of London, where they were thrown into separate dungeons. Here they were joined by a Bridgettine monk from the Monastery of Sion, Richard Reynolds by name, who from that moment was to share their fate in life and death.

A few days later, between the 20th and 27th of April, 1535, the prisoners were visited by Cromwell, accompanied by several doctors and theologians, who, from fear or from ambition, had consented to support the King's policy. These false brethren strove by many subtle arguments to induce the prisoners to sign a document they had brought with them, wherein the King's spiritual supremacy was duly acknowledged. The document may still be seen at the Public Record Office; but instead of the signatures of the Carthusians it bears, in their enemies' handwriting, witness to their courageous profession of faith. We read that "John Houghton declares he can not recognize the King as supreme head of the Church of England, above the Apostles of Jesus Christ. Augustine Webster asserts that the head of the Church is not the King, our sovereign lord, but the Bishop of Rome. Robert Lawrence affirms that there is but one Catholic Church, divinely instituted under the authority of the Bishop of Rome. He declines, therefore, to acknowledge the royal supremacy."

On the 27th of April the three priors, together with Richard Reynolds and two secular priests, were brought before the court of Westminster. Here they were again questioned as to the King's spiritual authority; and, upon their firm refusal to acknowledge it, they were charged with high treason. They vehemently protested against this charge; content to die for the rights of the Roman Pontiff, they could not endure the stigma of disloyalty. During the next two hundred years similar protests

were to be heard in the English law courts: all the martyred priests, condemned as traitors under the Tudor and Stuart Kings, protested, like the Carthusians, against the cruel and cowardly policy that endeavored to rob them, in the sight of men, of the glory of their martyr's crown.

The jury appointed to judge Blessed John Houghton and his companions was composed of men desirous above all to please the King; yet such was the popularity of the Carthusians that their judges could not bring themselves to find them guilty, and the verdict was deferred until the 29th of April. Tidings of the jurymen's hesitation soon reached Cromwell, and his rage knew no bounds. Not content with sending the judges a threatening message, to the effect that he would execute them as traitors if they declined to find their prisoners guilty, he went himself to Westminster, burst into the hall where the jurymen were assembled, and by his violence forced these well-meaning but cowardly magistrates to bring in a verdict of high treason against the four priests.

The sentence then delivered was the most horrible one assigned by the criminal laws of England as the penalty of high treason. It condemned the victims to be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, to be hung by the neck for the space of a minute or two, to be cut down alive by the executioner, who then tore out their heart and bowels. These were burnt in a huge fire before their eyes. Their heads, arms and legs were then cut off, and, after having been plunged in tar, were exposed upon the gates or bridges of London.

The prisoners heard without a murmur the awful sentence, which during the next two centuries was to send hundreds of holy priests to a hideous death. Richard Reynolds asked for only two or three days to prepare for death, adding: "*Credo videre bona Domine in terra viventium.*" On returning to the Tower, the victims were cast into separate dungeons; they did not meet again till they were laid on the hurdles to be drawn to Tyburn.

Sir Thomas More was then a prisoner in the Tower. On the morning of the 4th of May, 1535, he was standing at the window of his cell, with his daughter Margaret, who had come to visit him as was her wont. Suddenly there passed across the court below a little group of prisoners, in whom the Chancellor recognized the priests condemned a few days previously. There were the three Carthusian priors in their snow-white robes, Richard Reynolds, and a secular priest, John Hales, vicar of Isleworth, who was to share their fate. The joyful serenity of the confessors moved the brave old prisoner. He followed them wistfully with his eyes; then, turning to his daughter, he cried: "Dost thou not see, Meg, that these blessed Fathers be as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage?" A few weeks later Sir Thomas More laid his head on the scaffold for the same holy cause; and, like the religious whose cheerfulness he envied, he died contentedly for God and the Church.

The prisoners, according to the barbarous practice of the times, were laid full-length and bound to the hurdle, their feet toward the horse, their heads almost touching the ground. The mournful procession wound its way through the mud of the London streets, over the rough, unpaved road that led to the Tyburn Gate, situated outside the city. Soon the holy victims were covered with filth; the white robes of the Carthusians were bespattered and torn, their heads bruised and bleeding from the jolting of the hurdles upon the stones. A large crowd followed. In years to come the people of London grew accustomed to see venerable priests drawn along the Via Dolorosa to the Tyburn Gate.

The journey lasted three hours. Once, the procession having stopped, a brave woman came forward, and, kneeling down by the prostrate victims, she devoutly

wiped the mud and dirt off their faces.

On arriving at Tyburn, all was found ready for the ghastly butchery: the gibbet, the cord, the knife, the huge fire, and the caldron filled with tar. Prior Houghton was to die first; it was fitting that as in life he had been the leader of his brethren, so at this solemn hour he should encourage them by his example in the last hard battle. The executioner, unnerved by the victim's calmness, fell on his knees before him and besought his forgiveness. The blessed martyr embraced him, and assured him with great charity of his full pardon. He then ascended the cart, which was drawn up at the foot of the gibbet; and with his white robes, calm countenance, and radiant look of joy, he appeared as he used to do in happier days, when presiding over the religious functions of his beloved monastery.

Just then the royal commissioners approached and promised him life and liberty if he consented, even then, to take the oath of supremacy. The confessor did not deign to answer them. Turning to the assembled multitude, he spoke in a clear, loud voice: "I take God as my witness, and I summon you all to be my witnesses, that before death I made the following declaration: If I decline to obey the King my master, it is neither from malice nor from rebellion, but only because my conscience forbids me to do so. The decrees of the King and of the Parliament are in contradiction to the laws of the Church, our common mother. It is my duty to obey the commands of Rome; and, with God's help, I will not fail to do so, even were I to suffer a thousand deaths. Pray for me, and have pity on my brethren, whose unworthy prior I have been." He then, in a lower voice and with an earnestness that moved the bystanders to tears, began to repeat the 30th Psalm: "In Thee, O Lord, I have put my trust.... Thou art my refuge and my strength."

When he had finished his prayer, the execution began, and was carried out according to the letter of the law. The holy martyr was cut down while yet alive and conscious. When the executioner opened his breast to tear out his heart and bowels, he was heard to murmur: "Sweet Jesus, sweet Jesus, have pity on me in this hour! Good Jesus, sweet Jesus!" These words were distinctly heard by a young man named Anthony Rescins, who later became coadjutor to the Bishop of Würzburg. He was warmly attached to Prior Houghton, and had followed him to the final act of his bitter passion. Augustine Webster, Robert Lawrence, and their two companions, died with the same heroic serenity. Like Prior Houghton, they again refused to accept life and liberty at the price of apostasy.

On the 5th of May, the day after the martyrdom of the Carthusians, the Imperial Ambassador at the English court sent his master Charles V. an account of the trial and condemnation of the first martyrs of the Reform: "All men of good character and learning, who, having maintained their cause most virtuously, were cruelly put to death." * The effect of this execution was to arouse abroad a strong feeling of indignation against the bloody despotism of the tyrant, and at home to encourage those who were suffering for the same cause.

We have seen how the cheerfulness of the Carthusians on their way to death excited the admiration of Sir Thomas More. Another illustrious prisoner, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was confined in the Tower at the same time; and, in spite of advanced age and feeble health, remained immovable in his opposition to the King's unjust claims. Like Sir Thomas More, he was interested in the Carthusians, some of whom had been personally known to him. After their happy death, a servant employed in the Tower brought the Bishop some scrolls of paper he had found in their

* Blessed John Fisher. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett. P. 341.

cells. On these scrolls the prisoners had scratched, with a pin or a nail, sentences relating to their defence of the rights of the Pope. The venerable prisoner gazed long at the scrolls, and said: "They be gone; God have mercy on their souls!"—"It was a little word," adds his biographer, "and all that he cared to say to the gossiping servant of his jailer. But who can surmise the deep, pathetic thoughts that scroll must have aroused in his mind, and the strength it imparted to his will?"

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Soul's Consolation.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

SOME day we may give thanks
That youth departed with such speed-winged feet,
And left us, shrinking in the noonday glare
Of toil's fierce heat.

Some day we may give thanks
That friends dropped from us in life's clamorous race,
And left us sorrowing, if so our feet
Found firmer place.

Some day we may give thanks
That Love ran by without a look or thought,
Following after Pleasure's butterflies
With wings gold-wrought.

Some day we will bless God
That these poor things for which we wept and cried,
And wearied Heaven with rebellious prayers,
Were all denied.

For youth, alone, misleads;
Friends weigh us down; love often claimeth all;
God's image flies the soul that they have lured
Unto its fall.

And we will have no need
Of youth, or love, or friends—or anything,
If to the Judgment Place a pure, white soul
That day we bring.

An Irish Sanctuary, and How It was Saved

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

DURING his long incumbency of the see to which he succeeded on the death of Dr. McNally in 1865, Bishop Donnelly, of the Irish Diocese of Clogher, has achieved for his flock many notable works. One of the most prominent of his labors has been the completion of the elegant cathedral, which bears the name of the illustrious Saint who first occupied the diocesan throne, and which is to be solemnly dedicated this month. Eleven years ago Dr. Donnelly scored another signal success when he vindicated the rights of the Catholics of Ireland to the famous sanctuary of Lough Derg—or St. Patrick's Purgatory, as it is popularly called,—against Sir John Leslie, an Ulster landlord, who laid claim to the entire island whereon the sanctuary is situated.

Lough Derg, which is described as being in the barony of Tir-Hugh and parish of Templecarn, lies in southern Donegal, portions of which county are comprised in the Clogher diocese, and is a gloomy, forbidding lake, some half a dozen miles in length and of uneven width; its whole area being slightly in excess of two thousand acres. Its waters are thickly studded with isles, there being no less than forty-six in the Lough; and Station Island, the one whereon St. Patrick's Purgatory is located, is simply a barren rock that lifts about three quarters of an acre of surface above the lake. All around the Lough rise the dark mountains of Donegal, making its gloomy waters appear even more forbidding than they naturally are, but lending a peculiar charm to the place, and rendering it an ideal spot for retreat and meditation.

The early history of Lough Derg is more

or less uncertain. Some writers declare that St. Patrick founded the Purgatory that bears his name; but as they also assert that he established on the Island a priory of Canons Regular—an Order not in existence in his day, and not introduced into Ireland until St. Malachy's time,—their statements carry very little weight. Others say that the Purgatory was founded by one Abbot Patrick, who was superior of the Island in the ninth century. But this assertion lacks proof; and it is not until two centuries later, when the Canons Regular were located at Lough Derg, that any authentic mention of St. Patrick's Purgatory is to be found. Long before that time, however, a religious house existed in Lough Derg (the lakes were favorite places with the early Irish monks and anchorets); and among the priories established in the fifth century Irish ecclesiastical writers enumerate that of Lough Derg, and ascribe its foundation to St. Daboec, who is said to have resided on the Island for the service of the church and the pilgrims.

Once St. Patrick's Purgatory was established, pilgrimages to Lough Derg became frequent and popular, and the sanctuary soon attained a remarkable fame. Tradition has it that it was on his return from a pilgrimage to Lough Derg that O'Ruark, the Prince of Breffni, discovered the flight of his unfaithful wife; and the Library of the British Museum is said to contain two poetical versions of the visit of the Knight Owen to the Donegal sanctuary. The place appears to have reached its highest popularity in the fourteenth century, when, so the ancient records of the shrine attest, in addition to the thousands of Irish Catholics who annually visited the lake, many, attracted by its reputation, crossed over from the Continent, coming even from the remotest corners of Europe.

St. Patrick's Purgatory remained in charge of the Augustinians up to 1632, when, by order of one Justice Boyle, Sir William Stewart expelled the prior and monks from the Island, destroyed the buildings that had been erected thereon, and threw into the lake the relics of the shrine, among which was a stone whereupon St. Patrick was said to have knelt in prayer. Furthermore, by the Justice's orders he demanded security from the owner of the Island that he would in future allow neither monk nor nun to land thereon.

Even before this date the Purgatory appears to have been for a time under a cloud; for it is recorded that by command of Pope Alexander VI. the shrine was dismantled on St. Patrick's Day, 1497, by the guardian of the Donegal Franciscans and others deputed for the purpose. It must have been subsequently restored, however; since there were no fewer than two score monks on the Island when the Augustinians were expelled from the sanctuary. After the expulsion of these monks, the Franciscans ministered to the spiritual needs of the pilgrims for more than two centuries, when, their ranks having been wofully decimated by the Penal Laws, they were obliged, about 1782, to resign the charge. Since that time the Bishops of Clogher annually appoint confessors for the pilgrimages, which begin with July and continue until the feast of Our Lady's Assumption.

When the profligate Charles II. ascended the British throne, one of the first debts which he paid was to transfer Dr. John Leslie from the Scotch bishopric of the Isles to the Irish Protestant see of Clogher, which was a far more lucrative berth than the position he had formerly held. From this transplanted Scotch divine sprang the Leslies of Ulster,—a family that has obtained its share of the lands that were feloniously taken away from the Irish Catholics and their Church by the Protestant reformers. To one branch of the Leslies were awarded the lands around Lough Derg, concerning which sanctuary an edict of Queen Anne's time—reciting "that the superstitions of Popery are greatly in-

creased by the pretended sanctity of places, especially of a place called St. Patrick's Purgatory, in the County Donegal, to which pilgrimages are made by vast numbers at certain seasons,"—enacts that "all such meetings shall be deemed riots and unlawful assemblies; and punishable as such; and all offenders are subjected, in default of payment of pecuniary penalties, to be publicly whipped; and persons erecting booths or cabins for the sale of victuals are also subject to penalties; and all magistrates are required to demolish all crosses, pictures and inscriptions anywhere set up, and the cause of Popish superstitions."

The Leslies—be it duly recorded to their credit—appear to have attempted no interference with the pilgrimages to Lough Derg until quite recently. In 1880 Bishop Donnelly, after visiting the Lough and witnessing with what difficulty many of the pilgrims obtained decent accommodations, determined to erect a hospice, or shelter, on Station Island. As work progressed on this building, and it was seen that the hospice was going to project somewhat beyond the Island and over the water, Sir John Leslie, who claimed that the lake belonged wholly to him, protested to the Bishop against what he considered an infringement of his proprietary rights. Dr. Donnelly viewed the matter otherwise, however, and persisted in building according to his original plans; whereupon Sir John put in a claim for the possession of the Island itself, and declared his intention of contesting the issue in the courts.

Believing that the Leslies had no valid title to the Island, but still apprehensive of the result of a trial in the courts—well knowing as he did how readily forgotten statutes are raked up and decisions rendered in the landlord's favor in such cases,—Bishop Donnelly lost no time in securing competent legal talent to defend the people's right to St. Patrick's Purgatory. The preliminary work entailed upon the good prelate no small bill of expenses; for old records had to be hunted up and copied, and costly counsel consulted. Everything pointed to a stubborn, prolonged and expensive litigation—when, to the great astonishment of the people, just before the case came into court, it was announced that Sir John Leslie, who had doubtless learned the weakness of his position, had withdrawn his action and claim to Station Island; and, not to waive his rights to the Lough, given Bishop Donnelly and his successors a perpetual lease of that portion of the hospice extending over its waters.

Of course everybody conceded this result to be a signal triumph for Dr. Donnelly; but had he shown the least irresolution or wavering, the probabilities are that the Leslie claim would have been pressed; in which case the Catholics of Ireland might have been deprived of one of their oldest, holiest and most popular places of pilgrimage.

A Wayside Cabin.

BY A. M. CLARKE.

ON a cold, rainy afternoon toward the end of November the door of the convicts' prison at Morville swung slowly back on its hinges, in order to allow a woman, whose term of imprisonment had that day expired, to pass out from those gloomy walls.

She appeared to be about thirty, and was dressed in a faded gown of coarse blue woollen material. On her head she wore the linen cap of the French peasant, which formed a strange frame for her face, pallid and unhealthy-looking as it was, from the effects of long confinement, want of fresh air, and the unwholesome prison diet. Exactly seven years previously she had alighted from the prison van in the stone-paved courtyard she had now to traverse

in order to reach the clerk's office. Here she was to be put in possession of a bundle containing her scanty wardrobe, together with the small sum she had accumulated through good behavior during her imprisonment, and a permit allowing her to go to Colmiers, the nearest large town in a southerly direction. She was, however, according to French law, still subject to police supervision, and therefore not free to turn her steps in whatever direction it might please her, nor to remain in the vicinity of the prison she had just left.

Poor woman! her story was a sad one. She had been an only child; and her parents, though good Catholics, had so spoiled and indulged her, that she had never learned to restrain her naturally violent temper. Left a widow at twenty-two, with a baby a few months old, she might, as she was a skilful needle-woman, have easily earned her living. But happening one summer morning to quarrel with a neighbor, she lost all control over herself, and dealt the woman who had offended her so hard a blow, that the latter staggered and fell to the ground. Unfortunately for Jeanne Barbier (the heroine of this tale), in falling she struck her head violently against the rim of a bucket she had just brought from the well; and, after lingering for several weeks, died from the effect of the injuries she had received.

Jeanne Barbier was tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and condemned to seven years' imprisonment with hard labor. Her sentence would have been more severe had it not been for the great provocation she had received, and the excellent character she had hitherto borne. She felt the justice of her punishment, but it naturally cost her a pang to leave her little girl in the hands of strangers. In the course of about a year the child died—from neglect, the poor mother always believed, and this conviction added to her sorrow. She could not help feeling that a double guilt now rested upon her, since she had been, in an indirect manner, the cause of her child's death.

The *diligence* which ran from Morville to Colmiers had already gone by the time she could make her way from the prison to the office whence it started. Not daring to seek a night's lodging in the town, she struck into a country road, determined to pause at the first village to which she should chance to come. Ere long she reached one of considerable size; and, stopping at the door of the principal inn, with an awkward manner, and timid, hesitating voice, she asked for accommodation. The landlord eyed her from head to foot with a scrutinizing gaze; and since he did not choose, as he phrased it, to have "jail-birds" about his premises, he told Jeanne that his house was full, and that she had better apply at the smaller hostelry situated at the other end of the village.

Thither she accordingly bent her steps, trembling and bewildered. The place to which she had been directed was a humble sort of lodging-house, and Jeanne knocked at the door with more confidence. The landlady who appeared in answer to her summons regarded her with no more favorable glance than the landlord of the inn had done; and, suspecting her to be a released convict, roughly sent her about her business, on the pretence that she had not a bed to offer a stranger. Jeanne lacked courage to persist in her request, and turned away with downcast eyes, her heart full of hard and bitter feelings in regard to the respectable world, which shut its doors against her.

Nothing now remained for her but to try and reach Colmiers on foot. At the end of November night soon closes in, and ere long she found herself enveloped in darkness. The road led through a forest; a bitter north wind was blowing, whirling hither and thither the leaves which had fallen from the trees. After seven years of a sedentary life, she found great difficulty in walking; her feet had grown accustomed to *sabots*, and the new boots she was wear-

ing chafed them severely; so that before she had proceeded more than four or five miles, they were sore and blistered. Worn out and exhausted, she at length sank down on a heap of stones by the roadside, and despairingly asked herself whether it was her fate to perish of cold and hunger in the blackness of the winter's night.

All at once she heard a distant sound of singing; she listened intently, and between the gusts of wind her ear caught the melody of the well-known hymn "Hail, Queen of Heaven," familiar to her from the days of her earliest childhood.

Jeanne had been brought up religiously; but during her brief married life she had become somewhat careless, frequenting the Sacraments but rarely, and not hesitating to miss Mass if a pleasure excursion in which she desired to take part had been planned for a Sunday or other day of obligation. Her long term of imprisonment had subdued and broken her spirit, but not softened or changed her heart. Yet, though she rebelled against God, she had not altogether lost her devotion to His Immaculate Mother. Her little girl had been named Marie; and now, when the familiar strain fell upon her ear, and she heard the words,

"Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,"

the poor outcast in her desolation lifted up her heart to the Mother of Mercy, of whose protection she stood in such sore need. She exclaimed, in broken tones:

"Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me!"

Then, rising to her feet, she stumbled forward in the direction whence the voice had come. In a clearing in the forest, at a short distance down a by-road, which crossed the main thoroughfare out of which she had strayed, she perceived a light shining between the trees. A few moments later she was standing before a hut, built up against the dilapidated wall of a cottage which had long since fallen into ruins. From the tiny window of this wretched dwelling glimmered the light which had been her guide. After some deliberation, she made up her mind to knock at the door.

It was opened by a peasant woman about her own age, to whom toil and privation had given the appearance of being much older than she really was. Her clothes were of the poorest; her skin was rough and tanned; a few locks of fair hair, confined in a simple cap, fell onto her shoulder. She stood staring in silence at the stranger, whose sudden appearance in that lonely place seemed to have struck her dumb.

"Good-evening!" she said at last, collecting her scattered senses, and raising the lamp she held in her hand so that its rays might fall upon the face of Jeanne. "What business brings you here?"

"I could go no farther," stammered the poor woman, with something between a sigh and a sob. "The town is a long way off, and if you could take me in for the night it would be a great charity. I have a little money, and could pay you for your trouble."

"Come in," rejoined the other, after a moment's hesitation. Then, in a tone of curiosity not unmingled with distrust, "Why did you not sleep at Morville?" she inquired.

"I could not get a night's lodging. For," continued Jeanne doubtfully, dropping her eyes as she spoke, "I have just come out of prison, and that, you know, makes people suspicious."

"Never mind! Come in, all the same," was the answer. "I have no occasion to be afraid of any one; for I have nothing to lose. It would be wrong to leave a fellow-Christian out of doors on so cold a night as this. I can prepare a bed of dried fern for you to sleep on, if you can manage with that."

The kind-hearted peasant went to an adjoining shed, reappearing with a few armfuls of bracken, which she spread on the floor in a warm corner close to the hearth.

"Do you live here all alone?" asked Jeanne Barbier, half timidly.

"Yes: I live here with my little girl, who will soon be eight years old. I get a living by working in the wood."

"You have lost your husband?" she inquired further.

"I have indeed lost him, but whether he is dead or alive I can not tell; for he left me five years ago, and I have never seen or heard of him since. I pray God and our Blessed Lady that he may come back to me some day, if only for the sake of our child. He was so fond of her; and now, poor little lass! she is as good as an orphan. Our circumstances, too, were very different before he left me. Well, well, we all have our troubles. There is your bed, and here are a few potatoes and some slices of bread left from our supper. I am very sorry, my friend, that I have nothing better to offer you."

The plaintive voice of a child, proceeding from a dark recess, divided off from the rest of the room by a wooden partition, interrupted the conversation.

"Good-night!" said the mother. "I must go to my little one, or she will be frightened. She is rather ailing to-night. Try and get a little rest, and may God bless you!"

She took the lamp and went into the inner compartment, leaving her guest in darkness. Now and again a flame shot up from the expiring embers on the hearth, faintly lighting up the interior of the poverty-stricken tenement, whose sole ornament consisted of a neatly-framed print of Our Lady of Dolors, which hung on the opposite wall.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Oh, how dear are humble souls to Mary! This blessed Virgin recognizes and loves those who love her, and is near to all who call upon her, and especially to those whom she sees like unto herself in purity and humility.—*St. Bernard.*

"When Love Flew Out the Window."

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

Beauty lay on the couch where he had left her, flying without a farewell word. Her head was bowed in utter hopelessness, and her thick hair fell over her features in a loose, light tangle, as seaweed clings about a wreck that is washed ashore. She felt that the light of day was closed to her forever, and shuddered at the step that came toward her from the door, through which blew chill air from the mountains. The tread was a firm one, advancing directly and surely to her side.

"Look up!" said a voice that was hard but not unkind, and she raised her eyes.

She saw a man's face, cold and stern, crowned with the white of many years, and bearded with a fleece of matted hair. The high forehead was calm, the eyes below as blue as winter skies when the sun shines through them. Yet they were not disagreeable eyes for a woman to look at. And she, feeling that her Fate was before her, rose with a movement of dignity that showed she was not utterly abashed.

"I know you," she said. "Your name is Poverty. You have driven Love far away from me, and there is no one to save me from you. Speak, for I must bear whatever you have to say."

The old man's eyes twinkled, and he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Listen," he answered. "My name is indeed Poverty, and the false and weak of this world fear me. But you need not. It rests with you to decide whether you will be my slave or my daughter. I can show you the high places of life. I can show you how souls are made free."

She bent her head before him, and simply said: "Show me, then."

He took her out of her bower and showed her the grapevine, in full blossom, that the storm of the night before had

loosened and flung to the ground, where it lay covered with mire and sand. Love had paused beside it that morning, but he had not noticed it; for he had been watching the clouds. And she had seen nothing but Love himself.

Poverty taught her to fasten the vine to a trellis, that the young grapes might form on it. He went about the garden teaching her to make it more productive—to prune the trees, to turn the sod, and to strengthen the enclosure, that wandering animals might not enter and destroy it all. Love, too, had walked with her in her garden, but he had not told her of these things: he had spoken of the stars.

She was very weary when all was finished; her soft hands were blistered and her arms ached. Then Poverty told her of the herbs she could gather, and the way to prepare them to make more savory the plain food he brought her. And at night she slept, worn out with fatigue too great to leave her time for tears.

So passed many days. The sun browned her cheeks, and the dew of labor often damped her heavy tresses. But the wind, Heaven's own perfumed breath, soon dried them. Her blue eyes grew deeper and darker, like the summer skies when night comes on. The world looked upon her, seeing that she was no longer lovely as flowers; and, though the old name never was bestowed upon her, it called her fair.

Then another maid, who was very beautiful, came to her and asked shelter. "I am called Peace," she observed; "and since Love is gone, let me dwell here. Love and I could not abide together."

Love's friend said: "Remain with me."

By this time Poverty had departed, leaving behind him many wise maxims. And the place he left behind grew more and more beautiful. The garden was so fragrant, the fruits so abundant, that everyone talked about it. Sickness and Suffering came to ask for healing herbs, and Childhood craved fruit and flowers.

One hot evening a traveller stopped at the gate, begging a little water; for he was ready to faint on the hot and dusty road. The mistresses of the garden gave him water cool and clear. They gave him also an abundance of grapes,—grapes purple as the pansies and sweet as milk. He was a most wretched-appearing traveller. His sandals were worn and his garments threadbare. He was yet young, but his face bore the traces of disease—of the fatal passions that wreck and blast where they pass, and of a deep regret.

He started before he turned away, and looked about him at the trees, the garden, and at the owner of it herself.

"This," said he, "is the place where Beauty used to live. Do you know if she wandered away, or if she is dead of a broken heart?"

She answered him simply: "I am she who was once called Beauty. Now they call me Strength. Where Love has gone I do not know. Peace is now my companion."

Then Love, for it was he, went away with death in his heart; for he knew that she had forgotten him, and by him she could not be forgot.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

VACATION DUTIES.

WHEN the schools close, the boys and girls are supposed to drop their education for a time. "Let them be as young savages," says the modern preacher on social ethics: "let them be untrammelled. Let them be free now until the teacher shall take up the work of keeping them in order again." This is a pleasant way of throwing responsibility on the teacher, and making her or him look forward to September with anticipation. It is easy, too, for parents to consult their

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own ease while obeying the high-priests of social ethics. The boy runs free; he is sent into the country—anywhere. The girl comes home to read novels, to dress, to lounge, to indulge in that discontent which grows out of idleness; her sense of duty and responsibility is dimmed or not cultivated. In fact, experience and observation show that the vacation time is very dangerous for young folk, unless it be carefully turned to advantage.

It is bad policy to cultivate the morals, the minds, and the manners of young people for ten months, and then have them run to weeds during two. The vacation ought to mean that mere instruction should cease, but a higher education should continue under the watchful eyes of the fathers and mothers. The arithmetic and the algebra, the text-book, the chart, and the blackboard, may be laid aside; they are the paraphernalia of instruction—not to be burned, according to the foolish ceremony of some young people at graduating time,—but to be put away for other things quite as necessary. In the vacation time there is an opportunity to train the young in the rudiments of the art of living. School, no matter how well conducted, will always be more or less a strait-jacket; and when the young life comes out of it, a little cramped perhaps, it can not walk easily at first. Like the young bird just from its nest, it needs support; and this support, in the human creature, should take the form of direction.

Vacation opens brilliantly. Liberty and joy are in prospect: no duties, no restraints. The contrast between the restraints of the last ten months and the freedom of the coming two is alluring. But, after a few weeks, the fable of the little girl who grew tired of bread and longed to live on candy repeats itself. The little girl grows tired of sweets: she wants more solid food; idleness cloys, and she becomes a burden to herself and her friends. Why should she have duties? Is it not vacation time? Ought she not to be entirely free? Who has a right to make claims on her? And she grows more and more unhappy as the days go by, and no rules are laid down for her guidance. She may take to unlimited story reading, or gossip, or dress; and Satan, who makes himself a very complaisant master of ceremonies in vacation time, introduces her to the most undesirable associates.

As to the boy, left to himself, he is certain to get into mischief. If he lives the life of a young animal—so highly recommended by some preachers,—he wallows in the mud with other strange young animals, and his mind often needs a great deal of washing in September. Unlimited baseball is not good for the boy—nor is unlimited play of any kind. This is a shockingly unpatriotic utterance, it is true; but if "all work makes Jack a dull boy," all play frequently makes him both a foolish and a rough boy. One may go even further, and say that it makes him a "tough" boy. No: unlimited freedom is not good.

Now is the time for teaching young people that education and duty never end; that there are higher rewards for the performance of duty than good or bad marks; and that no human being who has reached the age of reason can afford to be idle. What makes the burdens of life so intolerable to some of us? It is because somebody near us forgets or ignores his duty, and the burden of it falls on somebody else. Boys and girls ought to have allotted work during this time of leisure. Not much study if you will,—not much mental work, but something fixed, something that will be at once a change, a responsibility, and an occupation for idle hands.

In proportion as Mary's power with God exceeds that of all the saints, so is she, in the same proportion, our most loving advocate, and the one who is the most solicitous for our welfare.—*St. Bonaventure.*

Prayers for Railway Travellers.

THE many requests from our subscribers to have their magazines forwarded to a new address indicate that the season of summer travel has set in. As by far the greater number of travellers during the next few months will patronize the railroad; and as railway collisions, derailments, and similar accidents are unfortunately not at all uncommon throughout the country, the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" will doubtless be interested in the subject of prayers especially appropriate for those who perform their journeys in vehicles drawn by the "iron horse."

Some few weeks ago, on the occasion of the great railway disaster in France, a number of French journals published a blessing for a railroad, the formula being that composed in 1843 by Bishop Fayet, of Orleans. The editors recommended to their readers the recitation of this prayer as a preservative against accidents of every kind. Another blessing, better authorized and even more beautiful than Bishop Fayet's, is that to be found in the appendix of the Roman Ritual. It reiterates a supplication to Divine Providence to protect the travellers who may journey on these roads, and begs of God to grant as an escort to these cars of fire a cohort of angels charged with the care of those who enter them. It solicits also supernatural graces, and especially that of travelling always in the way of the Commandments, so as ultimately to reach the celestial terminus.

These formulas, however, are blessings; and the traveller who takes a train is concerned with pronouncing not so much benedictions on the road and the engine, as prayers for himself. Such benedictions appear scarcely congruous as coming from his lips, and do not entirely respond to his heart's desire. Is there not, then, some prayer peculiarly timely when one has taken one's seat in a train and hears the familiar "All aboard"? Yes; the Breviary contains one that has received the consecration of the Church and of centuries—the "Itinerary," which priests seldom fail to recite for themselves and their companions as often as they begin a journey. As it may seem rather long for the use of laics, we give an abridgment for the benefit of those who may wish to know and learn it:

"May the Almighty and merciful Lord direct us on our journey; may He make it prosper, and maintain us in peace.

"May the Archangel Raphael accompany us along the way, and may we return to our homes in peace, joy, and health.

"Lord, have mercy on us! Jesus Christ, have mercy on us! Lord, have mercy on us!

"PRAYER.—O God, who didst cause the children of Israel to traverse the Red Sea dryshod; Thou who didst point out by a star to the Magi the road that led them to Thee; grant us, we beseech Thee, a prosperous journey and propitious weather; so that, under the guidance of Thy holy angels, we may safely reach that journey's end, and later the haven of eternal salvation.

"Hear, O Lord, the prayers of Thy servants. Bless their journeyings. Thou who art everywhere present, shower everywhere upon them the effects of Thy mercy; so that, ensured by Thy protection against all dangers, they may return to offer Thee their thanksgiving. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Those who have a special confidence in St. Joseph may make use of the following:

"O Blessed St. Joseph, who didst accompany Jesus and Mary in all their journeys, and who hast therefore merited to be called the patron of all travellers, accompany us in this journey that we are about to undertake. Be our guide and our protector; watch over us; preserve us from all accidents and dangers to soul and body; support us in our fatigue, and aid us to sanctify it by offering it to God. Make us ever mindful that we are strangers, sojourners here below; that heaven is our true home; and help us to persevere on the straight road that leads thereunto. We beseech thee especially to protect and aid us in the last great voyage from time to eternity; so that, under thy guidance, we may reach the realm of happiness and glory, there to repose eternally with thee in the company of Jesus and Mary. Amen."

The saintly Mgr. Dupanloup composed another prayer for travellers, asking in a special manner for the protection of the Guardian Angels. It reads:

"O Almighty and merciful God, who hast commissioned Thy angels to guide and protect us, command them to be our assiduous companions from our setting out until our return; to clothe us

with their invisible protection; to keep from us all danger of collision, of fire, of explosion, of falls and bruises; and finally, having preserved us from all evil, and especially from sin, to guide us to our heavenly home. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Another not less beautiful prayer is:

"My holy Angel Guardian, ask the Lord to bless the journey which I undertake, that it may profit the health of my soul and body; that I may reach its end; and that, returning safe and sound, I may find my family in good health. Do thou guard, guide and preserve us."

Our readers will not have forgotten the couplet which was a favorite ejaculation of the Discoverer of the New World:

"Jesus cum Maria
Sit nobis in via."

Jesus and Mary, we pray,
Be with us on our way.

It is a very easy matter to copy any of these prayers on a slip of paper and place it in one's travelling-bag or pocket-book, to be recited when beginning a journey. One should not at least fail to make the Sign of the Cross on such occasions, as is very generally done by European Catholics. The neglect or performance of such acts of piety may make all the difference between having our names figure in the list of "killed and wounded" in some railway catastrophe, and having them appear as those of passengers "saved by a miracle."

A Shameful Spectacle and a Demoralizing Press.

A CABLE dispatch to the Associated Press furnishes considerable food for unpleasant reflection. There were present at a recent prize-fight in London, it tells us, dukes, earls, marquises, baronets, and non-titled aristocrats in profusion. Many notable Americans were also conspicuous in the assembly. Out of regard for the high social standing of the patrons, a *fiat* had gone forth that no names should be mentioned. It is the one bit of decency in the horrible affair that the noble and aristocratic spectators had the sense to be ashamed of themselves. The dispatch went on to inform us, with blood-curdling precision, that the fight was one of the most brutal and cruel on record, and to give sickening particulars. And it further made us aware that the peer of the realm, who is president of the Association under whose auspices the beastly exhibition was given, prefaced it with some eloquent remarks, eulogizing the "manly art" and those who practise it.

We may say in passing that this nobleman has within his gift some thirty-eight livings of the Established Church of England—the absolute and perpetual right of appointing thirty-eight men as spiritual guides and teachers to as many parishes. Certain people, hitherto indifferent, are awakening to the fact that there is a strange want of consistency somewhere. We are further indebted to the cable for the important information that the spectators, numbering three thousand, were in full evening dress, and that the betting was fast and heavy.

Only second in vileness to the actual exhibition is the publication of information relating to it. The daily newspapers are training "sluggers" as fast as they can run their presses. Man is ever prone, without the restraining influence of religion, to revert to the primitive savage type, without the savage virtues. This tendency is fostered by this public pandering to the brutal instincts. Their readers, publishers tell us, demand it; and the stockholders have a sharp eye for dividends. It follows that the papers are largely made up of sporting news,—much of it comparatively innocuous, but much, like the account of this shameful spectacle in London, degrading and deadly in its effect upon the minds of our boys and young men.

Not many months ago one man was brave enough and great enough to say that a prize-fight, which had every detail

arranged, should not take place in the city he calls home. Crowds of eager ruffians collected from all points of the compass, and then—marched back again, discomfited, chagrined and beaten! The fight did not come off. Archbishop Ireland would say, no doubt, that he only performed his simple duty in insisting upon an enforcement of the law; but did it not require a lofty courage to oppose that mob of men, whose money was at stake, and whose souls knew no higher joy than the pleasure attendant upon a good view of the prize-ring?

In the year 403 of the Christian era the fury of the Goths was turned aside from Rome, and the great victory was to be celebrated, as in the old heathen times, by a series of combats in the Coliseum. Suddenly, when the gladiators were face to face, there sprang into the arena a holy man from the desert, Telemachus by name, who commanded the people to refrain from requiting God's mercy by doing murder. "Kill him!" screamed the spectators, enraged with interference in the savage sights they loved; and fast and furious fell the stones upon that venerable head, quickly flashed the bright swords of the gladiators, and the hermit lay dead upon the shining sand. Then came the reaction. Men awoke to the consciousness of the enormity of the sin which Telemachus died to prevent, and the walls of the Coliseum never again held human beings standing up to slay one another.

We can not all do as did this martyr from the desert, but we can support a sentiment which will in time wipe out the disgusting prize-fight from the face of the civilized earth.

O MOTHER of God! if I place my confidence in thee, I shall be saved; if I am under thy protection, I have nothing to fear; for the fact of being thy client is the possession of a certainty of salvation which God grants only to those He means to save.—*St. John Damascene.*

Notes and Remarks.

On Wednesday, the 1st inst., there was celebrated in the Diocese of Münster, in the Rhineland, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the erection of the shrine of Our Lady of Kevelaer, one of the most popular sanctuaries for pilgrims in the Catholic world. Nearly four hundred thousand visit it annually, and with each successive decade its fame and attractiveness notably increase. Many miracles are recorded as having taken place before the wondrous statue of the Blessed Virgin here enshrined, one of which the German poet Heine has made the subject of his most Christian poem. The image is an exact copy of the one so much venerated in Luxemburg under the title Comfortress of the Afflicted. By order of the Holy Father, the statue was decorated during the late celebration with a golden crown by the Bishop of Münster. Large numbers of the leading Church dignitaries of Germany and Holland were present; the Archbishop of Cologne officiated at Pontifical High Mass, and the eloquent Bishop of Treves preached on the occasion.

A prominent Philadelphian has proposed an anti-treating league. He shows the absurdity of being obliged to offer liquid refreshment to every acquaintance within sight whenever one feels personally thirsty, especially as the offer is frequently accepted out of mere compliment. Many a young man can trace the ruin of his moral character to this false notion of the demands of courtesy.

The efficacy of the Church's prayers for blessing the products of the earth has been signally demonstrated this year in the case of the Trappist Fathers at Oka, Quebec. Last year their grounds, like those of most Quebec farmers, were invaded by legions of the field-mouse, which destroyed their young orchard. They this year had the happy thought of removing this plague, by employing the prayers of the Ritual against these destructive animals. Last autumn one of the monks, in surplice and stole, with two acolytes, went around the vast enclosure, in which are the

orchard and garden, reciting liturgical prayers and sprinkling the previously infected places with holy water. This is what happened: not a tree, not a useful plant, was attacked by mice in the limits circumscribed by the ceremony. Still, large holes and enormous nests were found in all the other parts of the enclosure. It seemed as if the animals had received orders to find their food elsewhere, and they did not go far for it. All around the blessed circle, they destroyed young maples and brush.

In recording the facts of the case the Montreal *Star* mentions that some years since the county of Lotbinière was invaded by certain birds, which did great damage to the crops. Public prayers were ordered, and the birds soon disappeared.

Recent magazine writers have called attention to the fact that the average length of human life is increasing in modern times. The latest instance of remarkable longevity that has come under our notice is that of Anton Juritch, a peasant of Dresnica, Austria, whose age is set by documentary evidence at one hundred and thirty years. He still works in his vineyard, goes a good two hours' distance every Sunday to hear Mass, and possesses the keen vision of youth. His father died young, but his mother lived a century and a half.

On the fact that a Mr. Doubleday is to bring before the London County Council his discovery that the bands in the parks sometimes play dance music on Sundays, the London *Tablet* comments in a strain which is interesting, as bearing on our own question of the Sunday opening or closing of the World's Fair. "If," says our able contemporary, "the public who sit under the trees listening to the bands on Sunday afternoons like to hear dance music, why should they be deprived of an innocent pleasure? However, although the race of persons who imagine they are pious when they are only bilious is by no means extinct, one is glad to feel that the old sour Protestant way of regarding the Sunday is gradually dying. It has always been very wonderful to us how good men, in the name of religion, could force the working classes on wet Sundays either to stop in their narrow, crowded homes, or to go and sit and swill in a beer-house."

We have already expressed our hope that the World's Fair may be opened during, at least, a portion of the Sunday; and herewith renew our trust that what the *Tablet* styles "the old sour Protestant way" may not be enforced in Chicago.

It is surely a noble vocation to minister to those whom God has set apart in a silent world of their own; and the annual report of the Le Couteulx St. Mary's Institution in Buffalo, N. Y., shows how well that task is being performed at this flourishing institution. The past year has been one of quiet progress, and the outlook for the future is clearly encouraging. One hundred and twenty-six inmates share the watchful care of the devoted religious who have charge of these poor "children of silence."

The Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania, the Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, is probably the Nestor of Irish prelates; and, notwithstanding his advanced age, is remarkably vigorous, physically and mentally. Before being transferred to Hobart he had been for many years a bishop in India. He is a man of great learning, and is distinguished as an astronomer. Although lacking only a few months of being an octogenarian, Mgr. Murphy is on a visit to Rome and his native country.

A correspondent writes: "My wife is devoted to St. Anthony of Padua, and has often experienced his power as a finder of things lost. Not long ago we were in a hamlet in Iowa. The hotel-keeper there lost his watch-chain charm in the yard of his residence. He, his wife, his son, and three servants, hunted for it for hours, raked the bit of ground for it over and over, but could not find it. At the end of the search, my wife came along and asked them what they were looking for. When they had told her, she said: 'I'll find it.'—'I wish you would, but I doubt if you can,' replied the hotel-keeper.—'Well,' she said, 'see if I don't!' So she began a 'Hail Mary' secretly in honor of St. Anthony, entreating him to let her find the jewel, and promising to make known his gift. Before

the prayer was finished, she felt moved to look at a spot close to which the man was standing; and, lo, there was the charm shining amid the grass! The hotel-keeper was astonished, for he had raked over that identical place himself just a moment before; and had even gotten down on his knees and passed his hands all over the ground, hoping to feel what he could not see. 'What made you think you'd find it?' he asked, after expressing his gratitude.—'We have a Saint,' she answered, 'whom we invoke whenever we lose anything, and he helps us to find it.'—'Oh, pshaw!' said the man, 'you don't believe that, do you?'—'Of course I do, because I have put it to the proof time and time again. And you yourself see that six of you have been hunting for your charm without finding it, and I found it immediately after calling on St. Anthony.'—'Well, by Jove,' he admitted, 'there may be something in it, after all!' And my wife answered: 'Not only may be, but *is!*'"

Even in this day of elastic dogma it is not common to find a Protestant poet, in a Protestant magazine (James R. Campbell, in the *Youth's Companion*), o'erleap the bounds of Arianism so far as this in praise of Our Lady:

Mother of God, what is thy thought to-night,
As His dear, patient face looks down to thee,
Moist with the dews of unguessed agony?
Hast thou the prophet's ecstasy of sight,
To scan afar the world's noontide of light?
Art thou rejoicing in the joy to be?
Perchance, but oh that trembling minor key,
The mother's heart still clamoring for its right—
"Give me my Child, if all the world must die."
And through the shadows of the scene of death
Streams morning sunshine from the former years.
Upon thy breast the smiling Babe doth lie,
And all the happy days in Nazareth
Break on thee through the blinding mist of tears.

Were it not that a non-Catholic poet can not realize the meaning of the Compassion of our Blessed Lady, this pretty sonnet might pass unchallenged into a collection of Catholic verse.

A late number of the *Critic* contains a notice of a work recently issued, entitled "Mary, the Mother of Jesus." The book is from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Vincent, and, though preserving a reverential tone throughout, is imbued with Protestant prejudices. The *Critic*, among other comments, has the following:

"Mrs. Vincent (or let us hope the printer) makes a slip in quoting John xix, 26 She (or he) reads: 'Woman, behold thy Son,' printing son with a capital S, as if Jesus were calling attention to Himself, whereas the 'son' referred to was John, as the context shows. Mrs. Vincent is quite correct in deprecating Protestant wilfulness in ignoring the claims of Mary to our respectful regard. On one point the Church of Rome is probably right: Mary was the Virgin Mother of Jesus. Does not the fitness of things suggest that the superlative honor of bearing the Incarnate God precluded," etc.

In a word, faith, and devotion that springs from faith, must be the guide and monitor of the heart and mind in the intercourse which may subsist between the creature and the Creator and His heavenly kingdom. When the human mind, in some degree, grasps the idea of God and His relationship with us, then only does the heart, filled with love, find means whereby proper expression may be found for its affection.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —Heb., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Augustus X. Maguire, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who departed this life on the 30th ult.

Mrs. Mary A. Holliday, who passed away on the 28th ult., at Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Charles Dennehy, who died a holy death in Chicago, Ill., on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Julia M. Philabert, of St. Louis, Mo., whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a happy death on the 30th ult.

Mr. William J. McCarthy, whose death took place on the 2d inst., at W. Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Zachary Oskin, Mr. J. F. Morrow, and Mrs. P. F. Murray, of Braddock, Pa.; Miss Eliza J. Nugent, E Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. John Madigan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Catherine Welch, Kinross, Iowa; Mrs. Mary Noon, Lytle City, Iowa; Mr. Michael Gorman, Sacramento, Cal.; Miss Elizabeth Dowed, Cohoes, N. Y.; Mr. Lawrence McKeown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Michael Reinhart, Mrs. John Wagner, Mrs. Mary Russell, John O'Brien, and Mrs. Michael Dunphy,—all of Cincinnati, Ohio; and Mrs. J. O'Connor, Charlestown, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Golden Deed and Its Recompense.

TOWARD the end of the year 1400 there lived in a small village in Lombardy a priest whose life was spent in ministering to the spiritual and temporal wants of the poor of his flock. He only regretted that his power of assisting them was so limited by his slender income; for he was by no means a wealthy man. He was consequently much loved and respected, not only by his humble parishioners, but also by everybody in the neighboring district and for miles around.

One day he was sent for to administer spiritual consolation to an unfortunate young man, who had been condemned to death for stealing a few loaves from a baker's shop.* The good priest was shut up with the thief for some hours in a little chapel adjoining the village prison, during which time he tried to persuade the wretched man to repent of his sins and prepare for death. But, instead of listening to him, the thief was absorbed in his own thoughts, and did not pay the slightest attention to what was said to him. At last the priest grew discouraged, and was tempted to give up his task. Assuming an air of severity, he asked:

"My son, do you not know that you are shortly going to appear before the judgment-seat of God, to render a strict account to His justice?"

"Yes, I know; but I also know that you can save my life."

"How can *I* save your life? What do you mean? It is impossible!"

"Not at all. You have only to put your chair upon the altar, then stand upon it; I will stand upon your shoulders; in this way I shall reach the window, which I can get through, and so make my escape over the roof."

"Do you think that I will be your accomplice in an escape which will only enable you to commit fresh crimes?"

"Oh, no!—never again, Father! Do not be afraid of that. I am too near the gallows now ever again to expose myself to a like danger."

"No, my son, I can not do it; it would be against my conscience. Besides, I must tell you frankly, I do not believe in your promises."

"Dear sir, kind Father, save my life, I implore you! Look: I am only twenty-one. I stole the loaves because I was starving. I swear that if you will help me this once, I will lead a new life and be an honest man for the future. For Our Lady's sake, save me. In her name give me one more trial."

The good priest could not resist the prayers and entreaties of the poor young man; and, moreover, believing his repent-

* In those days a theft, however small, was punished with death.

ance to be sincere, he did his best to further the escape; and in a few minutes the youth regained his liberty.

In a short time the hangman came to lead his prisoner away to the gallows. But what was his surprise and dismay to find the priest alone! He ran to tell the magistrates, who hastened to the chapel, where they found the priest on his knees, engaged in prayer. In reply to their questions as to what had become of the prisoner, the priest answered: "I think he must be an angel in disguise, since he managed to fly through that window; and here am I on my knees imploring his protection." The magistrates, inwardly certain that the supposed angel would soon be arrested by the soldiers dispatched in pursuit of him, could not restrain their laughter at the simplicity and good-humor of this speech, and hastily withdrew, without reprimanding in the least the kind-hearted clergyman.

Fifteen years had elapsed since this curious adventure, when one day our friend the priest found himself obliged to go to Milan on urgent family affairs; and, as he was still as poor as ever, he was compelled to make the journey on foot. He was unaccustomed to travelling, this being the first time he had ever left his village in many years; and, after journeying a few hours, he perceived that he had quite lost his way, and had no idea where he was.

To make matters worse, it was growing dark, and there was no habitation of any kind in sight where he could make inquiries how to proceed on his journey—when all of a sudden he saw a cart coming along the road toward him. The driver pulled up his horse, and the priest asked him which was the road to the village of ——. The man, who looked like a respectable farmer, replied that the village was ten miles off; and that, as the roads were infested with brigands, it was not safe to travel by night. He therefore begged the priest to come home with him, and to-morrow he would show him the way. His entreaties were so urgent that at last the invitation was accepted, not without some fears on the part of the traveller lest it should prove a trap to rob and murder him. He was more especially nervous as he had the care of a considerable sum of money, which a brother priest, whose sister lived in Milan, had begged him to convey to her.

As they approached the little farm, the priest began to take courage; and all his fears vanished when he discovered who was the owner of the property.

They alighted from the cart and entered a cheerful little room on the ground-floor. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, and two children of about five and seven years old ran forward to greet their father, but stopped short when they perceived the stranger who was with him.

The farmer gave each of them a hearty kiss, and then told his wife to prepare a good supper for his guest. While the woman hastened to obey her husband's orders, he took his two little ones by the hand and said: "My children, kiss this good Father's hand, as I do. He saved my life once."

The priest looked attentively at his host, and recognized him as the young man who had been condemned to death for stealing the loaves, and whose escape he had helped to promote. Full of surprise and pleasure, he inquired how he had become possessed of that beautiful property. The farmer replied:

"When you saved my life, I promised you that for the future I would be an honest man; and I have kept my promise. As soon as I was free I came to this village, where I was born; and the owner of this farm, whom I have known all my life, took me into his service. I did all I could to prove myself worthy of his esteem; and he, in return, treated me as one of his own family. When I had been in his

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service about six years, I obtained permission to marry his daughter, to whom I was deeply attached, and whose affections I soon won in return. Teresa and I make it the object of our lives to minister to the happiness of her father, to whom I owe everything. God in His mercy has forgiven the faults of my youth, and blessed my endeavors; and now I am overjoyed to see you again, and my happiness would be complete if you would deign to accept some little token of my gratitude."

"I am more than repaid by seeing you leading a virtuous and happy life. It is the greatest return you could make for the effort I made on your behalf. Continue to live honestly; be a good husband and father, and you will find a speedy return for all your care in the love of your wife and children."

The kind priest was finally obliged to yield to the reiterated entreaties of the farmer and his wife, that he would spend a few days with them; and those days, the good couple ever after declared, were the proudest and happiest of their lives.

He soon made the acquaintance of Teresa's father, who spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of his son-in-law, adding that his grandchildren were indeed the joy of his old age.

The farmer then drove his guest all the way to Milan in his own vehicle; and when they parted, made him promise that he would come every year and spend a few days with him at his farm.

WALTER VON VOGELWEIDE, the famous romantic poet of the Middle Ages, had an especial fondness for the feathered creation, and left a legacy to the monks of Würzburg on condition that each day some of their number should go to his grave, call as many birds as possible there, and feed them all the grain they would eat.

An Indian Missionary's Letter.

DEAR CHILDREN OF THE "AVE MARIA":—In the midst of the woods of the Indian Territory, far away from cities and railroads, surrounded by tribes of poor Indians, there is a dear little spot called Sacred Heart Mission. Dear indeed is that spot to the heart of the missionary, who goes out from it to preach to the Redmen; dear also to the Indians, who learn from him the saving truths of our holy religion.

We have in our school there sometimes as many as one hundred Indian children. We teach them to read, write, count, and also instruct them in some trade. But above all we teach them to know and to love God, to care for their souls—to avoid sin and practise virtue. How do they profit by our teaching, you will ask. Well, they profit by it very much indeed. First you must know that even before they are made Christians by holy Baptism, they sometimes live in a state of innocence that is truly wonderful.

The first year I was at Sacred Heart Mission, one of our youngest pupils was found one night crying and sobbing in his bed. The prefect came around and asked what was the matter. "Are you sick? Have you fever?" he inquired, at the same time placing his hand on the forehead of the boy.—"No, no, I am not sick," he answered; "but I am not yet baptized, and I might die before I am. O Father, please let me receive holy Baptism to-morrow! I have already waited so long, so long!" A month seemed to him as long as ten years. He received not only Baptism, but Holy Communion on the same day—it was during the month of May,—and I never saw among white boys a more angelic face, radiant with more heavenly joy, than his when he came to the altar. He is still a pupil of Sacred Heart, grown almost to the full strength of manhood; but he has preserved all the gentleness

and innocence of manners of his boyhood.

A young Indian woman, whom I had baptized a year previously, was very desirous to receive Holy Communion. I told her she must first go to confession. She asked, in surprise: "Father, must I go to confession if I have not committed sin? You told me after baptism to be careful and avoid sin, and I have done so." Another young woman, educated at the Mission, was dying at a great distance from it, surrounded by Protestants, and a minister who wanted to press his services upon her. She called one of the Indians to her and said: "Get your horse and go to the Mission as fast as you can, that the priest may bring me Holy Communion. I am going to die." When the priest arrived, she half raised herself and ejaculated: "O God, I believe in the holy Catholic Church!" What a beautiful profession of faith, that was from the lips of a dying Indian! How much it must have pleased our Father in heaven! It brought tears of joy and emotion to the eyes of the priest. He gave her the Sacraments of the dying, and as the sun was sinking behind the distant hills her pure soul took its flight into eternity.

Isolated from the white man, preserved from the contagion of vice that is so common in large cities and towns, the Indians are not so bad as they are represented. They are naturally religious: they pray as best they can, and it is perfectly natural to them to revere the missionary as the messenger of the good God, sent to teach them the way to please Him and gain heaven.

An old Comanche chief, who was infirm and blind, in thanking one of our missionaries for his instructions, said: "I did not know before where I came from nor whither I am going; I know it now. I came from nothing, created by Almighty God; and I go to Him who made me." How many proud philosophers have not yet learned the lesson of this dusky child of the forest!

Four years ago an Indian named Wenwague died near our Mission, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and twenty-five. He used to come to the Mission every Holy Saturday for his Easter duty. He came a distance of three miles on foot, led and assisted by a young man; for he was almost blind. He looked more like a walking skeleton than a man. The last time he came I took him to the sacristy, and asked him to sit down instead of kneel to make his confession, he was so weak. But he would not do it. All my arguments were unavailing. He knelt down and made his confession, slowly and with a touching display of sincere sorrow for having offended God.

But I should never be done if I were to record all such edifying little instances of genuine piety in the Indians. I will relate one more, that seems to bear a beautiful lesson. A good Indian woman I know of always rises at two o'clock at night, when she hears the bell of the monastery ringing the Angelus. She recites the prayer to the Blessed Mother of God, and then goes to sleep again. You may be sure her first thought in the morning is a good one, and she is not tempted to begin the day as so many do without saying a prayer.

Now to return to our children. Last November ten were baptized in one day. In their animosity and bigotry toward Catholic schools, the officers of the Indian Department have curtailed our contract to fifty children. If we take more, it is entirely at the expense of the Mission. Yet we have done so: we have taken fifteen more, and almost every day we receive applications from Indian parents who want to give their children a Catholic education. Alas! we can not receive them for want of funds, unless we get some help from friends abroad. You, dear children, can you not help us a little? You can procure by your charity the grace of holy Baptism and First Communion and of a good Christian

education for some of these poor Indian children. They will bless you and pray for you, and we will do the same. Our Blessed Mother will smile on you, and our Divine Lord will reward you.

And now let me ask you one more favor, my dear children. While you interest yourselves in our Indian boys and girls, will you not also interest your parents in the building of our church? We *must* build it, or let our Indians crowd at the door and windows of the chapel next winter, and be chilled or frozen by the piercing air. Who of us would stand it if obliged to stay out of doors during divine service? We have already begun the building of a church dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and this, you know, is the month of the Sacred Heart and of the Blessed Sacrament. He who gives toward this edifice gives an alms to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Master.

Dear children, deny yourselves something for the sake of the poor Indians, and entreat your parents to be generous; they can not refuse you, and I know you will not refuse me. Send your offerings to the Editor of THE "AVE MARIA"; he has promised to receive them for me.

Your friend in Our Lord,

AN INDIAN MISSIONARY.

Which was the Heathen?

Many years ago an English tourist was travelling in Egypt, and, having by some mischance missed the regular steamer, took passage upon a large vessel which was loaded with grain. At every village where they stopped birds came on board in great numbers, and ate from the sacks of grain until the vessel pushed off.

The Englishman was surprised at such a want of thrift, and thought he would teach the Egyptian captain some of the first principles of business. Thereupon he asked him, as a sort of preliminary to the lesson he intended giving him, who owned the grain.

"I own it, sir," answered the Egyptian, respectfully.

"Well, why do you let so much of it go to waste then?" asked the passenger. "In England we would call that a very poor way of doing business."

The Egyptian, as Yankees are said to do, answered the question by asking another:

"Who made the birds?"

"Why," answered the astonished Englishman,—"why—God, of course!"

"When God made the birds, do you not believe that He made the grain for them to eat?"

"I suppose so," said the other.

"Should I, a poor mortal, then, dare to stand in His way?" asked the captain. "He will feed all His creatures, and I shall never suffer from the loss of a little grain."

The Englishman turned away, concluding that he would never again try to reason with such a simpleton; and the captain smiled, opened another sack, and threw a handful of grain to the expectant birds.

A Turkish Legend.

The Turks call the ostrich the camel-bird. One evening, one of their legends runs, a caravan halted in the desert for the night, and an ostrich went to the camel-driver and asked to be fed. "But you are a bird," said the camel-driver.—"No, I am a camel, and wish to eat with the other camels." So the driver fed him. The next morning the caravan started. "Come, Master Camel!" called the driver to the ostrich. "Your load is waiting for you."—"Oh, I am not a camel!" answered the ostrich: "I am a bird."

Have we not all seen human beings who remind us of that camel-bird?

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.

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To St. Elizabeth.

BY MARY ELIZABETH STACE.

DEAR mother of the Baptist, it was thou
Who first Our Lady's honors didst proclaim;
Thy lips first called her by the blessed name
Which told her wondrous dignity. Ah! how
Unfaltering was the faith that bade thee bow
Before thy cousin, saying, wonderingly,
"Whence comes the Mother of my Lord to me?"
Glad exultation shone on Mary's brow,
As she exclaimed, in words of love and praise:
"My soul doth magnify the Lord; for He
Hath done great things to me!" O blessed Saint!
How couldst thou hear—and not for rapture faint—
That glorious song? Dear patron, pray for me,
That one day I on Mary's face may gaze.

Our Lady of Puig.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.

IN the Spanish province of Valencia, between the towns of Murviedro and Valencia, stands the very ancient shrine of Our Lady of Puig. Its origin is as interesting as it is antique. According to tradition, the venerated image of Mary—which is an alto-relievo, not a statue—was wrought by the hands of angels in a portion of the tomb of our Holy Mother; and, even as the Santa Casa of Loreto was miraculously transported by celestial ministry, so the image of Puig was borne by angels from Jerusalem after the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven.

Puig already possessed a sanctuary of Our Lady at that remote time,—a shrine erected by St. Eugene under the direction of St. James, who had predicted the miraculous arrival of the precious image. St. Eugene, the first Bishop of Valencia, received with joy the angels' gift, placing it in the peaceful sanctuary, where it remained until the year 622. Then the priests who watched over the shrine, dreading the Moorish depredation, concealed it under ground, beneath an immense bell. For six centuries it remained in its subterranean hiding-place, but in 1223 Our Lady of Puig again miraculously saw the light of day.

When James I., King of Aragon, was captured and taken as a prisoner to Carcassonne, he made a vow that, if released, he would found a religious order for rescuing Christian captives from the hands of infidels. No sooner was he free than he set about fulfilling his promse.

On August 1, 1223, the monarch had a vision, in which the Blessed Virgin ordered him to institute a religious society, to be known as the Order of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives. A similar vision

was granted to the King's confessor, St. Raymond of Pennafort, who received the same injunctions; whilst St. Peter Nolasco, then in Barcelona, was even more singularly favored, as his heavenly Visitor particularly specified her Divine Son's desire that the Order should be founded by St. Peter Nolasco, aided by St. Raymond and their royal patron.

The King, rejoiced to find that God visibly approved his pious thought, was now animated with one desire—that of finding the most favorable spot on which to build the first house of the new Order. Again Heaven came to direct his movements,—or, perhaps more correctly, Our Lady of Puig brought him to the place she had chosen. One night his Majesty was astonished at beholding seven brilliant stars, hovering, so to speak, over a tiny hillock, known at Puig by the name of Castillo. Not to the King alone were the stars visible: all the country around witnessed the miracle. James, however, understood the sign: it was clear to him the seven stars were so many guiding spirits, showing him the spot to choose. The following day workmen began to dig away the earth forming the Castillo, and before long a pickax struck upon a metal object: it proved to be a large bell. On being raised, Mary's long-buried image came to view. The miraculous history attached to it was cut, in Gothic characters, on the bell.

An eye-witness of this touching discovery, a priest named Zimenes, from Daroca, related the scene and gave one of the inscriptions found on the bell: "O Holy Mary, pray for us! May your image protect us,—this image which was carved by angels' hands in the stone of your tomb, and carried by them amongst us, where it has been honored by the visit of Apostles. We, your servants, venerate you. May the sound of this bell, which we made in 622, drive far from us all thunder and lightning."

In a "History of Puig," by Guimerano, the same account is given; and likewise by Martin Zimenes in his "Conquest of Spain"; whilst the most precious testimony of all comes from Pope Benedict XII., who, in a papal bull issued in favor of the sanctuary in the year 1407, sets forth that the miraculous tradition attached to the celebrated shrine was perfectly authenticated, and the circumstances relating to the finding of the image equally true.

Soon a chapel stood on the spot, and the Castillo was put into a state of defence. Heaven had so visibly taken his cause in hands, the King of Aragon deemed the moment come in which to march to the conquest of Valencia. The Moorish troops numbered more than forty thousand, whilst the King's army scarcely amounted to two thousand five hundred. Zahen, the Moorish King, made a fierce attack on Puig, confiding in the superiority of his numbers; but all his calculations proved vain. The Catholic army, whose only force was fervent prayer, offered in Mary's sanctuary before the attack, came off victorious. In the midst of the bloody struggle St. George, as if to encourage them by his presence, appeared in the heavens on a white horse, his sword drawn and a red cross on his breast. Although the battle-field was covered with the Moorish dead, the Catholic troops lost only three men.

To commemorate this signal victory, the King decreed that a beautiful chapel and spacious monastery should be erected on the spot where Mary's image had been found; and before long the pious monarch brought triumphantly to his Heavenly Protectress the keys of the city of Valencia, of which he had taken possession.

The Madonna of Puig ever showed her powerful protection in favor of the Kings of Spain. Even Pedro the Cruel sought her shrine; and, after having been miraculously preserved in a violent tempest, he came barefoot before the altar to offer his

cordial thanks. Once, on the eve of the Nativity, a pious client of Mary, unjustly a prisoner in a neighboring town, felt his chains suddenly fall, the prison doors open before him; and, once free, he hastened to Puig to thank the Immaculate Virgin, who had so often been invoked by him with confidence, and who had not been deaf to the voice of her child.

During many years the seven stars were frequently seen, at intervals, hovering over the steeple of the church which quickly rose at Puig in honor of Mary; and often the voices of angels were heard joining in the chants of the monks. On Saturdays especially, and after the recitation of the *Salve Regina*, the invisible singers blended their harmonious strains with those of the congregation; and thus the sanctuary came to be called by a name which, translated from the Spanish, means the "Angels' Room."

On one occasion, in 1588, the image of Mary was carried from Puig to Valencia at the express desire of Philip II., for a splendid celebration about to take place in the latter town. During the sixteen days the ceremonies lasted the angel-singers were heard each day, delighting the pious worshipers by the celestial melody of their strains; whilst the seven stars were visible each night, going from the "Angels' Room" to Valencia Cathedral, wherein the miraculous statue had been placed.

When the *fête* was over, Our Lady of Puig returned to her sanctuary. There she has remained ever since; though the good monks, the guardians of the shrine, have long ago been dispersed, and their peaceful home laid bare. The splendors of the place are vanished visions, but the piety of Mary's clients has survived the wreck. The sanctuary is now a humble one, wherein are still repeated the holy litanies learned from the lips of angels; whilst a devoted priest watches with jealous care over the miraculous image of Mary, as she clasps the Divine Infant to her breast.

Mary Killevin's Convert.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

(Conclusion.)

ONE morning Mary came into her mistress' room with an air of delighted importance. Mildred saw at once with quickened pulse.

"Miss Mildred, I've got news for you that will please you. Maybe you'll be guessing what it is?"

"Why should I guess, Mary? You will be good-natured and tell me, because I am not able to go out and gather the news for myself."

"Ah, but ye'll be able to go out the morn! O Miss, you *must!*"

"I hope so. But why are you so anxious? Where is it you wish me to go?"

"To me mother's just. Father Wilson'll be there the morn."

"O Mary, that *does* please me; because I know you are pleased, and you have been so kind a little nurse to me!"

"But, Miss Mildred, I want you to be pleased for yourself. You wish to see Father Wilson, don't you?"

"Indeed I do!"

"An' you will come to me mother's?"

"Yes, Mary, I will," answered Mildred.

"O Miss Mildred, if you could only see how glad I am in my heart!"

Then, without another word, she was away to her work, and Mildred scarcely saw her again all day. She herself was so much better now that she needed no extra care. But she was very quiet all day. She had much to think of, and no one to consult. Hers was the freedom of a rich and motherless girl, whose father was always too busy to do the noblest work he had to do—"make friends" with his child. He could only make money for her.

The next morning dawned gloriously, and Mildred met it at its earliest blush.

She was not quite sure of Mary's home nor of her own strength. She must go very slowly, and in nowise hurry or flurry herself. It took her a long time to reach the river-side suburbs, but the delay was caused very much by her admiration of the morning. Never was earth lovelier than at High Lands that day. The Killevin cottage was easily recognized; for its open door was surrounded by a reverential, silent group, and its whitewashed gate stood open. It was a small, low-roofed, whitewashed place, standing in a green garden, where a half dozen old apple-trees made a pleasant shade. There were benches and chairs on the grass beneath these trees, and they were filled; but the group around the door wore a different look from the occupants of the seats. Mildred paused at the gate, overcome with shyness. A little, worn, sweet-faced woman came out of the door and down the path. Mildred met her.

"It's Miss Mildred?" she said, in a hushed voice.

Mildred bowed in silence.

"Ye're dearly welcome. Will ye please take a seat here?" laying her hand on a chair beneath the trees. "Father Wilson is hearing confessions now."

Then she went hurriedly, yet quietly, away into the house. Mildred sat looking straight before her. Everyone, of course, was strange, and she had a feeling that those near her were as strange to the scene they came to witness as herself. There was now and then a low whisper, but the spirit of the worshipers near the door had its effect on the others. Mildred wondered why her heart beat so rapidly, as though she was about to enter for the first time upon an experience really as old to her as her memory. She had been going to Mass with Agnes and her people all her life, but she had never felt as she did now.

Presently there was a stir around her. Some one touched her arm, and she moved into the house with them. A small, plain entry, bare and whitewashed, with a room on either side, was the whole of the downstairs; and into the room on the right Mildred saw she was to turn. The paper curtains on the side toward the street were down, making a subdued light where the rows of chairs—all sorts and sizes—were neatly arranged. There was room for about twenty people, closely seated; and several stood in the entry, looking in at the door. One half of the room was bare of seats. Against the opposite wall Mildred saw the altar, the morning's beautiful light circling it like a halo from the small, low window behind it. It was a plain table, draped with coarse, snow-white muslin, and bearing the plainest and simplest array of holy vessels, lights, and a cheap, wooden crucifix. Before it, so close that she could have touched him with her outstretched hand, knelt the priest. The next minute Mass began.

And from the first word until the last Mildred's whole soul was filled with awe and wonder. Never had she felt as she did during that half hour. Not the most glorious and solemn ceremonial of the holiest feast-day had filled her whole being with the yearning after the Divine Victim and His glory which awoke with the progress of that Mass,—All-Sufficient, Our Lord Himself, in poverty, in loneliness, in the nakedness of absolute necessity, yet wanting nothing to the heart that awaits His coming. Mildred had a glimpse into the joy that may well fill to repletion the lives of the faithful, whose courage, whose patience, whose closer and closer clinging to Holy Mother Church, has been the wonder of ages.

When Mass was over, Father Wilson preached, or rather gave an instruction. In a simple yet masterly style he talked to those who heard him,—to his own flock, and to the strangers without the gates, who had come, urged by motives as many and as varied as the hearers, "to see what kind of church the Catholics had." What he said Mildred never forgot.

It was the same teaching she had heard many times before, but, of course, differently put, and leaving a different impression. It seemed to be addressed to her very self. But it was very short, she thought, as the preacher turned again to the altar and knelt, while the congregation began to stir and rustle with the unmistakable sound of approaching departure.

He was still kneeling when Mildred quietly left her place and passed into the entry. On the doorstep she paused. The others were all out before her—the strangers, that is. The Catholics, for the most part, were still on their knees within. There were so few of them,—scarcely a dozen, counting the babies, who peeped shyly at her from behind the door of the left-hand room. At last Mary came, with beaming face and eager eyes.

"O Miss Mildred, it's like yourself to wait there! I was fearing you'd be gone away. Here's Father Wilson waiting to speak with you, if you'll come."

"Mary dear, I think I had better go. I ought not to take up his time, when he must need it all for you and the others."

She added the last in deference to Mary's grieved and disappointed face. But as she spoke Father Wilson came from the door of the room in answer to her words.

"Is this the lady Mary thinks so much of that she would like to make a good Catholic of her on the spot?" he asked, with outstretched hand, and a kind, frank manner, that divested the words of all abruptness. He made it evident that in other language he was uttering Mary's own meaning,—a meaning long clear to Mildred. She murmured something in reply, she scarcely knew what, and the awkwardness of the meeting was over. Mary's smiles came back, and her eyes were bright, her cheeks aglow, and every separate golden-red curve and curl seemed alive with interest and hope.

Her mother came up at this moment, and welcomed the young girl with gentle hospitality. There was still about her the hushed peace of her Communion, clothing with sweet and modest dignity the simple cottage matron. She went about her duties as hostess to the priest with respectful diligence, and he stood talking with Mildred the while, until she returned and stood waiting beside them.

"I see," he said, "that Mrs. Killevin has my breakfast ready, and I must eat it and be off. I have a long ride before me to-day—forty miles at the least. I wish I had time to spend here; for, like Mary, my wish is to do you the best turn one human being can do another, and that is make you a Catholic."

"I wish you could stay, Father Wilson," she said, looking him straight in the face with all her soul in her eyes. "I am ready to be *made ready*, at least. To-day has decided me. This Mass was so real. I need not fear now, as I often have, that sentiment and feeling and emotion were moving me rather than—than—than purer and higher motives. I do not know what to say; it is all new to me in one way, although I have been so much among Catholics. I wish I might see you again."

"And so you have come from the midst of churches and priests to find courage in the wilderness?" he said. "Strange, is it not? But so it is. The unexpected is what comes to pass. I can not stay, my child; but I have no fear of your future. You will be a Catholic in the end. But do not delay it. Kneel down now, and let me give you a priest's blessing as though you were a Catholic."

She knelt. It seemed the most natural and the simplest thing in the world. Then she said good-bye and went slowly home.

This was a missionary's work. *This* was a priest's life, as well as the lives she had been so long familiar with. This man, grand to look upon, commanding in expression, in voice, in bearing, of fine intellect and refined tastes, lived *this*

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from day to day, from month to month, from year to year. Driving along rough roads in all weathers; eating and drinking in the homes of the poor as the day bore him onward; sleeping when he could, and where he happened to meet the night; offering the daily Sacrifice amid such surroundings as the meanest ruler of earth would scorn; yet putting into his life and the living of it such dignity, such truth, such power, because of his Master's service, as made it a life sublime. This was the meaning of Catholicity. It made such priests and such people,—priests and people who were one with the Catholics she had always known, and yet seemed never to have known before to-day.

"I do not think people who live always near a church have the best of it, after all!" she thought, as she neared the house, and prepared to go back into the everyday world of a summer boarding-house. "Everyone of them ought to go once to Mass in a cottage, and meet a mission priest. Somehow it makes things different to me, and I believe it would to everyone of them. Not *better*—but *different*. When I am a Catholic, I shall try to get them to see it this way,—all the Catholics I know. And it shall not be long until I *am* a Catholic."

It was not long. Carefully, earnestly, steadily, Mildred began to prepare from that day. Like the little cottagers of the river-side suburbs, she learned her catechism, she said her prayers, she read the books Father Wilson left with Mrs. Killevin. Simple means enough, when one thinks of the years spent where the keenest intellects, the most eloquent preaching, the constant association with cultivated and devout Catholics, might have wrought the same work for the asking. Years of preparation they must have been, of course, in a negative way; but the real work was done in High Lands. And afterward, when the first unsettled and troubled days were merged into the consciousness of safety in the heart's home, the Church of Christ, when people could talk of it without eagerness or bitterness or sarcasm, they used to ask her whose convert she was, and she would answer:

"I am not quite sure whether I am Father Wilson's or Mary's. But one or the other decided me at High Lands."

In the moments when one speaks of the deepest and holiest things of one's past—and such moments are rare—she said the same thing, but always with the story of that Mass in the Killevin cottage. That made the mere words "a mission station" hallowed in her ears, and kindled in her an interest and devotion to them that never burned low. To work for them—to hem and embroider and cut and lace—was always her delight and her recreation. She went at summer time into quiet spots where the Church was newly planted; she sought to worship before altars that were often lonely. And in High Lands she built for Father Wilson a church after his own heart, that gathered in many a wanderer.

Count Albert de Mun.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

COUNT ALBERT DE MUN is a member of one of the noblest and most ancient families of France. From early times his ancestors rendered eminent services to the Church, and were always the friends and protectors of religion, for the sake of which they were ever ready to sacrifice their fortunes and their lives. It would not be possible to give in detail the edifying histories in which the old chronicles abound, but we may mention two or three of the most striking instances on record of their valor and their virtue.

As far back as 1180 we hear of two brothers, Auster and Forteus de Mun.

They were born in a fortified castle situated on the crest of a steep and rugged mountain at Tarbes, in the south of France. The territory of which they were the feudal lords was called "Mun," and, according to the custom prevalent amongst noble families in the Middle Ages, they adopted as their patronymic the name of their lands. The two brothers were remarkable for courage and piety, and for the munificence wherewith they contributed to the foundation of a Benedictine abbey at a little distance from their castle. Auster de Mun transmitted his virtues to his children. We find his son, another Auster, among the most distinguished knights in the army of St. Louis when that monarch led the soldiers of Christ to wage war against the followers of Mohammed.

Later on we see Robert de Mun, Bishop of Puy, governing his diocese with wisdom and prudence. Himself a model of Christian perfection, he was an example to the flock he ruled. Unfortunately, he occupied the episcopal throne only for the short space of six years. A Baron, named Bertrand de Carés, had dared to appropriate to his own use some of the Church lands; and, as he persistently refused to restore them when called upon to do so, the uncompromising Bishop pronounced upon him the sentence of excommunication. Infuriated by what he deemed a piece of ecclesiastical tyranny, the Baron stabbed the prelate to the heart while he was assisting at a solemn service in the principal church of the diocese. His remains were interred, with every possible mark of honor, in one of the Benedictine abbeys which his family had so liberally endowed.

In the midst of the sixteenth century, when Luther, the father of Protestantism, was inundating Germany with a flood of heresy, Francis I., the King of France, became keenly alive to the danger that menaced his subjects; and, fearing lest the noxious heresy should spread in his dominions, resolved to oppose it by force of arms. The Huguenots had already gained ground in the south, and exercised no small influence over the minds of their fellow-countrymen. In these critical circumstances, another of Count Albert's ancestors, Bartholomew de Mun, though recently married to a noble and beautiful bride, hesitated not to leave his home in order to defend upon the battle-field the religion he loved better than anything on earth. He became celebrated for his prowess in many a fierce combat, and did good service to the cause of God.

To come to more modern times, we can not pass without mention Count Claude Adrian de Mun, grandfather of the subject of this sketch. He kept alive the family traditions in all their fulness, but was so absorbed in the affairs of this world that religion held only a secondary place in his life, until after the decease of his favorite daughter. His grief for her loss caused the illness which at last brought him to the grave, and was also the means of reviving within his soul the pious feelings of his youth. He died in 1843. His death was a most happy one. "A few hours before he passed away," writes Mrs. Craven, in the "Récit d'une Sœur," "I was reading to him those chapters of 'The Imitation' which speak of the joys of heaven. He interrupted me before I had finished, and remarked: 'I have often read all that, but it is only now that I seem really to understand it.' Then, with the charming simplicity that had always characterized him, he added: 'You must feel very much astonished that I have no fear of death. I should not myself have expected to feel thus; but I believe my dear friend, La Ferronnays [the father of Mrs. Craven], has obtained for me this grace from God.' Calm and courageous to the end, in these happy dispositions he breathed his last."

His son, Adrian Henry de Mun, the father of Count Albert, was born in 1817. He married a daughter of his father's friend, the charming and accomplished

Mlle. Eugénie de la Ferronnays, whom he had the grief of losing three or four years after his marriage. Being entirely without ambition, or any desire to enter upon a public career, he led a quiet life at Lumigny, an estate in the north of France, brought into the family in 1772, on the marriage of his grandfather with the daughter of the historian Helvetius. He was content to spend his days in discharging the humble duties of *maire* of his village, and in promoting the welfare of his numerous dependents.

In the pages of Mrs. Craven we have a glimpse of Count Albert de Mun while still a baby in his mother's arms, on the occasion of her last visit to her much-loved sister. To ensure a Christian training for him and his elder brother Robert, their father married again. The step-mother of the two little boys proved to be both kind and judicious; she succeeded in winning their affections, and developing in their youthful hearts the germs of piety which had already been sown there. During his early years Albert was distinguished chiefly by his love of books and his taste for solid reading. Before the time came for him to fix upon a path in life, his choice was already made. He came of a race of heroes, and his desire was to serve his country on the field of battle, as his ancestors had done. He entered St. Cyr in 1860; and, rejoiced to see a soldier's career opening before him, he embraced it with all the ardor of a youthful knight, and rose rapidly from one grade of the service to another. After spending several years in Africa, he returned to France, in order to take part in the war of 1870. As a reward for his gallant conduct at Metz, he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

After having thus faithfully served his country in the time of war, Count Albert de Mun felt himself, a few years later, once more impelled to take up arms, although to serve her on a widely different field. This fresh campaign required indeed no bloodshed, but it demanded all, and more than all, the courage of which he had already given proof when he faced the cannon of the relentless invaders. He perceived that the life of Christian society was at a low ebb, that it was ready to expire beneath the attacks of its innumerable enemies, and he hastened to the rescue. The moral courage he displayed is a far more admirable, and perhaps rarer, gift than the physical intrepidity which had earned him his laurels as the brilliant captain of a regiment of cuirassiers. The circumstances were as follows:

A man of undoubted ability, who, unfortunately, devoted his intellectual powers and persuasive words to the furtherance of free-thought, came to Havre, and in a lecture delivered to a crowded audience of workingmen, with specious and plausible arguments expounded his erroneous doctrines and revolutionary ideas on the social questions of the day. Count de Mun determined to apply the antidote before the poison had time to circulate. He announced that on the following day he would deliver an address on the same subjects, showing the influence which the Church of God ought to exercise over society. He was perfectly aware that he was liable to be hissed, hooted, perhaps dragged off the platform, by his adversaries; but for this he cared nothing. And when, whilst he was speaking, some men, bribed to excite an uproar, endeavored to prevent him from making himself heard, M. de Mun calmly stood, with folded arms, until the disturbance had ceased, and then continued as if nothing had happened. His cool and dignified bearing so impressed his hearers that they listened to him with profound attention, and when his address was concluded he sat down amidst thunders of applause.

In February, 1876, Count de Mun was requested to offer himself as candidate for Pontivy in the province of Morbihan, Brittany. The contest was a sharp one,

since two other candidates, of opposite principles to his own, had come forward to dispute with him the honor of representing Pontivy in the National Assembly. M. de Mun came out victorious in the election, and his success was a signal triumph for the Catholic cause. The address he issued to his constituents on this occasion was the profession of his faith as a Christian. In it he says: "Thoroughly convinced as I am that the Catholic faith is the sole indispensable basis of national laws and institutions, of social and political order,—that this faith alone is capable of counteracting the poison of revolution, averting the evils that its principles bring in their train, and of securing the welfare of my country,—I am firmly resolved, in whatever position I may be placed, to devote myself unreservedly to the defence of religion.... Open war is now declared against the Church, and the hour has come for all Catholics to rally round her, to protest against the projects of her adversaries, to defend her rights and liberties, to secure for their children a Christian education, and thus restore to France the peace and stability she has lost."

"We can not tell," said M. Louis Veuillot, writing about that time, "what the future holds in store for M. Albert de Mun; but of this we may be quite certain, that Providence has great designs on him. It is no small honor to be marked out as he is—as one upon whom a nation may safely build its hopes." These words of a great writer were prophetical, and we have seen them amply verified. Count Albert de Mun has, during the last fifteen years, invariably come to the fore whenever Catholic truth had to be defended, whenever the rights of the Church required a spokesman and a champion. Had he desired worldly honors and distinctions, they were within his easy reach; but this worthy descendant of valiant and pious forefathers has preferred to lead a life of retirement, to shun publicity unless when, by the force of his influence and example, he can advance the cause of God, and help to stem the tide of impiety and irreligion that menaces to submerge the faith of a large proportion of his fellow-countrymen. Quite recently we have seen him conducting the workingmen of France to pay their homage to the Supreme Head of Christendom; and now and again we read reports of the speeches in which, in vigorous, manly, and uncompromising language, he enunciates sound and just views on the question of labor and capital.

M. de Mun is no less excellent and exemplary in private than in public life. He chose as partner of his fortunes a daughter of the Count d'Anlau, a lady both gifted and pious, and possessed of considerable personal attractions, who is all that a Christian wife and mother should be. Their household is a model one. Each child at its birth is carried to the feet of an image of Our Lady, solemnly presented to her, and dedicated to her service. As these fortunate children grow up, they learn to regard their Mother in heaven with the filial affection due to a tender and loving parent. M. de Mun had the misfortune to lose his first-born son at the age of five years; the third is named Henri, after the late Count de Chambord, who did him the honor of standing sponsor to the infant. After the decrees of 1880 had banished the teaching orders from France, the two eldest sons were placed with the expatriated Jesuit Fathers, at St. Mary's College in Canterbury.

There is one amongst the many services that M. de Mun has rendered to his country which deserves special mention. The Catholic Association of the youth of France, which held its third general assembly at Lyons in April of last year owes its origin to him. Whilst attending the Eucharistic Congress at Fribourg in 1885 he became acquainted with the Swiss Association, and determined to establish a similar

one in France. Not until the late autumn of the following year did the project he had conceived take definite shape. He himself relates, speaking at the Lyons Conference, how this came to pass:

"I was crossing from Calais to Dover, on a visit to my boys. In the rear of the vessel, the shores I had left had already faded from sight, shrouded in a thick and sombre mist—fit emblem of the sadness that weighs on the heart of Catholics in France. Before me rose the cliffs of England, over which, in the direction of Canterbury, a slight, semi-transparent haze was hanging. There, I said to myself, are the sons of France to be found; there is the flower of her youth, on whom the future of their country depends."

That same evening, seated at a small table in the refectory of the College, with one of his compatriots, like-minded with himself, M. de Mun elaborated his plan for the formation of an association which should be a bond of fraternity between the young men of France, and serve, when duly organized and developed, to unite and consolidate their action, and prevent them from being, as isolated individuals, carried away by the current of popular opinion, of the evil influences at work in France to corrupt youth and ruin souls.

The next day the veteran Christian, with his eldest son at his side, made the act of solemn consecration in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin; and then, with glowing words, which awoke the sympathies and touched the hearts of all who heard him, he addressed the boys and young men before him, bidding them when, their studies ended, they returned to the land of their birth, ever remember to what they were pledged by their Christian profession, and what was expected of them as the sons of Catholic France,—loyal and devout children of the Church, faithful and loving subjects of the Queen who for all ages has been honored as the Patroness of their country.

A Brave Man.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

THE stars shine out more brilliantly
when lightnings rend the sky:
As fixed and firm as fate they are,
though darkest clouds sweep by.

The turquoise and the emerald, that stud the
ocean's floor,
Smile from the crystal calm below, though
billows o'er them roar.

The wild waves shriek like truant fiends, in
cavern and in creek,
But yet the rock their fury smites, nor wavers
nor grows weak.

And so, when life's bleak shores are lashed
by many an angry wave,
He who is true unto himself is resolute and
brave.

He shall not heed the raging winds, the
thunder or the spray—
He walks abroad with fortitude, and goes his
destined way.

And though the tempests strike him down
on lightning's lurid wing,
He puts his trust in God, his Lord,—his
conscience is his king.

The Martyrs of the Charterhouse.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

(Conclusion.)

THE news of the execution was received at the Charterhouse with mingled feelings of admiration and sorrow. The monks, deprived of their Prior, had continued to observe their rule with the utmost fidelity, stimulated by the example and advice of three amongst them, who appear to have taken the lead of the fatherless community: Sebastian Newdigate, William Exmew, and Humphrey Middlemore.

They were not long suffered, however,

to mourn in peace the brethren whom God had called to a martyr's reward. On the evening of the day of Prior Houghton's execution Thomas Bedyll, Cromwell's right hand, proceeded to the Charterhouse, and summoned the vicar, William Exmew, and the procurator, Humphrey Middlemore, to acknowledge the King's spiritual authority. He left them quantities of papers and books, all tending to establish his Majesty's supremacy, and required them to send him back their answer after a brief delay. Two days later the answer came. "I believe that they are determined to suffer all things rather than to yield," writes Bedyll to his patron.

Henry's rage at their resistance knew no bounds. He was fully aware of the influence exercised by the Carthusians upon the clergy and the people; and he rightly judged that if once they could be brought to yield, many would be led to follow. He knew also that Middlemore, Exmew and Newdigate were the leading spirits of the community. Trained by Prior Houghton, with whom they had lived in intimate communion, they had inherited his uncompromising sense of right; and his happy death had but increased their determination to walk in his footsteps.

Three weeks later, toward the end of May, the three Fathers to whom the King attributed the resistance of their brethren were seized and thrown into the Marshalsea prison. Here they were submitted for the space of fifteen days to a horrible torture: they were made to stand upright, with their necks bound by an iron collar, fixed to the wall, their arms and legs loaded with heavy chains. In this posture, unable to take any rest, exposed to strangulation if through sheer fatigue and weakness they sank toward the ground, the holy Carthusians spent long days of agony; envying no doubt the fate of those whose sharp struggle at the foot of the Tyburn gibbet was less harrowing than these weeks of lingering death.

In former days Henry had professed a great affection for the accomplished courtier, Sebastian Newdigate. Partly from curiosity, partly perhaps from a sense of pity, he now resolved to visit the friend of his youth. Closely disguised, the King went down to the filthy dungeon, where, chained by the neck against the wall, half dead from hunger and from pain, stood the gay and gallant courtier of other days. Henry spared neither threats nor promises to conquer his victim's obstinacy, alternately holding forth to him every prospect of worldly honors and riches or visions of a cruel and shameful death. In this encounter between the relentless Tudor and his tortured victim, the latter remained victorious. The gallant blood of the old Plantagenets flowed in the veins of the captive monk; and to the hereditary courage of his race he united the supernatural heroism that comes from the grace of God. He patiently and calmly replied to the King's arguments, assuring him that he daily prayed for "the welfare and life of your Majesty," but that obedience to the law of God prevented him from taking the oath. We are told that Henry "went away in a great rage, threatening and cursing."*

From the Marshalsea the prisoners were transferred to the Tower, where again Henry visited Father Newdigate. To the King's reproaches the confessor replied: "When I served your Majesty in court, I did it loyally and faithfully; and so continue still your humble servant, although kept in prison and in bonds. But in matters that belong to the faith and the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, to the doctrine of the Catholic Church and the salvation of my poor soul, your Majesty must be pleased to excuse me."† Again the baffled King retired, foaming with rage against the half-dead monk, whose firmness no human power could move.

On the 18th of June the three Fathers

* "Life of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria."
† Id., p. 31.

ST. MICHAEL'S

appeared before the court of Westminster. They pleaded not guilty to the charge of treason, protested their loyalty to the King; but were, nevertheless, condemned as their brethren had been a few weeks before. When the awful sentence was pronounced, they bowed their heads and, in cheerful tones, answered: "*Deo gratias!*" The same calm and joyful spirit shone in their countenances when on the following day they were drawn to Tyburn. Here Sebastian Newdigate, in the name of his brethren, spoke to the people, commending himself to the good prayers of all present, and begging God to bless and protect the King. Then, with the words, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," he gave himself up to the executioner. Like the first Carthusian martyrs, blessed Sebastian and his companions were cut down and butchered alive; their heads and quarters, after having been dipped in tar, were exposed on London Bridge.

Three days later, on the 22d of June, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, the honor of the English episcopacy, was beheaded on Tower Hill. The bright rays of the June sun shone full on the venerable prelate as, with feeble steps but a brave heart, he ascended the steps of the scaffold. His thoughts reverted to the eternal Sun of Justice, whose glory would envelop him ere a few minutes were over; and, raising his hands to heaven, he said: *Accedite ad eum et illuminamini et facies vestræ non confundentur*,—"Come ye to Him and be enlightened; and your faces shall not be confounded."

War was now openly declared between the schismatic King and the supporters of the ancient faith. Throughout the length and breadth of the once fair Isle of Saints, convents and monasteries were robbed, their inmates dispersed, and their riches distributed among Henry's favorite courtiers. Between 1538 and 1540 more than eight thousand and eighty religious were cast homeless on the world; and over two hundred thousand pounds found their way into the royal coffers, or were divided among those who had best served the King in his warfare against Rome.

The London Carthusians were not immediately expelled, but they were subjected to worse treatment. By Cromwell's orders, they were kept close prisoners in their own monastery, deprived of their books, and submitted to the incessant persecution of Cromwell's emissaries, who allowed them barely enough food to keep body and soul together. Under this system of perpetual vexations and cruel privation, the courage of some of the monks gave way. A certain number returned to the world; others, worn out by long resistance, finally promised to take the oath, on condition that their beloved Charterhouse should be saved from destruction.

However, at the last moment, when on the point of yielding, ten members of the community drew back; among them were six lay-brothers, poor in science, but strong in faith. The spirit of their martyred brethren had descended upon this little band of brave souls, who, amidst mournful examples of weakness and apostasy, upheld the honor of their Order. The names of these heroes deserve to be recorded. Three were professed monks and priests: Thomas Johnson, Richard Bere, and Thomas Grene. One was professed but not a priest: John Davy. Six were lay-brothers: Robert Salt, William Grenewoode, Thomas Redyng, Thomas Seryven, Walter Pierson, and William Horne.

On the 29th of May, 1537, the ten were sent to Newgate, the lowest and most miserable of all the London prisons. In one of its worst dungeons the white-robed monks were chained, as their brethren had been, upright against the wall, and condemned to perish by slow starvation. Their pitiable condition excited the compassion of a brave and holy woman, Margaret Clement, the adopted daughter of Sir Thomas More. Having secretly bribed the

jailer, she dressed herself as a milkmaid, with a pail upon her head filled with meat and bread. Thus disguised, she contrived during several days together to descend into the dungeon. She went from one to another of the blessed martyrs, putting the food into their mouths—for they were unable to use their hands;—and afterward, with loving care, she cleaned their filthy dungeon. After some time the King inquired if the Carthusians were dead. He expressed great surprise on hearing that they were still living; and the jailer, trembling for his own safety, refused to let Margaret continue her errand of mercy.

Thus abandoned to their fate, the holy martyrs dropped off one after another, killed by the pangs of hunger, and also by the intolerable stench of their prison. The passion of William Horne was longer than that of his companions, and his triumph, if possible, more glorious. After more than three weary years of solitary confinement, during which the brave old lay-brother must often have thought with envy of his brethren's fate, he was executed at Tyburn on the 4th of August, 1540.

Many years later Margaret Clement lay on her death-bed at Malines, in Flanders. Like other Catholics in those troubled times, she and her husband had sought for religious liberty beyond the seas. In the quaint old Belgian town they had spent many years in prayer and good works, bringing up their children to love and serve the ancient faith, and making their house a home and refuge for the exiled English Catholics.

Suddenly the countenance of the dying woman became radiant; her eyes fixed upon some object invisible to the bystanders; her lips parted in a happy smile. Her husband, her children, and her confessor, who surrounded her bed, wondered what could be the radiant vision that had the power to break through the shadows of death. She then explained to them that round her bed stood the white-robed monks whom she had assisted in their cruel agony many years before. Mindful of her devoted courage, they had come to her help in this dread hour of death, and were waiting to take her home. And, with a smile upon her lips, Margaret Clement passed away, in company of the blessed spirits, whose glory she was to share.*

One word more as to the fate of the time-honored Monastery of the Salutation of the Mother of God. The monks who, on the faith of Cromwell's word, hoped that their apostasy would save the monastery, were speedily enlightened as to the worth of their enemy's promise. On the 13th of November, 1538, they were summarily expelled, with a miserable pittance. One of them, Maurice Chauncy, retired to Belgium; and, bitterly repenting of his weakness in acknowledging the King's supremacy, became the first prior of the English Carthusians at Bruges. Here he strove by the fervor of his life to atone for a moment's weakness. He carefully collected all the details that he could gather on the subject of his martyred brethren, and in 1550 published the "Historia," from which the facts related above are chiefly taken. As for the monastery itself, after passing through various hands, it was finally turned into the Charterhouse hospital and school, established in 1611 by a philanthropist, named Thomas Sutton.

Three hundred years have passed away since the events which we have just related; the Catholic Church in England has arisen fairer and brighter from her long period of death-like slumber. On all points of the former Isle of Saints, churches, convents and monasteries are to be seen, recalling the memory of the ancient days when England was Catholic and the "Dowry of Mary." For the first time since the Reform the sons of St. Bruno

* "Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers." First Series. Edited by J. Morris, S. J.

have returned to England. Not far from London, among the green Sussex hills, the magnificent monastery of Parkminster was erected twenty years ago by the French Carthusians. The pilgrim who visits it is struck by the fact that the spirit and memory of the martyrs seem to pervade its walls, where a skilful brush has retraced the scenes of their bitter passion and glorious triumph.

May we not believe that there was great joy in heaven among that white-robed band when, after a lapse of three hundred years, the sons of St. Bruno took up on English soil the traditions of praise and prayer that once flourished in the glorious Monastery of the Salutation of the Mother of God, or the London Charterhouse?

A Wayside Cabin.

BY A. M. CLARKE.

(Conclusion.)

AFTER eating her frugal supper, Jeanne lay down upon her bed of fern. In vain did she close her weary eyes: sleep would not come to them. Through the partition she heard her hostess talking in whispered tones to the child, who had been awakened by the coming of the stranger, and could not go to sleep again. She seemed fretful and restless. Her mother petted and soothed her with caresses and words of endearment, which roused a strange yearning in Jeanne's breast.

These expressions of tender love touched a chord long silent in her heart, and the maternal instincts within her woke to new life. She thought how it would have been if she had not given way to her passions on that fatal day. Her own child, her darling Marie, would be still alive, and would be about the age of the little girl in the adjoining room. At these thoughts a sharp pang shot through her breast; the hardness and bitterness engendered by years of prison life melted away, and tears, long pent up, gushed forth anew.

"Now, then, my darling," the mother was saying, "make haste and go to sleep again. If you are a good girl, I will take you to St. Catherine's Fair when the day comes."

"St. Catherine is my patron, isn't she, mother?"

"Yes, my sweet one!"

"Is it true that on St. Catherine's Day she brings toys to good children?"

"Sometimes she does."

"Why does she never bring any here?"

"We live too far from the town. Besides, we are too poor."

A sigh which was almost a sob rose from the mother's breast.

"Now, Katie," she continued, "say your prayers and go to sleep."

Jeanne listened attentively to the voices of mother and child, as in low, reverent tones they recited the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," with a prayer to the Angel Guardian, and one also for the faithful departed. Then she heard the mother say:

"Let us now say a prayer for father, Katie."

The child repeated after her the words: "May God bless my dear father! May Our Lady and the holy angels watch over him and keep him safe, wherever he may be, and bring him home very soon to poor mother and little Katie."

Jeanne Barbier was profoundly touched by this simple prayer. She uttered a fervent "Amen," and crossed herself devoutly before laying her head on the small bundle which served her for a pillow. "Death is better than this cruel desertion," she said to herself. "If I were in this woman's place, I should hate, or even curse, the man who had abandoned me to misery and starvation. But she loves her husband still, and teaches his child to love him and pray for him. How patient she is, and

how forgiving! How different from me!"

Here her reflections were interrupted by the shrill voice of the restless child.

"Why doesn't St. Catherine give toys to poor children?" she urged, with childish persistency. "Will she never bring any to me, because we are poor?"

"If you are a good girl you shall have some one day, perhaps. Now lie still and go to sleep."

"My face is hot and my head aches. I can't go to sleep. I want some toys to play with."

The mother soothed and hushed the feverish child. At length she fell asleep, and all was quiet.

But Jeanne Barbier remained awake. She thought how different would be her lot if her child had not died. The future would not then be, as it now was, a dreary blank. She would have something to live for, an object in life; and as she thus reflected she could not help envying the deserted wife, now sleeping peacefully, her little Catherine's hand clasped in her own. She remembered how she had forsaken and forgotten God in her days of prosperity; how she had refused to recognize His chastening hand when sorrows had befallen her. Was it too late now, she asked herself, to return to Him? Had she sinned too deeply to be forgiven? Surely if this woman could feel so kindly toward the husband who had so cruelly wronged her, and was willing to receive him again, God would not be less kind and merciful, less ready to forgive and receive her, if she turned to Him with humility and contrition.

"Pardon me, O my God!" she cried, as the hot tears flowed down her cheeks,—"pardon me, who have wandered so far from Thee! Pray for me, Mother Most Pure,—pray for the sinner, pray for me! And pray, too, for this poor, forsaken wife, to whose roof thou didst guide me; reward her for her charity by granting the desire of her heart."

As soon as it began to grow light, Jeanne slipped noiselessly out of the cottage, and walked quickly in the direction of Morville. Unaccustomed as she was to that part of the country, she took a wrong turning and lost her way in the wood. This delayed her, and it was afternoon before she reached the town. She lingered in the outskirts, dreading to be recognized; and shrank from returning to the immediate vicinity of the building where the weary years of her captivity had been spent.

Passing along the least frequented streets, she looked eagerly for a shop of the description she wanted to find. At length one caught her eye—a shabby, second-rate toy-shop, yet good enough to serve her purpose. She went in. There was little to choose from; but a small Noah's Ark, a couple of gaudily-dressed dolls, and a white woolly lamb, answered her requirements well enough. These she purchased; the store of the shopkeeper was nearly exhausted, and so were the contents of her customer's purse. Then, with the parcel under her arm, Jeanne again set her face toward the forest, hoping to find the humble cottage whither her straying footsteps had been guided the night before. But, as ill luck would have it, ere she could get clear of the town, a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder. Turning round with a start, she found herself face to face with one of the prison officials.

"What are you doing here?" he sternly demanded. "You have no business to be loitering about in this neighborhood. You ought to be miles away by this time."

In a faltering voice Jeanne attempted to tell her story, but the man cut short her explanations. He marched her off to the police-station, where she was locked up in one of the cells for the night. The next morning a *gendarme* came for her and conducted her into the street, where an open cart was waiting.

"The driver is going to Colmiers; so get in, my good woman," he said. "I am

to go with you to see you safe on your way."

A sharp frost had succeeded to the piercing north wind; and as the cart jolted along the hard road, Jeanne held her parcel tightly grasped in her numbed fingers, and ruefully pondered what she should do with it. When the cart reached that part of the forest where the by-road leading to the cottage branched off, a sudden idea occurred to her. She besought the *gendarme* to let her get down and take the parcel she was carrying to its destined owner.

"I have a few toys for a sick child at the cabin yonder," she said; "let me take them to her. I will not be gone two minutes."

The *gendarme* shook his head at this unlooked-for proposal. "That will never do," he began, after a moment's reflection; but Jeanne interrupted him.

"Do not refuse me," she pleaded earnestly, with tears in her eyes. "Pray let me go! I will not stay a moment,—I promise that I will not. I will only give these toys to little Katie; she wanted them so much, and her mother is so poor!"

A softened expression flitted across the man's hard features. Jeanne perceived it, and pressed her point.

"I can see that you have a kind heart," she urged. "Very likely you are a father yourself; perhaps even you have a sick child of your own."

The *gendarme* turned his face away.

"Well, well! I suppose you must do as you wish," he muttered. "Only be quick about it, or I shall get into trouble: it is quite against orders."

Then he desired the man who was driving to wait with the cart while he accompanied Jeanne to the cottage.

This time a sound, not of singing but of sobbing, met her ear as she approached. The door stood open, but no one was to be seen; so she passed through the kitchen, and entered the inner room. There, laid out on the lowly bed, was Katie, peacefully sleeping the last long sleep of death. She was suffering from a feverish cold the night Jeanne first came to the cabin, and the next day a sudden and violent attack of croup had carried her off before a doctor could be summoned to that lonely spot. She was dressed in a white frock, with a blue ribbon tied in her golden hair. Her hands were folded on her breast, and a small crucifix had been placed between them. A few pale chrysanthemums, and other autumn flowers, were arranged here and there with simple grace.

On her knees beside the couch was the desolate mother, weeping out her heart in an agony of grief. Jeanne knelt down at her side; and as she did so the parcel she was carrying came unfastened, and all the toys, one after another, rolled out upon the floor.

A groan escaped the lips of the *gendarme*, who had followed Jeanne into the apartment. At this sound the mother, who was unconscious of the presence of a stranger, looked up quickly. The next moment she sprang to her feet. Two large tears were coursing down the man's weather-beaten cheeks. With a sudden gesture he opened his arms.

"Wife, wife, can you forgive me?" he asked imploringly.

"O Henri, you have come back at last!" she exclaimed. "Our little Katie's prayers are answered." And she threw herself sobbing upon his breast.

St. Catherine had not forgotten her namesake because she was "far away and poor." She had taken her to be with herself in heaven, to spend, not her feast alone but all eternity, in the midst of pleasures that can never weary and delights that can not pass away.

Jeanne Barbier did not forget the lessons she learned in a wayside cabin. At the present time she is earning her daily bread by honest toil, and living as becomes a humble follower of Christ and a faithful child of Mary.

Chats with Good Listeners.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY.

IT is a settled fact that young people must be amused. It is a settled fact, or rather an accepted fact, that they must be amused much more than their predecessors were amused. It is useless to ask why. Life in the United States has become more complicated, more artificial, more civilized, if you will; and that Jeffersonian simplicity which De Tocqueville and De Bacourt noted has almost entirely disappeared. The theatre has assumed more license than ever; it amuses—it does not attempt to instruct; and spectacles are tolerated by decent people which would have been frowned upon some years ago. There is no question that the drama is purer than it ever was before; but the spectacle, the idiotic farce, and the light opera, are more silly and more indecent than within the memory of man. The toleration of these things all show that in the craving for amusement, high principle and reasonable rules of conduct are forgotten.

A serious question of social importance is: How can the rage for amusement be kept within proper bounds? How can it be regulated? How can it be prevented from making the heart and the head empty and even corrupt? In many ways our country and our time are serious enough. We need, perhaps, a touch of that cheerful lightness which makes the life of the Viennese and of the Parisian agreeable and bright,—which enables him to get color and interest into the most commonplace things. But our lightness and cheerfulness are likely to be spasmodic and extravagant. We are not pleased with little things: it takes a great deal to give us delight; our children are men and women too early; we do not understand simplicity—unless it is sold at a high price with an English label on it. Luxuries have become necessities, and even the children demand refinements of enjoyment of which their parents did not dream in the days gone by.

And yet the essence of American social life ought to be simplicity. We have no traditions to support; a merely rich man without a great family name owes nothing to society, except to help those poorer than himself; he has not inherited those great establishments which your English or Spanish high lord must keep up or tarnish the family name. We have no great families in America whose traditions are not those of simplicity and honesty, and these are the only traditions they are bound to cherish. In this way our aristocracy—if we have such a thing—ought to be the purest in the world and the most simple. There is no reason why we should pick up all the baubles that the effete folk of the Old World are throwing away.

Whether we are to achieve simplicity, and consequently cheerfulness, in everyday life depends entirely on the women. It is remarkable how many Catholic women bred in good schools enter society, and run a mad race in search of frivolities. In St. Francis de Sales' "Letters to People in the World" there is a record of a lady "who had long remained in such subjection to the humors of her husband, that in the very height of her devotions and ardors she was obliged to wear a low dress, and was all loaded with vanity outside; and, except at Easter, could never communicate unless secretly and unknown to everyone,—and yet she rose high in sanctity."

But St. Francis de Sales had other words for those women of the world who rushed into all the complications of luxury, and yet who defended their frivolity by the phrase "duty to society." The woman who serves her children best serves society. And she best serves her children by culti-

vating her heart and mind to the utmost; and by teaching them that one of the best things in life is simplicity, and that it is much easier to be a Christian when one is content with a little than when one is constantly discontented with a great deal. If the old New England love for simplicity in the ordinary way of life could be revived among Catholics, and sanctified by the amiable spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, the world would be a better place. The Puritans had vile faults: they were little better than the Spartans, without the Spartans' excuse for their rigor and gloom; but they impressed upon their descendants a respect for plainness of life and love of intellectual progress which the descendants of other foreigners in America sadly lack, and, unhappily, do not know that they lack.

An Ideal Catholic Story.

PERHAPS the reviewers, the critics, the judges, will say it has not yet been written; but a third perusal of Miss M. A. Tincker's beautiful book "Grapes and Thorns"* has settled the question forever in the mind and heart of at least one reader. Not attempting to approach it in the critical spirit of the professional reviewer, nor yet in that of a competent literary judge, but simply as one who has read and re-read, admired and loved the exquisite tale, and as one who ardently longs to share the pleasure with others, we ask to be permitted to pay this small tribute to the writer, who is at her strongest and best in her delineation of Catholic life. To those who had the pleasure of reading "Grapes and Thorns" and "A House of Yorke," it must always remain a matter of deep regret that their author has of late years fallen so far below the bright promise of these early gems.

However, to the subject in hand. Our story is unmistakably, uncompromisingly Catholic. There!—one needs to draw a deep breath after that courageous assertion; for to nine-tenths of even Catholic readers enough has been said. They do not desire to hear any more. Now, if it were only unmistakably, uncompromisingly "colorless," it would be so much more comfortable to go into raptures over it. But from the opening chapter, introducing the merry Maying party, all through till the closing one, portraying the impressive scene enacted beneath the shadow of old St. Peter's on Easter Day, it is pervaded by a purely Catholic spirit.

One feels at home with the author and her characters at once. One can see before one's very eyes a vivid picture of the pretty little New England town; one can hear the eager, rushing voice of the Cocheco,—the tumbling, turbulent little stream, skirted by winding roads, lovers' walks, romantic nooks and corners, and all accessories for tender thoughts; or one may listen to the slow and even murmur of the Saranac,—"the patient Saranac, which sawed the logs and carried away their dust and refuse, and took all the little fretted brooks and rivers into its bosom, and soothed their murmurs there. And both did God's will and both were good." Thus, with an ease and polish which would seem to betoken an absence of all effort, but which they tell us is in reality the consummation of art, the tale flows on, picturing first the peaceful scene of the "city of the violet crown," then the characters who make it their home.

There, yonder upon the hill, in that much over-ornamented mansion, dwell the Ferriers, at whom at first we are inclined to sneer, but one of whom, Annette, eventually develops into one of the most admirable characters in the whole range of fiction. Beside her Honora Pembroke,

* Published by the Catholic Publication Society Co. A new edition has lately been issued.

the ostensible heroine, sinks into utter insignificance. Indeed, there are times when we positively hate the cold, calm, stately Miss Pembroke, whose generous instincts—if such natures ever have any—could be overcome by public opinion and the verdict of a cruel world. If she were only more impetuous, more humanly erring, we could love, we could pity; while as it is we freeze, and think the noble Jew but ill-treated when rewarded with such an iceberg of conventionalities. Yet she is so like people whom we meet every day,—natures who really command admiration by their many noble qualities, and whose shortcomings we feel almost small in noticing. They mean well (we feel it); and in their own strictly conscientious judgment they believe they are doing well, and we are conscious of a sort of guilty shame that we can not warm to them; yet the fact remains—we simply can not.

Annette Ferrier, poor, erring, suffering Annette, with all her faults, her little tints of vulgarity here and there, yet redeemed by her great though misplaced love,—Annette shines forth as the true heroine. A noble heart is broken, yet not in vain: her pure and holy love, making the greatest sacrifice of which love is capable, finally redeems the well-nigh lost soul, and lays the glorious fruit of that sacrifice before God's throne. Annette—pretending to little, yet accomplishing much—will ever be enshrined in the hearts of the readers of "Grapes and Thorns."

With what pathos does our author describe the simple life of the Ferriers in their former poverty, and how sweetly does she plead for charity toward the little foibles which at times tempt us to look down upon those who have suddenly risen from poverty to affluence! To quote a paragraph: "We laugh at the preposterous extravagance and display of the newly enriched. But is there not something pitiful in it, after all? How it tells of wants long denied, of common pleasures that were so distant from those hopeless eyes as to look like shining stars! They flutter and run foolishly about, those suddenly prosperous ones, like birds released from the cage, like insects when the stone is lifted from them. But those who have always been free to practise their smooth flight through a sunny space, or to crawl at ease over the fruits of the world, would do well not to scorn them." Viewed in this light, even foolish, obtrusively vulgar, but good-hearted, good-natured Mrs. Ferrier assumes noble proportions.

And Father Chevereuse—our admiration growing to deep for words, here we pause in a sort of holy reverence. In her treatment of this most beautiful character his creator rises to heights sublime. And yet he is not exaggerated: he is no more than the real, hardly the ideal, Catholic priest; but in him the simple grandeur of the priestly character strikes one as never before. Humanly speaking, as a man his tact can not be surpassed.

"Who is that beautiful lady with the wedding-ring about her head?" asks prattling little Rosebud, pointing to a picture of the Madonna.

Mr. Schoninger the Jew, knowing the bane under which he lives, glances up.

"That," replies Father Chevereuse, "is a sweet and holy Jewish Lady, whom we all love."

Can we wonder that eventually a personality ruled by such charity and love won the heart and the intellect so long wildly struggling and battling against grace? On that memorable Good-Friday night we can hear his very voice; the whole scene of the crowded church is as vivid as if we had been bodily present; and when the climax is reached, we feel that the Jew is indeed converted—in such way, however, as none ever was converted before. Every fibre of our being responds to the thrill of this hour.

In the character of Mother Chevereuse, how exquisite is the blending of the mater-

nal feeling with the deference due the priestly dignity! And what an intense yet holy love there exists between this mother and son! Then the pathetic picture of the first night after "all was over": the supper set forth upon the little table, but "the hand no more to give him his tea." See how the Christlike resignation struggles fiercely with the human sorrow,—a sorrow which would express itself in so pathetically childlike a form as to cause the strong man to stoop and "kiss the threshold where she had stood."

But the scene of all is yet to come. Lawrence Gerrald's confession has to be heard, and—Father Chevereuse hears it. We look at him as he leaves the room, as he pauses a moment to bless Annette; and then we drop our eyes, blinded and dazzled by that gathering halo of golden light in which he seems to stand. Not God-ordained—our Sacrament of Penance! How in Heaven's name could it be otherwise? What human agency could give a living man the strength and courage of a saint in heaven? And oh, the grandeur in the thought that in all our holy Church, not a humble, unlearned priest but would be given grace to do the same! To this scene there is nothing comparable,—it is so real, so intense, so entirely unexaggerated.

We touch but lightly, but vaguely, upon these passages, not wishing to mar the pleasure or the interest of the possible reader; for this is a book which must yet take its place in the foremost ranks. If we, omnivorous readers, must weep over the woes of imaginary heroes and heroines, at least let us plead that the source be pure. Laying down Miss Tincker's book, one experiences a feeling akin to what the French might call *exaltée*,—a delightful tingle and glow, as if one stood upon a mountain top inhaling great draughts of the fresh, pure air of heaven. Surely such a novel is a God-given gift.

M. J. B.

Town and Country.

God made the country, and man made the town.

COWPER.

ONE of the greatest obstacles with which the philanthropist has to deal is the fact that so many of the poor prefer to live in cities. Time after time the charitably inclined have opened a way out of the city streets to the country fields, only to meet with the same disheartening result—a speedy discontent of the beneficiary, and quick return to the old life and conditions. As a toper is wedded to his potations, so these unfortunates crave the excitement existing where men herd together. The variety to be found in such occurrences as the sudden advent of the police, the coming of the ambulance after an accident, or a stirring and gory street fight, is to them one of life's daily necessities; and has so long taken the place of the peace and quiet comfort possessed by the more fortunate, that they have neither the will nor the inclination to dispense with its poisonous attractions. So the farmers' wives seek in vain for "help with no objections to the country"; and poor women in the cities cling to their misery, and live or die as best they can.

On the other hand, there is, year by year, a growing inclination among those who can indulge it to stay longer in the country; to call the country-house home; and to shorten the season of gayety in town, and substitute for the theatre and ball-room the out-of-door pastimes of the Old World. We may deprecate the prevalence of Anglo-mania; but surely no one can carp at the tradition which keeps our English cousins out in the pure air, and makes them shelter the Lares and Penates, not in London, where they stay but a brief space, but in the pleasant rural homes, where the true family life goes on, where children are born and reared, where the young are married and the old buried.

The pride which some persons take in the fact that they live in a densely populated spot of earth is as absurd as extraordinary. Circumstances may force them to stay there, and it is possible there to keep alive all the Christian attributes and graces; but it is difficult to understand in what the superiority of residence consists. The greatest ones of earth have had their dwellings away from city streets; and although at intervals they drew much mental sustenance by frequenting places where the gifted and learned were massed, they found in nature and in nature's God the true food for heart and brain.

The sweet and well-rounded lives have been lived by babbling brooks and shady groves. Among the authors of whom we are fond, warm partisans of the city have as a rule had ill-balanced brains. Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb are two conspicuous instances of this. Both loved the "sweet security of streets," and to the old Doctor a mountain was but a protuberance; but the mists were many times thick around their minds, and we go for tranquillity or help to the bards and songsters and writers of prose who dwelt where no smoke came between them and the sky, where no sounds of city streets or noisy factory drowned the murmur of the brook or the song of the lark speeding to heaven's gate.

The arable portions of our country are rapidly becoming occupied. Before many years what is now so easy—the making of a country home—will become a difficult and costly undertaking. They will be wise who now choose some spot of earth beyond the city's grime and tumult, and make of it a place of refuge, a haven of rest and hope, a home with turf instead of granite blocks to surround it; where the flowers can smile in the sunshine, and the children can play without injury to mind or body. All can not do this, else there would be no cities; but the congested state of the large towns might be relieved if some could learn to love the simpler life which God has ever seemed especially to bless.

Man has tried diverse remedies, it is true; but the parks of our metropolises are like breathing holes in a diver's suit; they are not lungs, and they are often far away from those who need them most. In the entire North End of Boston—and those familiar with the Puritan City know what that means—there is but one place out of doors where the children can play, and that is—a burying-ground, historic Copp's Hill. Thus, by a singular paradox, a place of burial is a life-giver; and the poor children of the vicinity swarm out of the heated tenement houses, and frisk around the graves of old Cotton Mather and his colleagues like lambs in the sun.

We must conclude that, with all our boasted achievements, the burning question of wholesome living for the very poor is yet a vexed one.

It is said that a Western capitalist has bought several thousand acres of abandoned farms in New Hampshire, and is about turning them into a hunting-ground. Is not something "rotten in Denmark" when this is possible so near the cultured city where the poor children play among the graves?

When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed,—the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, a threatening voice within; happiness gone; even hope, that stays longest with us, gone,—I have little heart for aught else than thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.—*Longfellow.*

Notes and Remarks.

The abolition of pew-rent, which we have commented upon in these columns as a desirable, if not always practicable, innovation in church discipline, has been essayed in Southwark, England. The Bishop has freed all holders of seats in St. George's Cathedral from compulsory payment. Henceforth any one entering the Cathedral during the service may take any vacant place without paying, either at the time or afterward, anything for the privilege. The seats are absolutely free. We sincerely trust that the experiment will fully prove, what we like to believe is the case, that voluntary contributions will satisfy the imperious necessities of finance quite as well as did the plan of compulsory payment. Free sitting is an eminently Catholic practice, and will tend still more fully to emphasize the absolute equality in the eyes of God and His Church of Christian souls. May the Southwark experiment prove so successful that its adoption may speedily become universal!

Mr. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, has written to one of our English exchanges a note in connection with Mr. Mallock's article on "Amateur Christianity," referred to in this column not long since. "You are wrong," writes Mr. Stead, "in imagining that I belong to those who hold that miracles do not happen. I should have thought that, so far from being open to that charge, I was more exposed to the taunt that I believe they are of constant occurrence."

Early on Low Sunday morning, in the year 1100, a brilliant light shone on the Adriatic shore near Ravenna. Blessed Peter degli Onerti, then superior of the Canons Regular in that place, went down to the beach with some of his brethren to investigate the phenomenon. They saw two angels bearing torches which emitted a dazzling light; and between the angels a portrait of the Blessed Virgin, engraved on a marble slab, coming over the waves of the sea. When the picture reached the group standing on the water's edge, it placed itself in the arms of Blessed Peter, who took it with joy to the collegiate church.

Such is the local tradition as to the arrival at Ravenna of the famous Madonna Greca. Marvellous answers to petitions made before this new shrine soon resulted in the erection of a magnificent temple, in which the image was enshrined. Pilgrimages to Our Lady at Ravenna were taken part in by many popes, kings and emperors; for centuries it was considered the principal sanctuary of Mary in Italy. Since the Revolution in that country, and the consequent expulsion from their basilica of the Black Canons, many exercises of piety have necessarily been suspended at the shrine, and it has thus lost some of its attractiveness. Cardinal Galeati, Archbishop of Ravenna, intends to mark the Pope's Golden Jubilee by the re-establishment of the Madonna Greca in its former position of honor. An interesting fact in connection with this picture is that before it Blessed Peter Onerti established the first congregation of the Children of Mary.

The death of the venerable Father Mollinger, of the Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, Troy Hill, Allegheny, Pa., is widely and deeply mourned. His great faith and piety, and the fact of his possessing many precious relics of saints, caused thousands of the faithful to apply to him for relief from physical maladies. Many well-authenticated cures of a supernatural character are said to have been wrought at Troy Hill during the past few years, and Father Mollinger came to be known all over the United States as "the faith-cure priest." He was a native of Holland, and was educated as a physician, but after coming to the United States entered the ranks of the priesthood. Father Mollinger was stricken on the Feast of St. Anthony of Padua, to whom he was specially devoted, and passed away on the 15th inst. May he rest in peace!

We are glad to see in the *Catholic Advocate* a defence of the Polish Catholics of the United States, who, on account of frequent disturbances among them, and their occasional defiance of episcopal authority, are generally regarded by Protestants as congen-

ital idiots or vicious fools, and by Catholics as a dishonor to the Church. The Poles are *not* bad Catholics, and their priests as a body are quite as exemplary as those of any other nationality, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. The *Advocate* assigns two causes of the extraordinary conduct of the Polish laity in the United States:

"First, their ignorance. It is denser on many subjects than it is possible for the ordinary United States citizen to conceive. They understand the essentials of religion. They know nothing else. Second, they, in Poland, look on the priest of their parish with a reverence which we can hardly appreciate. There the priest is the temporal as well as the spiritual adviser. He is the representative of the spirit of nationality; he is ever the target of Russian persecution. He is liable to banishment on the complaint of the bishop of the schismatic Greek church to the authorities of the Russian Government. The ignorant Poles who come here associate the bishops of their religion (who of course do not speak Polish) with the bishops of the Russian State church in their own country who do not speak Polish. They associate the exercise of rightful authority by a rightful prelate over a Polish priest here with the exercise of tyrannical authority in a wrongful cause set on foot by a schismatic bishop against an innocent priest in Poland. It is unfortunately not likely that the Poles who come here will ever understand the position. Their children will learn English, become Americans, and, with increase of intelligence, become better Catholics and pay loyal obedience to their bishops."

A priest of exemplary life and exceptional ability is lost to the Diocese of Columbus through the recent death at New-Berne, N. C., of the Rev. W. F. Hayes, pastor of St. Francis de Sales' Church, Newark, Ohio. Father Hayes celebrated, toward the close of last year, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. Of superior administrative abilities, he gave evidence also of literary gifts of no mean order. He was editor of the *Catholic Columbian* for a period of eighteen months, and for years contributed to the columns of that excellent paper suggestive paragraphs under the title of "Columbiads"; they were afterward published in book form. At the funeral, in Newark, Bishop Watterson preached an eloquent eulogy of the deceased priest. *R. I. P.*

A document forwarded to Mgr. Livinhac, Vicar-General of the Congregation of the Missionaries of Algiers, by Mgr. Hirt, Vicar-Apostolic of the Victoria Nyanza, gives some interesting details of the inside history of the recent massacre of Catholics in Uganda, and the practical destruction of the Catholic missions in that portion of Africa. Mgr. Hirt tersely describes the event and names its agents in his opening lines:

"A terrible drama has just been enacted in Uganda. The Catholics, who have long been persecuted, have just been foully betrayed and driven out, with their King, Mwanga, at their head, accompanied by their Bishop and seventeen missionaries. This is the work of Protestants, supported by the agents of the English Company."

Mgr. Livinhac, in forwarding Mgr. Hirt's letter to *Les Missions Catholiques*, added a note to this effect: "The missions of Uganda to the number of six, served by fourteen priests and three Brothers, have been destroyed. Nearly fifty thousand neophytes or catechumens scattered through the province have been despoiled, or seen their dwellings given up to the flames. Many thousands of women and children have been reduced to slavery."

The outrages have been described at length in the newspapers, but their determining cause has not been sufficiently insisted upon. That cause seems to have been the instigation of certain Protestant missionaries. These reverend gentlemen have not, even on the showing of their co-religionists, made so creditable a record in any foreign country that they can afford to allow their disgruntled bigotry thus openly to manifest itself; and the English Government should certainly see to it that the officers of the British East Africa Company should, at least when lives are at stake, be uninfluenced by religious prejudices.

Mr. Whitelow Reid is evidently afflicted with a streak of unconscious humor. It was he who recently proposed to remove the tariff from French pictures in return for the free admission of the great American hog into France.

In 1835 there were in all Australia but 8 priests and 4 ecclesiastical students; now, according to official statistics, the *status* of the Church may be summarized as follows: 1 Cardinal Archbishop; 5 archbishops; 26 bishops and vicars-apostolic; about 1000

priests; 405 Brothers; 2806 Sisters; 2 ecclesiastical seminaries; 22 colleges for boys; 90 boarding-schools for girls; 118 day schools; 776 primary schools; 57 charitable institutions; 85,176 children in Catholic schools, and a Catholic population of about 700,000. As has been well expressed by a writer from Australia, "the Church has found in this land a rich and kindly soil; it has struck deep and widespreading roots; it has been blessed with abundant increase, and already it stretches out on every side branches laden with fruit for the healing of God's people."

Among recent converts to the Church in England is Mrs. Labouchere, the wife of the well-known editor of *Truth* and member for Northampton. In a notice of this conversion the *Glasgow Observer* says: "Mrs. Labouchere was in her earlier years an actress, and was well known as Miss Henrietta Hodson. She has followed the example of Marie Bancroft, another light of the British stage. And, besides the joy which Catholics will feel that another soul has been brought into the fold, they will rejoice at counting as one of themselves a woman whose personal qualities have long ago made her one of the most esteemed of her sex in England."

The Forty-Ninth Annual Report of Mt. Hope Retreat for the Insane is an interesting summary of the work done at that excellent institution, conducted by the Sisters of Charity just outside the city of Baltimore. Four hundred and fifty-six male and four hundred and six female patients were under treatment during the past year.

The *Catholic Sentinel*, of Oregon, gives in its issue of the 9th inst. a highly interesting account of the Passion-Play as presented by the Indians of a British Columbia mission. And eye-witness of the spectacular performance is loud in his praises of the earnestness and realism of the actors, and states that all visitors united in calling the drama the most impressive representation ever witnessed in the Northwest. The motive for thus depicting the passion and death of Our Lord is easy to comprehend. Such a picturesque portrayal of the mighty events appeals to the imagination of the Indian with a force quite beyond the power of the most painstaking narrative, and the missionaries claim the most beneficial results from these living tableaux. A large party of Canadian prelates and clergy were present at St. Mary's Mission on occasion of the recent performance of the Passion-Play, and all were vividly impressed.

The next number of THE "AVE MARIA," which begins a new half-yearly volume, will appear in a fresh dress of type, with other needed mechanical improvements. A serial by Christian Reid; a new series of "Traces of Travel," by Charles Warren Stoddard; a charming biographical sketch of Col. Julius Garesche, whose piety and bravery won for him the title of "A Modern Bayard," are among the good things to be presented. The first number will contain a brief biography of "The Co-Discoverer of America," by Eliza Allen Starr; a poem by the Rev. Frederick George Lee, a new story for young folk, etc., etc. The frontispiece of the volume will be a beautiful picture of Queen Isabella, from a much-admired painting by Signor Gregori.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. —HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. James McCormack, of Boston, Mass., whose happy death took place on the 3d inst.

Mrs. Eugene Harran, whose life closed peacefully at Westfield, Mass., on the 7th ult.

Mrs. Mary A. McAnarney, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 4th inst., at Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hess, Mrs. Anis Coukard, of Jeannette, Pa.; Mr. Martin O'Donohoe, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Alice Dunphy, Valley Falls, R. I.; Mr. Patrick Braniff, Altoona, Pa.; Martin E. Farrell, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. P. Haight, New York, N. Y.; Patrick J. Brady, Canton, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Doran, Miss Mary Shanley, and Miss Mary Weller, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Timothy Crowley, Michael and Anna Reardon, Mrs. John Sprightley, New Haven, Conn.; and Mr. Thomas S. Moran, Revere, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Pierre Gassendi.

PIERRE GASSENDI was born in Champtercier, a village near Digne in Provence, on the 22d of January, 1592. His parents were plain people, more noted for Christian virtues than worldly wealth; and they educated the gentle child in perfect innocence of life and manners. The boy soon displayed an extraordinary precocity, and when only four years old was sent to the school kept by his maternal uncle, who was the pastor of the parish.

Little Pierre soon astonished his companions by repeating to them the greater part of his uncle's sermons; and it became a settled thing that every Monday the "baby preacher" should mount a stool and deliver a summary of the Sunday discourse. At night the little fellow was greatly preoccupied with watching the moon, and many anecdotes are told of his ingenious explanations of that planet to his playmates.

One day, a year or two later, Pierre said to his mother: "Mamma dear, I wish we were rich enough to have an extra lamp, so that I could study at night in my little room."

"But, my son," replied Mme. Gassendi, "even if we could afford it, I should not approve of your studying at night; you would injure your eyes, and ruin your health. Is not the day long enough to get the lessons the teacher assigns you?"

"Ye—e—s, mamma," slowly answered the young student; "but, you see, in the night time everything is quiet, and I seem to understand things better. Then, too, the stars are out or the moon shines bright."

Not long after this M. Gassendi and his wife were about to retire one night, when they were startled by a loud rap at the door. To their great surprise, the constable entered and said:

"I am very sorry to disturb you, sir, but you are probably not aware that your son is one of a gang of marauders who strip the neighbors' fig and olive trees of their fruit, and break the branches in malicious sport."

M. Gassendi was so astonished that he stood for a moment speechless. But his wife, who had followed him to the door, answered:

"It must be a mistake, sir. Pierre is in bed upstairs." And she ran up to bid him come down. But, lo! the boy's bed was untouched, and the window wide open.

"What can this mean?" gasped Pierre's father, pained beyond measure.

"Come with me," said the policeman, "and I will show you where the young scamp is. To think of the pastor's always praising him!" he added, in disgust.

They soon reached a pretty little knoll; and there, sure enough, sat the truant.

"I suppose the young thief is regaling himself with the Marseilles figs that he has gathered," said the official.

"Pierre! Pierre!" shouted M. Gassendi. "You thief, come here! Is it for this that I taught you the catechism?"

"A thief, papa! *I* a thief! I declare to you that I never in my life took anything that was not my own."

"But what are you doing out here! Have you gone mad?"

"Father, I am studying the constellations." And he showed a copy-book in which he had drawn the special groups of stars that encircled the pole, or happened to be risen above the horizon.

"Well, come home, my son. I am thankful matters are no worse." And they bade the apologizing officer good-night.

Poor Pierre was rather disconcerted. His parents did not understand this ardent thirst for knowledge, that seemed to them quite useless in their sphere. Meanwhile their son was making remarkable progress in the Latin classics; and M. Maurille, his uncle, when consulted, advised that the boy be placed in care of some trusty shepherds, and allowed to pursue his contemplation of the heavens.

It appears that about this time the sexton of the village church was greatly puzzled over some tracks that he declared were made near the sanctuary.

"Lisette, are you very sure that you turn the key at night?" he inquired anxiously of his good wife.

"Certainly I am. I fancy it is one of your 'uneasy souls' from Purgatory doing penance," she said laughingly—for poor Jean was really afraid of ghosts.

"If it is, it is a youngster; as I judge of the size of the foot by the size of the muddy track."

That night the mystery was solved. About midnight the church bell rang a loud peal. Everybody ran to see where the fire was; for that was the customary alarm. The sexton observed three rough-looking men scampering from the graveyard, and fancied that they had tolled his bell. But suddenly Pierre, whom his parents believed sound asleep, appeared and explained the mysterious alarm.

"I hid in the church to read by the light of the sanctuary lamp," he said; "and about eleven o'clock I climbed into the belfry to study the firmament. While I was there, three men came into the graveyard, and were concerting a plan to rob the tabernacle; so I rang the bell hard, and they ran away."

The Abbé Maurille was so delighted that a horrible sacrilege had been prevented that he forgot to reproach his nephew for his strange ways, and bade his relatives thank God for having given them such a son. Then all withdrew, wondering at Pierre, and prophesying, according to their particular views, the glories of his future career.

Pierre was about ten years old when the Bishop of Digne was announced to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large group of First Communicants, among whom the boy figured. Of course there would be a grand *fête*. The church was hung with crimson draperies, and ornamented with festoons of laurel, mingled with red and white roses. A triumphal arch, covered with *fleurs-de-lis* and evergreens, was erected before the antique Gothic building, which opened on the grand public square; and all the houses in the vicinity were also tastefully draped and hung with banners. The pupils of the parochial school had been transformed by the zealous vicar into choristers; and among them an observing eye could not fail to remark the intelligent face and prepossessing appearance of young Gassendi.

When the Bishop's carriage appeared, loud *vivats* arose. When it had passed beneath the triumphal arch, the grand anthem "*Ecce sacerdos magnus!*" ceased, and Pierre, advancing modestly, bowed low to the prelate and recited an appropriate address. His Lordship listened with singular attention; for the boy not only descanted on the great advantages of the

Sacrament they were about to receive, but averred that the Bishop represented the cause not only of religion, but of science and literature. According to the usages of the time, there were many classical allusions, well selected and ingeniously applied. The Bishop, presuming that the vicar had prepared the address, turned to pay him a graceful compliment, and was greatly surprised to hear that the little orator had composed his speech without help from any one. "That boy will be a great man," whispered the prelate.

Soon High Mass was sung, Confirmation administered, and a little later dinner was served in the adjoining presbytery. The Bishop, looking around at the guests, remarked:

"Monsieur l'Abbé, there is one individual missing."

"Indeed?" answered the amiable host. "May I know who it is?"

"It is your nephew, the little orator."

"Ah! Monseigneur, we must take care not to excite vanity."

"Well said!" rejoined the prelate. "But I will speak of him later; for I have something particular to say. God has wondrously endowed the child."

Dinner concluded, parochial business occupied a short time, and then the Bishop entered his carriage to go directly, as the villagers thought, to the next hamlet, to administer Confirmation on the morrow. Great was their curiosity when the crowd that followed the equipage saw the driver take an opposite course, and stop at the residence of M. Gassendi.

Imagine the joy and surprise of the poor man when the prelate asked him to allow him to educate his gifted son. M. Gassendi was so moved that he could scarcely control his voice to express his gratitude for so great a favor. Pierre's face was radiant with joy; but his mother, foreseeing separation from her darling, pressed him to her heart, and shed scalding tears on his flaxen curls.

"Come now, fond mother!" urged the Bishop. "Your son will not be so far away that you can not visit him, and I will restore him to you a scholar."

One week later, Mme. Gassendi having prepared her son's outfit, Pierre was a happy student in the College of Digne. Think of his joy to find a vast library, apparatuses for illustrations, and above all kind and devoted professors.

At the early age of sixteen Pierre Gassendi was appointed to a profesorship in his *alma mater;* but, feeling impelled to consecrate his varied gifts to the celestial Giver, he entered the seminary at Aix and studied theology. He afterward continued his pursuit of what has been termed the queen of sciences at Avignon, where he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The young proficient completed his course in philosophy at Aix, under the celebrated Father Fesaye, who declared that he sometimes forgot whether Gassendi was his pupil or his teacher. *Sapere aude*—"Dare to be wise"—was the youth's motto.

Although a faithful priest and a close student of theology, Pierre Gassendi never forgot his early attraction for the beautiful and useful study of astronomy. The aurora borealis, the perihelion, the conjunction of Mercury and Venus, the occultations of Jupiter's moons, and the properties of the magnetic needle, were among the numerous subjects of his research. He corresponded with Kepler and Galileo, and was a forerunner of Newton. He wrote the lives of the principal astronomers of his age, and in a preface to the work gave a short and lucid history of that noble science. He was also a correspondent and friend of the learned Sir Francis Bacon.

Pierre Gassendi was esteemed for his great modesty. Although he was a metaphysician, an astronomer, geometrician, anatomist, Hellenist, historian and Doctor of Divinity, he was careful never to excite the jealousy of inferior scholars. In his native Provence he was known not as a

savant, but as a truly devout and exemplary priest,—one who loved God with all his heart, and referred all his talents to the honor and glory of the all-wise Creator.

Gassendi died in Paris, on the 24th of October, 1655.

E. V. N.

A Hard-Working Genius.

Some one has called genius the capacity for taking infinite pains. At any rate, those who have stood the highest in any department of art or science have been those who have worked the hardest. Especially has this been true in regard to musicians, though we are apt to think of the great tone-masters as men born with a special facility for accomplishing great results with little labor.

Take the case of Paganini, the most wonderful violinist who ever lived. He began to play as soon as he could hold a violin. When the worshipers in the church in Genoa where he played glanced up at the choir, they would see a little lad, not much larger than his fiddle, playing as if his heart and soul were full of music, as indeed they were. The child, as he grew older, practised from ten to twelve hours a day, dropping into bed at night worn out with sheer fatigue. He composed as well; and often constructed music so difficult that, great as his facility was, he could not play it himself without incessant practice.

What wonder, then, that before long there was no one capable of teaching this wonderful boy? He went to Parma, where Rolla, the great violinist, lived; and, going to his lodgings, asked to see the master.

"He is ill in bed," the servant said. "Please take a seat in this room, little man, and I will ask if he can see you."

The servant was long in coming, and Paganini became restless. Some sheets of difficult music lay on the table, and a violin beside them. The lad hesitated a moment, then took up the instrument and began to play.

"What master is that playing?" asked Rolla, sitting up in bed that he might hear better.

"It is the boy I told you of, sir," said the servant. "He is waiting there until he knows if you can take him for a pupil. And I'm sure I think him a very forward young fellow, to dare to play where you can hear him."

"A boy!" exclaimed the teacher. "It can not be!" And he asked the servant to admit him.

"My child," he said to the dark-eyed youth as he presented himself at the bedside, "I can teach you nothing."

"Oh, can you not, sir?" asked Paganini, tears of disappointment rising to his eyes. "I was in hopes—"

"You mistake me," said the master, kindly. "I would gladly teach you if I knew how. There is nothing you can learn from me or from any one living."

That was the reward of all those years of patient labor, without which even genius would have been helpless.

For forty years Paganini was the idol of Europe. No one equalled him, no one could follow him: he reigned alone. And he still reigns; for the world has never seen another violinist like Paganini.

Only Longer.

One day Napoleon was searching for a book in his library at Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a high shelf, quite beyond his reach.

"Permit me to get it for you, sire," said a Marshal of the Empire, who towered above everyone in the room. "I am higher than your Majesty."

"You are only *longer*, Marshal," replied the Emperor, with a forbidding frown.

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